



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, 1, 48.

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Spring, Three A. D.

BY ALICE PAULINE CLARK.

TWO thousand years ago—a little less,—
 A village lay in April loveliness;
 And in its sunny peace there lived, somewhere,
 A Mother and her Child. Had I been there
 I would have sought them, not in any room,
 But out upon the hills, among the bloom
 Of wild flowers, songs of birds, and eager
 breath
 Of Spring winds seeking Him at Nazareth.
 I think I would have knelt and kissed the grass
 Wherever His dear feet or hers might pass;
 And had the Mother seen me there and smiled,
 I would have run to meet her and her Child;
 And kneeling down, I would have begged to
 play
 With them upon the hills that April day,
 Too simple in my happy heart to see
 God, looking through a Baby's eyes at me.

A Great Christian Soldier.

BY COMTESSE JOSEPH DE SONIS.

CREDO Sanctorum Communionem
 (I believe in the Communion of
 Saints); and life's long pilgrim-
 age is brightened, and the load of its
 cares and sorrows made lighter, by the
 thought of those who have gone before
 and who have reached the goal of
 Heaven's eternal joys. The thought of
 their watchful love and prayers con-
 soles us; the example which they have
 left behind them stimulates us; and
 surely it is particularly helpful and

encouraging to take as model one, who,
 having attained such heights of sanc-
 tity that the reputation of his virtues
 has inspired the introduction of his
 Cause in view of beatification, trod this
 earth of ours not long ago, struggling
 with the same difficulties and tempta-
 tions which beset our own paths.

The lives of saints in cloisters and
 desert solitudes may seem beyond our
 reach; but how can we refuse to
 endeavor to imitate one who, in a life
 of prayer and constant union with God,
 showed himself ever the most tender
 and loving of sons, brothers, husbands,
 fathers; the most loyal and devoted of
 friends, the bravest and most heroic of
 soldiers; uniting all the finest qualities
 in a personality that was singularly
 winning and attractive. Such was Gen-
 eral de Sonis, whose biography, from
 the able pen of Monseigneur Baunard,
 translated into English by Lady Her-
 bert, has made him so well known to
 Catholics that only a brief sketch of
 that glorious career is needful in order
 to revive the great Christian soldier's
 noble memory.

Louis-Gaston de Sonis was born in
 the year 1825, on the 25th of August,
 the Feast of the Crusader King, the
 Royal Saint, Louis IX. of France, who
 seems to have bestowed upon his name-
 sake his own chivalrous character and
 heroic virtues. His birthplace was in the
 distant French colony of the Guade-
 loupe Islands, where his father, a young
 cavalry officer, was then stationed. His
 very earliest impressions have been

recorded by himself in a memoir destined for his children, but which was cut short by the hand of death. It suffices, however, to reveal the influence of those wonderful tropical regions upon the child's sensitive nature, penetrated with the love of all that was beautiful, to show his tender attachment to his parents, and to record the first conscious thought of God awakened in that soul which was to acquire such an intimate knowledge and love of its Creator. His father had consented to take him upon a night voyage to the neighboring island, and, for the short crossing, had installed his little son with tender solicitude upon a couch of wraps and cushions in the bottom of the boat. Looking up in amazement and admiration at the sky overhead, radiant with myriads of constellations, the child felt his pure young soul filled with awe at the thought of Him who had created those marvels. In reverent memory of that solemn moment, De Sonis always had a special love for the beautiful Psalm of Matins: "*Coeli enarrant gloriam Dei* (The heavens declare the glory of God)."

The happy childhood passed with parents, grandparents, brothers and sisters, in an ideal home amidst fair surroundings, was of short duration; for the exigencies of his military duties obliged Captain De Sonis to go to France, and his wife could not leave her aged father, Monsieur De Bébian. So the pangs of separation had to be endured; and it was decided that the mother should remain behind with her two youngest children, while the Captain took with him the two eldest girls and little Louis-Gaston for whose education the atmosphere of the home country was desirable.

In Paris the boy was confided to his paternal grandmother, an admirable woman whose solid piety had a happy influence upon his childish character. While in her care, he had his first great

sorrow in the death of his beloved mother who died far away from her dear ones, just when they were all planning a happy reunion; and the little son's intense grief already betrayed the depths of that heart in which God was to hold such absolute sway. Soon after his bereavement Louis-Gaston was sent to the Oratorian school of Stanislas, where he won the affection of all, and where, his exemplary conduct and ardent piety obtained for him the privilege of making his First Communion when he was ten years old, an early age in those days. His school career ended, in order to prepare his examination for the military College of St. Cyr, Louis-Gaston went to a crammer's where religious practices were much relaxed, and where, according to his own severe judgment of himself, he partly forgot the pious lessons of his youth, though the testimony of others declared that he had ever shown himself a good Catholic, leading a pure and honorable life.

Since his wife's death, Major De Sonis had shown an ever-increasing tenderness to his bereaved children who were passionately devoted to their father, so that the two daughters and two sons rejoiced at spending a happy summer with him in 1844 at Libourne where he was in command of a cavalry regiment. At the end of the holidays, their father left home for a very short absence in order to take his youngest son, Theobald, back to school; and the next day his three elder children learned with consternation that he had been taken ill suddenly, and was laid up in a hotel at Bordeaux. There they joined him in haste, and found to their anguish that a violent hemorrhage had brought that loved father to the very gates of death. Louis-Gaston afterwards confessed that when a priest arrived to give the dying man the last Sacraments, his first movement was to repulse him, in his fear that the emotion might be harmful to his father. Happily, he

allowed his sisters to prevail upon him, and Major De Sonis was fortified by all the rites of Holy Church before he passed peacefully away.

The young orphans' grief and desolation were unspeakable as they kept watch around that beloved form, alone in a hotel room in a strange town. While the two girls knelt in prayer, Louis-Gaston sat upon the edge of the bed, holding his father's hand in his, unable to believe or to accept his loss. And then, once more, a priest stood in the doorway, Father Poncet, S. J., who told the young mourners that, having heard of their bereavement, he had come to pray with them. The holy man was inspired to utter such words of consolation and of pity that Louis-Gaston's sensitive heart was conquered, and he always declared that the solemn death chamber had been the scene of his conversion, that is to say, the absolute gift of himself to God. That day saw the beginning of those rapid strides in the paths of holiness, and of an ever-increasing piety, made all the more edifying by the young officer's brilliant qualities; his good looks and distinguished bearing, as well as his exemplary accomplishment of all his military duties.

After passing through Saint Cyr, and the cavalry school of Saumur, he was appointed sub-lieutenant to the Seventh Hussars, and sent to Castres where his heart was won, for the first and only time, by the beauty and virtues of Anne Roger, the seventeen-year-old daughter of an honorable lawyer of that town. After some hesitation on the part of the parents, who objected to the extreme youth of the lovers as well as their lack of fortune, the truly Christian marriage took place; and was blessed by twelve children born throughout the changes and chances of military life, and always tenderly welcomed as priceless gifts from Heaven, though the bringing up of such a large family on very small

means was a constant source of care and anxiety. Despite his tender love for his young wife and the first cherished babes who had come to bless their home, the warrior soul of De Sonis longed for another life than that of a French garrison, and felt the attraction of the desert immensities of the North African colony recently conquered, but still full of unrest. Yet the years spent in France bore precious fruits, for wherever the young officer passed, his zeal gave a fresh stimulant to Christian piety.

At Limoges, he organized night adoration of the Blessed Sacrament in his parish church and gave a fresh impetus to the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, being himself a zealous and charitable visitor of the poor. At last, in 1854, he was promoted captain, and sent to North Africa with his regiment. That date marked the beginning of the many campaigns which have covered his name with glory, and placed it among those of the principal founders of France's fairest colony.

After taking part in an expedition to Kabylia, and another to the extreme south, his warfaring against the desert tribes was interrupted by the call to a very different scene of action; for, in 1859, he was sent with the First Regiment of Chasseurs d'Afrique to take part in the war in which France was supporting her ally, Italy, against Austria. In his new sphere he soon won the same reputation of combining extraordinary piety with dauntless courage and great generosity and kindness of heart. The brightest page in that chapter of his history is the heroic charge made at the battle of Solferino, when, going to almost certain death, those nearest to the young Captain saw him swiftly pass his sword for one second to his left hand, as with his right hand he made the Sign of the Cross, and then dashed forward at the head of his gallant chasseurs, the greater number of whom

perished in that charge. Already for De Sonis it was a foretaste of the holocaust of Loigny. The young Captain himself escaped by a miracle; for, having had his horse killed under him, he found himself alone and on foot, behind the few survivors who rode back from that charge which had fulfilled its mission by creating the diversion and gaining the time hoped for. His position looked hopeless; but God destined him to other sacrifices and other struggles; a riderless horse was brought to the officer, and he came out of the fiery furnace in which (as he afterwards confided to his wife) he had never for an instant lost sight of the Presence of God.

His gallant conduct won for him the Cross of the Legion of Honor; but De Sonis cared only for the triumph of the Cross of Christ, and he returned with joy to the North African colony whose conquest was to him another Crusade which would procure the Propagation of the Faith. In September of the same year, he and his regiment were designated to take part in an expedition against some tribes in Morocco. Whilst that campaign proved particularly disastrous to the French troops who were decimated by a terrible epidemic of cholera far more than by the enemy they had gone to fight against, it revealed anew the noble character and generous heart of Captain De Sonis.

Torn with grief at seeing his beloved soldiers struck down by the deadly visitant, and totally bereft of both medical and spiritual aid, for there were neither doctors nor chaplains, no remedies and not even drinkable water, their Captain accomplished prodigies of charity. His brother officers related afterwards that in the midst of indescribable horrors Captain De Sonis alone remained calm and serene, spending his whole time by day and by night at the ambulance, regardless alike of fatigue and of contagion. They declared, too, that his

humility and reserve were so great that God alone knew all the sublime acts of mercy done by His servant during that time of calamity when he tended the sick and the dying with maternal solicitude, caring for their souls with the zeal of a priest, prompting acts of contrition, offering his crucifix to dying lips, rendering even the last services to the dead.

Those days of tragedy were followed by days of glory; and victorious campaigns in the far south of Algeria rendered famous the name of the young Captain, who received rapid promotion; and who, after the particularly brilliant exploit of Ain-Mahti, was publicly congratulated by Marshal Niel from his seat in Parliament, and appointed Colonel of the Sixth Chasseurs d'Afrique with the command of the important post of Aumale. There he could at last enjoy a well-merited rest, surrounded by the dear ones from whom he had been so often separated; and even when war broke out with Germany in July, 1870, he would have been perfectly justified in accepting the decision of the War Office maintaining him at his post on account of his competent action upon the Arabs. Indeed, from the shores of the Mediterranean to the immensities of the great Sahara, he was renowned and beloved, feared and respected by the sons of Islam who had bestowed upon him the title of "the Great Marabout"; that is to say, the saint, or the man of justice.

But his oft-repeated profession of faith had always been that a soldier should never ask for anything except to march against the enemy; and that was the ardent request which he sent to Paris again and again. At last his urgent cablegram, begging to go and fight as simple soldier, rather than remain out of France when the enemy was profaning her soil, received in answer his nomination in command of a Brigade

of Cavalry of the Loire Army. Upon his arrival on the 13th of November at Tours, where the seat of government had been transferred during the Siege of Paris, he was informed that he was to have the command of a division of cavalry; and almost immediately afterwards, given the command of the whole Seventeenth Army Corps, which had been completely disorganized and dispersed by the rapid succession of disasters of that tragic war. All was confusion; but in the midst of almost invincible difficulties to be faced, the general discovered with joy that he had amongst his troops the Western Volunteers, as Colonel De Charette's heroic Pontifical Zouaves had been named. These, after having offered themselves in the defence of the Papal cause in Italy, had rushed to the succor of France in her hour of need. That regiment of élite, comprising men of every age and of every social station, nobles and peasants, white-haired veterans and beardless boys, all united in the one Ideal, were indeed worthy of the General in whom they at once found a friend, a father, and a fellow Christian. Chief and soldiers are forever linked together in the memory of that legendary charge, the brightest ray in all the aureole of glory around the name of General De Sonis; a glory shared by Charette and his Zouaves.

Poets and painters have immortalized that act which sheds its beauty forever upon the name of Loigny, soil already sacred as being the battlefield of Patay, where Joan the Maid, unfurled her banner bearing the holy names of Jesus and of Mary. Her banner led to victory; whereas the Banner of the Sacred Heart raised aloft to save an almost hopeless cause, led to the supreme sacrifice. It is not for us to judge the exhausted, discouraged soldiers, who, after long, hurried marches, practically barefooted, through ice and snow, would not sup-

port their General's heroic, generous effort to fight overwhelming forces; but it is for us to admire and venerate the magnificent Pontifical Zouaves, that handful of heroes who responded with enthusiasm to their Chief's appeal, and followed him beneath the Divine Emblem in a charge so sublimely audacious that the German forces were routed for a time, while the holocaust of those three hundred saved the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Corps of the Loire Army. When darkness closed in upon that winter's afternoon of December the second, the battlefield was covered with the wounded and the dead, reddening the snow with their lifeblood; while the soft white flakes fell continuously as if trying to wrap all in the same spotless shroud.

Through the long night, General De Sonis lay there, with his right leg completely shattered and his blood flowing from his many ghastly wounds. Forgetful of himself as ever, he consoled the sufferers around him, speaking to them of the love of God, who has placed the Mother of Mercy upon the threshold of eternity to help her children in their last hour. He himself was rewarded by extraordinary spiritual favors; and the conscious presence of Heaven's Immaculate Queen, showing herself to him in the white robe and blue girdle of Our Blessed Lady of Lourdes, so that the night of suffering was to him above all a night of grace; and he afterwards declared that he had felt no pain until he was rescued and taken to the ambulance. When told that immediate amputation of his leg was necessary, he acquiesced with his usual imperturbable serenity, asking only that enough of his limb should be left to allow him still to mount a horse and serve his country.

In August, 1871, the mutilated General declared himself fit for active service; and was given the command of the Sixteenth Division of Infantry, with

Rennes for residence. In spite of atrocious sufferings he remained an intrepid horseman, taking part in the manœuvres and often spending twelve hours a day in the saddle.

In November, 1873, a fall from his horse broke his good leg; and it required two years of medical treatment before he could ride again. In March, 1880, he was sent to Chateau-Roux as a disciplinary measure on the part of the Government to protest against too bold a profession of Christian belief. When, soon after, the scandalous persecutions of Religious Orders broke out, and military forces were employed to expel monks and nuns, General De Sonis sent in his resignation rather than expose himself to receive any such sacrilegious orders. For an officer devoid of private means, and with ten surviving children dependent upon him, the act was one of daring generosity and confidence in Divine Providence. God rewarded His faithful servant; for, declaring that General De Sonis "was the honor of the French Army," General De Gallifet, Minister of War, persuaded him to accept the post of General Inspector of the Cavalry; a rôle in which his religious convictions would be unmolested. He fulfilled his new duties with his usual zeal, spending whole days in the saddle; but in 1882 another fall from his horse rendered him too impotent for his task; and he was given a post in Paris as member of a Commission at the War Office.

As his bodily infirmities grew worse, his spiritual life developed more and more rapidly; and all could see his increasing detachment from earthly things, his ever-increasing love of God. At the same time he lost nothing of his faculty of tender sympathy, his interest in those around him as well as his singular charm and power of attraction. At last he had drunk the chalice of his sufferings to the very dregs, and the

joys of Heaven were to be his. On the Feast of Her own Assumption, in the year 1887, the Immaculate Queen whom he had so ardently loved and served bore his soul into the presence of her Divine Son.

His mortal remains were laid to rest in the crypt of the little church of Loigny beside those of the heroes who had perished in the battle of December 2, 1870, and over whose bodies their blood-stained banner of the Sacred Heart still recalls their sacrifice and preaches its lesson of generous courage. Year after year the anniversary of their holocaust is piously observed; and from every part of France pilgrims have come to pray before the tomb of Louis-Gaston de Sonis, with its simple epitaph of his own choice, *Miles Christi*.

On the 22d of September, 1929, that tomb was opened for the formal recognition of the body required by the Ecclesiastical Court in the proceedings towards beatification, and, as is now generally known, the General's children and grandchildren beheld with indescribable emotion that beloved form in uniform, laid to rest forty-two years before, perfectly preserved; the face calm and peaceful, the hands clasped in prayer, and the limbs of waxen whiteness, so supple that Mother Germaine of Jesus, Prioress of the Carmelite Convent of Verdun, was able to clothe her father anew in one of his own uniforms which she had brought with her in the confident assurance that God would have vouchsafed that mark of His special Favor to His faithful servant.

Speaking of this wonderful preservation, the Catholic weekly paper of Chartres said: "Was it not an extraordinary grace of God, a special favor granted to one of the most faithful of His children, a reward, even in this world, of his admirable purity of heart? . . . In this tomb we have once more placed the mortal remains of the servant of

God, awaiting the day (Heaven grant that it may be soon!), when Rome will give orders to bring them forth once more; this time as holy and venerable relics destined to receive the pious homage due to them."

To close this brief sketch no words can be more appropriate than those of Monseigneur Gay: "I believe that many martyrs who now rejoice triumphantly in Heaven have not borne so many and as cruel sufferings as General De Sonis. His works will praise him better than any words, and his best panegyric will be the story of his real life."

Carolina Abdicates.

BY ESTHER W. NEILL.

I.—ANCIENT HISTORY.

EVEN though the law of heredity be thrown into the dustbin along with other plausible excuses with which a man seeks to explain his faults and failings, it would be most difficult to attempt to describe the character, the eccentricities, even the name of Eduard Grogé without taking into account his grandmother who had founded the fortunes of the family and then ruled her relatives with the tyranny and zest of a circus-loving Roman emperor watching wild beasts at their murderous play.

She had been a vigorous individual from the day of her birth. The old negro midwife, who had been the first to view her small person, had pronounced her to be "the peartest baby" she had ever seen, for she had resisted, with screams and squirms, all attempts to bathe her or to dress her in the binding garments then in vogue.

Her father, aroused from a drunken stupor into which he had unhappily fallen as a gentlemanly distraction from the commotion upstairs, had appraised her plump unblemished body with some

satisfaction, and announced his determination to call her North Carolina on the spot. "The most glorious State in the Union," he had added with maudlin fervor, and going to the mahogany sideboard, had poured out another stiff drink of brandy and gulped it down as a toast to the child and the State.

Though he had partially recovered his wits by next day, he clung tenaciously to his first inspired intention as to the baby's name. When his weak and suffering wife objected, he generously compromised by agreeing to omit the North, but he refused to shorten the name to Caroline or Carrie as she had requested. He felt that he had conceded enough, and that women should not be humored or coddled. Since his wife's present illness was the most natural of disabilities it called for no undue manifestations of tenderness or sacrifice.

When Carolina was ten years old her mother faded away with galloping consumption, or some such complaint, vaguely diagnosed in those days as a "decline." The word covered a multitude of facts that might have led to all sorts of embarrassing family disclosures. Carolina had made a few discoveries of her own, but, with a child's strange repression, she was silent about them, brooding over them with a certain curious detachment, produced, no doubt, by her own conviction that she could not alter a world so old and incomprehensible into which she had but lately entered. It was interesting to speculate about the actions of grown-ups, and she used to spend many hours lying in her low trundle bed, wondering why her father and mother did not smile and talk to each other like they smiled and talked when there was company in the house. Then sleep would overtake her, and the drama of her dreams, peopled by fairies, gnomes and giants, was more satisfactory than real life, for it did not halt for any rational interpretation

or decry her belief in her own potential helpfulness.

Two or three times she had been awakened by the sound of sobbing in the night, and crawling from her own bed to the high four-poster where her mother slept, she had cuddled down beside her, and, patting her gently on the shoulder as if the touch of her small hand could control such convulsive grief, she had begged to know what tragedy had overtaken them.

Her mother's stricken face, lifted from the pillow, had looked down upon her in the moonlight.

"Why, why, what are you doing here?" she had asked. "You must go straight back to bed. Little girls must stay asleep. You've no business being awake this time of night."

"But, but, you woke me up," the child had hesitatingly reminded her. "You were crying so loud you woke me up."

"Oh, I know, I know," was the despairing answer. "My heart is broken, my heart is broken—"

The child had waited for a short cessation in the sobbing, and then she had said, "You might get it mended, if you saw a doctor, mother; you might get it mended."

"Don't talk ridiculous nonsense." Her mother's tone was cross and rasping. "Go to bed. I told you to go back to bed. You are too young to know anything. You go straight back to bed."

Carolina, feeling that her affectionate solicitude had been repulsed, slid from under the blankets, and sitting on the edge of the four-poster, she dangled her bare feet over the side, striving to find the level surface of her own low bed without venturing a step on the cold carpet. She was hurt by her mother's refusal to consider the suggestion of a doctor, and, as she lay, wide-eyed in the darkness, she almost made up her mind to ride over next day and consult with the friendly old doctor who had

paid her so many pleasant visits when she had the chicken pox and measles. But, some intuitive sense of loyalty to her mother made her hesitate. She had read stories in her fairy books of princesses shut away in dungeons and deep tangled woods while their hearts were breaking. It was a mysterious malady calling for amulets, charms, or an enchanter's wand. What malevolent spirit had cast a spell upon her mother?

A few days later she had half guessed the truth, for she had seen her father, in drunken rage, strike her mother a blow that sent her reeling against the door jamb, cutting an ugly place on her forehead. Her mother had nursed the wound in secret, keeping her room for a day or two, and when a neighbor tactlessly noticed the scar, she had explained at length that one of the flower pots in the green house had fallen on her leaving a gash in her face. Carolina had never been taught that truth was a virtue to be commended, but she had wondered at the time why her mother should choose this extraordinary fabrication. The green house was a cold and muddy place at this season of the year, attracting no one except the gardener, who was struggling to coax some vegetable seeds to sprout under the cloudy glass. The child's keen intelligence would have made the story more convincing. A broken bottle from the medicine chest, a jagged window pane, a banging shutter, a rough-edged pan in the savory kitchen. All these things seemed to occur to her in rapid succession, as she listened to her mother floundering in unready falsehood.

But after a short time these unanswered problems no longer vexed her, for when the "decline" had accomplished its fatal purpose and her unhappy mother was laid to rest under the heavy and impressive monument in the lower part of the garden which had been picketed with ghostly palings and reserved as a family burying plot, Caroli-

na's whole life seemed to alter for the better.

The big plantation quickened into new life. Her father sobered up, and, accepting his paternal responsibilities with fresh interest, he introduced his little daughter to his friends with a proudly possessive air of real affection. The house overflowed with company. A sinister cloud of gloom had been lifted from the spacious sunny rooms. The servants worked with greater energy and willing patience, preparing elaborate dinners, hunt breakfasts, and stores of edibles for the pantry shelves, so that no chance visitor could register complaint, even in his own mind, of hunger or lack of service.

In the evenings there was a perpetual exchange of hospitalities, parties of all sorts: spearing fish on the river, tracking coons in the moonlight, dancing in the wide waxed hallways, games of cards for high stakes, and reckless betting on the county horse races. In the midst of all this gayety her father moved, a handsome, gracious host, the center of an admiring group. Why had her mother found him so unsatisfactory as a husband?

Years afterwards, looking back upon this period with experienced power of analysis, Carolina could view her father with clearer vision and sympathetic understanding. He had been completely dominated by his timorous wife, who had adopted the rôle of a martyr of sickness to obtain her own ends. She had come from the North, and the easy, generous life of the Southern plantation had outraged all her ideas of a prudent, sensible, thrifty mode of existence. She did not like the informal way in which friends dropped in at meal time, and she gave them curt welcome; she disapproved of fox hunting, cock fighting, horse-racing, the most absorbing amusements of the neighborhood; she abhorred slavery, and yet she had no toleration for the negroes' shiftless

ways. She possessed a sympathy for them that she could not express, and it led to all sorts of misunderstandings. She was not courageous enough to voice her own strong convictions. Instead of combating in the open, she sought safety in cheerless retirement, pleading invalidism to protect her against the hospitable overtures of her neighbors. Her husband, who had been infatuated by her when he was a student at Harvard, had soon regretted his choice. Her coldness had attracted him at first, because it was such a contrast to the warm expansiveness of the Southern women to whom he was accustomed. He was, temporarily, worshipping the intellectual, and here was a bookish girl whose indifference was a challenge to his conceited egotism. He planned a complicated campaign to make her notice him, not pausing to consider how unsuited they were to each other.

When he brought her home, to his run-down plantation, after an unsatisfactory honeymoon, he realized how alien she was to his accepted mode of living. He was helpless before her unexpected tactics, and he sought for oblivion and distraction in drink. When she died, after many fretful years of warning, he experienced some faint stirrings of remorse, but he could not regret her passing. He was free,—free to rehabilitate himself and return to the pleasant life which his fancied romance had so rudely interrupted.

Carolina readjusted herself willingly to this changeling of a father. She had no loving memories of her mother to interfere with her new loyalties. He offered her a genuine comradeship in which he seemed most willing to "play fair." He placed her at the head of his establishment and ordered the servants to obey her wishes. He allowed her extraordinary liberty; he taught her to ride, to dance, to fence; and they discussed plans for her further education with a friendly respect for each other's

opinions. Since she had serious objections to the restrictions of a boarding school, he agreed that she could be taught quite as efficiently at home, and so he proceeded to engage a number of governesses who all left in quick succession, scandalized and dismayed by Carolina's unwillingness to admit that they had any authority over her. Her father upheld her in her independent stand. He did not want her lessons to interfere in any way with her out-door sports or her duties as hostess. When the last governess left with precipitate haste, he told the story of her departure with great gusto.

"I reckon I'll have to find a tutor for Carolina," and there was unmistakable boastfulness in his tone. "A man might keep her in the traces; no white-livered woman can hold her down. Miss Hotsy Totsy—or whatever was her name—left on Saturday. She's about the thirty-third to come and go; I've given up counting them. Carolina belongs to a new generation. She's got real spirit. I asked her what the fight was about, and she told me—all about Adolphus. You know Adolphus? Sawed-off little runt in the stable. Most good-for-nothing little nigger that ever lived, but he has some sense as a jockey, and he's a lightweight. He was going to ride Carolina's little mare in the sweepstakes at the county fair next week, and Carolina says he did something to that horse, cut her too hard with the whip, or made her sore with an old saddle,—I've forgotten all the details—but she ordered him whipped."

"Adolphus?"

"Yes, Adolphus. She was right; he ought to have been whipped, but she didn't wait for me to get home to give the order. She wanted it done right away. She was so mad she couldn't wait a minute. She had him lashed good and plenty, and then, when it was all over and he was snivelling like a baby, she went out to the quarters and began to

smear some sort of salve over his back to cure him. No wonder men never understand women! They beat the devil. Governess found her with her hands full of grease, bending over the nigger's bare shoulders, and told her it wasn't decent for a white child to be waiting on a black man. Reckon she thought he ought to be greased with his shirt on. Carolina said she had had him whipped, and, now that he had learned his lesson, she was going to cure him if she could. Miss Hotsy Totsy said she ought to be ashamed of herself. She couldn't imagine a child so bloodthirsty, so cruel. Carolina insisted that the horse had been hurt worse than Adolphus. Horses should be considered more than humans, because when they suffered they could not complain. They had it out hot and heavy. Carolina must have come out on top, for Miss Hotsy Totsy packed herself up and left on the early morning train."

During the short interludes between the going and coming of governesses, Carolina's father, with some astuteness, turned her loose in his library and advised her to study Shakespeare, warning her against intellectualism as a "curse that destroys a woman's charm." She was eager for knowledge, and she learned a great deal in this haphazard fashion; for the library, brought from England by her grandfather who had been a Fellow at Oxford in his youth, had been carefully selected: history, biography, poetry, essays, novels. She made her own selections, but there was only the best from which to choose.

Her next teacher was an old Frenchman who lived on a near-by plantation. He had a friendly habit of dropping in in the evening for a game of chess with her father, and he had been greatly entertained by Carolina's frank narration of her battles with her governesses. He was a scholar of recognized distinction and he had a scorn of conventional educational methods. Caroli-

na's unusual mentality interested him, and he offered his services as a tutor gratuitously. He limited her mathematics to the keeping of household accounts, he lightly skimmed the sciences, he considered history the most important study for women since it dealt with life and the machinations of men, against which they should be defended. He required no lessons by rote, he talked to her and read to her, and when he saw that she was growing tired of his discursiveness, he varied his instructions by teaching her to speak French as a pleasant pastime.

But Carolina's education, along with other leisurely pursuits of the plantation, came to an abrupt end. This abundant life of careless pleasure could not be indefinitely prolonged. The distant booming of cannon at Sumter had aroused the South to fever heat. When the nineteen batteries in Charleston Harbor opened fire on the little fort, the people of the town had gone out in large numbers to witness the soul-stirring spectacle. The South had won its first victory, but even the most phlegmatic of politicians knew that this brave defence of Major Anderson's and his unwilling surrender to General Beauregard was the beginning of war.

Carolina, riding to hounds with her father's friends and presiding with poise and grace over his prodigal establishment, had not been unaware of the grim prophecies that were to culminate in actual bloodshed. She had listened to all sorts of turbulent discussions on the subject of state's rights, secession, the beneficence of slavery, the Crittenden Compromise, the "asinine" proposals of rabid abolitionists.

The country was in turmoil. Lincoln's speeches were read and ridiculed. A backwoodsman occupying the White House! No wonder Europe flouted Americans as fools. The Northern newspapers should be forbidden in Southern territory, their propaganda,

was inflammatory, and some of these unthinking plantation owners, who had taught their slaves to read, would reap the whirlwind. There might be an insurrection horrifying in its limitless possibilities.

War! War! War! The fall of Sumter! A hundred smouldering fires had led to Sumter! South Carolina had passed its "ordinance of secession." There must be no hesitation now or pause for conscientious pacifists; the South must arm itself against threatened invasion. War was an untried sport, intriguing these daring young men by its novelty and danger. If their leaders could mobilize their enthusiastic forces rapidly enough, they might march to Washington. If they captured the seat of government, its Capitol and Treasury, they could dictate terms of peace, and end this intolerable dictatorship that denied the supremacy of the States. A month or two of intensive warfare would prove that the men of the South could not be intimidated by threats or defeated in open battle.

The shrill plea of fifes, the thunder of drums brought eager recruits to the churches, the schools, the town halls, to listen to spread-eagle oratory proclaiming the "holiness" of the Confederate cause, the "never-failing nobility" of enlisted men, "the effulgent temple of fame in which the names of victorious heroes will be scrolled."

Carolina's father was one of the first to muster out a company among his acquaintances. When he rode away, taking all the horses from his own stables to supply mounts for some of his friends, Carolina begged to go with him, but he had sent her tearfully home, assuring her that they would all be back before Christmas, and comforting her by telling her that in times of war there was work for women as well as men, little dreaming how literally she would interpret these final words of parting.

Carolina went back to the guardianship of an old maid cousin who had been employed to look after her while the war lasted, and for a few weeks she kept her own counsel, apparently resigned to her own helplessness, but she had no intention of allowing her femininity to interfere with active service. She was too energetic to rest in the midst of all this excitement. Her whole mind was bent on some career of courage, and in time she became one of the most noted spies of the Confederacy.

She had formulated some vague plans when she began to carry letters from some of her father's soldiers to their woebegone sweethearts, and she had pretended, for her own amusement, that they were secret dispatches of great importance hiding them under her saddle or pinning them in the heavy padding of her riding coat. But when this playtime was over and she began to comprehend the frightful tragedy of the uneven struggle, she volunteered to act as messenger with perilous information of real value. She was indifferent to her own danger. Her youthful idealism was aflame. She was like a crusader following a sacred banner in a holy war.

But, apart from all her loyalties and desires to aid and abet the poorly equipped armies that were circling her home, across the valleys and in the high wooded hills, depending on her for tidings, she knew that she was enjoying herself in a way that seemed to her standards of good sportsmanship unfair when she stopped to consider the consequences that sometimes followed on the news she brought so carefully concealed on her person. News of impotent attempts to close in upon the enemy, unsuccessful surprise attacks, orders to move quickly when there was unavoidable delay.

She was so young that two or three times she had pretended that she was a lost child. Her auburn curls falling

about her shoulders and her skirt tucked into her high riding boots, the Union sentry, remembering his own little daughters at home, had taken her to the commanding officer to know what he should do with her; and Carolina, hoping to add to his bewilderment, had talked French to him, knowing that he would go in search of an interpreter and that she might thus gain access to the colonel's quarters. She had found that a foreign language was useful in many cases: it made her appear as an alien, indifferent to the hectic actions of Americans who seemed to be slaughtering their blood brothers in lieu of an enemy, and on several occasions officers and aides had talked quite freely before her convinced that she could not understand them, and she had heard of proposed raids on railroads and wagon trains that would have cut off necessary food supplies if she had not given warning.

When her father received rumors of her adventurous activities, it was too late to protest, and he wrote to her applauding her heroism. Her work had proved her worth. The struggling, discouraged armies could not be deprived of her help. Her knowledge of the mountainous country made her invaluable as a guide. She had grown up in the saddle, and riding all day seemed to her no hardship. Her extraordinary fearlessness inspired many faint-hearted soldiers weakened by short rations. She was scarcely conscious of her own bravado, the excitement of the life appealed so to her dramatic sense. She was a born actress and played many parts with an unpractised art that would have brought her success on any stage. Her brown eyes were childlike and innocent in their clearness; her body, perfectly developed from out-door living, was as lithe as an athlete's, but she looked small and fragile. She rode a tall, bay horse that accentuated her own lack of height. Near her own home sentries failed to

stop her familiar figure, as she went riding in and out of camp with messages from her cousin. For this old maid cousin, who was supposed to guard Carolina during her father's absence, was a Massachusetts woman who had come South to act in a semi-domestic capacity as nurse and companion, when Carolina's mother was fading into her prolonged "decline."

It was natural enough for a New England woman to welcome a few officers from her own home town and feed them with a few skimpy delicacies that she had concealed from marauding soldiers. In her heart she had rejoiced at the approach of Northern troops, for she had felt that her position was dangerous in a neighborhood so antagonistic. Carolina's eagerness in encouraging her to further hospitalities was never once suspected. If she gave any thought to her charge's apparent disloyalty to the Confederate cause and her unexplained interest in Yankee officers, her dissatisfied spinsterhood would have excused it all on the ground that "all girls like beaux with brass buttons."

(To be continued.)

Great-Grandmother's Portrait.

BY TRAVIS TUCK JORDAN.

THIN, blue-veined, withered hands age-old and sweet,

An ivory fan, a wisp of yellow lace;

Mauve silken skirts of undulating grace

Fall softly down about grey-slippered feet.

Hair once the shade of burnished amber wheat,

Now fold like wings of snow about the face;

Age has been kind and left a wistful trace

Of youth about the lips, a smile discreet.

Within the gilded frame you softly glow;

A shrivelled flower of youth's once bloom,

That like a candle burning dim and low,

Shows faintly beauties of a shadowed room:

Yet as the stars above the mountain rise,

Your soul shines crystal clear within your eyes.

A Saintly Scientist.*

BY ANNETTE S. DRISCOLL.

II.—CONTINUED.

IN 1924, Sir Bertram received a very flattering request from Bishop Bidwell of the Catholic Truth Society, England, by the expressed desire of Cardinal Bourne, to accept the general management of the Society; but after due consideration he declined the offer for various reasons, one being that he felt he could do better work, or at least as good work, for the Church in Canada. "In many ways," he said, "I would love to be back in England where I have so many friends. But also, I have many here, and they grow daily, and are more than kind and good."

Perhaps his dearest friend in Canada was "Pet Marjorie," a sweet little girl who had an extraordinary affection for him from the time she was nine years old. Her name was Cecily Anglin. In a letter to him she calls him "my only, most lovable, self-winding, unsurpassable Uncle Bertie." In another letter she sends him "oceans of love with a kiss on each wave." She died after a long illness, and he never recovered from her loss. To a friend he wrote: "I cannot be long after her, and I trust that God will give me grace to join this innocent child after a short Purgatory, though well I know that I deserve a long dose of it."

In 1924 he writes: "I am to speak to 225 Methodists in company with six parsons—the only layman coming from the so-called priest-ridden Church—Jew, Anglican, Baptist, Methodist, Congregationalist, and Presbyterian,—five minutes for each. Theme—Let us try to do what good we can without quarrelling among ourselves. They are to hear some home truths as to the Church, gently put by me. The Rabbi—a most earnest student—has been attending my classes

* "Sir Bertram Windle," by Monica Taylor, S. N. D.—Longmans.

all this winter and taking copious notes. I told him the story of the Whately (Anglican), Murray (Catholic), Archbishops of Dublin disputing as to which was right, and appealing to the Rabbi, whom they met. His reply: 'If Jesus Christ was the Messiah, Dr. Murray is right; if he was not, I am right. In neither case is Dr. Whately right.' My Rabbi, who speaks to-morrow night, also quite agreed."

Again he writes: "I suppose I cannot now have very much more of this tiresome earth, for I am nearly sixty-six, and, but for my wife, have nothing to hold me to this life, nor am I one of those who would like to have it all over again. God forbid! I would like to go on as long as I can do any good work for the Church, but I have no illusions about the pleasures of life."

In July, 1924, realizing that his strength was not what it had been, he wrote to the Canadian Bishops, resigning his position as President of the Catholic Truth Society. He was having trouble with his eyes, and had a great horror of being blind, and was naturally delighted at being told by a specialist that his eyes were all right, the trouble being due to the gout which had afflicted him in so many ways. About this time he wrote again with evidently very strong feeling about the American editor who wanted to put "The Church and Science" into the American tongue. But though he seems to have been so opposed to the American tongue, he was not above assimilating some American slang, as he speaks in the same letter about biting off more than he could chew, and also of having spoken a mouthful.

In 1925 he wrote to Father Gillis, editor of the *Catholic World*: "I admire your radio scheme immensely. Personally, after Satan, a radio is the last thing I would have in my house. . . . I wish the signs would not say 'the air is full of things you ought to know.' . . . If

you will avoid that heresy in your announcement, some day I might send you a subscription, though I loathe the thing and all its doings. Still, why should the Devil have all the good tunes, as Wesley is said to have remarked in an unwonted moment of humor."

In 1926 he declared that in 1890 he was one of the first victims of the new influenza, for which he did not receive proper treatment, and as a result he was a wreck for eighteen months, nevertheless working so hard that he could not understand how he lived through it. At the time of writing this he had had the "same accursed disease" ten times, each time followed by a nervous breakdown.

In 1926 he lectured at the Catholic Summer School in Cliff Haven, New York, which he calls a wonderful place and an amazing organization. It is a pity there is not space to include here a delightful article from the *Canadian Messenger*, descriptive of Sir Bertram's annual course of lectures in Toronto, which tells of "the amazing and amusing spectacle of a mixed company flocking every Friday to hear a University Professor lecture upon subjects which, from their very names, might be relied on to frighten general audiences into headlong search for the exits: Anthropology, Ethnology and Archæology." The theatre is described as being packed to the roof tops; "people besiege the door till it opens at four P. M. Ladies bring their knitting and the men their afternoon papers." After enumerating some of the almost unbelievable activities of the lecturer, the writer remarks: "Sometime, somewhere one has heard of such a thing as an eight-hour day!"

It is always pleasant to visualize the speaker. Here is this writer's description of him: "Prompt on the tick of four-thirty P. M., Sir Bertram Windle walks briskly in, a tall, well-formed man of sixty-eight, very pleasing to

look at in his professor's gown, and silver-white hair. His keen eyes, behind heavy-rimmed glasses, are very blue. His complexion is bright, with the roses and roast beef and salt-saturated atmosphere of Old England. There is that about him, partly the poise, partly the intonation, which emphasizes the truth spoken in jest by a cousin of his, Admiral Boyle Somerville, R. N.: 'Bertie, my boy, there's an admiral's stripes somewhere under your skin!'

The same writer speaks of the charm of the speaker's voice, which made a yachtsman declare: "I could listen for sixty minutes to that man if he were only reciting the multiplication table," and which caused the Paulist Fathers to secure him as a speaker over their great radio, once a week. . . . Fifty-two hours of travel for twenty minutes' speaking. But the Paulist Fathers were wise. No more convincing speaker or clearer reasoner is there in America to-day than this college lecturer, who was also head of the Catholic Truth Society and is Knight of St. Gregory the Great, as well as of King George the Fifth's creation, and a Ph. D. of Rome. Back of all merits of method lies the fact that Sir Bertram knows what he knows and never pretends to know what he does not know. . . . His language is simple. He prefers 'long-headed' or 'broad-headed' to 'dolichocephalic' or 'brachycephalic.' There are many laughs and no yawns while he is talking. It is not for nothing that he spent his boyhood in Kingstown, got his degrees in the University of Dublin, and became President of the University College in Cork. He has a kindly wit, and he likes to use it; a shy fondness for poetry which he occasionally indulges.

On January 23 he writes: "Do you know that it is forty-four years ago to-day since I was received into the Church? Thank God for me for bringing me there and keeping me there,

though I little imagined then by what strange paths I should have to travel. And at last, in the happiest I have yet trodden. . . . My health (*D. G.*) is excellent, and so far from being tired by an hour's lecture, I feel at the end as if I should like to be let loose upon another."

Though Sir Bertram's humility was admirable and marked it did not preclude the ability to recognize his talents. He says: "I am a born teacher, I know that; and if I have a thing in my head clearly, I can make it clear by word of mouth or pen. It is a gift of God, like being a fast runner, which I never was, or an expert mathematician, a subject at which no greater fool lives than myself."

That year Mrs. Windle was away for a few weeks, concerning which he wrote to Sister M.: "On Sunday, I hope to have my wife with me, and never again will she go away from me for so long. I knew and told her that it would be a vile thing, and it has been viler than I suspected it would be, and I hope a slice off what must in any case be a lengthy Purgatory, if I reach that state." Later that same year he was compelled to write: "I have had a horrid time this week. A severe operation on my wife on Tuesday—a suspicion of ugly complications for forty-eight hours. These things take it out of one, and I was a bruised and battered thing until this morning, even though my fears were dispelled two days ago. But it takes time to get erect again after several days of anxiety. . . . For this week work has naturally been in abeyance, for when I was at home I simply could not work, and had to read the lightest novels I could get hold of. You will know that, there being but the two of us, Edith is everything to me, and what I should do without her I cannot even imagine." His wife recovered and a trip to St. Anne of Beaupré was enjoyed.

In a letter written in January, 1927,

he writes: "On the twenty-third it will be forty-five years since I was received into the Church, one of the few major acts of my life which I have never regretted, though it has cut me out of many things which I should have liked. But any price is worth paying for the pearl of great price, and how much smaller mine was than that paid by so many! Please, pray for me that I may be a better and more useful Catholic in the future than I have been in the past."

In the spring of 1928 he went to Milwaukee to receive an honorary degree of D. Sc. from Marquette, which impressed him most favorably. In May of 1928, came Sir Bertram's 71st birthday. He seemed to the doctors in such good condition that they predicted another twenty years for him. It was, however, but a few days afterwards that he had a slight shock, and was anointed. In June he was able to write:

"I made my confession, received the Blessed Sacrament and had Extreme Unction. Felt quite calm, collected and resigned. The doctor, not a Catholic, quite surprised at the way I began to recover immediately after the Unction. . . . Do pray for me that I may be spared financial struggles and worries, and, above all, scruples. I am tormented by these as well as the other worries. Indeed, however unsuccessfully, I have tried to lead a Catholic life and do what I could for the Church, and I am sure in my heart of hearts that God will not desert me at the end." One of his financial troubles at this time was regarding the sale of his house and the removal to a lovely house where he was to pay a moderate rent, but was to have rent free, in case of inability to lecture, together with a small pension from the Basilian Fathers, who fully appreciated the value of his labors for them. He greatly enjoyed the new house, the most beautiful he had ever lived in.

On the Feast of All Souls, 1928, he

wrote to Sister M.: "My voice is all right and the throat specialist says I want no more treatment (*D. G.*). I get along with my lectures . . . and I can count up my spiritual mercies, for I seem to have lost my terrible scrupulosity, since I received Extreme Unction, and since that time I have lost that dreadful feeling of want of confidence in God, against which I constantly prayed."

On New Year's Day, 1929, he was able to write many letters. In a letter written January 16, he speaks of the doctors' telling him that he had the blood pressure, heart and arteries of a man of twenty and had made a one-hundred-per-cent recovery, "which," he says, "is very nice, but then why did I ever have this attack, if my physique is as good as all that?"

On Saturday, February 9, he complained of a roughness in his chest. His doctor did not consider his condition serious, calling it a touch of bronchitis, but on Monday he thought best to summon a consultant. Tuesday he seemed much better and told the doctor he must get rid of the cold, as he had several ideas in his brain that were just bursting to be put on paper. Later on in the day pneumonia declared itself, and he told Lady Windle that he should not recover, and that, except for her he had no wish to live. The following day he received Holy Communion in the morning, and Extreme Unction in the afternoon. The next day, February 14, just before five, he died peacefully on the twenty-eighth anniversary of their wedding day.

He had written in his will: "I desire to die, as I have tried to live, a faithful son of the Holy Catholic Church, and I desire that I shall be buried according to the rites of that Church, and in the most simple and inexpensive manner possible. No flowers, but prayers are desired. I beg the forgiveness of all whom I may have offended or scandal-

ized, and I forgive from my heart my enemies, if I have any, and any who may have offended or injured me." Clad in the brown habit of the Third Order of St. Francis, of which he became a devoted member at the time of his entrance into the Church, so "majestic and triumphant" was his appearance, that one of the Basilian Fathers, coming away from his body said: "I have said my prayers to him, not for him."

As his biographer so well says: "There were prayers, but no words of praise, and the simple announcement of this, his wish, to the distinguished congregation present at his Requiem Mass, was perhaps more eloquent than any sermon."

With great confidence, indeed, may we all say, "May he rest in peace!"

(The End)

The Bog.

BY PATRICK J. CARROLL, C. S. C.

XXVI.

MICKEEN the Hump met Davey and Alice coming to Nano's party, as he walked out the lane after leaving The Bog.

"I'm sorry I met ye."

"Why?"

"Because, Alice, two's a company and three's a crowd."

"To prove you're wrong, come and join us," Davey said.

"I wouldn't. Ye have only a short while from here to the house to be speaking sweet words."

"Where have you been, Boldness?" Alice demanded.

"I have been seeing a nice girl under the moonlight; a girl who looks like Jack the Giant Killer. Alice, I like to talk to a girl under a big moon. Girls look better then."

"No moon would make you look any better," she retorted.

"In a way, no—I'm so fine as it is."

"Where are you coming from? Tell the truth and don't be sparring," Davey demanded.

"Davey, I'm coming, I tell you, from happy words with the girl I left behind me."

"Who is she?" Alice asked.

"Not a girl with a crooked eye, anyhow."

"Mickeen, you said that once before! Say it again and I'll shoot you!"

"Yerra, Alice, how could I say it again and mean it. You're the pride of Ireland! Davey, my boy, don't stay too long! Parties should not run far into the morning."

"That's good advice, Mickeen," Davey answered catching the hint.

"Alice, 'tis a pity you have to squeeze your fine, large feet into those small boots! Good night to ye!"

He hurried off.

"Davey, I think if that rogue were on the gallows he'd joke with the hangman."

At the road Mickeen cycled south toward Rathdrum; cycled leisurely, because he had certain matters to go over in his mind. He wondered whether he should have told Nano—given her the hint she was smart enough to catch. No. His simple code of chivalry would not permit him to report the treachery of a father to his child. And no matter how he might hide the treachery in phrases, Nano would find out. She was alert as a rabbit. And the memory would sadden her. Besides, if the police were to hurry in at midnight, or shortly after, to find the Rebels gone, Hackett would suspect him. The hint he gave Davey was the best he could do.

He reached Ratigans, who lived near the roadside, less than half a mile north of Rathdrum. It was twenty minutes to ten—early yet. Two blessed candles, surrounded by holly branches, shone through one of the windows. It looked very cheerful in there. He set the bicycle near the gate.

"I believe I'll drop in and something may come to me." He rapped gently on the door—tenderly almost.

"In God's holy name, look who's here!" Mrs. Ratigan exclaimed, seeing the traveller.

"God bless all here!"

"An' you too!"

He was saluting Tom and Mrs. Ratigan; Dan Ratigan, their son, and two chums; all three on the run, and home during the peace of Christmas Day; and the three Ratigan sisters.

"I thought I'd look in and say 'Happy Christmas!' and rest myself from the hurry of the roads."

"'Happy Christmas' yourself, Mick-keen! You're welcome!"

Tom Ratigan was a hearty man and a good neighbor. They talked, talked, talked. Danced and sang. But Mickeen sang only once on account of his bad throat; and danced twice, a jig and a reel. He observed and thought; thought especially while watching the dancers. And then he said to the youngest Ratigan girl, lest they'd wonder why he was so quiet.

"I like yourself better than your sisters."

"You honor me," she answered.

"I suppose I do."

Then he turned to Mrs. Ratigan.

"Mrs. Ratigan, I'm terribly affectionate; often I fall in love with a girl the first minute I see her."

"And why aren't you married so?" Tom Ratigan asked.

"Because, after I like one girl, another comes along I like better. 'Tis my great trouble, I fall in love so fast."

"But you're not such a moon of beauty yourself, Mickeen," the second Ratigan sister said.

"In a way, no, but the girls seem to like me."

"Will you have a little something to give you Christmas comfort?" Tom Ratigan asked.

"Thank you, Tom, I don't mind if I

do. Although you have to be careful when you're in the service of the Crown."

"I don't think you're serving the Crown at all," the Ratigan boy said.

"If I thought he was I'd shoot him," his more rebellious youngest sister declared.

"I tell you, young girl, you must respect and honor a man who represents the King and works for the better government of Ireland."

"The better government of Ireland!" this youngest girl echoed. "Dad, can you listen to that and say nothing?"

"Ah, he's only coddling! Mickeen has two irons in the fire. He's smarter than the whole Royal Irish Constabulary."

"I tell you, Tom Ratigan, you must watch your tongue when you're speaking to one who's in Government service."

And presently Mickeen hurried to less dangerous ground.

"Mrs. Ratigan, I suppose you wouldn't be against it if I proposed to your youngest daughter—the lovely one here at my side in flaming red hair?"

"O faix, I'd be honored, Mickeen."

"My hair isn't red! 'Tis sunset gold, if you want to know!" the girl in question corrected.

"Well, Sunset Gold, or Cloudy, or Continued Showers, what'll you say to me if I propose?"

"What Ireland says to England—'You can't have me.'"

"Little girl, I like you; but you must be careful of treason when speaking in presence of a servant of the Crown."

"Down Lloyd George! Down Carson! Down the British Navy! Down the British Army! Down Dublin Castle! Up Men of Easter Week! Up Ireland! Up the Republic! Is that treason enough for you?"

"I may have to report you, Sunset Gold."

"You can make a gramophone record of it if you like, and play it before the House of Commons."

"Ah, I don't believe I will. You're hands are too nice for handcuffs! You're too lovely to be sending off to Kilmainham or Mountjoy!"

"Mickeen," Tom Ratigan said, "the devil a spying word at all you tell them!"

"I wouldn't say that, Tom; but I'll say this: I'll tell nothing on ye about to-night, if ye tell nothing on me. How's that?"

"Of course we won't—we're no British spies!"

To Tom Ratigan the request was absurd.

At 3:30 Mickeen looked up at the clock which ticked all night between a window and the delf dresser.

"Heavenly Father—look at the hour! I'll be murdered for staying so long."

As a matter of fact, he had eyed that clock ten times during the night. He stood up now, bade good-bye in a round of handshaking; the three boys went out with him—they must be off too.

"I'll be suspended for staying away all night, unless ye help me out," he said very seriously to the three lads.

"We will—you've helped the Cause," young Ratigan assured him.

"Don't speak like that to a man in my position," Mickeen said severely.

"Well, what do you want?"

"Bring me a rope."

Young Ratigan did;—one of those ropes used to guide plowing horses. Mickeen took it, faced about and returned to the road. The boys followed him; followed him for a quarter of a mile farther from Rathdrum; then climbed the road fence after him to a garden headland.

"Young fellows, does one good turn deserve another?" Mickeen asked, as they stood at the headland.

"It does," young Ratigan assured him.

"And I've done some things in my time, haven't I?"

"You have," the three young Rebels answered almost as a formula.

"Very good! Now, then, don't ever admit you saw or met me to-night; and have your people to do the same. Your father promised me that, Dan Ratigan."

"Oh, he did." Mickeen was given their promise.

"Very good. Now tie me tight with this rope and leave me here."

"Mickeen—you're mad! Why do you want us to tie you?"

"Ought a soldier ask questions, Dan Ratigan?"

Dan agreed he ought not.

"And does one good turn deserve another, Dan?"

"A good turn does."

"Very good. Tie me and leave me here, and take the bicycle away with ye."

They tied him—hands, feet, legs, body. Then left, taking the bicycle along.

At ten minutes past five that St. Stephen's Day morning, Jim Hartigan, hurrying to the market at Rathdrum, heard a man groaning behind the road ditch. Jim was sixty-five, six-foot-one tall, and in mortal fear of the law. He looked over.

"In God's holy name, Mickeen, what ails you?"

"I'm ambushed, man—can't you see!"

Jim climbed across.

"I'll cut you free." He pulled out a large, one-blade knife.

"You daren't do that, Jim! The Law says you must not disturb the body until the Law comes. Raise the police!"

Jim Hartigan ran to the barracks. Sergeant Hackett and one other policeman hurried back with him to their roped servant. Freed, Mickeen at first appeared stunned; but he was careful not to overplay the part. He reported brokenly that some men—three or four, he was not sure—came upon him and tied him as he came back from Kilbeg; and then went off with his bicycle. The Sergeant interrupted here to address Jim Hartigan.

"Thank you, my good man, for co-

operating with the Crown. We may call you later." Jim left.

"Now tell exactly what happened."

"Well, I met Mr. Hugh Byrne last night some time after seven—"

"What was his message?"

"His message was, that his son Davey and Schoolmaster Conway and Rebel Mike Enright were to spend some of the night in his house at a Christmas party, and to tell you; and that you would know what to do with the information."

"That information is no good now, man; no good at all! They're gone by this time! What time were you ambushed?"

"When I was coming back."

The Sergeant was so excited he overlooked the fact that Mickeen had not answered his question.

"You were evidently seen talking with Byrne—and followed," the Sergeant deduced.

"Four men did you say?"

"Three or four, Sir—and they took the bicycle away with them."

At ten minutes after six that morning eight Rathdrum policemen appeared suddenly at the Byrne home. The Sergeant felt it was just possible that the men, whose capture would mean three feathers in his cap might be still there. The police left their car inside the road gate as ordered by their superior officer; and were careful to turn off the lights this time.

Nano met them at the door.

"We're looking for three men who stayed here last night."

"You mean Mr. Conway, Mr. Enright, and my brother?"

The speaker nodded.

"Yes, they were my guests at a lovely Christmas party. They're gone."

Another house search, after Mary and Alice had got up and made themselves presentable. Hugh Byrne listened but did not appear.

"You would know where they went, perhaps?"

The policeman who asked Nano this was new at Rathdrum. To be fair to him, he expected the answer he received.

"As they didn't say—I didn't think it proper to ask them, Sir."

Still in bed, her father heard the policeman's question and Nano's answer.

"He's as blasted a fool as myself—believing her; just as I believed that hump-backed devil!"

He rolled over hoping to get back to sleep.

(To be continued.)

Keeping the Life White.

A writer tells of going with a party down into a coal mine. On the side of the gangway grew a plant which was perfectly white. The visitors were astonished, that there, where the coal-dust was continually flying, this little plant should be so pure and white. A miner, who was with them, took a handful of coal-black dust and threw it upon the plant, but not a particle adhered. Every atom of the dust rolled off. The visitors themselves repeated the experiment, but the coal-dust would not cling. There was a wonderful enamel on the folds of the white plant to which no finest speck could adhere. Living there amid clouds of black dust, nothing could stain its snowy whiteness.

This is a picture of what every young Christian life should be. This is an evil world. We go among the ungodly continually in our daily walk and work. Unholy influences breathe about us; but it is our mission to be pure amid all this vileness, undefiled, unspotted from the world. If God can make a little plant so that no dust can stain its whiteness, can He not, by His grace, so transform your heart and life that no sin can cling to you? If God can keep a little flower stainless, white as snow, amid clouds of black dust, can He not keep hearts in like purity in this world of sin?—*J. R. M.*

When to Leave.

BY P. J. C.

THERE is a small book on general etiquette with one chapter titled, "When to Call." There should be a companion chapter headed, "When to Leave." There are more people who do not know when to leave than people who do not know when to call.

Note the man, the woman, who has a bona fide business which is gone over, reviewed, reassessed and disposed of finally. Then comes the problem of departure. That, let it be said, is as leisured as an outgoing ocean liner from the port of New York.

You undoubtedly have experience with persons who while they visit tell you ever so often they must be going—a doxology that closes every one of their twenty-seven psalms. Are you yourself, perhaps, one such psalm singer?

In transfer of yourself from present to absent, you and your host often correspond roughly to two persons trying to escape each other in a hallway. Each succeeds in meeting the other, while each is trying to avoid the other. Endeavoring to escape collision they collide. So you, wishing to go, are afraid you will offend the person you are calling upon should you leave. He, wishing you to leave, fears he will offend you should he suggest your departure. Thus each obstructs the other by his silence. Perhaps this illustration is not packaged very tidily, but it may reach you.

We note another type. The reminiscent man who is a storage battery of anecdote. Everything you say recalls something else. A Tom and Tim story reminds him of a Pat and Mike one. He is like over-sociable people who indulge in vicarious cheer. One calls for another. Or again you kick your heels to keep your toes warm, as you stand upon a frozen earth, zero biting your

ears. The interior of your lungs is dangerously near congealing. You are held the while in the grip of some Ancient Mariner. You cannot choose but hear, since, like Mr. Coolidge, you do not choose to run.

Why is it that so many people do not know when to leave? Many dread a sudden departure as they dread a sudden death. It would be impolite to go, the person visited might be injured in his pride of state if one were to step out from the throne room. And so infinite boredom concealed, pleasure simulated by his Majesty behind the flat desk.

There are ways of dismissal which are simple and dignified; direct, above-table; meant to be just what they are. "In that case, Mr. Smith, I will make arrangements and you'll hear from me in a day or two." Or, "If there is nothing else, Mr. Smith, we will consider the matter settled."

Some will say this shows no finesse. A telephone bell should ring—"Called away." Or an office girl should knock on the door, stand where the door was—a picture in its frame. "Mr. Brown, you have a conference at eleven."—"Ah, yes. You'll excuse me, Mr. Smith."

It will be insisted the simple, honest, direct method of dismissal shows no velvet glove of diplomacy. It needs none. It is courteous without insincerity; simple without the traditional trickeries that people of any intellect see through and smile at. No well-trained man or woman objects to dismissal when business is ended. Well-bred people await the conclusion of a conference just as they await the end of Mass. They go out and go home when it is over. They may resent those obvious tricks of getting them away as children are got away when their elders have serious talk.

When you visit, know when to leave. It is better to go sooner than later; more desirable to bestow on people regret that you go so soon than great joy that at last you are gone.

Notes and Remarks.

Harvard University, for reasons of economy, has abolished the post of "Adviser in Religion." The office, held by the Rev. Mr. Thomas L. Harris, was established in 1930, and was accorded the ranking of a full-time pastorate. Now Harvard economy brusquely shouldered office and office holder out of Harvard. Football coaches will be retained; and theatricals and rowing and social functions. Perish the implication that we indicate to Harvard what Harvard should do in these matters. Only it may be asked without any intention to offend, if the "Adviser in Religion" functioned effectively? And if he did, why was the axe aimed at the root of his tree, not at the root of, say, the third assistant coach of the back field?

The *Tablet* (London) has an item to the effect that the *Irish Press* of Dublin quotes Count Plunkett as saying that Pope Benedict XV. in 1916 "conferred his Apostolic Blessing on the men who were facing death for Ireland's liberty." The *Tablet* considers the Count's memory at fault; or else he misunderstood the Pope's language. And the *Tablet* seems to assume that had the Pontiff bestowed the Apostolic Blessing on these men the circumstance must forever be regretted. Were, however, Benedict XV. to bless the armies of Britain in 1914, the *Tablet* very likely would consider the act a splendid recognition of Britain's love of liberty. Well, the men who were backed up against a wall in Kilmainham prison yard in May, 1916, adventured out for the same abstraction: the right of a race to live away from a crowding, cramping interference of an alien nationalism and persuasion, and to pursue unimpeded their thoughts and enterprises. A Sovereign Pontiff need not withhold his hand to bless men for that. What seems treason to a loyal British organ like the *Tablet*

may be heroism to an outsider. Certainly in this case is heroism to an Irishman. The sixteen men of Easter Week adventured without great hope. They failed physically; they did not fail spiritually. Whatever of freedom Ireland now has come to her through them. The *Tablet* seems to assume that those who undertook the Easter Week rebellion did a wrong thing, and therefore Pope Benedict XV. could not bless them or their adventure. The contrary is true. Ireland is not England; the Irish not English. Which is not saying that England is not a great land, the English not a great people. The Irish have always wanted Ireland for themselves, as a man wants his home for himself and his family. Surely any Pope in any century may bless any group of good men who strive to repossess themselves of the earth which God and nature destined for them. The leaders of the Easter Week rebellion adventured for just that. They wanted the earth of their fathers. If they could secure that earth peaceably they would not try to secure it by physical means. There was no hope of a peaceful repossession, as we well know. Hence the armed rebellion. Knowing the men who adventured—their lives, ideals, Faith, splendid courage, and religious resignation in death—we assert that no Sovereign Pontiff need withhold his hand to bless them and what they strove for.

Columbia University, New York, has in recent years placed upon its list of faculty members some queer professors. In spite of the good sense of its President, men holding queer theories of morality and government have managed to find a place upon the roster of teachers, and their anarchistic ideas have furnished the daily newspapers with first-page material. It is good to read, therefore, that at the recent Commencement exercises which were held in St. Paul's Chapel, Dr. Browne in his

Baccalaureate sermon had these sound words to say to the graduates: "It is the bankruptcy of character that has spread doubt and fear in many quarters. Where there has been such failure it is attributable to a divorce of character from business, a divorce of character from industry, a divorce of character from profession, a divorce of character from the life political. And it is all summed up in the divorce of God, the Supreme Good, from man's ordinary affairs." If the University in the course of its four-year college training could have driven home to its students the last idea contained in Dr. Browne's sermon it would have given them the foundation of a true education. It is impossible to divorce God from any of our actions, because He is the Truth from which all real education proceeds.



Perhaps there was never a time in the history of our country when so many people owed money as during the present crisis, and ninety-nine per cent of the debtors, it is affirmed, are honest people who would pay their bills if they were able. Mr. Van Vliissing, the credit manager of a large department store, has set down a few rules in a recent article in *Liberty* which may be of use to those who have to postpone payment of their debts through no fault of their own. Don't wait, he warns, until the bills come pouring in with such curt suggestions as "Please remit," or "Your check will be appreciated." Write your creditor a letter, call him on the telephone, or, better still, make a personal call, and assure him that though you haven't the money just now, you will pay him as soon as you can. This will assure him that he is dealing with an honest man who is worried about the debt he has contracted. Don't make any promises which you are unable to keep. If you promise something and fail to keep your promise, your creditor will classify you as less

reliable than before, and you will have lost something in his estimation. When you are able to spare some money distribute it fairly in the paying on all your debts instead of settling up with the unpleasant creditors who have been making life miserable for you. The latter method is neither good ethics nor good business. And continue to trade with the man that you owe money to instead of going to a stranger. You will probably not be able to charge things to your account any more, but you will have to do some cash business, and it ought to be done with the man who is carrying your bill. This will show your good faith and your intention of continuing as a customer when the present depression is over, and it will give the merchant a little profit which in his mind he applies to the expense of carrying the past-due account on his books. This seems to be solid advice, and many will be glad to know how a creditor looks upon those who owe him money. Keeping creditors happy without money is not a very easy job, but it can be done if one goes about it in the right way until such time as one is able to pay.



The New York Telegram some time ago made the cost of the World War plain when it said that the fifty-one billion dollars spent by the United States would have bought this whole country with everybody and everything in it, lock, stock and barrel, as recently as 1885. If you had started throwing away dollars, it continued, at the beginning of the Christian era and kept it up ever since at the rate of a dollar a minute without pausing either to eat or to sleep, you would only now be starting on your second billion, with ninety-five thousand years more to go. At five per cent fifty-one billion dollars would provide an annual income of over two and a half billions, or enough to pension two and a quarter million old and

broken-down workers at \$100 a month. This would go a long way toward wiping out the worst of our poverty in normal times. Is it any wonder serious-minded people should hate war when even the financial aspect of it, which is without doubt the least of its horrors, presents such a ghastly picture. Can we wonder that Lincoln held that it would be much better for nations to toss a coin to settle their disputes, as unsatisfactory as that method might be, than to decide right by cannon and sword.



Marmaduke Valentine Smith. The name suggests a yacht, golfing, knickers, a country estate. Wrong. Marmaduke Valentine Smith was an English lad with a remarkable tenor voice in what is referred to as the Victorian period. He sang in many Catholic churches, later studied voice under the famous Lamperti, teacher of Melba, Jean de Reske and other notables. After singing in many Italian opera houses, he went back to England, calling himself Signor Fabrini. It was so done in those days; Fabrini would suggest singing, Smith would not. As Signor Fabrini he toured the United States for five years, returned to England, and won a new reputation under the old, easily pronounced Smith. He established a touring opera company which was the delight of his generation; and frequently that company sang in a Catholic church of the town where they happened to have an engagement. All which seems to reconfirm that a rose called Signor Fabrini or Mr. Smith is equally sweet.



The Catholic Press Association did not have much time for singing when it met for its annual convention in Chicago. Even though it did have the time, however, it would hardly need the stimulation of song to keep its members keyed up to the business of the various sessions. If the Association ever does stand in need of a convention song, we

would like to propose the following "old-timer," written many years ago, but never more appropriate than to-day. There is probably no gathering of editors in America, either religious or secular, who would not sing the following lines without at least a touch of yearning in their voices:

How dear to our heart is the steady subscriber,
Who pays in advance of the birth of each year,
Who lays down the money and does it quite
gladly,
And casts round the office a halo of cheer!

He never says "Stop it; I cannot afford it.
I'm getting more magazines now than I read";
But always says, "Send it; our people all like it—
In fact, we all think it a help and a need."

How welcome his check when it reaches our
sanctum;
How it makes our pulse throb; how it makes
our heart dance;
We outwardly thank him; we inwardly bless
him—
The steady subscriber who pays in advance!



Judge Rutherford is reported as giving radio religious broadcasts in phonographic form. In other words, the Judge does not speak from his person; his record is transmitted. Here is a briefer sample of the Judge's interpretation of a parable and consequent comment. Dives and Lazarus on the air. This parable is not a parable at all, says the Judge, but a plain statement of fact. Later on the plain statement of fact is interpreted as a parable. And here is this splendid example of close reasoning for you: A rich man is sent to hell just for being rich; which is not right—condemning a man to hell for being rich. A poor man goes to heaven just for being poor, which is not right either. The Judge does not say, as he perhaps would had he thought first and spoken later, that Dives was not condemned to hell because he was rich but because he was sinful—did not love God and his neighbor; and Lazarus did not win heaven for simply being poor; he won it because he obeyed the two great

commandments of the law. Much else is reported of the Judge, but we cannot pursue. Indeed were we to gather in for comment all the nonsense poured through the mouth of the radio we must needs employ twenty-four listeners in—one for every hour. Why so many? Because more than an hour's sitting before a radio impairs the machinery we use when we think.

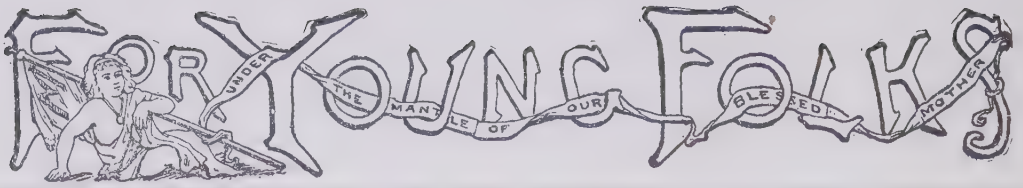
—♦—
In re Mrs. Duncan, spiritualistic medium, comes this item from London, England: "Peggy," Mrs. Duncan's medium at her Edinburgh séances, gave all the news from the great beyond—big, little, and no news. Peggy "appeared," Peggy "spoke" in response to Mrs. Duncan's appeal for spiritualistic "messages." And then—one of the "sitters" grabbed the spirit supposed to be Peggy. She was a soft, rubber-like person whom (or which) the sitter held in a hard grip. Peggy was not what she was said to be. She was a material substance of Mrs. Duncan's fashioning, her voice the voice of Mrs. D. In court later on Mrs. Duncan, spiritualist, was fined the equivalent of \$50 or one month in jail. You may or you may not formulate your own moral.

—♦—
 Twenty-five years ago seven young girls left Ireland to reach Durango, Mexico. Mother Mary Vincent, Superior of the Sisters of the Incarnate Word in Durango, came into the lives of the seven colleens and asked them what they thought of joining her community and thereby helping in the work of educating Catholic girls in Mexico. They thought well of it, and entered the novitiate of the Order. The Order gave them a *cead milé failte*, but the Mexican government didn't. The nuns were expelled twice, and following the second expulsion were invited by the Most Rev. Bishop Schrembs to work for the Lord in Cleveland. All this is written because three of the original colleens left

their homeland twenty-five years ago, their hearts very sad as Ireland faded behind blue ocean mists; all this is written, be it repeated, because three of the seven—Sister Mary Brendan, Sister Mary Columba, Sister Mary Baptista—celebrated their Silver Jubilee in Cleveland recently. It must have been a great day for them, going back to Ireland likely on the swift airplane of memory, seeing again the day of the year when they left and were so sad, and all the years between. And happy years they have been, no doubt. All this seems wandering and rambling writing very likely. Can you help it when your subject is seven Irish colleens?

—♦—
 A statement came to our attention the other day which illustrates rather effectively how apt we are generally to allow a little evil to stand in the way of much good. We know, for example, that the mere mention of the word "germ" calls up in most people's minds disquieting visions of sick beds, nurses, doctors, with perhaps an undertaker hovering in the distance. It seems, however, that the little germ isn't ordinarily the vicious thing that we make it out to be. According to the statement which originally caught our attention there are about 2000 known kinds of germs or bacteria, only 100 of which are believed to be harmful to man, the other 1900 being not only helpful but actually necessary to life.

—♦—
 While the Mayfair Theatre of New York City was advertising and showing a crime picture, robbers held up the treasurer of the organization and walked away with \$1000. Ordinarily it is difficult to convince exhibitors that motion pictures have any more than a passing influence upon those who see them. In this case, however, we wonder if the managers of the Mayfair Theatre might not be persuaded that there was some more or less direct connection.



When I'm a Man.

BY B. E. T.

WHEN I'm a man and have my way
I'll go out every single day,
And play with mud, no matter who
Is there that doesn't want me to.
And I'll stop all this silly bosh
Of making everybody wash
When he comes in the house each night,
Because his neck's not lily white.
And every night I won't annoy
My tired, little barefoot boy
By making him go wash his feet
Before he dares to touch a sheet.
When I'm a great big man I hope
To sell the bathtub and the soap,
So little boys won't be in tears
From having people wash their ears.
These and a hundred things I plan
To carry out when I'm a man.

The Runaway.

BY GERTRUDE McNALLY.

II.

WHEN Glory reached the open door of the two-room shack her eyes widened in wonderment. Upon a mattress on a cleanly swept dirt floor lay a Mexican mother, sick. Near her hovered two small sons. They were trying to hold a goat still which Mrs. Valdez had requested brought into her to milk. On the wall above the mattress hung a hand-made cross, leaf stripped.

Excitement changed to bedlam at sight of Glory and her timid, "Please, may I come in?" A little later and the larger of the two boys answered importantly:

"Me, Federico Ernesto Guerrero Valdez, who went last year to school, and

my papa, who went to-day to dig, is all that speaks English." It was like the first verse of a song. The chorus, which consisted of three separate voices pitched in different keys, all speaking the same tongue together, was not intelligible to Glory. Then with a flashing white-tooth smile Federico supplied the second verse: "My mamma says will you have some milk?"

Glory downed the first cup at one gulp. Seeing that, the mother offered more; again more. It was when at last the satisfied young visitor began to stammer thanks that the small boy of the big name suddenly announced, "My mamma say you come from orphunts' home. She say why for you run away?"

Glory flicked her betraying uniform a reproachful glance. Then she noticed that the lady's lips wore a melting smile and her sad soft eyes a sympathetic friendliness; so she explained: "Mom's picture—I lost it at the Home. She's dead. It was all I had."

For the moment she had forgotten that the woman could not understand her tongue, but Federico translated. Hardly had he finished before Glory saw wan arms stretch out to her. There was a second of startled silence, then Glory, with a grateful, guttural sob, crept into them.

They felt so good; likewise the mattress after last night's hard ground. Surely no one would find her here? She would stay until sundown, then under cover of darkness would go on—on—until far enough away from Happy-Home to be able to see Mom's face when she shut her eyes. There was a gentle sigh, and a weary little traveller again was sound asleep.

The woman touched one of her visitor's extending pigtails. Such a little

girl to be so all alone! A sudden veil of tears hid the white-faced one from view. God—the same God who had seen fit to take the mother of this little girl had left her boys their mother! As she absorbed the thought, gratitude for life rose tremulously to parched lips.

A longing to do something for Glory took possession of her. It would show God how she felt. She couldn't tell Him. There were no words. Remembering her helplessness she sighed. She could not even so much as cook the child a warm meal!

Her free hand endeavoring to pull the hot pillow into a more comfortable position, touched something cold, hard. Her sad eyes lighted. Fernando's Christmas gift of eight months past! The only possession she owned, and dearly prized; but if she could not do for this motherless one beneath her roof, then she must give. She had no choice.

But what would her husband think when he learned she had given away his gift? Then her brow cleared. Fernando had not told her she must keep it. No, what he had said was for it to keep her! Well, it had done so. Without its care she might have died.

Late to-night her husband would be home. Then she would have him. But this little pale-face—she had no one to care for her, no mother. Every child should have a mother.

So it was that a "wasted" hand drew from beneath a pillow a plaque of Our Lady and slipped it into Glory's pocket. Succumbing then to fever, Mrs. Valdez slept.

She was still sleeping when Glory opened her eyes. The boys were out-doors playing. Rested, the child glanced about. Upon the wall opposite hung a large colored picture of a little girl which Glory had been either too tired or hungry to notice before. Though frameless and fly-specked it was the most beautiful picture she had ever seen. It showed a child about her size,

but with golden curls, blue eyes, rosy cheeks, and wings that matched her hair. She was guarding a baby in a crib. Glory's gaze didn't linger on the baby but rose to the reading on the picture: *Gloria In Excelsis Deo!*

Why! That beautiful girl's name was Gloria! Almost like her own! Maybe Gloria was her name. Maybe Mom had just shortened it to Glory. The longer she looked at the picture the more convinced she became that such had been the case.

Afraid of disappointment if she shut her eyes, Glory stared ahead: "Mom, my name is Gloria like hers, ain't it?" asked her heart. "Morning-Glory was what Pop told the welfare lady you had had me baptized. 'N-she said that she supposed the reason why you never called me that was 'cause you'd been too busy. But they were both wrong, weren't they, Mom? Gloria is my real name, ain't it, even if my looks is different?"

There was no denying the difference in the two Glorias' looks. Instead of crossed pupils the eyes of the picture-Gloria had a kind of listening look. It was a look that did something to you, especially if you were lonely as well as homely.

Hours, she lay there looking at the picture. Even when at their wakened mother's bidding, the boys went out and brought the goat in by her bed again, even then, the picture of the pretty Gloria continued to hold the homely "Gloria" spellbound. Child though she was, she was dimly conscious of a growing up inside of her. It was not the first time she had felt this way. Times when Pop had knocked her to the floor—she had felt it then. She had felt it particularly the day Pop said her darling year-old sister was what had killed her Mom. But the other had been a painful growing up, while this was pleasant.

It changed her so. Looking at the picture of the other Gloria with her dimpled arms outstretched protective-

like above the baby's crib, now made her feel ashamed. For the first time, she disbelieved Pop's verdict.

It was the picture which made her decide to return to the orphanage. Not that she wanted to go back! But a Gloria—and crossed eyes were raised adoringly to the listening eyed one—would not get scared or mad, and run away. A Gloria had things to do. Folks needed her—especially babies.

And so it was when evening came that Glory faced her gingham-clad person towards Happy-Home's high gables. As the small boy of the big name was outdoors for the moment, she said good-bye to the picture-Gloria out loud. "Inside me here," and she fiercely pressed one grimy hand in the general region of her heart, "it hurts just like it did, losing Mom's picture. But I ain't mad at the matron no more for slapping me, and I ain't afraid like I was, 'cause my name is same as yours. And I'm going to *be* like you! I am! I am!"

The wistful plaint which rose at the end like a threatening violin string brought Federico hurrying indoors.

"Am what?" he demanded curiously.

"Am going to be like her," explained Glory, pointing to the picture.

Federico looked interested, if unconvinced.

"Where my papa dig the plumber's ditch are men what make long curls from wood," he offered helpfully.

Glory looked longingly from him and his smiling younger brother to the sick mother on the mattress.

"Say good-bye to them, Federico. I'm going back to Happy-Home."

Federico pointed to the mattress where the plaque lay beside his mother.

"Mamma say it dropped out of your pocket. She put it there for present. She say the picture of your mamma lost—for it take this." And from Federico's hands to Glory's passed the blessed plaque.

There was a moment of charged

silence. Glory's eyes widened. Her blood sang.

"It looks an awful lot like Mom," she managed to say at last. There was a hal-lowed wonder in the child's voice. "Yes, lovely like Mom looked that last day in the casket with the neighbors' flowers 'round her."

"My mamma say he's yours to take back to the orphunts' home," Federico more crowed than stated.

Glory couldn't answer. All she could do was to gaze mutely at the giver. But the gratefulness in her heart shone naked from her eyes—eyes which would no longer have to shut, in order to seek Mom's likeness.

Although Glory made comparatively quick time on her direct route back to Happy-Home, twilight was merging into darkness when she reached the Orphanage's front gates. Windows she had seen suddenly go dark a few rods back again were streaming light.

Not knowing of the bell above her head, she called. It was the janitor who answered. He was locking up the lighted basement for the night, where he had gone to replace the fuse burned out when the upstairs windows had gone dark awhile back.

"The saints be praised!" was his warm welcome. "Shure, and you be after being the fast travelling wan. The police—no longer ago than ten minutes it was—wired they'd located you three hundred miles north of here!"

The matron's welcome showed a less humorous trend of thought.

"You are an ungrateful, good-for-nothing chit to make us worry so. A Mexican family indeed! As if this town, and surrounding ones, hadn't been combed for you. You were more likely somewhere on these very grounds delighting in watching us hunt. You may go to bed now, but to-morrow, you shall be severely punished!"

Glory's right hand which had been supporting the plaque inside her pocket

to keep its sagging weight from showing, now twitched convulsively. She had overheard whispered accounts of other punishments meted out at Happy-Home. They had sounded worse than Pop's.

Then as her thoughts went to the picture-Gloria at Federico's house, and as her fingers caressed the plaque inside her pocket with its face that "looked like mom," Glory managed to return Miss Musket's volley with a smile. Her small figure as it turned away, however, looked frightened and forlorn despite its inner change.

"Wait!"

"Yes-um?"

"If one of the second-girls happens still to be in the kitchen you may ask for a bowl of soup and a glass of milk."

A strained smile was Glory's answer. She was suddenly very tired; fearful too, of to-morrow's punishment. Self-confidence, in which she had gloried for the space of one short hour, was gone.

(Conclusion next week.)

An Honest Lawyer.

IT was a curious event which led Claude Bourgelat to give up the profession of law and to turn his attention to the veterinary art. In his early manhood he achieved distinction as an advocate at Grenoble. He had many qualities which gave him pre-eminence, and of those his well-known and excessive honesty was chief. No one had ever been able to corrupt him with a bribe or to enlist his services in a cause which he deemed unworthy. Before undertaking to defend a client, he was careful to assure himself that he had right on his side. He considered his power of oratory a gift of God, and believed that it would be ungrateful and sinful to use it in behalf of a criminal who deserved to feel the majesty of the law.

On one occasion, however, he became the victim of an unscrupulous rogue,

who induced him to espouse his cause. M. Bourgelat made one of his telling and convincing speeches, and the judges promptly acquitted the prisoner. Those present congratulated the lawyer, and none was more vehement in his praise than the prisoner himself.

"You see," said the wily individual, "I was guilty and you have convinced them of my innocence."

Bourgelat was shocked and amazed.

"But," he answered, "you led me to believe that you were innocent."

"Of course I did, my dear sir; for your well-known scruples would otherwise have prevented you from saying all those pleasant things to the judges about me."

Parliament was still in session and Bourgelat hurried before its members to see if the mischief wrought could not be undone; but the judges were not to be driven to a reversal of their decision.

"The cause has been decided," they said,—*"it is irrevocable."*

The lawyer begged, implored, almost threatened.

"I have," he declared, "been made the dupe of a rascal."

"The case is decided," they answered, and would say no more.

He followed them to their homes, but they would not listen to him. As soon as Parliament met again, Bourgelat appeared and demanded to be heard. Again his entreaties fell upon unwilling ears. The judges stoutly refused to listen to another word of what they termed his foolish harangue. Then, in his honest rage, he tore his advocate's gown off and trampled it under his feet, saying that he would never wear it again, after witnessing such infamous treatment of one whose greatest crime was the determination to be an honest man. His next step was to take his name from the list of lawyers; and that done he put every one of his written speeches in the fire.

"I will never again," he said, "have

anything to do with what is called a court of justice."

And he kept his word. Changes were afterward made in the laws which made it possible to reconsider a sentence, but Bourgelat had renounced his profession conscientiously and forever.

For a long time he kept aloof from his former companions; but finally emerged from his seclusion, and became interested in the scientific treatment of the diseases of domestic animals. The perfection which the veterinary art has reached in France is no doubt largely due to this man, who was too honest to defend a rogue. He was the writer of many useful and remarkable works upon the medical treatment of animals, and was the founder of the present perfected system of veterinary colleges in France. With his usual straightforward devotion to his idea of duty, he sacrificed not only himself but his fortune to further the cause which he championed, and became poor in the service of dumb animals.

The Number Seven.

The number seven has played a very important part in religious history and symbolism. Including the day of rest, seven days were employed in creating the earth. There are seven deadly sins, seven principal virtues, and seven Sacraments. There were seven champions of Christendom—St. Patrick, St. George, St. Andrew, St. David, St. Denis, St. James and St. Anthony; and Our Lord spoke seven times on the cross. In ancient times every seventh year was sacred, and the seven times seventh year ushered in a year of jubilee.

The number seven is forever connected with the lives of the saints by the tradition of the Seven Sleepers—brave young men of Ephesus who, being Christians and persecuted by Decius, sought concealment in a cave. Their enemies discovered their retreat

and rolled great stones before the entrance, so that they were securely imprisoned. Then the martyrs, commending themselves to God, fell asleep. Some hundred and ninety-six years afterward a man of Ephesus, seeking shelter for his cattle, let the light into the forgotten cave and awoke the sleepers, who rubbed their eyes and looked about. One of them was sent out to buy food, and was greatly astonished to find upon the gate of the city, which he approached with so much caution, the Cross of Christ openly displayed.

When he tendered his ancient coin at a baker's shop he was taken into custody upon the charge of hiding secret treasure, and was able to free himself only by taking his captors to the cave where his six companions awaited him. The Emperor Theodosius lost no time in joining them; and was amazed and delighted at the miracle wrought, as he believed, to confirm his faith in Christianity. The martyrs, their mission accomplished, then fell asleep again, to wake no more in this world.

Rome was built on seven hills; there were seven wonders of the world, seven colors in the rainbow, seven planets, seven ages of man, seven metals, seven-leagued boats, and so forth. Many of these time-honored beliefs have been destroyed by modern discovery. For instance, astronomers now count nine planets, and the number of metals at present is almost seven times seven.

A strange superstition connected with the number seven is the belief of many that the seventh son of a seventh son possesses wonderful powers of foretelling future events, and the columns of some newspapers often contain foolish advertisements setting forth his claims.

In some of the states of Germany it was formerly the custom for the reigning sovereign to become sponsor for all the seventh sons born in the kingdom.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—"Catholic Action," a translation of Monsignor Fontenelle's popular work, translated by Patrick J. Duffy, is a pamphlet which summarizes briefly and clearly, in the form of question and answer, the definite principles of Catholic Action. It is published at the Assisi Office, Merchants Quay, Dublin. Price, 2d.

—The Canadian national hymn was written by a Catholic, Calixa Lavallee, professor at the Boston Conservatory of Music and organist at the Cathedral in that city. So sincerely is the memory of the author of "O Canada" venerated in that country that steps have been taken to remove the musician's body to Montreal in July with appropriate ceremonies.

—Among that small army of literary Englishmen who have come into the Church must be listed S. Cunliffe Owen whose recently published novel on the Elizabethan era has created a great deal of favorable comment in England. Singularly enough the author of "The Phoenix and the Dove" first became interested in Catholicism through its glorious Church music which we so often fail to appreciate. "The Phoenix and the Dove" is published by Rich and Cowen, London. Price, 7s. 6d.

—Henry Pringle, according to an announcement of Farrar & Rinehart, will spend the next two years working on a biography of William Howard Taft. He is to have access to account and appointment books, to the letters written by Mr. Taft to his wife, and to copies of letters written in the White House during the Bull Moose campaign of 1912. Mr. Pringle, it will be remembered, won the Pulitzer Prize last year with his life of Theodore Roosevelt, and his present work is therefore looked forward to with much interest.

—"Georgia: A pageant of Years" is a compilation or date book collected by four Colonial Dames of America to commemorate Georgia's Bicentennial. In this volume we gather such miscellaneous information as: The Washington cherry tree story was published first in Georgia; the first steamship to

cross the Atlantic, the "Savannah," sailed from the city of that name; the first general anesthetic used in a surgical operation was employed in Georgia by Doctor Crawford W. Long; and the first and only man to win the four great golf championships in one year was an Atlantan, Robert T. Jones.

—The work of many of our religious Congregations and Orders has become so extensive that for adequate historical treatment it very often has to be divided territorially. It is because of a similar exigency that "The Redemptorists of the West," by T. L. Skinner, C. SS. R., was written to record the religious activities of the various Redemptorist institutions in the St. Louis Province. Because these activities involve approximately 10,000 missions and extend back over a period of ninety years to pioneer days, the contents of the book should be of particular interest to the scholar and historian. Published by the Redemptorist Fathers, 1118 N. Grand Blvd., St. Louis, Mo. Price, \$2.50.

—"Beginning the Twentieth Century," by Joseph Ward Swain, is a history of the generation that made the World War, which was recently published by W. W. Norton & Co. The author has this to say of Wilson's intellectual position: "Wilson was the last and perhaps the greatest of the Victorian liberals. At bottom he was an intellectual aristocrat, but, like the great Englishmen whom he admired, he romantically idealized the plain man. He took the ideas of other men, presented them in attractive form, and persuaded men to accept them; but he was not a great creator. And while Wilson was able to arouse enthusiasm for his ideas, he could not arouse it for himself."

—A new book by Stanley Phillips, the British stamp collector, is entitled "Postage Stamps and Their Stories." In this volume the author supports the thesis that there is nothing more fascinating to the average reader than the postage stamp and its story. He visits various out-of-the-way places, gathers up odd stamps, and tells such interesting tales about

them that one need not be an enthusiast on the subject to become engrossed in the book. Hitherto, Mr. Phillips has dealt only with the practical side of stamp collecting, giving expert knowledge about stamps; but in this book he writes of the humor in stamps, the story told by the words on stamps, and what can be discovered in studying the borders of stamps and the like. Dodd, Mead & Co.

—The story of the life of a great man and a great scholar is related in a recent volume of the Science and Culture Series, published by the Bruce Publishing Company of Milwaukee, "Saint Anselm," by Joseph Clayton, F. R. Hist. S. This is the story of a time when kings and princes, though loyal to the Catholic faith, in the sense that they believed it the only true faith, and admired the men who exemplified its beauty and truth in their lives, often themselves through greed and lust flouted its precepts in their own living. Anselm, by nature and choice a scholar and a monk who loved the solitude of the cloister, was literally dragged from the quiet of the Monastery of Bec whose abbot he was, to assume the duties of Archbishop of Canterbury. He was begged to accept this office by King William who was on his death bed, but who, when he recovered from his illness, forgot the promises he had made to Anselm, and refusing to recognize Urban II. as the lawful Pope, tried to prevent the archbishop's acknowledgment of that supremacy. Anselm was exiled, but recalled. He met the threats and abuse of William and his son, Henry, with firmness and great kindness, but in the end he won the victory for the Church in England, and died revered by the whole country as a saint. The influence of St. Anselm, a Doctor of the Church, on Scholasticism and on Christian thought is well known, and his ontological argument for the existence of God is a proverb in the schools of philosophy. This book is written with the brilliancy and attractiveness of the modern biography. While Anselm is a character of the Eleventh Century, his action and words in facing the difficult problems of his time have the wisdom and the restraint and the firmness that we would welcome heartily in the twentieth. Price, \$1.75.

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- "St. Francis de Sales." Rev. Louis Sempé, S. J. \$1.25.
- "The Church in the South American Republics." Rev. Edwin Ryan, D. D. \$1.50.
- "The Saints and Friendship." Marian Nesbitt. 25c.
- "The Book of Christian Classics." Michael Williams. \$2.
- "The Mirror of the Blessed Virgin." St. Bonaventure. \$2.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rt. Rev. Abbot Bernard Menges, O. S. B.; Rev. E. E. Seagraves, Sydney, Australia; and Rev. Remi Crevier, C. S. C.

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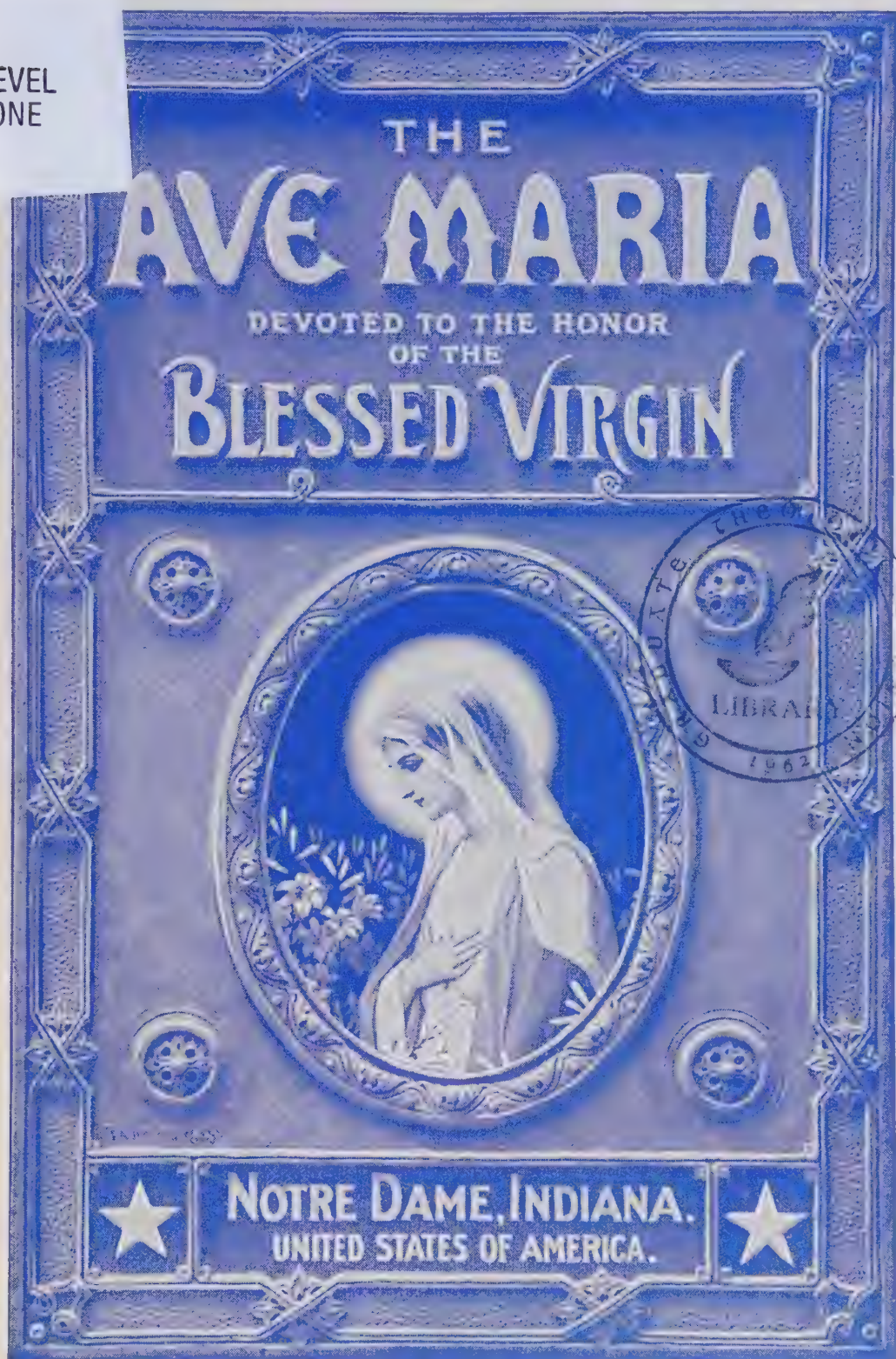
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CALENDAR OF THE WEEK

JULY.

SATURDAY, 8.—St. Elizabeth of Portugal, Queen.
 SUNDAY, 9.—Fifth after Pentecost. St. Everildis, Virgin.
 MONDAY, 10.—Seven Holy Brothers, Martyrs.
 TUESDAY, 11.—St. Pius I., Pope and Martyr.
 WEDNESDAY, 12.—St. John Gualbert, Abbot.
 THURSDAY, 13.—St. Anacletus, Pope and Martyr.
 FRIDAY, 14.—St. Bonaventure, Bishop and Doctor.
 SATURDAY, 15.—St. Henry, Emperor and Confessor.

Blessed is the man that heareth me and that watcheth daily at my gates.—PROVERBS, viii, 34.

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Vol. XXXVIII. (New Series.)

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, JULY 8, 1933.

No. 2.

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Spring-Thought.

BY S. C. N.

O SACRED Dove! Divinely brooding Bird,
Breath of The All-Complacent and The Word,
Breathe Thou on us! Revivify the earth,
Bring forth our souls in beauty of new birth,
And let our barren hearts be now imbued,
O Flame of Life! with Thine own Plenitude!

A Nun on the Frontier.*

BY THOMAS A. LAHEY, C. S. C.

ABOUT the last place where one would look for romance would be in the life of a teaching Nun. And yet that is just exactly where the spirit of adventure chose to cut some of its most thrilling capers to the edification of a great many people to whom edification was as rare as a snowstorm in August.

Sister Blandina Segale was as inexperienced in the ways of the world and as timid as any Nun that ever stepped out of a convent. When word came to her in Steubenville, Ohio, that she was to teach in Trinidad and that she was to go there alone, no thought of turning back ever entered her mind. The only Trinidad that this little Sister of Charity could find on the map was in the Island of Cuba, so in her simplicity she made up her mind to go right there and at once. Before she could leave the peaceful surroundings of her parochial schoolroom, however, she was made

aware of the fact that there was another Trinidad, and indeed a much more forbidding one in our own country.

The Trinidad of Sister Blandina's day was located in what was then known as the "badlands" of Colorado. It was inhabited mostly by half-breeds and adventurers, and surrounded by Indians and outlaws who thought nothing of swooping down upon unfortunate travellers and killing them in cold blood. And this little Sister of Charity was asked to transfer her gentle personage to those rude surroundings and to make the journey alone! But Sister Blandina was a true religious. Once she had put her hand to the plow she did not look back, even though the prospect before her was enough to chill the blood in her veins.

And what an introduction to the wild life of the plains she got, she who had always been so shielded from all the rough winds of this life! Hardly had she started on her journey when she was compelled to undergo the harrowing experience of a railroad wreck. Then, because she was travelling alone, and because of some other mistaken conditions, she was taken to be a fraud by a community of nuns whose hospitality she sought. After that she was compelled to ride on a construction train, the only woman passenger among a crowd of rough men, and later on as the only occupant of a stage coach driven over a dangerous trail with

* The material for this article has been taken from "The End of the Santa Fé Trail," by Sister Blandina, Columban Press.

the cowboy driver as sole companion and protector.

If any one thinks for a moment, that the journey in question was accomplished with much peace of mind, let it be known that the little Nun was so frightened over what she had heard about the dangers of the trail that she completely lost her appetite. During the entire day's journey she did not get out of the coach for even so much as a drink of water, except on one occasion when the driver finally coaxed her into a little wayside station for a bite to eat. Seated at the table, however, her fears were so great that she could not even swallow the food that was set before her. With such a state of mind to keep her company, it is more than remarkable that this naturally timid soul should have steeled herself in later days to walk calmly into situations before which even the most hardened were accustomed to quail.

When Sister Blandina walked into the schoolroom on the first day after her arrival at Trinidad, the little courage that she had left must have oozed out of her finger tips. Instead of row upon row of attentive young faces she beheld a few rude benches upon which sprawled rather than sat a heterogeneous mob of all sizes and ages, many of them hard-faced and bigger than the teacher herself. She started out valiantly, however, and with more than ordinary success, for outside of one student knocking his own brother down over some minor disagreement, no particular disturbances are recorded of her reign in the classroom.

Perhaps it was that intimate acquaintance with the younger element of the community which taught her the rough but certain way into the hearts of these primitive people. Anyway it wasn't long until she began to make her influence felt outside of the classroom by periodic displays of courage which must have been more of a surprise to

herself than it was to those who were meeting her for the first time. Once, for example, like a charioteer of old she guided a pair of runaway mustangs past a series of obstacles until a sudden swerve in the road threw herself and a little girl companion to the ground where they were picked up unconscious. On another occasion, having got wind of a plot to take forcible possession of a coal mine, by prompt and vigorous action she saved the owner and several of his helpers from being buried alive beneath the débris of a well-timed explosion.

By this time even the rougher element of the community began to respect this soft-voiced little Nun who could walk right into the face of danger with all that calmness which the West so admired. With all their experience, however, they were not prepared for the quality of courage which she displayed a few weeks later when one of their number shot and fatally wounded a companion in what was considered in that community an unsportsman-like manner. In characteristic Western style, the men inhabitants prepared for a lynching. They were matter-of-fact and business-like about it. It was what they had always done under the circumstances, and they didn't propose to be interfered with now. In fact there were easily a hundred guns to insure the proceedings, each one almost certain death to whoever would dare to interfere.

In those days, it seems, even the majesty of the law stepped aside when a public lynching was decreed. When Sister Blandina appealed to the sheriff, therefore, he replied that no one had ever before dared to interfere with a lynching in Trinidad. She pleaded but to no avail. He knew only too well the character of the men with whom he would have to deal. Then she went to the dying man, and by her powers of persuasion got him to promise to forgive his enemy if he

would come personally and beg his pardon. She made a similar trip to the prisoner, and he, with death staring him in the face, promised to make that plea. The sheriff, with real fear in his heart but not daring to refuse the insistent Nun, promised to accompany the prisoner on that unique journey from one side of the street to the other.

Now it happened that just about the time these arrangements were being completed, the prisoner appeared destined for certain and almost immediate death. The citizens, therefore, in their quiet, methodical way prepared to carry out their intentions. A special delegation, fully armed and prepared for battle if necessary, stationed themselves, each man sufficiently close to his neighbor so that information could be passed down the line the moment the victim breathed his last. As soon as that word was passed, the school bell was to toll three times as a signal for the attack on the jail.

There was no doubt about what the result would be, and the zero hour was close at hand. The long line of men stood serious faced and determined, with hands hanging negligently near those holsters which could be emptied at the wink of an eye. Suddenly a rasping sound was heard in the direction of the jail, and each of those hardened plainsmen turned to look at a sight such as few Western eyes had ever seen.

There in the doorway stood the prisoner flanked on one side by the sheriff and on the other by the little Sister of Charity. Probably the coolest one in the whole of that extraordinary group was the Nun herself. Certainly the sheriff and the prisoner had been frightened enough at the mere thought of this ordeal, while the lynchers themselves were so paralyzed with astonishment that they just stood there and stared. Amid those dramatic surroundings the little group made its solemn way step by step

down that long line of armed men and into the wounded man's room on the other side of the street.

Arrived there the prisoner, according to his promise, begged the dying man's pardon, a petition which was granted, however, only after the wounded man was given to understand that the law would take its course. Then it was that the little Nun performed her part in that extraordinary drama. Amid a silence that seemed to augment her voice like a megaphone, she repeated so that all could hear, "Yes, the law must take its course, but not mob law!" With that challenge still ringing in the ears of those stern-faced men of the plains, she led her prisoner back across the street, down that long line of threatening holsters, and into the jail. Not a word was spoken, not a gun raised, but the heart of every man there, hard and calloused, though most of them were, paid its tribute of admiration that day to the brave little Sister who had done what no one in Trinidad had ever been able to do before in the interest of law and order.

For the law did take its course, and it was not mob law either. From that day on lynching as an institution was a thing of the past in Trinidad. Not only was the prisoner tried and sentenced in a regular court, but the gratitude of the presiding judge was so great that he never missed an opportunity when in the vicinity of visiting the little Nun who alone and unaided brought respect for law to the city of Trinidad.

Naturally Sister Blandina became an object of interest in the little frontier town after that. Her sudden prominence, however, did not affect her simplicity in the least. She went on about her work as though nothing had happened, teaching in the classroom, nursing the sick, supervising the workmen. The fame of her exploit, however, and the confidence of the people had put into her hands a new tool which she

had no intention of allowing to lie idle.

For a long time the need of a new school house had been worrying the almost bankrupt community. Sister Blandina determined to solve the difficulty by using her newly acquired influence in the neighborhood. One day when she was certain that most of the little town would observe her, she climbed to the roof of the school and began detaching the stones of the structure with a crowbar. Immediately a large crowd gathered to witness this extraordinary spectacle of a Nun dismantling a building.

Of course, they wanted to know what she was doing up there. She answered that the school was too small and that she was tearing it down so they could put up a new one. Now the Westerner is nothing if not chivalrous. Immediately dozens of hands were offered to help her. And, of course, when the building was down there was nothing else to do but replace it, so the same generous hands, with many others in addition, started on the work of restoration. How enthusiastically they worked can be seen from the fact that nails and lumber and shingles were transported over sixty miles of wild pioneer country to give the little Nun her school.

And that wasn't the end of the wonders. One day the Right Reverend Bishop Machebeuf of Denver, Colorado, came into the town on his Episcopal visitation. He happened to be passing with one of the priests of the vicinity when he saw Sister Blandina with a hod on her shoulders carrying plaster to the men. Immediately the townspeople were treated to another and even more astonishing spectacle, for without so much as a "by your leave" the Bishop and his priestly companion took off their coats and spent the rest of the day in the humble occupation of assistant hod-carriers to Sister Blandina. And so Sister Blandina got her school without

any money—and a modern up-to-date school it was too, when measured by Trinidad standards.

If the school problem had been the only difficulty which was confronting the little community Sister Blandina would probably have gone back to her classroom and have never been heard of again. As it was, however, difficulties were constantly arising to throw the almost bankrupt community into a panic, and in such emergencies everyone instinctively looked to this vigorous little woman for leadership. And they were never disappointed, although that leadership on occasion took some rather peculiar forms.

Once, for example, when the hospital took fire, she climbed up the weather spout and put out the blaze on the roof. After everything was over, the mere thought of her climb brought on a spell of weakness, but she had saved the lives of her patients, and that was all that she counted. On another occasion when they had no food for the sick, she scaled the wall of the Bishop's garden and helped herself to his vegetables. Later on when she went to beg his forgiveness, he not only told her to take all that was left but in addition he bought for her sick all the provisions that his own meagre pocketbook could supply.

On another occasion she determined to protest to the newly elected Commissioner against the meagre amount which was allowed for the burial expenses of charity patients. After Sister Blandina had explained that the Nuns were willing to feed these patients and to nurse them without pay, but that they could not bury them fittingly without at least \$15 for a coffin, etc., the Commissioner insisted that they must manage to do so on \$8 and no more. Knowing that the extra \$7 was not being saved, but was actually going into the Commissioner's pockets, Sister Blandina simply turned on her heel with the remark that here-

after the gentleman would have the opportunity of burying his own charity patients at \$8 each as she was sending him a corpse in fifteen minutes. For a moment the astonished Commissioner was too dumfounded and perhaps too angry to reply. Before she could carry out her threat, however, he hunted her up with the admission, "Very well, Sister, you get the \$15."

It must not be imagined from what has been written that Sister Blandina was lacking in any way in that delicate modesty which is so much an ornament of the Catholic Nun. We have already seen in the beginning of this article how naturally retiring she was. One thing that Sister Blandina soon learned, however, was that the soft spoken attitude of the East would never do in dealing with these coarse fibred men of the plains. And because she was ambitious enough spiritually to want to make herself "all things to all men," she did not allow anything so trivial as a false feminine modesty to stand in the way where the salvation of souls was concerned. If some over-refined reader or readers should be ever so mildly scandalized at what appears to be boldness in the conduct of this good Nun, let it be remembered in fairness to her that she lived in the West at a time when a quick draw and a sure aim were almost the only standards of a crude justice. In such surroundings vigor and decisiveness of action were apt to ride roughshod over the amenities, particularly when lives were in danger and souls in jeopardy.

(Conclusion next week.)

A Second Eve.

BY L. L. D.

EVE lost the birthright of our race
By plunging us in sin;
Mary erased our sad disgrace
By making Christ our kin.

Carolina Abdicates.

BY ESTHER W. NEILL.

II.—CAPTURED.

IT was not until the close of the war that Carolina was captured, and then, absurdly enough, by some Louisiana soldiers encamped in the mountains not twenty miles from her own home. The news she had brought was too incredible to be accepted. Sherman had pushed on to Bentonville; Johnston's forces had been so few he could not offer resistance; the Union army had entered Goldsboro which had railroad connections with Richmond and the coast. Lee was now cut off. He could not escape southward even if he would.

Lee escape! Why the girl must be mad to make such an inconceivable suggestion. Lee escape! Lee, the trained soldier, the wisest of generals, the master of military tactics, the genius of strategy. The girl, no doubt, was the boldest, the most brazen of Northern spies, bringing false messages to discourage further their starving, disheartened men. Some hidden malevolent plot must lie behind such unbelievable tidings.

Carolina was not greatly concerned over her own capture. She knew that she could prove her own identity, if they but gave her time. She felt too tired to argue with them, for she had ridden hard all day. They imprisoned her, with propriety, in an old farmhouse where a kindly woman lived alone. She had given two sons to the great cause, and her one thought now was to bring a little comfort and home cooking to the other "mothers' sons" that were encamped on the outskirts of her small potato field.

She welcomed Carolina warmly. She saw at once that the girl was no common camp follower. Her story as soon as it was told she believed and, with

maternal tenderness, she busied herself attending to her guest's bodily comforts, ignoring the officers' orders to keep her locked up in the kitchen, bar the windows and feed her on bread and water, or some such unpalatable diet, until they decided what to do with her. Carolina's lovely face was mud-bespattered, and her rough coat and riding breeches disguised all her feminine grace. Her motherly jailer brought warm water, in a little tin tub, for her bath, and putting clean sheets on her own soft feather bed, she insisted that Carolina drink a wine glass of peach brandy and then go to sleep and forget the blundering soldiers who did not recognize "a born lady" when they saw one. It was late in the evening when Carolina awoke from that long and dreamless sleep, ignorant of the fact that her captors, with varying emotions, had been discussing seriously the advisability of shooting her at sunrise.

Refreshed by the needed rest and stimulated by the strong brandy, she got up, feeling her vigorous, mischievous self again. Since her own clothes were stiff with cakings of mud, she gratefully accepted the wide skirted calico that her hostess apologetically offered. She dressed herself with care, pinning a late blooming rose at her slender waist to conceal the folds of the amply cut gown, and arranging her auburn hair most becomingly in a low knot at the back of her neck, allowing one curl to escape to accentuate the gleaming whiteness of her throat. Her face was pathetically pale, showing the strain of her long journey. But, viewing herself in the cracked glass of the high bureau, she was well pleased with the image reflected there. She felt that she was suitably arrayed for the next part she intended to play.

Going down the narrow crooked stairs she passed into the prim little parlor, a place of sanctity, evidently reserved for weddings, funerals and

formal guests. Carolina, at a glance, took a quick inventory of every object in the room from the braided rugs on the floor to the slippery horse-hair furniture, the wax flowers and the Bible on the marble-topped center table, the stuffed bird on the mantel, the crayon portraits on the walls.

The place had been unused for so long that it held a stuffy, musty odor. Carolina boldly opened all the windows, propping them up with substantial sticks that she found lying on the sills for this purpose; then, going in search of some matches which were concealed in a can on the shelf, she lighted the lamp which was bracketed above the fireplace, determined that her presence in the room should be noted by any passerby approaching the house. Satisfied with this stage setting she sat down before the wheezy melodeon in the corner and proceeded to sing all the rebel war songs she knew.

As long as the Union was faithful to her trust
Like friends and like brethren, kind were we
and just;

But now that Northern treachery attempts our
rights to mar,

We hoist on high the Bonnie Blue Flag that
bears a single star.

Hurrah! Hurrah! for the Southern rights,
Hurrah!

Hurrah for the Bonnie Blue Flag that bears a
single star.

All quiet along the Potomac to-night
Except now and then a stray picket
Is shot as he walks on his beat to and fro,
By a rifleman hid in a thicket.

Oh, lay me away with the boys in gray,
With the comrades I love so well;
For there's no sacred place on earth's green
space

Like the graves where these heroes dwell.

The amazing music of the sweet contralto voice, drifting across the rough ridges of the potato field, reached the camp and interrupted the grim council of war. The night was unusually warm for this time of year and to the young officers, homesick and sentimental, the

earth seemed suddenly full of the fragrance of flowers. The moonlight, filtering through the trembling leaves of the poplars, showed a change of expression on their haggard faces, as they hastily mounted their horses and rode past the pacing sentries to question the reality of this heaven-sent diversion.

Carolina, undismayed by their sudden but not unexpected appearance, welcomed them with the air of a grand dame whose manners and morals are impeccable, and then she exerted herself to entertain them with humorous accounts of her war experiences which convinced them of her loyalty and which made their own small efforts at combat sound like child's play in comparison.

One of the impetuous young officers, Captain Eduard Grogé, thrilled by her beauty, and half stupified by her deeds of daring, fell head over heels in love with her before the evening was over.

Now there were times when Carolina relapsed from bold hardihood, and showed only a girlish desire for admiration which any high-born lady, with half her looks, would have had the right to claim, and it was not long before she realized that this same Captain Eduard Grogé was a *parti par excellence* even from an astute French mother's viewpoint. He had come from Paris to visit his maternal grandmother in New Orleans, and when war was declared, he had impulsively joined in this engrossing and enthusiastic preparation for bloodshed, feeling that it would be a gracious way of showing his appreciation of the hospitalities he had received from his new friends and attentive relatives. He had lately come into the possession of his father's immense fortune, and he generously offered to outfit a company, ordering uniforms from the most expensive tailor in town, and importing real ostrich feathers for the gold laced hats, and kid gloves of the finest quality. He had established a drill

ground on his grandmother's plantation, and since he had had some slight training in military tactics, he was put in command of the eager, responsive company at once.

It was a gay beginning for the rigorous years that were to follow. The old plantation, with its carefully contrived garden, hedged in by impenetrable walls of yucca and wild orange and shadowed by great oaks with their canopies of trailing moss, was a picturesque setting for this group of eligible young bachelors so intent on heroically risking their valuable lives for a cause that some of them but vaguely understood. Eduard Grogé was certainly unconcerned as to the issues at stake. Getting caught in a passing whirlwind of war seemed to him but one added adventure which had overtaken him in his leisurely travels. He had half planned to go as far as India and try his luck shooting tigers. This trumped-up skirmish between the States might furnish some of the excitement his youthful idleness craved. He dutifully skimmed the pyrotechnic headlines of the newspapers, so he would not be altogether ignorant of the causes that had led to all this rebellious belligerency, but the political situation did not interest him. He had no altruistic ideas on the subject of slavery. The Blacks seemed more docile than his own peasantry. He had enjoyed their trained and obsequious service. He was mildly opposed to anything that would alter the ease and plenty of this luxurious plantation life. But no young man, with a spark of human vanity, could be indifferent to the sensation that his munificence and his martial attitude had created. The drill ground was a rendezvous for every beautiful girl and designing mother in town, while Eduard's own grandmother, exaggerating his courage, his military knowledge, his chivalry, his unselfishness—half a hundred other virtues that a grandmother's adoration and fears might suggest,—tried to dis-

tract herself from all premonitions of evil by giving a succession of fêtes that astounded even the oldest inhabitants of that pleasure-loving city.

The plantation had long been noted for its elaborate entertainments, but these final festivities outshone all other extravagant efforts. Leading actors of great companies were brought nightly from the opera house to repeat their performances in sylvan surroundings. A continuous carnival seemed to have been established; and while the young people, buoyed up with excitement, made all sorts of lover-like promises to be kept when this short war was over, anxious mothers, haunted by the sinister harlequin of Death beneath all this masquerading, saw with dismay their sons and the potential husbands of their daughters vanishing before their tearful eyes.

What would become of their marriageable girls, brought up so carefully and expensively to adorn some man's fireside? War was a sinful sacrifice, an uneconomic method of disposing of difficulties. Why not select two combatants and settle the questions at stake in a gentlemanly fashion? *Le victime de l'honneur* would thus achieve immortal fame, and a grateful citizenry would contribute gladly to a public burial and a monument of arresting size proclaiming his unselfish heroism and vicarious sacrifice. Why bury a thousand men when the Bible had established the sensible precedent of sending a David to meet Goliath?

All sorts of plans, conspiracies, questions were proposed behind the thick hedges, under the towering trees. Why should a crowd of ignorant, uncultured Northern politicians have the effrontery to interfere with a State's sacred sovereignty? Lincoln was a misfit President with no dignity, no aptitude for office, an unknown country lawyer, a day laborer, a rail splitter, a teller of coarse

tales. Why should he be lifted to a position of such power? Why should secession be considered such a crime? Why should Louisiana, half-Spanish and half-French, adapting herself to so many changes in royal government, embroil herself in an American war that seemed so alien to half her people?

The Mississippi, with its changing channel, its hidden sand bars, its tricky currents, would defend the Crescent City from invasion. Why should the whole young masculine population, and Eduard Grogé in particular, seem so intent on presenting their strong, healthful bodies as targets for cannon and buckshot?

Carolina, returning to her own home and sitting down by her own ash-strewn fireside, lost herself in maidenly meditation. In the short time that she had lingered a prisoner in the old farmhouse, she had learned a great deal about Captain Eduard Grogé's past and future. Carolina was clever. For four years she had had to piece fragments of facts together, sorting sentences, rejecting the unimportant. Her mind worked with the rapidity of a modern type-setting machine putting news items into place. If Eduard Grogé had untold millions and was considered so desirable for some daughter in New Orleans, why should she not encourage him to propose marriage to her while she had a sportsman's chance?

For four years Carolina had endured every hardship. She knew now that the war was practically ended. Sheridan had severed Lee's connection with Lynchburg and the mountains west by destroying the railroad and canal to Richmond. Lee's struggling troops were starving. Sheridan had thrown his cavalry directly across the line of march. Further resistance meant useless sacrifice. Lee would be obliged to surrender. What then? Her father would return to

his impoverished plantation, to the ruins of his home. The house had been partly demolished by gun fire, the chimney had fallen, one of the pillars of the porch had rotted away, the carpets were ragged and threadbare from the intrusive tramping of many feet, the furniture was scarred by the boots and spurs of careless soldiers, the garden was weed grown, the fields lay untilled, the Negroes had fled long ago to join the victors. What promise did her future hold?

She leaned her elbows on her knees and looked hard at the sputtering fire. Eduard Grogé was not the hero of her girlish dreams. He was dull almost to stupidity, his lips were thick and wet, his figure short, inclined to a ridiculous rotundity, and his egotism demanded a certain adulation as his due. But, his money, invested safely in foreign securities, promised release from the sordid poverty that threatened. She was desperate at the thought of a life of drudgery. Why should she hesitate when she saw a flowery pathway of escape? She bent closer over the smouldering fire keenly aware of the penetrating chilliness of the house. Should she marry without love? Could she? Would she? The old weighted clock in the corner seemed to repeat the puzzling question with maddening monotony. Could she? Would she? She was not used to indecision. Such vacillation worried her. She looked around the gloomy room seeking for some trifle to aid her resolution. She was in that receptive, illogical mood when a man flips a coin to decide a momentous problem that confronts him. But she had no coins. The insistent clock ticked on reiterating the solemn question Could she? Would she?

Twilight had fallen, the dust-covered windows obscured the faint glow in the sky. The room was very still, so still that a little mouse ventured slowly across the floor, disappearing rapidly

into a hole in the baseboard when Carolina stamped her foot to show her dislike of its proximity. But after she had frightened it away, she riveted her gaze upon the hole. If the furry, tiny creature showed its head again, if it appeared but momentarily to look at her, she would accept its puny courage as a sign sent by the fates to end her own infirmity of purpose. If she caught but a brief glimpse of those beady, shining eyes she would marry Eduard Grogé as soon as he plucked up the courage to ask her.

She waited fifteen minutes; fifteen agonizing minutes, and then the mouse crept warily from the hole, across the hearth and into the hall that led to the depleted shelves of the pantry.

On the night of the day that Lee surrendered at Appomattox, Eduard persuaded Carolina to put aside all her pretended hesitations and marry him without further delay. He was madly in love with her, and the fever of his passion, added to his excessive vanity, made him totally unaware of the coldness with which Carolina appraised him.

They were married by the old curé, who had enlisted as a chaplain with this New Orleans' regiment. He had baptized most of these worn-out soldiers in their lusty babyhood, and he did not want them to die without his ministrations. Carolina had no religious prejudices and few convictions. The ceremony, performed in the curé's water-soaked tent, seemed more sacred to her than the crowded church weddings she had attended before the war. The marriage service was read by the light of a flaming pine knot, while half the regiment looked enviously on.

Eduard was jubilant with triumph, almost obnoxious in his joy. He was going home; home to his feudal castle on some vine-clad, paradisaical height,—home like a conquering hero to display a beautiful bride as the spoils of war,—a living, breathing acquisition demonstrating the remunerations of

battle. He had grown tired of America and its extraordinary methods of preserving its solidarity. He was planning to sail from New York on the first boat on which he could obtain passage. A safe journey over sunlit waters, while his brothers-in-arms would have to travel long weary days through a ravaged country, back to their beloved city to find it invaded by the enemy.

Their lands were lying fallow; their cows and sheep and hogs had been butchered to feed the army; the blockade had altered all the arteries of trade; their money was worthless. They would have to create new enterprises, reorganize their plantations and learn to live without slave labor. They must try to rebuild with hope during that agonizing period of reconstruction when whites and blacks watched each other warily expecting another war. They would have to plan to outwit the nefarious strategy of the carpetbaggers and the strong Negro party, and, while Federal soldiers tried to support colored Republican claimants to office, they would have to array all the remnants of the old civil and social power against them. The real leadership of the State must be upheld by the Southern heroes of the war. But, victory would not dawn for years, until the reconstructionists fought among themselves and the Republican party broke up in factions.

Carolina was indeed farsighted to plan a romantic escape from it all.

(To be continued.)



HOPE is an indication of strong character. A strong mind always hopes and has always cause to hope because it knows the mutability of human affairs, and how slight a circumstance may change the whole course of events.

And when this hope is united to a firm, unswerving trust in God, we have the very perfection of a Christian soul.—*Von Knebel*.

The Rhyming Rebus.

BY MARIAN NESBITT.

IT is a truism to say that times are always changing, and manners and customs along with them. That this is so, not alone in dress, etc., but in speech and the way we express ourselves, is equally true; and it is not without interest to note the changes of mode in regard to the use of those maxims and pithy sentences which we call proverbs. In far-off ages "the understanding of a proverb and its interpretation was classed among the studies of wise men." Many are the practical rules for the conduct of all sorts and conditions of men and women, too, to be found in the Sacred Scriptures. They prove to demonstration that the inhabitants of ancient Rome or Jerusalem or Athens were fundamentally the same as their brethren of Paris or New York or London to-day.

In the days of Henry VIII., Elizabeth, James I. and Charles I., such aphorisms, were frequently resorted to both in conversation and correspondence. For example, Sir Thomas Elyot, describing the ornaments of a nobleman's house of the period, draws particular attention to the fact that "proverbs were engraved upon his plate and the dishes brought to his table, which served," says the chronicler, "to provide the guests with most opportune counsels and comments!" But centuries later, we find Lord Chesterfield, that famous "glass of fashion and mould of form," remarking that "a man of fashion never has recourse to proverbs or vulgar aphorisms." Lord Bacon, on the contrary, observes that "the genius, wit and spirit of a nation are discovered by its proverbs."

Interesting, however, as these curious sayings undoubtedly are, it is not with them that we will now concern ourselves, but with that strange device

familiar to us under the term rebus (from the ablative plural of the Latin *res*), and accurately described by Dr. Johnson as "a word represented by a picture." Camden tells us that this whimsical method of depicting proper names by objects, the designation of which, separately or jointly, bears the required sound, and which he calls "painted poesies," was introduced into England after the wars between Edward III. and the French.

It may, perhaps, seem to us in this Twentieth Century that the searching out of fanciful pictures or devices to serve a purpose which the letters of one's name would answer much better, is rather a puerile proceeding. Nevertheless, the practice has the sanction of not a few eminent names in ancient as well as more modern times. "Even the large-minded Cicero," to quote the words of a reliable authority on this point, "was not too proud to represent his name by a very ordinary kind of pulse called by us vetches or chick-pease; and by the Romans, *cicer*; and that, too, in a dedication to the gods!" Many of the coins of Julius Cæsar bear the impress of an elephant, as the words *cæsar* signifies that animal in the old language of Mauritania.

In the same way, two Roman mintmasters distinguished themselves upon the coins struck by them,—Florus by a flower, and Vitulus by a calf; while the sculptors Saurus and Batrachus carved upon their works, one the figure of a lizard, and the other a frog ("Donaldson's connection between Heraldry and Gothic Architecture").

We read that Sir Antony Wingfield, or Wingfeld, "devised a wing with the letters F E L D quarterly about it; and over the wing a crosse, to show he was a Christian; and on the crosse a red rose, to show that he belonged to the House of Lancaster." John Eagleshead used as his rebus an eagle's head,

surrounded by the words: "*Hoc acquilæ caput est, signumque figura Johannis*—This is the head of an eagle, the seal and badge of John." "Sir Thomas Cavall (whereas *caval* signifieth a horse)," says an old writer, "engraved a galloping horse on his seal with the following inscription: '*Thomas credite cum cernitis ejus equum*.—Trust Thomas when you see his horse.'"

Some rebuses were defective, representing only a part of the name—as that of Abbot Wheathampstead, who was head of the great Abbey of St. Albans, and spent six thousand pounds (an immense sum in those days) in adorning in every possible way his grand church; we find his device occurring many times: it consists of a wheat sheaf, or, to be more exact, three wheat ears fastened together with a wreath. The rebus of Peter Ramsam, Abbot of Sherborne, was an Old English D enclosing a ram and an abbot's crosier. This is still extant in the beautiful minster of Sherborne, as well as another, namely, a ram holding a scroll inscribed with the words "Peter Ramsam."

Anyone who has studied the subject, knows that "ton" is a common termination not alone of place names but also of the names of persons, and no one who has visited the ruins of the lovely Abbey of Fountains can fail to have noticed the device of Abbot Thurston, the founder of this once famous house. His rebus is a thrush upon a ton. That of Archbishop Moreton consists of the letters m o r, "mor" upon a ton, and also of a mulberry tree (in Latin, *morus*) issuing out of a ton; that of Ashton is an ash tree rising from a ton; that of Bolton, a Prior of St. Bartholomew's in Smithfield, a bird-bolt through a ton; that of John Huntington, rector of Ashton-under-Lyne, "a huntsman with dogges, whereby hee thought to express the two former syllables of his name, Hunting;

on the other syede, a vessel called a tonne, which being joined together means Huntington."

We find, even from the examples above quoted, that in the Ages of Faith, abbots, priors, and churchmen generally, were celebrated for these quaint devices. The Abbot of Ramsay bore on his seal a ram in the sea, with the line: "*Cujus signa gero dux gregis ut ego.*—He whose signs I bear is Leader of the Flock as I am." Gilbert de Aquila, sometimes called Gislebert Magnus, sometimes Gilbert Michel, founder of the Priory of Michelham, in the reign of Henry III., was also styled Dominus Aquilæ (Lord of the Eagle), and his rebus occurs on the corporate seal of the town of Seaford where he had great possessions. Whilst some of these name devices were singularly apt and good, others were occasionally forced and inadequate. Take for example, that of "William Chaundler, warden of New College, Oxford, who, playing with his own name, so filled the hall windows with candles and these words *Fiat Lux*, that he completely darkened the hall; whereupon Vidam of Chartres, when he was there, said it should have been *Fiant Tenebræ*."

Sometimes the whole range of visible objects could not furnish a full rebus. In such cases single letters, or even whole words, were joined on to complete the device. This is evident from the fact that a capital A in a roundlet, or circle, was made to do duty for the name of Thomas, Earl of Arundel. In a similar manner, the old Surrey family of Newdigate used for their seal an ancient portcullised gate with *nu* at the top and a capital D in the centre, thus Nu-D-gate.

On this account rebuses have not seldom been of considerable use in determining the dates and founders of buildings. Thus the parsonagehouse at Great Snoring, Norfolk, is known to have

been built by one of the family of Shelton, because it bears upon it a device representing a shell upon a ton. Again, the rebus of Ralph Hoge, or Hogge (who in conjunction with Peter Baud, a Frenchman, was the first person to cast iron ordnance in England, at the village of Buxted, in Sussex), was a hog. "On the front of his residence," says an old writer, "this device remains carved in stone, with the date 1591; from which circumstance the dwelling is called the 'Hog-house.'"

Quite a number of the seals of ancient corporations exhibit rebuses on the names of the towns, as that of Camelford, a camel, Hertford, a hart standing in a ford; Gateshead an old gate; Lancaster, a lion lying in front of a castle. The rebus of some man called Medcalf was a calf inscribed with the letters M E D. But certainly the most celebrated of all is that of Islip, Abbot of Westminster, which occurs in several forms in the chapel of the abbey that bears his name. This rebus may be read in three ways: first a human eye and the slip of a tree; secondly, a man sliding from the branches of a tree, and of course exclaiming, "I slip"; and, thirdly, a hand tearing down one of the boughs of a tree uttering the same words; the fourth rendering has also been given, namely, the letter I placed beside the slip, which once more forms the name "Islip." The motto of John Wells, last Abbot of Croyland, is charming. It is still to be seen on his ancient chair, and is as follows: "*Benedicite f o n t e s, Domini!*—'Bless the Wells, O Lord!'"

Surely, for us, in these industrial and science-driven days there is something very attractive in the imagination which must have gone to the making of such mottoes—an imagination which seems to have well-nigh been lost, or contemptuously discarded by the superior wisdom modes of thought. It is a part of the 'wisdom' of the Ancients.

NOTE.—After I had finished typing and signed the foregoing, I found the following curiously apt example of the old-time custom of playing upon names. Needless to say it is connected with an Abbot—the Abbot of St. Albans, who, when one Alexander Nequam, a man of great learning wrote to him asking for permission to enter his monastery returned this laconic reply: "*Si bonus sis, venias; si nequam, nequaquam.*—If you are a good man, you may; if wicked, by no means." The applicant changed his name to Wickham, and was received into the Order. M. N.

Maple Tree.

BY ALAN B. CREIGHTON.

Ⓐ FATHER, I was born a maple tree!

My red leaves quiver
To feel the beauty flowing warm in me
That sends a clear, exultant call
Across the glowing Autumn hills
And sad, loose river.

Yet once—when morning broke—I watched a
pine

With long winds playing
Through deep and massive boughs more
green than mine;
I heard the rush of whispered joy
Among their rugged, sweeping curves—
Their breadth and swaying.

All trees, it seemed, moved happier than I;
I crept on after
And saw the firm spruce marching toward
the sky,

A slim, and yellow-gliding birch
That brightened all a forest slope
With soft, clear laughter.

I, reaching, Father, reaching for escape,
At last was driven
To see in awe the fitness of my shape;
And now, all down the afternoon,
With love I sing the maple song
That I was given.

The Bog.

BY PATRICK J. CARROLL, C. S. C.

XXVII.

SERGEANT HACKETT had a brave day early in June, 1921. Those months following Nano's Christmas party, the Republican Army was ascendant. Military Britain had not succeeded in "breaking the back of the Rebellion" as was promised. The Rebels were active and daring. A British victory was no longer inevitable. Specifically Mike Enright made considerable trouble in his section: eight barracks raided within six months.

"What they carry off is not so important; the effect on the morale of civilians is more serious," official Britain admitted. Sergeant Hackett had been outwitted at every turn. Even The Bog, seeing how the Sergeant was fooled by Mickeen the Hump at every turn, exploded.

"Hackett's a fool!"

And then came the great triumph that June morning, 1921. Mike Enright slept at Boylans' the night previous, and was away at six. Mary Boylan insisted he have tea and toast first.

"We must eat to fight, Michael."

Then out that rear door he always went by; down the lane to Main; across Main to that side street running south. Kate Donnelly, elderly dress-maker taking down early shutters, called to him as he rushed by.

"Mike, come in a minute—I've something for you."

"Not now, Kate—I'm in a mad hurry."

"Just a minute!"

Mike, against his judgment, stepped inside and waited while Kate rushed upstairs. She returned and handed him three pounds.

"'Tis for the Cause—and God bless you!"

"God bless yourself!"

Pocketing the money, Mike hurried away. Just as he stepped through the shop-door he fell into the arms of Sergeant Hackett and two other policemen.

"And it had to be you!"

Mike almost laughed. It seemed ridiculous that Hackett should catch anybody.

"I get my man finally."

"I'm the biggest fool in Ireland to hold him for the sake of a few pounds!"

Kate Donnelly was one of thousands to grieve that morning. On the way to the barracks Mike walked between Hackett and one policeman, the other shortly behind.

"Sergeant, how did you happen into me?" he asked. He could not believe the Rathdrum bobbies had caught him.

"Well, my man, I came up the street, set to get you; saw you at the door; saw you enter the house, followed you—and here you are!"

"You were after me?"

"I dare say there hasn't been a minute for four years, day or night, I'ven't been after you; I dare say that. And I caught you just as I planned."

Mike knew the Sergeant was lying. Men in higher place told greater falsehoods about victories and captures during the World War. Anyhow, he was caught, and possession is nine points of the lie. So into a cell; not very dark, but window-barred, and two policemen on the watch.

The news spread. By noon Rathdrum, Kilbeg, Ballingarry, and the mountains knew that Mike Enright—Rebel from the first use of reason—was caught. It was the hardest blow in months—and Ireland winning. Already at nine o'clock that morning a scheme was afoot to rescue him;—a sudden, bold attack on the barracks at midnight. Later this plan was abandoned.

Mickeen, who loved Enright as a hound loves a master, knew nothing of the Sergeant's plans. But Mickeen did know that Policeman Jack Havey was

closeted with him for a half-hour that morning. And the scrap of news came to him that extra police were to arrive at three in the afternoon. Mickeen knew, too, that Jack Havey had been detailed to keep an eye and an ear open at the square to learn what he could. Jack was keeping the eye and the ear open without ostentation, however. Enright was the best catch of the year—the one big feather Sergeant Hackett had to show in his cap. There must be no blundering this time. "Every avenue," the Sergeant told his men, "must be guarded." And he added decisively, "Force will be met by greater force; strategy by greater strategy." Yes Rebel Enright in jail was the biggest feather in the Sergeant's cap.

Mickeen knew that Jack Havey liked a reasonably good drink of whiskey; or two; or even three. Always within reason, of course. He had bought him a bottle now and then—no harm in that. A policeman, like other people, will feel the comfort of stimulation. And Mickeen had a pair of boots belonging to Policeman Danner which he must take to be half-soled. He should have taken them two days earlier, but this, that, and the other thing came between him and the soles. You know how it is from your own life. He would take them down now—twenty-two minutes past one in the afternoon. Exactly twenty-two minutes.

"And keep an eye out," the Sergeant advised.

"I will, Sir."

Thank God, the Sergeant did not suspect him yet!

"Enright's the best catch of the year," Hackett added as Mickeen went out the door.

"It was cleverly done, Sir," he said back. He could have said more but a man may overreach.

"And to think I haven't seen Mike yet!" He went down Church Street bearing Policeman Danner's boots under

his arm, and left them with Cobbler Patcheen Dore; then up Main to the square. There he met Jack Havey who kept an eye and an ear open in a quiet corner.

"I suppose you're tired from all the strain," Mickeen said.

"'Tis a pressing time on us," Jack agreed.

Mickeen showed solicitude.

"I think a mouthful of something in here at Mike Kennedy's would do us good in the great worry we're having. 'Tis chilly like, even if 'tis June itself."

"I don't mind if I do."

At Kennedys', Mickeen insisted Nancy Kennedy wait on them. It will be remembered, she took his message to Mary Boylan that day Mary flashed south to Ballingarry with the warning to Enright.

"I like to be waited on by a nice girl," Mickeen said.

"You're very particular," Mike Kennedy answered, and called to Nancy who was in the back part of the house with her mother.

"He has a liking for the ladies." And Havey laughed.

Nancy came out with a book—"Ireland's Case Reviewed." So you know the type.

"Nancy," Mickeen said, stepping over to her, "I want to tell you our brand of liquor and how to serve it."

Policeman Havey was glad Mickeen was remembering to tell her he liked Jameson and soda; a good amount of Jameson, not much soda.

Mickeen told Nancy about the Jameson and soda; then said very tenderly as if he were giving fatherly advice,

"And Nancy, don't listen to what we'll be saying for your life! We may have very secret matters of the Crown to talk about."

"Will you have full glasses or halves?" she asked aloud. To any but Mickeen, it would appear she had missed the hint.

"I'm treating, and I'm not going

to have a man served with halves," Mickeen snapped. "And if you bring in the bottle and the soda, we'll take our own measures."

Policeman Havey laughed—that was good! Mike Kennedy laughed too, and closed a rear door. Government men must have their drinks in quiet. Nancy took in a bottle of Jameson, soda water, and glasses; took them into that little room just off the bar which was surrounded by a board partition that went half way to the ceiling. The two men sat at a little shelf that jutted out from the partition; and after they had taken a drink, Policeman Havey said softly,

"Enright was the best catch of the year." Mickeen almost shouted for joy that the conversation took so quick a turn in the right direction. It was then Nancy Kennedy, sitting within a slight recession at the other side of that half-height partition, became tense, but kept eyes on her open book.

"He was—O he was a great catch!" Mickeen nodded his admiration.

And he poured out another drink—not too large. He was famous for his caution.

"And I hear tell," Mickeen said gently, "how the Rebels are planning to get him away from us to-night."

"We've that information, too, and have out-maneuvered them."

"You don't say!"

"I do then."

Nancy Kennedy at her reading, leaned a little—just a little toward the partition. Her father served two travelling men from Cork who complained that times were uncertain, and then went about their business. Mike Kennedy made glasses clink and let water escape from a faucet—but not too noisily.

"The Rebels are as daring as the devil!" Mickeen said. Jack Havey took some more of his whiskey and soda.

"We're ahead of them!"

"We'll have extra men to meet them, I suppose," Mickeen purred, and took

a drink. And he remembered to use "we"—the Government pronoun.

"We will; and we've something better up our sleeve too."

"I declare!"

"You may well declare!" And then Policeman Havey said very softly,—so softly Nancy leaned very, very close to the partition,

"We have special R. I. C. coming by lorry from Foynes to take him to Limerick." Havey spoke just above a whisper.

"R. I. C. coming by lorry from Foynes to take him to Limerick!" Mickeen repeated somewhat louder—but not too loud.

Nancy Kennedy noted that as Point I. in the fly-leaf of "Ireland's Case Reviewed."

"I'm thinking they'll be ambushed if they come by way of Askeaton—'tis such a Rebel town entirely," Mickeen said.

"We've thought of that! They're coming the road west of Askeaton, across Kilcool bridge, south by the White Forge."

"Across Kilcool bridge! Who'd think of it!"

Mickeen said this as an echo—a reasonably loud echo. Nancy took down the echo as Point II. in "Ireland's Case Reviewed."

Sergeant Havey finished his drink.

"Yes, they'll be along here about ten o'clock," he whispered.

"Here at ten to-night?" Mickeen asked, but again not too loud.

"Ten to-night," Policeman Havey repeated, rather too loud.

"Be careful!" Mickeen warned.

Nancy took down "Here at ten to-night" as Point III. in the fly-leaf of her book.

Before they came out, Mickeen eyed Nancy stealing off to the living rooms.

"Nancy Kennedy!" he shouted when it was safe to do so.

"She's with her mother sure," Mike

"Nancy!" He was more emphatic.

Kennedy told him, coming in from the yard.

"Ye certainly don't watch yer premises," Mickeen reminded Mike.

"What need they, and an Officer of the Law here." Policeman Jack Havey laughed. He was happy.

"Nancy!" Mickeen roared this time. She came out.

"What's it now?"

"Why didn't you wait on us?"

"I brought what you asked. Isn't that enough?"

"I'm particular, Nancy, and like to look at a nice girl while I stimulate myself."

"Too bad about you!"

Mickeen went to her—it would be indelicate to let Jack Havey know how much his thirst was costing.

"What's the charge?" he asked, loud enough for Havey to hear.

"Settle with Dad," she answered, for Havey's hearing too. And then winked significantly. The wink was for Mickeen.

"Nancy, you're nice looking. 'Tis a pity you're such a thrupenny bit."

"I may be small—but I've the points, Mickeen." She barely winked this time.

"She's a bright little devil," Mickeen thought deep in his head. His tongue said,

"Nancy, I'd kiss you only you're so small."

"You would not, you barracks' full of impudence!"

Jack Havey laughed. They were a great pair, the two of them! Mickeen and himself went out shortly after in very good humor.

Nancy Kennedy hurried with her "three points" to Boylans' hotel where she laid them before Mary Boylan.

"Mother," Mary called, "I'm off for the day!"

Her mother left what she was doing to urge a warning.

"Listen, Mary dear! Wherever in the world you're going, drive slow—like a sensible girl."

"Mother, I'll be very sensible to-day."

It was three o'clock when Mary halted before the Byrne home.

"Nano!" she called.

The Bog thrust out his head, and saw for the hundredth time his ruined stables and barns. That recalled his bad humor.

"What do you want?"

"Is Nano in, Mr. Byrne?"

"She's never in."

"I see. You wouldn't know where she is?"

"I know nothing about her."

And then Mrs. Byrne squeezed between her husband and the jamb.

"Why, Mary, is it you? Come in."

"I can't to-day, Mrs. Byrne. I'm looking for Nano." The Bog walked away, sour and forbidding.

"She's likely down at the hall with Gallop—or maybe at the hospital."

"Thanks—I'll step in some other day."

Mary drove to the chapel and encountered Gallop just as he came out the gate.

"Gallop, is Nano Byrne in the hall?"

"I know nothing about her."

"Gallop, be human—I bring a message."

"She was a while ago."

"Thanks,—I love you."

"I never want love from any girl any more."

Mary was already half way up the gravel walk and paid no attention to her unrequited affection.

"Nan, where's Conway?"

Nano looked up from the coat she was cleaning.

"You, Mary?"

"Yes, me Mary! Where's Conway?"

"Sit down, dear, and get a grip on your nerves."

"Listen, Nan, we've no time for fooling! Get John Conway."

Nano remembered Mike Enright was in jail, hurried to the door and called Gallop.

"What is it now?" he shouted.

"Come, Gallop—you're wanted in a hurry!" He went, but took his time.

"Hurry, dear Gallop!"

"I can't be running at the beck of every girl."

"Isn't he provoking!" she said to Mary.

"You're all provoking down this way—as slow as a lazy mule going up hill."

"Gallop," Nano said softly, "run for John Conway."

"Are you sure I know where he is?"

She became tense.

"For heaven's sake, Gallop, get Conway!"

While waiting (the wait seemed two hours, but was just twenty minutes) Mary mentioned Nancy Kennedy's three points.

"Wouldn't it be wonderful if John could get him out!"

"Hero John can do anything, Nano."

Nano said nothing to that—she was not so sure Mary was serious.

"Here, Mary, sew up the pocket of this coat while we're waiting for the hero."

When he came he found both girls busy.

"Why, Mary Boylan, of all people! How are you?"

"Fine, John. Sit down till I give you the news."

Gallop was going to leave but Conway held him.

"In brief, John, a lorry of Clare police is coming from Foynes to-night to take Mike Enright to Limerick at 10 o'clock."

"Is it possible! How?"

"Wait, Soldier! By the road west of the Deel, because they're avoiding Askeaton; and they're to cross Kilcool bridge."

"Do you know when they cross it?"

"Before ten anyhow—if they're to get Mike at ten."

"Surely! And how many police are coming?"

Mary shook her head.

"That's not so important; twelve or fifteen anyway," Conway reflected.

"After crossing the bridge they'll go south by the White Forge," Mary continued.

"We hope they won't get that far, Mary."

He took from his pocket a small bronze medal, on one side of which were the letters "I. R. A.," and on the reverse an X.

"Nano, do you know where Carrig is?" he asked.

"I know about."

"Well, to make sure, go straight west after you pass Ardagh. You'll see a chapel some miles west on the bog road; west of the chapel—a few shops, some houses, a blacksmith's forge. And then, Mary, look in at the forge and call, 'Mike Connor!' A youngish man, six feet say, fair-haired, shy appearing, solid but not stout—will come out to you. Watch for his smile! His smile would fool all Scotland Yard. And when you're satisfied you're looking at Mike Connor's smile, give him this. Tell him to get twenty men, who by no chance will be known to the Rathdrum police, and have them at Ronan's school by eight o'clock to-night. He'll receive instructions when he gets there. 'Tis well after three—you've no time to lose. 'Twill take quick work to collect twenty men and have them at Ronan's at eight. Gallop, you tell Mrs. Byrne, Nano won't be home to-night."

Gallop left at once—he was taking orders from a man.

"And after you've seen Mike Connor, Mary, drive to Enrights'. On the way, leave word with your anxious mother you won't be at the hotel before to-morrow."

He handed Mary the medal, which she concealed in the palm of her hand below her driving glove. She set the car in motion, and Nano called to Conway,

"Up Rebel Mike!"

"Good luck!"

(To be continued.)

Remembering.

BY W. A. W.

THE littlest altar boy went to sleep during the sermon, and the oldest altar boy had to punch him surreptitiously at least three times before he awoke, looking sheepish. And down in Sitting Number Eighteen, the portly, distinguished man, whose hair was graying at the temples, stole a glance at the short, skinny man, whose hair was getting thin on top, and grinned. And the other man grinned back. For:

"There's no reason," grumbled John, "why he can't learn to serve, too. I was only six. Father H—— says they ought to be taught young."

It was early morning—very early morning. Up the stairs there drifted, along with the voices of my family, the pleasant fragrance of boiling coffee and baking pancakes—buckwheats. We had buckwheats every day in winter. They made me break out in little itchy places beneath my fleece-lined underwear. But I wasn't thinking of the buckwheats now. I was straining my ears to hear, for I knew they—Papa and Mamma and John—were talking about me. The thought of serving Mass made me proud and hot all over; but the thought of getting up at five o'clock made me sick, away down in my stomach.

"The boy is right," that was my father, talking ponderously in German, "learn the things of God young, that is what God wants. Call William, Anna."

"Ach! he is only a baby," protested mother; but at once I heard her step on the stairs. Papa's word was law.

But I knew I was not a baby. At our house the baby was always less than six, and already there were three younger than I. Not a baby—but, oh! how sleepy I was! I kept my eyes tightly closed, when Mamma stood over me. She said, "Willie," softly and then went back downstairs.

"He sleeps soundly," she reported, seeming to plead for me. "Yesterday he had a little cold."

"Aw, he was stopping to roll in the snow when we were filling the woodbox," said John. "There's nothing the matter with him, except laziness." And coming upstairs, he pulled me out of bed.

"Get up, lazybones," he commanded, grinning triumphantly. "You are going to serve Mass. I told you," in a lower tone, "I'd see that you carried one of those milk buckets. I'm tired of going up there alone every morning."

The wind blew and the snow blinded my eyes and stung my face. Steadfastly I clung to my milk bucket with numb fingers, and followed John, who made the path. We had a cow, and every morning our pastor bought two buckets of milk. Every morning, winter or summer, John toiled through the dusty, or muddy, or snowy road (as the case might be) to deliver that milk, and then stayed to serve the morning Mass. Now I, too, had joined the milk brigade—had been conscripted into it. In my heart I felt that John was something of a hypocrite, for well I knew that he was more worried about the delivery of that milk and the lonesome morning walk than about my religious training.

John was tall and "pindling" I was "pindling" too, but short—very short. All the cassocks were too long for me. John tied a rope under my arms about the cassock, billowed the cassock over the rope, and covered the whole with the surplice. I looked like a pouter pigeon, and I had some difficulty looking over my stomach. But the beauty of the surplice compensated me for the other shortcomings (or should I say "long-comings") of my garb. It was made of all-over lace. There were four of those all-over lace surplices, and, even when they were frayed to bits, the servers still scrambled for them. It was a sad day when the last one disappeared from the sacristy.

Our pastor was a humble, frugal priest, and ours was a poor parish. Not for the world would Father H—— occasion his parishioners any unnecessary expense. So the church was not heated for the week-day Masses. The water froze at the altar, and I almost cried, because I did not know what to do in the emergency. For that matter, my fingers were frozen, too. But I soon learned not to mind that, and I also discovered that the cold on week days was often to be preferred to the heat on Sundays. The church was heated by two great, pot-bellied stoves, half-surrounded by galvanized jackets, which were open on the side toward the altar. There was no checking the heat from those stoves once the fire was started and the great pot-bellies turned cherry-red.

That too-long cassock was a lot of trouble to me. Although I rapidly became seven, eight, nine, and older, I was always the midget of the serving body, and no one ever thought to make a cassock which fitted me. I stepped on the front hem of the garment, as I ascended the steps, and I had ludicrous accidents. Once, when I was carrying the Book, I stumbled, and sent my precious burden flying all the way into the sacristy. The pastor did not reprove me, but when I got home, my father gave me an old-fashioned paddling. No son of his could "cut up" like that at Mass.

I stood on tiptoe to light the candles, and stretched, and stretched. A visiting priest, watching my efforts, advised me to "put a book on my head," and I pondered and pondered—why did he think that would help? Now if I had one to *stand* on—Ah! kind, good visiting priests! Our pastor paid us fifty cents a month—John and me—but the visiting priests *tipped* us—dimes, quarters, even, munificently, *a half dollar*. Blushing bridegrooms were another much-prized source of revenue. I soon

learned to hitch my cassock above my knees, and beat all the other servers to the vestibule, after a wedding. Here we stretched the bell-rope across the doorway, and imprisoned the wedding party, until the groom went, laughingly, down into his pocket, to find an offering for the young highwaymen. What, I wonder, would the pastor of my present proud city church say to such behavior.

My days on the altar had their high lights and their "low lights." For instance, the proud day when first I swung the censer! I felt two inches taller, until I incautiously "let out slack," and the censer banged the floor. And then—ah! after all, what an infinitely small atom is a small boy! I disgraced myself in other ways—mostly by giggling. I was a "born giggler." And John knew my weakness, and delighted to trade upon it. I might have suffered more for the fault had it not been for the uncanny wisdom of our pastor. He knew John—knew him so well, that once, when two hot-headed servers almost came to blows in the sacristy, where we were assembled for catechism one Saturday, and knocked over the smoky oil heater, and John threw the stove out the door, thereby scorching himself and saving the church from possible annihilation, Father H—— went down to see my father and accused John of "setting fire to the church." Only a confession by the real culprits saved John. Poor John! An evil reputation is a bad thing.

Ah! long-gone days in the crude little church of my boyhood! Ah! poor, sleepy, valiant little lad, struggling through winter snows and summer rains with your milk bucket firmly clenched in one small fist! I'm proud of you, even now. Conscripted you may have been, but how faithfully you served! Mistakes, of course, you made. Can you ever forget the time—that one *memorable* time—you went to sleep during the sermon? We were having a mission, and you

were serving night and day. The mission sermons were long, and to your childish understanding, drowse-provoking. You went very, very fast asleep, indeed. The sermon ended, and John punched you, so he says, again, and yet again. You slumbered on, and the congregation grew interested, and some of the more youthful parishioners tittered. And Father H—— looked down from the altar and smiled, and said, kindly, "Let him sleep." And you did. You slept on, and on, and on, until the middle of the morning, and past it. It was crowding ten, when you blinked your eyes, rubbed them, and sat abruptly erect, to find that you had the church to yourself, except for Father H——, the pastor. He knelt at his prie-dieu in the sanctuary, and he never seemed to see the conscience-stricken, terribly embarrassed and frightened small boy, who slid furtively into the sacristy, scrambled frantically out of surplice and cassock, and into his coat, and seizing his cap in a trembling hand, ran all the way home. And so—

The tall, portly man, whose hair was graying at the temples, looked at the short skinny man, whose hair was getting thin on top, and grinned. And the other man grinned back. For memory was tugging at our heart strings. That small, sleeping altar boy was very fat in the middle. He looked not unlike a pouter pigeon. Could it be that his cassock was looped high under his arms with a rope?



I HAVE carefully and regularly perused the Holy Scriptures, and am of the opinion that the volume, independently of its Divine origin, contains more true sublimity, more exquisite beauty, more morality, more important history, and finer strains of eloquence than could be collected within the same compass from all other books, in whatever age or language they may have been written.

Critics.

BY P. J. C.

THE critic—literary, governmental, social, liturgical—is not always what he seems. He appears well-poised, lordly, calm, judicial, final. What he writes is taken as a last word. He strengthens or demolishes what he takes into his workshop for appraisal. The much-used word “dictator” will designate him. Popular tradition bestows upon the critic even-mindedness, penetration, taste, dispassionateness, seriousness in the examination of what he officially passes upon—be it a book, a picture, a policy of a president, a set of false teeth.

Popular tradition, however, often builds its house upon sand. Lord Macaulay considered Dante’s trilogy a collection of distorted pictures by a diseased imagination. Keats was handled roughly by the reviewers of his generation. Lincoln was not a prophet to the people of his time; nor was Washington the Father of his country to his age. The history of literature, government, is filled with poor marksmanship by critics.

You hear it said of a prominent man that he received all his education from Shakespeare and the Bible. Assuming this true, the conclusion is inescapable that the prominent man’s education is very incomplete. It does not indicate disrespect for the Sacred Scriptures to say that there are mountains and forests and oceans of yet, for us, undiscovered or unrelated facts not found in the Bible which await our mental adventuring. And there are many among the learned and the wise who have never read a page of Shakespeare.

Of poets it has not been written, they grow like weeds. It has been written of the critics. Those who conduct the affairs of Church and State are subjected to strictures, censures. Their

critics grow and propagate. Assumed mistakes are exposed, though not often is a wiser course of action indicated. The history of governments, of the Church, keep the recorded hostilities of reformers and visionaries. Often their contributions to reform and uplift were the ruins they left on which they had not the genius to rebuild.

It seems to be the privilege of everyone to criticise adversely everything he does not like. It is very important, however, that we know what makes a thing likable and why. There are certain laws of form, detail, mass, relation which determine somewhat likes and dislikes. You may say you like a mown meadow or cut hay just because you like it. Were we able to understand horse speech, we would hear a horse say much the same.

People criticise churches, altars, vestments, poems, essays, plays, novels, presidents, farm relief, wage agreements, a public address, a suit of clothes. Now it is important for men to establish their title to sit in the chair of the adjudicator before they begin to pass judgment. They may have false canons or none. To illustrate: Some one said a while ago that a character in a certain story never existed. It is not mandatory that he have existed, or that he exist now. Could he exist? Julius Cæsar, as Shakespeare saw him, did not exist. Neither did Marc Antony. Nor for that matter did the Lincoln we read of in books to-day. Fictional people should seem real. It is not advisable that they be taken out of life. They very likely will be drab if they are taken literally out of their surroundings.

Criticism is valid if it is indicative. People who build, write, paint, govern, follow certain rules. They may depart from these rules and yet work mightily. The critic must know the rules, must know when a man escapes from rules, and yet realizes order and beauty. The critic must know whether the man who breaks the rules is a lunatic or a genius.

Notes and Remarks.

Mother Mary Bertha of the Sacred Heart Convent, Roehampton, a London suburb, recently won the Chancellor's English Essay prize in Oxford. She is the first woman ever to win this award. The news item, which comes from London, tells us that Mother Bertha is the only daughter of Mrs. Sophie Maude, a contributor to *THE AVE MARIA*; that her only brother is Aylmer Probyn Maude, attorney and Papal Chamberlain; that her father was the late William Cassell Maude, also attorney, and the author of several law books. The correspondent gave us Mother Bertha's antecedents, and so on, but missed the title of the essay that won the Chancellor's prize. When a woman, and that woman a nun, brings such distinction to her sex as capturing a prize out of Oxford never captured by any woman before—not even by Queen Victoria—then that which won her the honor should have been sent over seas to us.



The demonstration accorded Alfred E. Smith when he received an LL. D. from Harvard the other day was such as has not been known, perhaps, in the history of that University. It has been said by people who dislike the "Happy Warrior," probably on account of his religion, that he was a popular hero with the rabble; that he appealed to the uneducated and coarser element; but that he found no abiding favor among the refined element of the nation, among the men of mind and character. It will be hard for such men to explain why the oldest, and, in many ways, the most reserved, of our Universities chose to honor him with a doctor's degree at this time. The country refused to accept him as President in 1928, and his own party refused to honor him with a renomination in 1932. Such seeming mistrust would have been more than sufficient to send an ordinary man into oblivion.

Not so with Mr. Smith. "People thronged the station," says the *Boston Herald*, "to catch a glimpse of him. Women pressed forward to touch his sleeve. It may be said that this was merely the acclaim of the populace, but consider Harvard the next day! From the assemblage of educated men there he got more applause than anybody else when he became a doctor of laws. Two ambassadors, an eminent clergyman and the well-known Director of the Budget were merely 'among those present.' The thousands who remained seated when Drs. Douglas and Fosdick were introduced, rose spontaneously when Judge Morton presented Dr. Smith. This large gathering was not a cross section of that public which yelled at the station, and which waited three or four hours at the Boston Arena in the 1932 campaign." The reason is, of course, that Mr. Smith has the qualities that go to make up a real man, and while few, perhaps, would be able to analyze his character minutely and put their finger on those qualities which distinguish him, all recognize nonetheless that they are there, and pay homage to them. There is something that makes us feel greatness when we are near it, even though we may not be able to explain it.



Forty-four musicians, who make up St. Agnes' Fife and Drum Corps, drove 168 miles through an electric storm to compete in the Fifers' and Drummers' convention at Peekskill, N. Y. It took them eight hours to make the 168 miles, and they arrived just in time to enter the parade. The route was long, hot, musical: eight miles, 105° in the sun, thirty-five bands. After the parade there was the playing competition in Peekskill Park, the drill contest in the armory. The St. Agnes' band won the cup for the best playing—grade 93; the cup for drilling—grade 98; the cup for coming the longest distance; the cup for the best appearing drum major,

Henry Flynn. Edgar Billeau won second prize for individual bugling; Louis Cozzone, a like award for individual fifing. We do not know what other prizes were given out that day; but St. Agnes' Fife and Drum Corps should feel satisfied at the end of the 168 miles in eight hours. Best playing, best drilling, farthest from home; Drum Major Flynn, Bugle Billeau, Fifer Cozzone. It is not written down that Peekskill gave any honors to the other bands. St. Agnes' fifers and drummers seem to have won them all. T-r-r-r-r! Boom, boom! Congratulations collectively to St. Agnes' band; and individually to Mr. Flynn, Mr. Billeau, Mr. Cozzone.

In Colorado the Klan has a membership of 1200. The paragraph which gives the information adds that the "white-gowned organization" is dead. Very likely the "white-gowned organization" is; the ugly spirit out of which it grew, the vicious emotions it stirred, are not. The Klan was an expression of hate, hypocrisy, violence, fraud, which patriotic, racial and religious pretences could not obscure. So long as men permit themselves to be stirred by jealousy, greed, lust for position; and so long as people are insular, credulous, suspicious, ignorant—so long will the Klan spirit be ready to take concrete form in this or that society. There are yet many, many thousands here in America who are jealous of the Catholic Church; or hate it. These make possible the Klan or its equivalent.

The German Catholic Hierarchy in a recent 3500-word pastoral indicated the attitude of the Church toward the lately organized German government. Authority in government is recognized, of course, but government must not restrain human freedom beyond the limits required for the welfare of the community. Referring to Jewish persecution, the pastoral refuses to subscribe

to the theory that the preponderance of blood should set race standards leading to injustices which burden the Christian conscience. A hope is expressed that soon justice will be restored to those who had to suffer, and that all classes will be brought into a real national unity. It is very desirable that those in authority indicate principles in these days when opportunism and selfishness are the solvents of national and international problems and disputes.

In many of the recent baccalaureate addresses students have been told among other things that they are facing a new world. "The trouble about such a statement," says George L. Parker in *The New York Times*, "is that it is not true, and therefore ought not to be made." The only people who face a new world are those of ripe or middle age. It is we, not youth, who saw the horse disappear, the bicycle come and go, the trolley roll off the track. To me my automobile is a miracle, a wonder and a constant surprise, for I am always recalling the old buggy, or the Tooner-ville trolley. But the same auto is no miracle to my son or daughter—be they ten or twenty years old. They think of my fine car either as "dear old bus" or as "a peach." The marvel of newness in any mental sense simply is not there. Youth faces no new world. Our customs are undergoing change for us elders, but not for youth. It is pathetic to hear us tell youth about the changes wrought by the great war, about "the challenge of the new era," when all the time youth is facing no such world; after eighteen years we have now a generation of youth who scarcely know any of the implications of the great war; only we elders know those implications. It is true, no doubt, that when we tell young people they are facing a new world, we talk to them from our point of view. It is inconceivable from that viewpoint how anyone could look with favor upon

another war, and be ready to take part in it; yet a recent canvass of some of our colleges proved that most of the students would be ready to take up arms, and would do so cheerfully, showing that none of the horrible memories that middle-age associates with war were real to them. Perhaps it is just as well that this state of things should be since men must live their lives and strive to be happy.



Father Michel Charette, Canadian Franciscan, is the only Catholic priest in the island of Okinawa, Japan. The population of the island is almost a million, of which 100 are Catholics. According to Father Charette three elements contribute their quota of conversions in Japan. The opposition of the military makes people curious; and so, as will happen, they see what they are cautioned not to see. The police, in contrast to the military are friendly, and when a report went abroad some time ago that Catholic missionaries were spies in the employ of the United States, police headquarters issued this denial: "Catholic missionaries are neither spies nor in the service of American spies." That denial prompted others to go and see. And a third—the Japanese put questions to the Protestant missionaries which are not always answered to their satisfaction. They seek the Catholic missions for more light. It is the business of the Catholic missionaries to give them the light.



Dr. George F. Zook has been appointed U. S. Commissioner of Education by President Roosevelt. The *Beacon Journal* of Akron, where Dr. Zook functioned as President of the University of Akron, says the new Commissioner is against concentrating the control of the public schools in "a Federal bureaucracy." It will be remembered that in 1931 the National Advisory

Committee on Education made a lengthy report recommending the creation of a Department of Education by the Federal Government, its secretary a member of the President's Cabinet. Dr. Zook was a member of that committee and objected strongly to the establishment of such a Federal bureau. It is assuring to know the new Commissioner holds just such views. The central government has already taken too many burdens and problems from the States. People will be happy to learn that Dr. Zook is against adding education to the load.



In a recent letter to the *New York Times*, Mr. Gordon Greely of Baltimore, had a few comments to make regarding the World Economic Conference in London which may bear repetition here: "Certainly, the conference in London," he says, "with its varied interests, its varied problems, its varied loves and hatreds, is a momentous one in the history of the world. Never has so much authority been collected in one little hall; never has the fate of so many millions of men, women and children yet unborn rested on the will of a handful of men. Yet strange as it may seem, neither King George, nor Premier MacDonald, nor Secretary Hull deemed the occasion momentous enough to dedicate one word to an appeal to Almighty God for His help and protection. God has been carefully ostracized from international conferences and assemblies; we know with what results. Where are the pledges, the treaties and the agreements made since the war? What security has any country that the sacred obligations and promises of another will be kept intact and inviolate? One country when her interests were at variance with her obligations, just cancelled her obligations. Within the past year a King openly and deliberately broke a signed and duly witnessed agreement,

while another government nonchalantly ignored a sacred concordat made but a few months before." It is pretty well agreed now that the causes of our present economic distress are moral ones, and yet our legislators assembled in conference in an endeavor to right the present situation are apparently unmindful of the Author of all goodness whose help they so sorely need. Is it any wonder that so many of our great conferences amount to nothing in the face of such irreligious conduct?

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In his address to the graduates of Radcliffe College, Owen D. Young warned the young ladies of the dangers of collectivism, in so far, at least, as it tended to usurp the mother's authority in the home, which is a sacred trust. He said: "Any impairment of individual freedom is of special importance to women. Any tendency toward collectivism is of special danger to them. Around woman has grown up the privacy, the individuality, the freedom, at least from outside interference, of the home. In that segregated and insulated area she is sovereign. It has taken hundreds of years of bloodshed and struggle to protect that threshold from intrusion by any monarch, however absolute, and from any majority, however resolute. An old-age pension granted by the State may give the political sovereign, if not the theoretical right, the practical power to enter the doorway of the home. The grants to mothers bearing children may truly make the children wards of the State whom the sovereign may decide can be developed and disciplined better in institutional groups than in the individual home. I am not opposed to such grants. I mention them only as samples, and to point out that they lie in an area which must be dealt with watchfully. It is not the large powers granted to a President which are perma-

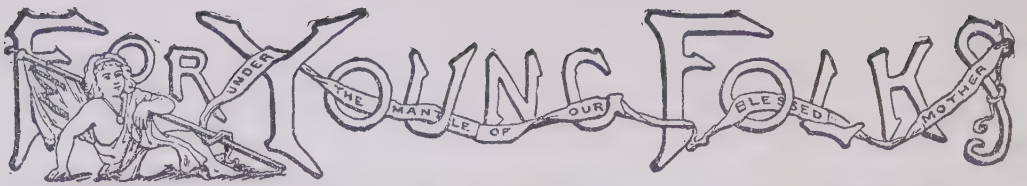
nently dangerous. It is the small ones with which we invest our petty tyrants that eat away our liberty. Trained as you are, you must not only save for yourselves, but for women generally—for whom you are in a real sense trustees—the rights, privileges and security of their very high estate." This, we believe, is sound advice. There seems to be a tendency at the present time to give the State power over things which belong by right to the individual, and which should not be relinquished by him if he wishes to preserve his individuality. Such a tendency has to be watched.

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A side of the picture that we do not always see when reading the accounts of dishonesty in our daily newspapers is the restlessness which almost inevitably follows in the case of people whose consciences have not been entirely hardened to crime. One of the minor evidences of that torture is the government's conscience fund made up of the anonymous contributions of persons who have found themselves extremely miserable after having cheated Uncle Sam in one way or another. Just at present that sum totals more than \$600,000.

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You will want to know, will you not, that three Chinese priests, also an Indian, and one Indo-Chinese priest, were recently consecrated bishops in St. Peter's, Rome, by no less a person than His Holiness, Pius XI.? Here are their names: Most Rev. Joseph Attipetty, Most Rev. Matthew Ly, Most Rev. Joseph Fan, Most Rev. Joseph Tsoei, Most Rev. John Baptist Tong. THE AVE MARIA wishes the new bishops successful apostolates among their peoples. They will have a large world in which to exercise the Apostolic office, and we trust they will come upon docile, receptive hearts.



The Birds' Carnival.

BY MARY MABEL WIRRIES.

THE birds are holding carnival in our cherry tree.

Bluejay is the barker, hoarse as he can be.
Listen to his raucous, "Hurry! Come and see!"
Woodpecker's the acrobat, standing on his head.

Saucy Sparrow's walking the clothesline to the shed.

Robin struts and minces—he's a dancer gay.
Wee wren sings a pretty song, for all his sober gray.

Come, wake up, you sleepy heads! Come, and you shall see

Birds are holding carnival in our cherry tree.

The Runaway.

BY GERTRUDE McNALLY.

III.

WHEN a sympathetic second-girl had served Glory some hot soup, in which alphabetical noodles played hide and seek with her big spoon, she felt better. She gazed in adoration upon the likeness on her beautiful bronze plaque, and in her mind's eye even managed to see again the face of the picture-Gloria.

Perhaps the reason why she could not fall immediately to sleep upon reaching her bed was because of having slept the morning through. Or perhaps it was the fact that facing a to-morrow which held the threat of punishment was not provocative to sleep. Whatever the reason, midnight found Glory Peters still awake. Thus was she the first to hear the terrible explosion which took place in the furnace room, beneath Ward F.

If it had been daylight—if there had

been a mirror to reflect the little figure which bounded out of bed and went flying toward the door, perhaps things might have ended differently. But there was none. Therefore, it was the beautiful Gloria of the confident poise and the outstretched arms of service who went flying so bravely unafraid toward the door.

She flung it open; then stood there horrified. The stairs—the only outlet to the floor below—even the upper hall was ablaze with fire! For one long terrible minute Glory's crossed eyes were widened in stark fright. She tried to move, but her body stayed rigid. Then suddenly it was as though the flames showed a picture to her fertile mind—a picture of a little girl whose name was Gloria, protecting a baby in a crib.

Glory turned, slammed the door, faced the wakened children of Ward F. "Quick! The window!" A screen which covered the lower half of the nearest window was raised; allowed to fall out upon the roof. "Climb out there! All of you! Hurry! The Home is on fire!"

"Wait till I get my dollie," responded one little girl.

"The red hair ribbon the lady gave me. Wait, I must get it!"

"My book!"

"My mamma's picture!"

So it went. Glory flew now here, now there, pushing, tugging, propelling them toward the window—and out upon the roof. All ten of the pajama-clad small figures were clutching tight to some particularly loved treasure.

There was a sudden shriek from Emma. "Annabell,—she's in there! You pushed me out. You made me forget her. She's in there—Annabell!" And from suddenly limp fingers fell "daddy's watch."

Instantly, ten little faces turned toward the room's charged darkness. Emma bravely flung one small pajama-clad leg over the window sill, only to draw it quickly back, in her haste nearly knocking the other children down.

For the dormitory door had blown open, shooting through a sheet of flame. The children screamed and huddled closer, staring wide-eyed at the red, devouring monster licking its cruel way toward them; coming straight down the aisle which separated the ten white beds into two groups of five.

Then over the ledge sprung Glory. Ignoring the aisle with its hall door at one end and its big open window at the other, she ran to one side where open windows were not in direct line with the room's one door. Coughing smoke she scrambled over beds until she came to a sleeping baby's crib. She caught up Annabell.

As she pressed the baby to her she was conscious of sharp hurt. The bronze picture inside her waist! Mom's likeness! "Mom, oh, mom!" she whimpered, suddenly afraid, "help me save Annabell!"

The Lady-of-the-Plaque could not have minded being addressed as "Mom," for she answered Glory's plea immediately. Both little girl and baby reached the roof in safety. But only just in time to hear behind them a riotous roar. Glory turned—the wall adjacent to the blown-in door and above the place where Annabell's crib just stood, was crumbling.

Emma caught hold of her sister and Glory sat down upon the roof. "Follow me!" she shrieked above the crackle of burning lumber and the siren calls of approaching engines. She slid down the sloping roof where she landed as before, thump! upon the ground.

But the children were too frightened to follow anyone who had disappeared from sight. Terror, caused by the explosion's panic made them unable even to remember the ladder.

Draught from the window was sucking the flame straight toward them. Already long red tongues were licking out hungrily. Feeling, tripping, falling, the children made their way farther along the roof away from the direct line of window and hall door.

Glory, who had rolled a barrel nearer the building and was standing on it now, just managing to see over the edge of the roof, made out the huddled group. "Blanche, slide down! I'll catch you! Quick!" screamed Glory.

It was an order, and proved to be all that the children used to discipline, needed.

Blanche was the largest. It was less easy to break her fall, but Glory (who was really Gloria) managed. "The baby! Emma, give Annabell a push! Quick, the baby! I'll catch her!" Glory shrilled next.

It was Annabell's first toboggan slide. She waved her arms and gurgled appreciation. Glory caught the baby to her, then passed her on to Blanche. She called the other children's names in quick succession, trying, sometimes successfully, sometimes not, to break their fall. Two minutes, and an event which was to furnish the nurses with conversation, for years to come, was over.

The fire engines were just pulling up in front when the children of Ward F appeared from behind back buildings, across lots, and into sight. Emma, refusing to release her hold on sister Annabell was yet managing to support with her free arm, the comrade who had saved that sister; until a sea of faces loomed in front. Then it was that Glory suddenly went limp.

Two hours later when she awakened to consciousness she did not immediately open her eyes. For it was only in a hazy kind of way that she was conscious. She lay in some one's arms. Was it the sick Mexican woman who had given her Mom's likeness? She didn't dare open her eyes to see. Besides, her lids felt

heavy, weighted down by voices. She could distinguish one or two of them.

"Yes, a new Home will be built immediately, but there is one child who won't be in it. When news of her heroism reaches the press, she'll be the most popular bid for adoption the Home has ever known. Looks won't stop people from wanting her now—not when they hear what she did to-night." That was the play-ground nurse's voice. Whom was she talking about?

"You speak of her looks. If you mean the child's crossed eyes—that will be remedied. I am going to straighten those pupils, regardless of how big the job." The voice was a man's, and belonged to the same person as did the arms in which she lay.

"To think, that after Ward F had been given up for dead, those poor children believed to have been burned alive, that such a miracle should happen! And all because of one little girl! Nurse Myers—you know her room was off the same hall but farther toward the front—she was rescued barely in time. A ladder put up to the front hall window was all that saved her. The back end of the hall even then, was devoured with flames. The door opening to Ward F had been blown in. Oh, when I think of the bravery of that dear child! When I think of what would have happened if it hadn't been for her!" Glory thought that must be Miss Musket's voice. She wasn't sure though. It sounded funny, as if she had a cold.

"The children are all being cared for now?"

"Yes, temporarily sheltered by various families throughout the town. Not one life lost! Though of course Ward F was really the only one in danger of that. You should have heard those ten little girls describe Annabell's rescue, to the reporters!"

Suddenly above the tumult of both strange and familiar voices rose a man's,

cool—clipped. "Excuse me, please, but I should like to continue with my investigation as to the fire's cause. Hearing that the janitor was the last person to be seen in the basement, I want a few words with him."

"Yes, Sir?"

"The water heater was located in the basement, wasn't it?"

"It was that."

"Had it been working right lately?"

"No, Sir. The pilot went out quite often. Whenever the water got cold then I knew what had happened, and I'd go down and light it again."

"I see. That makes the explosion quite simple. A faulty thermostat caused the pilot to go out. Later, a gas filled basement was ignited by a lighted candle which you had forgotten when you went down four hours previous to install a fuse."

"You consider me to blame, Sir?"

"Not at all. I understand it is a rule here that electric lights be left burning all night in the basement?"

"One, Sir."

"Enough to illumine the basement when you installed the fuse, and excuse you for forgetting to bring away the lighted candle you had taken in with you. No—the impaired water heater was the cause of the explosion."

Glory endeavored to lift her lids.

"Look! She's coming to!"

"The Saints be praised!" sang the janitor's voice. "Sure and 'twas the Plaque of the Blessed Lady that saved her life. I heard how they found it on her."

The arms holding Glory proved to be the Doctor's. "Hello, Glory Peters!" he greeted cheerfully. "Of course, you don't know it yet—don't even know me, in fact—but you and I are buddies!"

Glory's lips parted in wistful eagerness, but as she was about to answer she saw from across the room, the matron's huge figure towering toward her. "Is it to-morrow?" quavered Glory,

remembering she was to receive punishment on that day.

"I suppose you want to put our little girl to bed, so she can get some much-needed rest?" inquired the Doctor of Miss Musket.

"First, I want to thank Glory Peters publicly, for the great service she has rendered to the Home," was Miss Musket's amazing reply. Her blue eyes met Glory's gray. "Child," she said gently, "not one of us here will ever be able to thank you adequately, but if there is anything—anything you want—please mention it."

Glory was flabbergasted. The next second she was more so, for Miss Musket took from the pocket of her purple robe nothing less than her own fine handkerchief, shook out its faultless folds, and proceeded to use it on Glory's lowly nose! "Now tell me, what you would like to have, dear."

"Mom's picture," gulped Glory. "I mean—the face what looks like Mom. Federico's mother gave it to me."

"This?" And Miss Musket lifted the Plaque to view.

"Yes-um."

"But the fact that this was given, makes it already yours. I don't think you understand. You see we want—we want to do something."

A hush fell on the room, for it was sensed that the child who had just been offered anything she wanted was about to make known her heart's desire:

"Then please, ma'am, 'stead of Glory, will you call me—Gloria?"

(The End)



WE should always be prepared for Death, though there is no one who would not prefer being warned rather than surprised. However, God knows best, and we should always be ready to receive Him. No guest comes unwelcome or unawares to one who keeps a plentiful and well-set table.

Peter the Banker.

WHEN St. John the Almoner, much against his will, was made Patriarch of Alexandria, one of his first cares was to draw up a list of all the city's poor, whom he styled his "lords," and for whom he seemed to have a special affection. He found seven thousand five hundred of them.

Habitually to aid so large a number required, of course, considerable revenue; and St. John frequently appealed in his sermons to the charity of the faithful. In order to persuade the people to give cheerfully, he used to relate to them many interesting anecdotes; and on one occasion he told them the following legend of Peter the Banker:

One morning a crowd of beggars were warming themselves in the sun. Their conversation naturally turned on the persons who liked to give alms and those who didn't like to do so. Among the latter class all recognized the prominence of a very rich banker named Peter. He was one of the most miserly men that ever lived, and was especially hard upon mendicants. He seemed to have no heart, no feeling, for the poor or the suffering. To ask him for alms was to invite a blow.

Several of the beggars had related their experience with Peter, when one of their number exclaimed:

"Look here! I bet you I'll touch this miser's heart,—I'll make him give me something."

"Yes: give you a kick or a crack over the head with his cudgel," said another.

"No, but give me an alms. What will you bet?"

"Half of my receipts to-day," was the prompt reply.

"Agreed!" cried he who proposed the wager; and off he started to try his luck with the banker. Just as he reached the latter's house it happened that Peter was entering. The poor man thrust out his

hand and asked for an alms for the love of God. The furious miser looked around for a stone to throw at the mendicant; and, not finding one, he grabbed a loaf of barley bread from a basket which one of his servants had left at the door, and flung it at the beggar's face. The latter dodged, picked up the loaf, and, hastening to his companions, cried out:

"Here is what he gave me! You see I have won the bet."

A few days later the banker fell dangerously ill, and during his sickness he had a dream. It seemed to him that he was dead, and was standing before the tribunal of God. The Judge took a pair of scales and began to weigh his works. A number of imps piled up all his bad actions on one side, while other beings robed in white looked about for his good deeds to put in the other scale.

Suddenly one of the angels exclaimed:

"Here is a barley loaf that he flung at the head of a poor beggar!" And he put the loaf on the scale. It apparently weighed a good deal, but not enough to serve as a counter-balance for all the evil deeds that were on the other scale; so the Judge said:

"Bring something else, or the black imps must take him. His intention was not a good one."

Just then Peter woke up, pretty well frightened. He took the dream as a warning from Heaven; and concluded that if the loaf given in spite of himself was so precious in the sight of God, real alms must be of inestimable value. So he resolved that henceforth he would be generous to all beggars. When he got well, he hastened to carry out his resolve, and proved just as charitable as he used to be miserly.

One day, as he was going to his office, he met a poor man who was nearly naked. Peter at once took off his own cloak and gave it to the mendicant. When he was returning home a little later, he saw the cloak hanging up before a shop door. He was deeply

afflicted at the sight, for he said to himself:

"I am not worthy that one of the poor should keep a souvenir of me."

That night, however, he had another dream. A figure more resplendent than the sun at noonday appeared before him, and on his shoulders Peter saw the cloak that he had given away.

"Peter," said the apparition, "why do you feel sad? See, here is the cloak you gave me. I am your Lord."

On awaking this time the banker gave his whole fortune to the poor. He died more. Going to his lawyer, he said:

"I want you to sell me as a slave, and let the proceeds of the sale be distributed in charity."

The lawyer carried out the plan; and Peter, having become a slave, was at once employed in the most menial duties. He was despised and often beaten; but Our Lord appeared to him from time to time, wearing the cloak that he had given away; and Peter was quite content.

One day his master gave a sumptuous banquet! and Peter, who was acting as waiter, heard one of the guests remark to his neighbor: "How much that slave looks like Peter the Banker!"—"So he does," was the reply. Then, after a second glance: "Why, it *is* Peter himself! I'm going to rise and accost him."

Peter, however, waited no longer, but turned and fled from the room. The porter stationed at the house-door was a deaf-mute; but when Peter said to him, "Let me out," he regained both his hearing and speech, and obeyed at once.

The astonishment of the host and his guests when the porter appeared and told them what had occurred was naturally very great, and an immediate search was instituted for the author of the miracle. The search was ineffectual; for the banker-slave could not be found.

It is quite safe to conclude that when Peter really did appear before his Judge, the angels' side of the scales easily weighed down that of the imps.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—Ernest Boyd was informed the other day by cable that he had been elected to an associate membership in the Irish Academy of Letters.

—"These Human Ills," a pamphlet by Rev. Michael X. Frassrand, C. S. P. (The Paulist Press. 5c), points out that loyalty to Christ and His teaching is the best and surest means to meet and conquer any depression whether it be moral or economic.

—Another interesting booklet of Father Daniel A. Lord's, S. J., is "Revolt against Heaven" (The Queen's Work Press. 10c). It describes the revolt of the bad angels in heaven, and shows that the war begun there continues upon earth, and we must join the colors of Christ or Lucifer.

—The Viking Press will publish a one-volume edition of *The Journal of Arnold Bennett*. The original work consisted of over a million words, but the entries have been carefully edited by both American and English publishers, each taking what he considered most interesting for his special readers. This journal covers the years from 1896 to 1928 during which time the author did all his best work.

—Families innumerable enjoy the possession of a good dog without getting out of that ownership the real companionship of which "man's faithful friend is capable." "Training the Dog," by Will Judy, will remedy that difficulty by teaching the owner how to care for a dog and how to train it from puppyhood on. The language is clear and the training course easy to follow. A good book for boys both little and big. \$1.65. The Judy Publishing Company.

—The National Association of Book Publishers stated recently that authors in this country received over one and a half million dollars in royalties from books sold to the various libraries, in 1929. Since that time, of course, it has been found necessary to reduce considerably the number of books in all our

libraries, owing to the fact that the budgets of these libraries have been cut down. The book borrowers, however, have increased by four millions since 1929, and the publishers' association asks writers and readers to join them in a fight against the "blind cutting" of library budgets.

—In his "Road to the Hebrides," says the *London Universe*, Mr. Murray describes his voyage on a tiny fishing boat to Barra, the most western of the inhabited islands, and the very end of the Britannic World, and tells of his meal of herrings in the small cabin. "I noticed," he says, "that the oldest fisherman who sat down first muttered a grace in Gaelic and in Latin, and crossed himself in the reverse way, in memory of St. Peter who, as you remember, was crucified upside down."

—The *Christian Advocate* of Melbourne tells us that the Ambrosian Library in Milan, of which the Holy Father was at one time librarian, has the distinction of being the first genuinely free public library in Europe, if we except that of the Bodleian at Oxford. It is interesting to know in addition that the Ambrosian Library was originally begun by Cardinal Borromeo, who sent his agents through Europe and the East in quest of rare manuscripts, some of the best work in that respect being done by a converted Rabbi.

—Mr. Harry Price, Director of the National Laboratory of Psychical Research in London, is writing a series of articles on "Spirit Photography" for the *Sunday Dispatch* in which he states: "Every spirit photograph in existence is, in my opinion, a fake. Every photographic medium who has been tested scientifically has been exposed. No single shred of real evidence exists that a spirit has ever been photographed." Mr. Price, in the course of his experimenting, has learned some two hundred ways, he tells us, of faking spirit photographs.

—Catholic journalism generally suffered a real loss in the recent death of Mr. Charles

Quin, 'for almost forty years News-Editor of the *Glasgow Observer* and its associate papers, the *Catholic Herald* and the *Glasgow Star*. By reason of his long years of service, Mr. Quin had cultivated a remarkably wide acquaintance among both the laity and clergy, the universal admiration of whom was more than evident in the innumerable letters and telegrams which poured in regretting his death. In addition to his being a poet and novelist of some note, Mr. Quin was widely and favorably known for his efforts over many years to foster an interest in clean sports, not a mean Apostleship in itself. May God have mercy on his honest soul!

—A series of post cards issued by the Polish Post Office on the feast of Corpus Christi commemorates the restoration of the work of Wit Stosz in the Church of Our Lady in Cracow. Wit Stosz was one of the great artists in wood carving, his masterpiece being the high altar in the church of Our Lady which took twelve years to finish. There are some two hundred figures on this altar, representing the joys and sorrows of our Blessed Mother, and for centuries it has been known as the "Poor Man's Bible." For the last four years artists have been engaged in restoring these carvings, and it is from the restored work that the post cards have been made.

—The universality of the teaching of St. Thérèse of Lisieux becomes evident to anyone who studies carefully her spiritual doctrine. An effort to bring that teaching before the world in its various applications has been begun by the Reverend Benedict Williamson in his two volumes, "The Doctrinal Mission and Apostolate of St. Thérèse of Lisieux (B. Herder Book Company. \$1.25 per volume). This general title is to include a series of twelve volumes dealing with various phases of the Saint's teachings. But the volumes before us treat of "The Priesthood." Taking the Little Flower as the model and patroness of the priest, the author discusses the many obligations of the priesthood and tells us how the teaching and maxims of S. Thérèse offer wise counsel and direction in every circumstance of the priest's life. This popular treat-

ment of the priestly life by an experienced pastor should be of great assistance to point the way to the seminarian during his days of preparation and to renew the zealous spirit of the pastor in active service.



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- "Ecce Homo." Rev. Francis McCabe, C. M. \$1.
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Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Mrs. Catherine Delohery, Mrs. Brocelin, Harry Hayder, Thomas A. Sullivan, John A. Paar, Mrs. Theresa Howell, Mr. McMahon, James McMahon, Mr. William Sandrock, Mrs. Thomas Morrill, Mr. L. R. Higgins, Mr. Peter B. Madigan, Miss Alice Rockland, Mr. Francis Mallon, Mrs. McMahon, and Mr. James Temm.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indulgence.)

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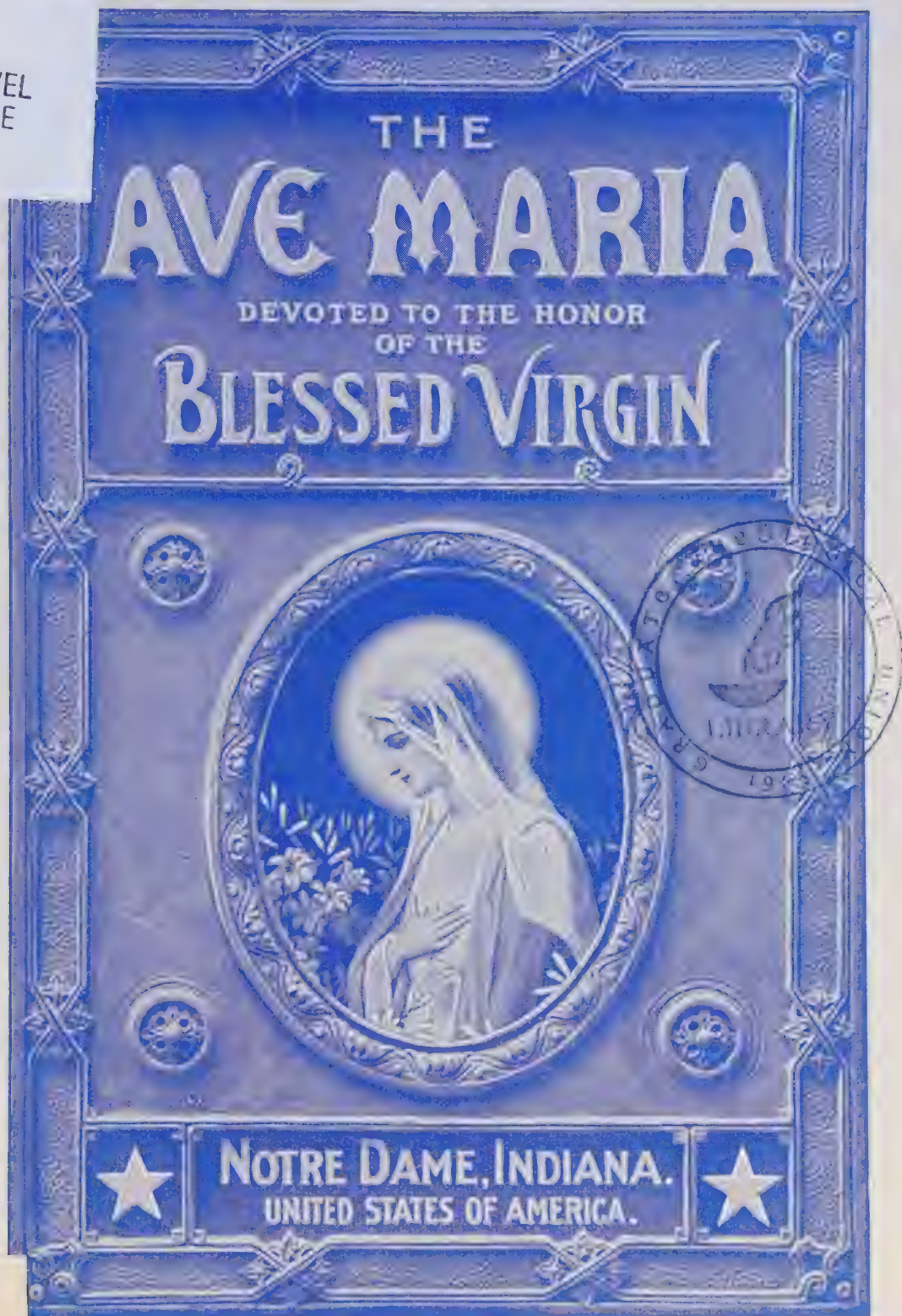
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CALENDAR OF THE WEEK

JULY.

SATURDAY, 15.—St. Henry, Emperor and Confessor.
 SUNDAY, 16.—Sixth after Pentecost, Our Lady of Mt. Carmel.
 MONDAY, 17.—St. Alexius, Confessor.
 TUESDAY, 18.—St. Camillus de Lellis, Confessor.
 WEDNESDAY, 19.—St. Vincent de Paul, Confessor.
 THURSDAY, 20.—St. Jerome Emiliani, Confessor.
 FRIDAY, 21.—St. Praxedes, Virgin. St. Victor, Martyr.
 SATURDAY, 22.—St. Mary Magdalen, Penitent.

Blessed is the man that heareth me and that watcheth daily at my gates.—PROVERBS, viii, 34.

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MATER SALVATORIS



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, 1, 48.

Vol. XXXVIII. (New Series.)

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, JULY 15, 1933.

No. 3.

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On Becoming a Franciscan.

BY GERTRUDE JANE CODD.

O TROUBADOUR of God, receive thou me
Who dares to don thy royal livery;
A little courage do I ask of thee:
I am unused to sainted company.
So close I am to things of earthy clod,
I hide my face and cannot look at God.
And yet within thy ranks of prince and priest
I find a place is made for me, the least.
So will I cast Earth from me, raise my eyes—
And lo! a sinner looks in Paradise.
O is there peace beyond this blessed day?
Upon my soul I feel a single ray
From thy own name. O happiness is loss
Of self! Joyful now, I kiss the Cross.

Fateful '47.

BY REV. P. W. BROWNE, D. D., PH. D.

FEW days ago the N. C. W. C. announced: "Wreaths were laid yesterday in Montreal by St. Patrick's Society and the A. O. H., and prayers were recited for the souls of the fever victims who are buried beneath the grassy plot on which the 'Boulder' Monument stands."

Few American visitors who cross the Victoria Bridge on their journey to Montreal really know what the Monument seen on the north side of the St. Lawrence means, nor do they understand the brief but pathetic inscription, "To Protect from Desecration," seen on its pedestal. They do not realize that

the Monument, with its significant inscription, reveals a tragic episode of the Irish Famine. Everybody in Ireland has had this ghastly period engraven on his memory; but few abroad, who are not of Celtic ancestry, know the details of the progress of that gaunt spectre; and fewer still, the record of its aftermath.

Often in boyhood years had I heard the story of the famine from my Irish grandfather; but not until I had my first glimpse of Grosse Isle in the St. Lawrence and Point St. Charles in Montreal did I understand much of the ghastliness of '47. Later, during my student days at Laval, in Quebec, I was to learn more of the victims of the famine and their sad plight on Grosse Isle from the lips of one who had ministered to them when a young professor at the Grand Seminary of Quebec—His Eminence Cardinal Taschereau. Many years have passed since the venerable prelate narrated to "Messieurs, les Irlandais," as we were known to the French-Canadian students at the institution, the heart-rending story of his frequent visits to Grosse Isle to bring solace to fever-stricken victims who lay dying in the sheds at this lonely quarantine station.

It is estimated that about 100,000 persons, largely from the southern counties in Ireland, embarked for Canada during the summer of 1847; but many of them never set foot on Canadian land. Thousands found only graves where they had hoped to find peace and

plenty, for in the homeland, the grim spectre of want and privation had brought them almost to the verge of despair.

The story of the famine in Ireland has often been told by sympathetic pens; and it were an unnecessary task to revive its tragic course. Briefly, let it be stated that the sufferings of the Irish people were great, and between 1845 and 1848 the number of deaths from famine and famine-fever was appalling. "Thousands lived for weeks on cabbage and a little meal, on cabbage and seaweed, on turnips, on diseased horse and ass flesh. Men died from cold as well as from hunger. They died on the roads and in the fields, at the relief works and on their way to them, at the workhouses and at the workhouse doors. They died in their cabins unattended, often surrounded by the dying and frequently by the dead. Flying from the country they died in the hospitals of Liverpool or Glasgow, or on board the sailing vessels to America."

The voyage to America in those days frequently lasted for several weeks, and not infrequently for months. The vessels on which the unfortunate exiles embarked were mainly windjammers which afforded neither conveniences nor comfort; usually tenanted by innumerable rats, and too often laden with vermin. Food was of the scantiest; and the men and women who made up the passenger "list" were obliged to be content with half-baked dough and a panikin of filthy water; and the supply of these commodities was usually meagre.

Almost invariably the human cargoes fell victims to fever of a malignant type—really typhus, but called ship-fever. Only the Recording Angel knows how many fell victims to this horrible disease. Among those who embarked for Canada it is estimated that fully 8000 died at sea and were cast overboard,

and their bodies cast to the sharks. It may be truly said of many a hapless exile: "Ere his very thought could pray, Unanel'd he passed away." Of those who reached the St. Lawrence it is stated that from 10,000 to 11,000 passed away at Grosse Isle, 700 at Quebec, 5000 at Montreal, and a similar number elsewhere, in settlements between Montreal and western Ontario.

An inspiring reminder of the aftermath of '47 is to be seen in the splendid Celtic Cross on Grosse Isle, which was erected with colorful ceremonies by the Ancient Order of Hibernians, just a quarter of a century ago. Of characteristic design, this noble monument may be seen by those who ascend the St. Lawrence on an ocean liner; and without doubt many a fervent prayer has been uttered, many a *Requiem* lisped, by those of Irish ancestry to whom is known the tragic episode of Grosse Isle. To others this lonely spot in the St. Lawrence is just "a quarantine station located some thirty miles below Quebec"—at least, this is the brief notice you find in the ordinary descriptions of the majestic river whose banks, dotted with charming French-Canadian parishes, are mute witnesses of one of the greatest tragedies recorded in the history of the Dominion of Canada.

The horrors of ship-fever on the voyage across the Atlantic were gruesome beyond expression. The victims sickened and died without ministrations, and when death came they met it heroically. In that sad hour it was their religion that buoyed them up; they did not yield to despair, and they blessed the Hand that smote them. They were then bundled overboard, and possibly did not receive from the ship's crew even the burial rite prescribed in a "sailor's ritual."

In the '90's of the last century many were still living in Canada who, as children on the fever-ships, had been

eye-witnesses of the ghastly scenes on shipboard, and could recall vividly the usual procedure when an infected ship reached quarantine: Those who showed symptoms of illness were taken ashore, and housed in sheds that had been hurriedly erected. Those buildings were of the flimsiest type, roofed, of course, but with side walls that could barely protect the inmates from the elements. Adequate sanitary measures were hardly possible, and the medical staff were unable to provide careful attention. For those who were not ailing on board, there was a simple test. A rope was stretched across, or along, the deck; those who could jump over it were considered to be healthy; those who could not, were declared to have the fever in an incipient stage, and were detained at quarantine.

Happily, the victims at Grosse Isle were not spiritually abandoned. The zealous and courageous clergy of the cathedral of Quebec and the parishes in the neighborhood visited them at regular intervals, and ministered to their spiritual needs. When the victims passed away they were not forgotten by those apostolic men.

Hundreds at Grosse Isle were interred in a common grave, and no monument was raised to their memory for nearly half a century, when the Ancient Order of Hibernians erected the huge Celtic Cross of which mention has already been made. The monument was blessed by the late Cardinal Begin, and those who were privileged to witness it carried away with them "memories and precious thoughts which time can ne'er efface."

The address delivered on the occasion by His Eminence will be remembered for its beautiful diction, its sympathy, and its appreciation of the Irish race. He narrated graphically the details of the episode of '47, and recalled that hundreds of the orphan children of

those who died at Grosse Isle in 1847 had found homes with the families of the Canadians in the nearby parishes, and been adopted into the household. The service on that memorable day was enhanced by the splendid choir of the cathedral of Quebec; and there were few tearless eyes when the deep-voiced male choir chanted the *Libera* at the foot of the monument.

In my student days in Quebec it was not unusual to meet young men and women, bearing a distinctly Irish character, who spoke little English, but who had traditional knowledge of the land of their ancestry; the fathers and mothers were really born in Ireland, and had been among the orphans of those who had died of ship-fever at Grosse Isle. Among those grandchildren of the exiles was a classmate at Laval, whom his Canadian confrères used to dub facetiously "the French-Canadian with an Irish brogue!" A native of historic Charlesbourg, this splendid type bore an honored French name; but his Celtic characteristics were most pronounced.

Recently, a writer in the *Bulletin* of the American-Irish Historical Society stated: "Some years ago, sitting in a hotel at Quebec, I inquired of the young man sitting beside me if he was related to the young fellow who passed us, whose mother was a Caron, though he bore a name both distinguished and Irish. 'No,' was the answer; 'I am not a Caron at all; my real name is O'Connell.' When a mere lad he had gone to visit at Deschambault, the home of the river pilots, with friends who owned a mill there. At Deschambault he had been greeted by an elderly woman with: 'You are just like O'Connell.' This seemed to invite explanation, and he was told that his father had been taken by the man who owned the mill in the ship-fever days; and that he had married a young woman from a parish where Caron was a well-known name.

When he returned home he asked his mother about the story; and the answer he got was: 'Do not talk of those things.' But he had no doubt about what the woman at Deschambault told him." Was he not a descendant of one of the victims of '47?

Personally I have had similar experiences in the Province of Quebec; and many are indelibly imprinted upon my memory. There is one that I cannot forbear to relate: During the late '90's I used to visit frequently a young priest, a patient at the Hôtel Dieu in Montreal. He often spoke to me of a dear old Sister, superintendent of nurses at the institution, who came to visit him often while on her official rounds, and incidentally I learned she was Sister McG——. Later I inquired of the saintly old Sister regarding the nationality of most of the Sisters there. She said: "Practically all of the Sisters here are French-Canadian," and then jocularly remarked, "just a few of us are known among ourselves as half-and-half, part Irish, part French-Canadian." She was one of the orphans left when both her father and mother died of ship-fever in Montreal, in 1847. She remembered her parents, and they were from Tipperary. The name of this beloved Sister is still held in veneration by many families in Montreal, some of whom, like herself, are very familiar with the story of the drear, dread days of the Irish famine.

The exiles who reached Montreal in 1847 were among those who "skipped the rope" at Grosse Isle; but on the voyage up the St. Lawrence fell ill of fever. It was imperative to isolate them, and a plot of land was secured at some distance from the city, near the outlet of Lake St. Louis. Sheds were erected, and here the victims were housed under conditions that were as favorable as circumstances afforded. Yet despite the attention which the victims received

some five thousand persons died, and within two years the entire plot in which the sheds were located was filled to repletion with hurriedly-buried corpses. In Montreal, however, the Irish fever-victims were well provided with spiritual comforts. Bishop Bourget and his devoted clergy were untiring in their ministrations; and, in addition, the several Sisterhoods soothed many a weary victim during the days of tribulation.

As was the case at Grosse Isle many orphans were left. To provide for them was a serious difficulty; but many found a home in the orphanages of the city. Others were cared for by citizens, and some of these were later adopted into Canadian families. To-day in Montreal may be found numerous estimable families who are descended from hapless Irish exiles who died in the fever-sheds at Point St. Charles.

Some ten years later came the erection of Victoria Bridge, which was officially opened by the Prince of Wales (later Edward VII.). While excavations were being made for the piers on the north side of the St. Lawrence it is told that a venerable old lady appeared one day near the camp in which the workmen were installed, and complained bitterly that a cow had broken down some of the little crosses that marked graves in the plot where the Irish fever-victims were interred. The workmen laughed at her discomfort, and possibly made rude comments on her manifest indignation. She complained of their action to a sympathetic foreman, and told the story that hundreds of her friends and several relatives lay buried in the grassy plot nearby. Thereupon he said:

"Before we leave here we will put up a monument that no cow will ever overturn." The result was that when the bridge was completed, a huge boulder was dragged from the river bed, mounted on a fine pedestal, and thence was raised a striking monument

bearing the inscription: "To Preserve from Desecration." The little plot was entrusted by the English workmen (Protestants, no doubt) to the Anglican Bishop of Montreal.

Years later the Grand Trunk Railway, of which the terminal was located nearby, needed the space where the bodies were interred for yard space; and it was proposed to move the monument to one of the parks of the city, in the near neighborhood, or to transfer it to the border-line between the Catholic and the Protestant cemetery behind Mount Royal. Thereupon objections were raised by local leaders of the Irish societies in Montreal. Despite this, rails were surreptitiously laid one night, and the monument was transferred to a park located nearby. Then followed litigation, instituted by the Ancient Order of Hibernians, and the suit was capably conducted by two brilliant Irish lawyers of the city, Mr. (later Right Honorable) C. J. Doherty and Henry Kavanagh.

The court, which was presided over by Judge Mabee, gave a decision in favor of the Protestants (A. O. H.), and the boulder was restored to its original position and set again upon the pedestal along the riverside. The plot was fenced, graded, and ordered to be maintained in perpetuity by the Grand Trunk Railway Company. The Ancient Order of Hibernians and St. Patrick's Society of Montreal were made party to the transaction, and legally empowered to see that the decision of the court was enforced.

This, briefly, is the story of the striking monument to the victims of ship-fever who reached Montreal in the summer of 1847. Annually the Irish societies of the city visit, in pilgrimage, the historic grassy plot seen near the northern end of the immense bridge that leads to Montreal, while the mighty St. Lawrence, as it thunders seaward, chants daily a

Requiem for the victims of the Famine years. *Requiescant!*

The Irish who survived the dreadful famine years, and found a home in Canada, are represented there in every walk of life, and contributing greatly to the development of the Dominion. They are well organized, socially and otherwise; and many of them occupy high positions in Church and State, notably in the Province of Ontario.

The Bog.

BY PATRICK J. CARROLL, C. S. C.

XXVIII.

THE mile straight-away to Cahermoyle was in good repair. Mary, wishing to show Nano the difference between slow motion and lightning, ran against death; but when the motor slowed down at the end of the stretch where oaks, elms, beeches unite to form the Cahermoyle arch, she found Nano unimpressed.

"You poke along so!"

"Listen to her! Your mid-Victorian wouldn't make it in a fortnight!"

It was a restful afternoon. June peace, and warmth—the still life of summer. Great, dozing trees extended arms in a peace-embrace to other dozing trees. It was dark within the leafy tunnel; and those leaves exposed to the sun caught the wind's breath. Echoes came as they drove through the darkness to light; indeterminate echoes that seemed not fathered by any earthly sound. An old man walked toward them driving three cows; large, well-fed, well-behaved cows that stopped to pluck roadside grass. He was white, thin, and directed the animals with a leafy-green branch. He looked at the girls as they drove past and nodded slowly as if he knew just where they were going.

"He seems like one of the Good People," Mary observed.

"I hope Good People are with us this journey."

In a field beside a slate-roofed, white-washed cottage an elderly man gathered hay into cocks, and two children helped him.

"His boys are fighting the Tans," Nano noted approvingly.

A woman gathered nettles from the roadside into a small wicker-basket; a cow, a dog, a coatless boy, whose trousers were anchored to a single suspender, came toward them in the order named. The dog watched the cow; the boy, the dog. Men were mowing hay out of lowland meadows fenced with grass-grown ditches; old men they were, who would be doing lighter work if the young men were not busy with Britain.

The small town of Ardagh runs up a slope and stops at the end of the rise before the road sinks into a valley as it goes west. It is a sleepy village, where you pause for a last look at familiar life before you drive into the mountains. In midtown the police barracks kept watch, and sent information to Dublin Castle on "the condition of Ireland." The post-office used to be, and likely still is, almost the last house at the west end of town—that end where the highway yields into the valley in the bend of a sway-back horse. A girl, sixteen perhaps, came out from the postoffice at the right moment. Her face was well fleshed; and rouged by those winds that blow in from the mountains.

"The road to Carrig—is it straight west?" Nano asked.

The girl left the sidewalk and went to the car. After she drew back the shawl flung over her head, they noted she was dark-haired.

"'Tis straight west for five miles, Miss; then south at the first cross for a half-mile; then west a bit until you see the chapel."

"Thank you—a map couldn't do better."

The girl smiled up at Nano in a pleased way and hoped they wouldn't go astray.

In a little while they were in the heart of the turf country. The sun was west, and a breath of wind came from the sea—the sea some miles away. Women, old men, children, were astir in the bogs handling the drying peat sods. Donkeys carried loads of it into open, heathery spaces where it was piled into small orderly heaps to mature into more firm hardness below the sun. The soil was brown and rubber-like where the turf lay imbedded, and dark, stagnant water stood in those dykes which remained after the turf had been cut away. Reeks of saved peat edged the highways; turf in smaller heaps lay drying upon the heather. Where the heather fields slanted to the horizon you saw houses, straw-thatched and white, with a blue sky-line back of them.

Then Carrig chapel; a shop; a few houses,—the forge. Mary pulled up in front. Two asses and a horse stood outside waiting their turn; car wheels were flung flat on the ground, or were resting against the forge wall; old and new pieces of iron and broken scythes were strewn about. Inside were seen the forge fire and a few waiting boys. In a lull during which hammers did not strike hot iron, Mary called in,

"Michael Connor!"

An elderly man came out—sixty perhaps; the type of his trade: tall, sinewy, brown-faced.

"You're not Michael Connor." Her face fell. He laughed.

"I am—always was."

"You can't be!"

"But I am, Miss."

"Mike Connor!" Nano called in.

A young man came out—six feet or so; fair-haired, shy-looking, solid but not stout.

"You're Mike Connor, aren't you?" Nano asked.

The young man nodded.

"But you told me," Mary said to the elderly man, "that you were Michael Connor."

"And so I am. I'm Michael. He's Mike—my son."

Michael Connor returned laughing to the forge.

Mary surveyed the young man; he tallied with Conway's description—but she would take no chances.

"You're sure you're Mike Connor?" she asked flatly.

"I always thought so—up to now." He smiled. Mary reached into her glove and handed him the token.

"Yes, you're Mike Connor!"

He barely looked at the medal and handed it back.

"What are we to do for John Conway this time?"

Mary gave Conway's instructions without preface—there was no time to lose.

"Well," he said quietly, "you're lucky I wasn't away somewhere—it would have taken time to find me. I hope I'm as lucky rounding up the twenty men and getting them to Ronan's by eight."

That was all—he was not a talkative young man.

They returned leisurely to Rathdrum where they had dinner with Mr. and Mrs. Boylan at seven; and two hours later were saying cheerful things to Mrs. Enright in her Ballingarry home. She needed the cheer and Mike in jail.

"If I only knew what they intend to do to him!"

Fifteen County Clare policemen, doing duty at Foynes during the troubled times, could have told her. They drove up that road west of Askeaton and south along the Deel at the moment; the same road Enright and Mary Boylan went, Mike's first day on the run. Specifically, Officer Holland, a stern man of courage, could have told her he carried commitment papers in the inside pocket of his tunic which authorized him to convey prisoner Enright

from Rathdrum barracks to Kilmainham jail, Dublin; not to Limerick, as Sergeant Hackett thought.

The dusk had barely set in—summer twilights are long in Ireland. The lorry followed every turn of the road Mike and Mary had followed, until it reached that cross roads at the Wiltmore estate. A branch of the road drops east at this point for, say, three hundred yards; and then leaps over the Deel like a hound over a barrier. This hound-leap is called Kilcool Bridge. The lorry throbbed down the slope shortly after half-past nine. If you ever happen upon Kilcool Bridge, you will notice the approaches to it are sustained by protecting walls which are built up from low land at either side the road.

It might be twenty-five minutes before ten when the lorry churned up the west approach to the bridge—and stopped. The bridge road-way was blown up from parapet to parapet. Not exactly from parapet to parapet either, for a wheel-barrow could be directed across at either side. Officer Holland hopped off to note conditions. He was a brave, resourceful man.

"Keep your guns ready till I have a look," he told his subordinates.

He was given no time to look. Forty men leaped out from behind those retaining walls of the west approach with guns levelled at the policemen. Officer Holland had almost ordered his men to resist when thirty other Rebels appeared at the other bridge end.

John Conway was happy at the quiet surrender. Who wants to see a handful of men killed between the hail of opposing gun fire? The police were ordered out of the lorry and relieved of rifles, revolvers, bayonets.

"Officer, to save time hand me over those commitment papers," Conway said to Officer Holland.

"You'll have to shoot me first!"

"No, that's not necessary. What's the use of drama when nothing comes of it?"

Save yourself a man-handling and give them over."

"I'll never give them over—you'll have to take them."

"All right, Officer."

Two men faced him with guns while Conway searched him and secured the papers.

"Thank you, Officer, for saving us a rough-and-tumble."

The disarmed policemen were surrounded, their guns and revolvers piled in the lorry. Conway took a seat beside the new driver—a young man who seemed to understand his business. And the lorry, with only Conway and the driver, faced about and roared west.

Davey Byrne, in command, herded the policemen beside that grove—which is growing there yet—just north of the Wiltmore estate, and kept twenty I. R. A. to watch his charges. At thirty-five minutes after midnight, he permitted Officer Holland and his men to return to Foynes the best way they could.

Much earlier, at ten minutes after ten, Sergeant Hackett at Rathdrum barracks experienced trouble with his nerves. The men under his command, seeing him, became nervous too. There were signs of activity outside: lights flashed from that hill across the railway which the barracks commanded; or which commanded the barracks, as you choose; and a bold, big, flashlight was turned on the building making the dark mass very bright. Those policemen, who must hold Mike Enright against possible capture, heard voices; but they might be mistaken. More flashes, and two gun-shots; far away shots—perhaps signals. Ten-twenty and still no police from Foynes. Mike Enright, guarded closely, sat waiting on a small bed. He saw the flashes, heard the gun fire—and wondered.

"They should be here," Sergeant Hackett said for the seventh time.

"They should," Policeman Havey agreed. He would not object if Mickeen

brought him in a wee sup of whiskey to keep his heart up.

Mickeen was in that little room of his—9x7—fixing the buckle of the belt which he needed for his journeys over the roads; and sometimes he looked out his small window to watch and speculate.

At half-past ten he was worried.

"I wonder is that Nancy Kennedy another ordinary young ape!"

At twenty minutes before eleven, when Sergeant Hackett's nerves were almost running away with him, a heavy machine throbbed up that hill by the postoffice, but did not turn west at the end of Church Street. It chugged to the barracks instead.

Twenty policemen leaped off the lorry. Fifteen entered the barracks, five remaining outside to keep watch.

Commitment papers were presented which Sergeant Hackett barely glanced at. He was so happy to be relieved of the whole horrible anxiety, almost any formula would serve. Mike Enright, political disturber and hater of the Union, was led away. He did not know those policemen who were taking him; they did not know him—except by reputation.

"I think I'd better send a car of men to Limerick to guard against an ambush," Sergeant Hackett suggested.

"You'd better." And the man in command followed his men and their prisoner to the lorry.

"I don't know one of them," Hackett said to Havey as the convoy got ready.

"They're all Clare men, Sir."

The convoy hurried out, but the lorry was gone.

"They said to follow them the road to Limerick—they could take no chances waiting," that Rathdrum policeman who went out with them explained. Sergeant Hackett gave the necessary orders and the car, brimful of police, followed. Through Croagh, Adare, Patrick's Well—but never caught up.

Mike Enright was surprised when the

lorry turned south at Commons' Cross, and followed the road Mary Boylan took the day she brought him word the police were coming.

"Where're you going to lodge me?" he asked the policeman at his right.

"Shut your mouth—you bloody, bloomin', blitherin' Rebel!"

He should be a young man from his voice. Mike tried the man on his left.

"Maybe you're taking me to Cork?"

"Do you want to be shot?" that man asked. No, Mike didn't want to be shot.

"Well then, shut up!"

In twenty minutes they stopped at Mike's gate. Mike was sure of that. He could tell that gate if he saw it planted in India. And then sickening questions came to him. Were they going to shoot him just here—at the gate? And were his father and mother to stand by?

"Out, Rebel!" some one shouted.

Mike hopped out; the men hopped out.

"Attention!"

Twenty policemen formed two lines and faced him. They were well-trained men, he could see. They stood rigid in their police uniforms, some of which were only passable fits. Rifles up, figures erect!

"Mike Enright"—that leader's voice might belong to Poet Padraic Pearse,—
"Your brothers from the West give back her son to Cathleen ni Houlihan. *Do tum glóire Dé agus onóra na h-Eireann.**
Good night, Soldier!"

They leaped back into the lorry and fled with darkened lights to their mountains.

Mike rechecked. Yes, this was the Enright gate—undoubtedly; the hedge—the Enright hedge. He caught the odors of whitethorn blossoms. He looked across at the house. Yes, that was his Ballingarry home. And lights visible in that west window of the parlor! He would go in and find out if it was all dream or all fact; or half and half. And then a car flashed up the road from

Rathdrum and stopped at the gate. John Conway stepped out.

"Welcome home, Mike!"

"Are you Conway, and am I really home? Tell me!"

"Yes, to both."

They hurried into the house; there, joy and the welcome of tears. Short whispers from his mother; a brave greeting from his father. It was all so short—that cup of tea, the refreshments, the chatter, the laughter, the joy, the story, the things untold, the plans so quickly made, so miraculously carried through!

"Let's be off!" Conway said.

"O you kill-joy!" Mary Boylan complained.

"Mary, keep in mind the saw about running away to fight another day."

The two rode off in Conway's car to Mike's surest hiding—a small farmhouse which you reach by a long borry. It was after midnight when they woke up the young couple that rented the place, and Conway witnessed how fanatically attached they were to Mike the Rebel. When they sat alone to talk over their plans, Mike wanted a cigarette.

"I'm famished for a smoke."

Conway produced his package and they lighted.

"Just a question, first, Conway. Those police uniforms—were they our Rathdrum capture?"

Conway nodded.

"You remember you told us to take uniforms. Did you foresee they would be used to-night?"

"Mike, I'd like to say 'yes' to exalt my foresight, but you wouldn't believe me. No, I just thought they might come in useful some time."

"Yes. And now another. Those search lights and the rest of it outside the barracks—what was all that for?"

"Just a trick to keep the police guessing until our men could arrive."

"Those bogus peelers—who were they?"

* "For the glory of God and the honor of Ireland."

"Mountainy men—unknown to the police; and the bravest fellows you'll ever meet, Mike!"

"I hope to repay them some day."

"Not some day, Mike—some night very soon. Those fellows have been doing damage to the British morale back in their mountains. There's to be a reprisal by the Black and Tans. Mike Connor—you don't know him—got word—God knows how—they're coming from Limerick to shoot up Ardagh and carry terror into the mountains. They want us to stop them."

"Do you know when?"

"No, but Connor hopes to find out."

Mike's worshippers gave them food at three o'clock that morning, and the conference was over.

"Thank you, my good friends," Mike said, shaking hands warmly with the young couple.

The two men separated. Mike went west through that gap made by the Balingarry hills where they refuse to unite. Conway drove north toward Kilbeg; but miles away from a direct road.

(To be continued.)

July.

BY L. MITCHELL THORNTON.

THERE are daisies white in the lane to-night
 And yellow wheat in the field;
 There are berries sweet for the birds to eat
 And the cherries nectar yield.
 There is zinna gold in the garden old,
 And a blue, unclouded sky;
 And the rushes bend and the brooklets wend
 With a song for glad July.
 There are voices shrill from the wooded hill,
 And the maples whisper low;
 There is spider lace, and the bluebells' grace
 Where the breezes softly blow.
 And the stars are bright and the moon shines
 white,
 And the grasses dreaming lie,
 For its Wonderland, on every hand,
 In the days of glad July.

A Nun on the Frontier.*

BY THOMAS A. LAHEY, C. S. C.

(Conclusion.)

THE hold which Sister Blandina was gradually able to obtain over these desperate men of the plains is strikingly illustrated by her relations with Billy the Kid and his gang. Billy was by all odds the most picturesque and the most daring desperado of the entire Southwest. Young, debonair, light-hearted, steadfastly loyal in his friendships, he was at the same time one of the cruellest and most ruthless killers of history. He would shoot a man as nonchalantly as he would light a cigarette—and just as accurately. At the time of his death he was only twenty-one, fair-haired, slight of form, almost boyish in appearance, yet he had killed a man for every year of his life and was so feared by his enemies that no one would attempt to arrest him.

Once when they did manage to bring him to trial and condemned him to death, Sister Blandina found him chained to the floor with hands and feet ironed, and guarded by three men.

"I wish I could place a chair for you, Sister," he said, and then added: "Do what you can for Kelly. It is his first offense. I'll get out of this, you'll see, Sister."

And get out he did, although it involved killing two of his guards before he finally rode out of town whistling a tune. Before he departed, however, he lolled about in the public square for almost an hour, rolling and smoking innumerable cigarettes, until an old man whom he had pressed into service managed to catch a rather skittish horse for him in a neighboring field. During all that time not a person dared to appear on the streets nor was a single shot fired even from the protection of

* The material for this article has been taken from "The End of the Santa Fé Trail," by Sister Blandina. Columban Press.

the nearby buildings, so much did even these hardened Westerners fear the six-shooter of Billy the Kid.

And yet it was this same desperado that Sister Blandina was destined to influence more perhaps than anyone else. There is recorded a historic meeting between General Lew Wallace and Billy the Kid when the former, as special representative of President Hayes, did everything in his power, even to the extent of promising a pardon if the young outlaw would give up his wild life. Billy said "No!" That was his life and he was going to live it, even though that word of refusal was his own death warrant. We would not even suggest of course that there could have been any different outcome had Sister Blandina been substituted for General Lew Wallace in that famous consultation. Certain it is, however, that Billy had a special reverence for the little Nun which might have softened the hardness which characterized him if he had been long under her influence.

The beginning of that admiration and deep respect on the part of the young desperado came about in a rather extraordinary way. It seems that a certain member of Billy's gang had been hit in a gun fight and was thrown, badly wounded, into an old abandoned adobe hut. Because of the notorious reputation of this man, no one dared to go near him. And certainly no one could be blamed for that reticence since, in addition to shooting other people's cattle for a living, this gentle creature had guided too many parties to their death on the Santa Fé trail. So great was his cruelty, in fact, that on one occasion, according to his own confession, he had gone out one night and scalped a certain cowboy on a ten-cent bet.

What must have been the astonishment of even that hardened frontier town, therefore, when the inhabitants thereof saw little Sister Blandina, with bandages and medicines, making her

way to the wounded man's hut. That nothing happened in the way of an uproar must have really astounded those who knew something of the desperado's real character. Something did happen, however, much more remarkable in its way than anything that anyone could have imagined.

The injured man was so interested in the bravery of this woman that he asked her repeatedly about the work she was doing and why she had given up so many comforts to come out to such a God-forsaken spot as Trinidad. When she told him about God and His many mercies he was visibly affected, but expressed himself frankly as being skeptical about the case of such a hardened old sinner as himself. At her request, however, he repeated a few simple prayers, saying them so sincerely perhaps that God must have rewarded him in a special way; for later on when his people took him away and a minister was sent to him, he dismissed the Reverend gentleman with the following words: "Do not disturb me. I want to keep in mind the prayers said by the Sisters."

Nor was that the end of his payment to the Nun who befriended him. He told Billy the Kid about the little Sister who had come to his aid when everyone else had deserted him. Billy, who never forgot a favor either to himself or to his men, was not long in repaying what he considered a legitimate debt. He had business in Trinidad anyway, so perhaps he could perform the two offices at once. The particular mission which was bringing him into the city was the simple affair of scalping the town's four physicians for not having given medical aid to his pal. On the way to the performance of that little project he stopped in to see his partner and found Sister Blandina herself at the bedside. The Kid's first words after acknowledging the introduction were to assure the Sister that in return for her kindness

she could call upon him at any time to do her any favor within his power.

"Yes, there is a favor you can grant me," she replied. Billy put out his hand.

"The favor is granted, Sister," he said.

The little Nun, taking his outstretched hand, smiled now, for it happened that she knew the purpose of the Kid's mission in Trinidad.

"I understand you have come to scalp our Trinidad physicians, which act I ask you to cancel." For a moment the Kid's eyes blazed, but he saw he was beaten.

"I granted the favor before I knew what it was," he answered, "but it stands. Not only that, Sister, but at any time my pals and I can serve you, you will find us ready."

That easy agreement, as it is recorded on paper, may seem to be nothing more than the fulfilling of a promise unwittingly made. To those, however, who know something of the vindictiveness that ordinarily characterized Billy the Kid, it represents one of the most redeeming features of his wild young life that he should so quickly and so easily have fallen under the gentle influence of this simple little Nun.

There was once after that when this young gun-swinging desperado paid tribute to the kindly virtues of this Christian lady. It seems that Sister Blandina for some reason or other had to undertake a journey to some distant point across the plains. Because of the danger along the route, some men were deputed to ride along with her. These men were bred to the West and capable of meeting almost any emergency without any fluctuation of temperament. An attack by Billy the Kid was perhaps the one thing which could throw even the element of fear into their hardy souls.

What was their consternation, therefore, when about halfway across the plains the sound of approaching hoof beats fell upon their ears and a lone

rider was observed approaching with the speed of the wind. No one but Billy the Kid could ride like that. Immediately the evidences of panic began to show in the little group. Guns were drawn, it is true, but with trembling and uncertain hands. This man had time and again ridden into town under the very guns of his enemies, and no one had dared to pull a trigger, not even from ambush. Would these fear-stricken men then venture to shoot it out in the open with that unerring gunman who could hit bird after bird sitting on the fence posts as he dashed madly by on his horse? Their anxious glances in the direction of a possible escape indicated to a certainty that they would not.

But there was one there who was not afraid, and that one, strange to say, was the little Nun. As soon as she heard the frightened references to Billy the Kid, she cautioned the men to forget their fears and to stand aside. Moving a little distance away from the group in the direction from which the desperado was coming, she lifted her veil and sat there waiting with the same calm assurance that she might have displayed had she been making a visit to the Chapel.

The situation was tense. Without slackening his speed the rider came on, horse and man flecked with foam and covered with dust, but magnificent in their impetuosity. And then something happened, something reminiscent in a minor way of another occasion when a certain Saul was on his way to persecute the Christians. This particular man did not fall from his horse, however. In the very midst of a headlong rush the desperado recognized the face and the habit of the little Sister. With a single grip of his arm, the strength of which had so often amazed his enemies, he pulled his horse to a halt that almost threw him upon his haunches. Then, with that magnificent animal pawing the air, he swung his sombrero into one of those sweeping obeisances

the like of which one only sees in the born cavalier.

For the next half hour those men from the West looked upon a display of horsemanship such as astonished even their experienced eyes. Bringing his mount to the ground with a sharp word of command, Billy was off like an arrow. Next, wheeling suddenly and changing his pace, he guided the beautiful animal into a series of figures that would have done justice to a professional dancer.

But that was only the beginning. With a wave of his sombrero and a cowboy yell that echoed along the horizon he started an exhibition of zig-zag and see-saw riding which seemed at every moment to threaten the life of both animal and man. But they were no longer animal and man. Like a centaur of old these two strange performers twisted and turned as one, pirouetted and pranced, wheeled and double-wheeled, cantered and galloped, and then in a final crescendo of motion shot like a bullet towards the little group, pulled up suddenly in a sky-rocket leap, and literally swept the ground in a final obeisance that included both horse and master. There was a moment of silence and then a round of spontaneous applause as Billy the Kid with a final wave of his hand galloped off towards the skyline.

Poems have been written expressing the admiration of some doughty knight for his virtuous lady high in her tower, but never in all the annals of literature has there been recorded so sincere and eloquent a tribute as was enacted out there in the desert sands that day before the wondering eyes of the little Sister of Charity. Billy had seen very little in life except evil. He was the spirit of lawlessness himself and was later to die as men of that type usually do, but when he actually came into contact with virtue as exemplified in the life of this unassuming Nun, he paid his homage in his own way. Billy had written his

poem in the only language he knew, but who will say that this dare-devil's tribute to the charity of this simple little Nun was any less eloquent or any less dramatic because it was expressed through the medium of horsemanship.

One more incident will suffice to conclude the life-story of this noble woman who went adventuring for God. Some time later in Sister Blandina's career when the scene of her labor had shifted to Albuquerque she and another Nun were doing mission work one day at a working camp out on the plains. Suddenly out of a clear sky and almost without any warning the little group of twenty-two men and two Sisters found themselves in a state of siege with immediate prospects of being slaughtered.

A workman it seems had taken the life of an Indian, and the members of his enraged tribe, thinking that he belonged to this particular camp, had taken to the warpath. There wasn't much doubt of the outcome. Even though the terrified men were all well armed and determined to sell their lives as dearly as possible, they hadn't a chance in view of the overwhelming numbers with which they were surrounded. Just when everything looked darkest, however, and when the question of their doom seemed only a matter of minutes, Sister Blandina got one of her happy ideas

Telling the men to remain where they were she took her crucifix in her hands and walked deliberately out in the direction of the war-painted savages, who lay concealed behind the surrounding sand hummocks. Sister Blandina herself tells us that her heart thumped and her knees trembled beneath her, but no matter about that. The fact is that the spectacle of that lone little woman walking so quietly and calmly into the very face of death so stirred their savage admiration that the war party not only consented to parley with her, but actually took her word for the fact

that the man in question was not a member of that camp. A few minutes later the little group of terror-stricken workers could hardly believe their eyes when they saw the army of war-painted savages take to their horses and disappear in the distance—conquered, as it were, by this little Nun and her crucifix.

Many other edifying experiences might be narrated concerning this Sister of Charity, but we must pass over them because of the growing length of this narrative. There is one incident which we must mention, however, as illustrative of the vile and disreputable thing which religious bigotry characteristically is. Here was this noble and generous little lady who, with her Nun companions, had come out to this ruthless and desperate country where murder and rapine and the sound of the six-shooter were familiar events of the day. Of all the people in that pioneer land they were probably the least fitted by birth and environment to move in those rough surroundings, yet because of the charity which fired their souls they walked serenely in the midst of suffering and sin and death, with Sister Blandina setting the example.

Many a time had these gentle and refined women gone without food, even giving up their own mattresses on occasion for the sake of the destitute. They gathered the children of careless parents and gave them the benefits of a decent education. They braved the dangers of diseases too terrible to mention, when no one else would brave them. They even faced the loaded six-shooters of drunken desperadoes to bring into this pioneer country some appreciation of God.

And the drunken desperadoes respected them for it. Sister Blandina or any of her companions might have walked from one end of the "badlands" to the other without much more danger than if they had been in their own

Convent garden. And if anyone had molested them or said one word out of the way to them, it is quite probable that not even the Federal Government with all its power could have prevented a lynching.

But when the forked tongue of bigotry began to hiss behind closed doors, as it usually does, Sister Blandina and her heroic helpers felt the first hot blast of hatred threatening their work. These good and generous women who had devoted their lives to feeding the poor, nursing the sick, burying the dead, and teaching the children of Trinidad were told one day by an impertinent School Board that they could not continue the work which they had been doing for twenty-two years unless they would consent to take off the habits which distinguished them from the new secular teachers who had begun to arrive now that Trinidad was no longer an unsafe place to live in.

To the credit of Sister Blandina be it said that she gave the petty little School Board a lesson in Americanism which must have scorched even their flinty souls. Standing in their presence in the garb which had never been objected to when she was acting as servant to their miserable antecedents, she listened to the ungrateful proposal. Then she spoke. "I looked steadily at the Chairman," she writes in her memoirs, "and replied: 'The Constitution of the United States gives me the same privilege to wear this mode of dress as it gives you to wear your trousers. Good-bye!'"

Good for you, Sister Blandina, for the brave woman that you were. May God continue to bless you as you look back to-day from the peace and quiet of your convent cell! You slaved for twenty-two years for the right to talk to those ingrates, and you did a good job of it. You spoke the words of an honest American and a true Christian, for you followed the precedent of the Master Himself when you exposed the hypocrites

for the whited sepulchres that they and their supporters were.

After all Billy the Kid and the war-bedecked Apaches were not so bad in comparison. They killed bodies, it is true, but they respected reputations; and with all their abuses they had at least that one quality of being grateful for favors done. So the forces of bigotry stooped to what the outlaw and the Indian considered entirely beneath them, and Sister Blandina with her little band of followers were compelled to give up their work of twenty-two years.

But what of it after all? "Angels of the Northwest" you and your companions were and will always continue to be in the memories of those who have any right to call themselves men. And God will see to it in the end that you and your companions will enjoy that fitting reward for your efforts which was so selfishly denied to you by the forces of fanaticism.

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Carolina Abdicates.

BY ESTHER W. NEILL.

III.—THE FOUNDING OF THE COLONY.

THE burdened years rolled on. Accounts of Carolina's spectacular grandeur reached her native State. Her husband's uncle had died and Eduard had succeeded to a title. Carolina was now a countess, a most fitting honor for North Carolina's most famous war heroine. Since a reunited Republic could not hand out baubles of this sort that accentuated birth and breeding, perhaps it was well that Carolina had emigrated to a country that could give her the distinction she deserved.

To the contemporaries of her girlhood her life sounded like a fairy tale. She was living in a feudal castle of three hundred rooms, an ancestral stronghold with all its ancient paraphernalia of turrets, moats, drawbridges. When she rode abroad, she travelled in a golden

coach drawn by four white horses and surrounded by out-riders in livery; her entertainments were noted functions honored by the presence of aspiring and discarded royalty; the dresses she wore on these occasions were of rich brocade woven by special design on one of the most famous looms in Paris. The apocryphal stories grew, fantastically exaggerated by repetition.

Carolina's father, supported in decent comfort by the semi-annual drafts that she managed to cajole out of her husband, talked with wearying loquacity about his daughter's extravagant mode of living. He had gone back to the cheerful but reprehensible habit of his early manhood, and he orated with drunken fervor on the health, beauty and prospects of his one grandson, and he displayed the infant's photograph with grandfatherly pride to anyone who had the patience to listen to him. Such boastfulness of wealth was a tactless way of entertaining his neighbors, who were living amid a wreck of war, struggling to keep their emaciated bodies and discouraged souls together. They comforted themselves by assuring each other that such unprecedented prosperity could not last through two generations, and the next news from Carolina seemed to vindicate their envious judgment.

Eduard Grogé had been killed in some sort of reckless skirmish, fighting against the Prussians, and Carolina, seeking escape from all this lamentable turmoil, was sailing back to the peace of plantation life where she could find safety and security for her son. Eduard's grandmother had died at a ripe old age, leaving the fragments of her fortune to her grandson and his heirs. It seemed but another proof of Carolina's remarkable business acumen that she should return at once to look after this desirable American legacy. Her husband's sudden death had brought her many compensations, and, though she put on

conventional mourning—the long crêpe veil was distinctly becoming, and black accentuated the fairness of her complexion,—she was frankly relieved by his departure into a shadowy world, for he had had the courage to oppose her in many of her cherished plans. Now that there could be no more clashing of wills and antithetical standards, she could satisfy all her long pent-up desires and spend her fortune as she pleased. She was free, free. She could live her own life in any way she saw fit, following her own impulses. She was exultant in her youth. She knew that maternity had but added to her beauty, and, though she was not averse to admiration, she had no intention of jeopardizing her liberty by marrying again. She wanted to establish her own kingdom and reign alone. In her heart she had never had much use for men.

As soon as the radiant Carolina, in her pathetic widow's weeds with her multitudinous trunks, appeared in New Orleans, her husband's distant relatives rallied around her to welcome her with new-born hope in their hearts. They had heard a great deal about her incalculable wealth. If she created an establishment of her own, such as she was reputed to have in Paris, no doubt she would need the help and guidance of her devoted kinsfolk to carry on the traditional state in which a titled person should live with trustworthy retainers.

Carolina had many faults, but penuriousness was not one of them. She possessed the generosity of a prodigal princess, and her husband's unreasonable preachments on economy had led to many quarrelsome arguments and hysterical scenes. Now, as she looked over this gracious assemblage of poor relatives, she was stirred by rare sympathy, and she proceeded to offer the most needy as many ladylike and gentlemanly jobs as her ready imagination could think up for the moment.

A tutor, a French governess, a music

teacher, a fencing master for her small son, a private secretary, a companion for herself, an overseer, a librarian, a corps of half-starved grateful minions eager to do her bidding; for Carolina, like many more noted tyrants of history, inspired loyalty. She had a genius for leadership: she possessed courage, good judgment, uncanny foresight, and a sort of contagious enthusiasm. Her present ambition, quickened more by personal pride than by altruism, was to restore this devastated plantation, which had passed into her keeping, to the importance and grandeur of its pre-war position, and, with characteristic determination, she proceeded to conquer even the insatiable river that had made deep inroads upon some of her most fertile cane fields. She brought skilled engineers from England to plan this gigantic undertaking, and with her help—she made many enlightening suggestions—they built a breastwork of levees that reclaimed the flooded area. When this was done she turned her attention to less important problems. She designed plans for artistic cottages in place of the old slave quarters to house her growing number of retainers, and she added two wide wings to the house, suites of guest chambers with tiled bathrooms, to accommodate company, for she intended to entertain with lavish display.

The furnishings of the house were brought from Paris: rare tapestries, chairs upholstered in needle point, priceless paintings, statuary, glass, silver, *armoires* of rosewood, carved bedsteads. It was palatial in its appointments,—a show place presided over by a countess. It was no wonder that her invitations were considered an honor and that her patronage was widely sought, for her name lent prestige to all social and civic undertakings, while on the big plantation she reigned with dynastic power; her authority was absolute, her sovereignty supreme.

As soon as her son reached a suitable

age she arranged a marriage for him with the daughter of one of the most important families of the State. The fact that he had fallen in love with one of his poor but distant cousins made no difference in Carolina's unalterable plans. She refused to listen to his weakly proffered objections, and he was married with great ceremony in the historic old Cathedral before he could contrive any honorable way to escape.

His wife, a listless young girl with no beauty or brains to win her indifferent husband's affections, died in childbirth. Carolina was not unduly distressed by the calamity. She had, inconsistently, deplored her son's marital unhappiness. Now that a child had been born to carry on the distinguished name the death of his young mother seemed to Carolina a beneficent act of Providence, for her rights over the new-born infant could not be disputed. She was greatly pleased to find herself the sole possessor of her son and her grandson. She resolved to make them the richest and most powerful planters in the State.

But, while she negotiated with her neighbors for the purchase of land to increase her own acreage, and employed agricultural experts to advise with her, so that her low-lying fields would not lack for fertilizers to increase their fecundity, an unseen enemy was stealthily approaching to destroy all her hopes.

Rumors of disease and death began to filter through the high hedges that guarded the plantation from all human intrusion. Some drunken Negroes, making merry in Congo Square, had been stricken with sudden nausea; a company of Federal soldiers had been quarantined at their camp on the lake side; three old boatmen, sailing their barge up one of the bayous, had died in agony before medical aid could reach them. The dread epidemic of yellow fever seemed to be threatening the city again.

Descriptions of former scourges were unwisely published by the editor of the

one sensational newspaper which was struggling by fair means and foul to add to its list of subscribers. Many people could remember those dreadful weeks when interments were made by flickering candlelight; when priests hurried from house to house reciting the prayers for the dead and the dying; when deserted hospital wards were filled with corpses and left so long unburied that the chain gang had to be ordered into service as grave diggers, while barrels of tar and pitch were kept smouldering on street corners to disinfect the polluted air; when men and women, arising in the morning in perfect health, died before nightfall, and young people, meeting at balls and parties, bet with desperate gayety on one another's chances for life.

Carolina was not impressed, at first, by these grewsome tales. The plantation was five miles from the Cathedral: a sacred spot from which all distances were measured. Drunken Negroes, Federal soldiers, boatmen on the bayou could not reach her safe retreat. But her son was away, duck shooting, with one of his college chums, and before she could recall him she received a telegram telling her that he was dead.

Her—son—dead! Carolina felt that all strength and power were ebbing from her. Her—son—dead! She was prostrated by the incredible news. Her son dead! Reduced to the same state as the common boatmen on the bayou, the drunken Negroes in the Square. It was unbelievable. Her son, in all his youthful virility and promising manhood,—dead!

And to make her feel her own powerlessness more completely, the distracted health officers, working day and night to inaugurate all precautionary measures, refused to allow her to bring the body to the mortuary chapel of his ancestors. It was no time to listen to the pleadings of heart-broken mothers. The richest man in the State must be given prompt

burial in the remote parish in which he had breathed his last.

For two days Carolina never left her darkened room. She refused all food and overtures of sympathy. She was in a state of wild rebellion against God and man. Then on the third day when one of the servants, opening a crack in the door, ventured to tell her that her grandson was ailing, she arose from her bed in a panic and ran down the stairs to the nursery feeling that Death was again hovering over the house. It was in vain that the doctor assured her that the child was only feverish from teething. She had made up her mind that she would take no more chances in guarding this baby against the insidious danger that had overtaken his father. In the two days of her grief and isolation she had been overwhelmed by her own defencelessness. Her war experiences had taught her the tactics of troops. If they could not defend themselves they must retreat. She had decided to leave New Orleans forever and leave it without delay.

She called a council of her retainers and she talked to them until they shared her hysteria. She explained to them that she could not expose her only descendant, the heir to titled millions, to death and destruction by remaining in such "a pest hole." Their lives were all in peril. She was willing to extricate them, if they would but follow her back to the high mountains of her native state where such devastating plagues were unknown. And, to speed up their decision as to their own departure, she literally cut the ground from under their feet by telling them that only the week before a prominent politician, who had obtained great wealth by juggling public money with iniquitous skill, had offered her a princely sum for the plantation. She had refused to sell at the time, but she had just dispatched a special messenger informing the "covetous creature" that she would accept his

price. Carolina, who in her youth had courted the excitement of all danger, was now in cowardly flight.

The old curé who had come to the house to proffer some spiritual comfort, told her gently that she was unduly alarmed. One or two deaths in the city did not mean that an epidemic was raging. There had been no new cases. The health authorities had taken all sorts of precautionary measures to isolate the few people who had been exposed to the contagion. Preventive work was now thoroughly understood. No fever could ravage a great city again. She must not be influenced by the newspaper accounts which had foolishly exaggerated the danger. She listened in silence, but she made no effort to conceal her own impatience at his words. The yellow fever had robbed her of her son. What did she care for the rest of the population of the city? She must guard her grandson's life in the only way that seemed absolutely safe to her. She had determined on flight and, in her rebellious mood, she refused to entertain any other sane suggestion.

In the desperation of her grief her active constructive mind had formulated a very definite plan. She told the curé that she proposed to establish a French colony in North Carolina. The number of people that desired to go with her would be but a beginning. She would pay transportation expenses for their friends and relatives as soon as they cared to follow. She would lead the loyal members of her household to safety. She had no faith in the power of the health authorities of the State. She had engaged a special train to take her and her companions back to the wide-reaching plantation of her girlhood. Her father's home might lie in ruins, but she was stimulated by the thought that she would again be given the opportunity to rebuild.

Her unexpected return, with her im-

pressive retinue, was heralded with joy. She was profoundly touched when she discovered that years ago a statue had been erected by the old friends of her childhood, a crude work of art, representing her as an awkward young figure in boots, short skirt and sunbonnet, her outstretched hand pointing to the trail through the mountains, thus symbolizing the guidance she had given the soldiers during that bewildering time of war. She felt as she looked at this tribute that she had found her rightful place at last. Here she needed no wealth or foreign title to recommend her. Here was proof of grateful appreciation for past heroic effort, valued achievement—a lasting monument to her youthful idealism and service that her grandson could view with pride. Here was the place to re-establish her kingdom.

In a short time the valley had taken on new life. Architects, contractors, stone masons were busy building substantial shelters for Carolina's subjects. Her own home was remodelled, enlarged, and all sorts of modern improvements added, which her more hardy ancestors had never considered. Her wealth was like a freshet irrigating barren soil. She had brought prosperity back to the impoverished county. Her coming meant work for many, and generous wages. These French people, with their thrifty housewifely ways and new ideas of planting their vineyards on the sloping foothills of the mountains, were a real acquisition to the State. The French village, with its white-steeped church, would always seem alien to the suspicious mountaineers, who spoke disdainfully of "them Frenchies," but to Carolina's old friends and neighbors her colony was a center of culture and Old World tradition. Even its religion was respected; for the gossips insisted that the parson or priest—or whatever you called him—was a prince in direct line to a throne before Republicanism made royalty unpopular.

In the beginning Carolina had bestirred herself to lay the foundations of her colony on a firm and lasting basis. She had engaged a young engineer to map out a plan for present and future development. She had published a pamphlet containing these drawings, adding many photographs picturing the desirable features of this mountainous region, and she had sent these leaflets broadcast to the many acquaintances and relatives that she had left behind her. This printed propaganda, addressed to those who had already received glowing accounts from the pioneer group who had accompanied Carolina, resulted in a larger exodus from flooded farms and wasted sugar plantations.

As the years passed the village continued to prosper, independent now of Carolina's dictatorial control, but she still continued to enjoy the prestige of her sovereignty, for her extensive land holdings, her impressive home overlooking the valley, her youthful statue in the market place made her the most important personage in the neighborhood. Her advice was sought, her judgment respected.

(To be continued.)



The Source of Consolation.

"I DO not know what I should have done but for prayer," once wrote a soul who belonged to that class of whom Longfellow says: "The Angel of Suffering has passed over them making the Sign of the Cross on their foreheads." How many of us find a response to these words in our own hearts! In prayer alone is true consolation to be found when the hand of affliction has touched us; the world offers many substitutes, but they are vain to still one throb of anguish. Music may bring rest to the weary mind, books may hush for a moment the voice of sorrow, pleasure may hold to our lips the cup of forgetfulness, and true friends may help us,

making the burden seem lighter by their sympathy; but it is in prayer that we find the only real solace, the only heart-reaching comfort; in it alone is found that sustaining power which bids us "suffer and be strong."

Have you ever tried to offer expressions of condolence to one who had no faith in the efficacy of divine assistance? If you have, you must have realized then that it is only when words of comfort derive their force and sweetness from the source of all hope that they can assuage the pangs of grief. Bid a mother who kneels beside a beloved child cold in death, to go out into the world and forget her sorrow; do you speak the language of the heart? No. But lead her tenderly before the crucifix, and the hot tears become as prayers, saying what her lips cannot frame: "Thy will be done!" And, lo, angels will come and minister to her grief, and a calm will follow the storm.

There are times in the life of everyone when the futility of all human comfort breaks upon us, and in the light of that realization we see the way that leads from the creature to the Creator. Poverty and all that it implies may bring this knowledge to us; and even if material aid be denied our prayer, there is awakened in the heart that which is better than riches—the spirit of content. It may be that calumny has been raised against us, or against those nearest and dearest to us, and all the world seems cold and thoughtless in our regard. We hear a note of suspicion in voices that were ever full of trust before. Then, in the bitterness of our Gethsemane, prayer alone can bring us consolation; it alone can sweeten the chalice held to our lips. Sickness and age may have laid hold of our members; the work which has been ours for so many years becomes the duty of others; we feel rather than hear a certain condescension in the words of those who once looked up to us; and where save in

prayer shall we find comfort in a trial which is so hard to express in words and harder still to bear? Alas that this should be a secret to many who suffer thus! If we would but pray, a gleam of that light which, please God, will one day be ours, if only we persevere, would send its warmth and solace to our hearts, and we should realize that to be drawing near the end means but the dark hour just before the dawn.

Even to the young, the active, the hopeful, is prayer a necessary refuge; for there are times when our best efforts seem to be vain; failure overwhelms us just as we reach out to grasp success; some misunderstanding alienates those upon whom our hearts lean; coldness meets our cordial advances; sadness takes possession of us, and "all we ask is to be left in sorrowful peace to our darkness and desolation." Well has Father Faber said: "Bereaved hearts, outraged hearts, hearts misunderstood, hearts that have broken with kith and kin and native place, and the grave of father and mother, are the hearts of God's predilection." And He knows them through prayer.

The Saintly Curé d'Ars, whose life was one of close union with God, says, "Prayer is a fragrant dew"; and again, "There flows from prayer a delicious sweetness." And how sorely our parched souls, made arid by the cares and sorrows of the world, need this dew, this "delicious sweetness!" Prayer is indeed our only real strength, our only consolation in our weariness and our trials. If we would seek comfort, let us seek it where alone it is to be found; and then, as Father Faber assures us, "we will feel God; we will lay hold of Him. His arm will be round us with a pressure which, when we have once felt it, we can never mistake for anything else."



FORTY is the old age of youth; fifty is the youth of old age.—*Victor Hugo.*

Character.

BY P. J. C.

CHARACTER is the summed-up qualities which express a man. It is his bent, partly natural, partly cultivated. The bent may be good, bad, middling. It may express itself in softness and yielding; as in the mother who says, "yes, darling," to son Philip's urgency to be allowed to stay out until three o'clock in the morning. It may be positive, firm, well-poised; as in the mother who says, "Philip, take your sister along and be home at ten."

Character may be timid, surrendering, supine; as in the Catholic girl whose non-Catholic fiance demands that if she is to be grafted into his family tree she must cut herself away from the Tree of Life. "Whatever you say, dear," is her formula of sweet acquiescence. Or it may express itself in courage, self-respect, the flash of an eye, the toss of a head—as in the girl who tells the fiance, "Good-bye, Alexander the Great! Give up my Faith for you? Such a nerve! Such a nerve!"

Men in politics sometimes show character; frequently they do not. They surrender to provocative mobs; to private urgings for special privileges; to personal gains by secret agreements, promises, concessions. There have been some conspicuously courageous Catholics in political tussles who stood upright; many who fell flat and stole into office hiding their Faith in a vest pocket. Some of them have declared to constituencies: "I have been educated in public schools; my children have been educated in public schools. I am a two-feet-on-the-ground American!" The implication being, that people who send their children to parish schools are only one-foot-on-the-ground Americans.

Catholic persons who write books for a general public are generally as im-

personal in their output as is a Catholic grocer. There are exceptions, but you will not find it a task to count them. These Catholic men and women sometimes write best-sellers. There is not a line of Catholic thought, principle or suggestion in the whole mass of the product. Frequently practices which the Catholic Church must and does condemn are included and justified in the output.

The word *character* can walk along in respectability without leaning on adjectives. Thus, of a man, "he has character"; of a woman, "she has character." You will not be required, saying this, to explain yourself by inserting descriptive, qualifying additions. To deserve to be called a person of character it is necessary to be firm, but not unbending. People sometimes think they are strong when they are stubborn; brave, holding out against a well-reasoned opposition; whereas they are stupid. One may be deep set in his convictions; that does not mean he cannot modify those convictions or give them up in favor of others which he discovers are more enlightened. It is right to stand by your guns when you are sure the guns are trained in the right direction. Those who shout that flamboyant extravagance, "No surrender till hell freezes over," are often blusterers. Men who say "no" without fisting the table are likely to hold out in committee. Character is not given to strutting or shouting.

The raw material of character is in all of us. In some, the original stuff is more promising than in others. All the more credit to those who make much out of little; the more shame to those who waste good material on a poorly fashioned product. People say of some one, "his character is formed." Character is never fully formed. It is always in the making, because it can always be added to and fortified. And so we are always building ourselves. Building ourselves into stronger, fairer substances,—we hope.

Notes and Remarks.

Garrido Canabal, Governor of the State of Tabasco, Mexico, prohibits Mexican Catholics from having sacred images in their homes. Secret and uniformed police searched houses some time ago and removed all religious objects therefrom. Comment is hardly necessary on such brutality. Any condemnation must seem mild. Nor can one find words to qualify such insane language as this from Colonel Adalberto Tejeda, once governor of Vera Cruz, now candidate for the presidency of the republic: "The multitudes who run to church to give their penny to support lying and infamy say that Vera Cruz has subsided. . . . Vera Cruz is ruined, shriek the devout women and fanatics who live on miracles and confession to a parson, when they see with desperation the work of mental reconstruction that is being accomplished in our schools." When you read such gutter language from a man who hopes to be President of Mexico you do not wonder that government there is orgy not rule. And yet our vestry-minded Mr. Josephus Daniels can bestow his ambassadorial benediction on the Mexican Government, its works and pomps!

A Protestant minister said in an address not so long ago: "Catholics are united in a solidarity of self-support." We do not know exactly what "a solidarity of self-support" means, but we do know that Catholics are united in Faith and more or less disunited in nearly everything else. We show insularity negatively in that we do not recognize positively institutions and movements that lie outside our narrowly conceived circumference. Sometimes we are parochially minded, we only see men and accomplishments that are near and should be dear to us. Beyond our

mountains are timber lands, the Red Man and yellow maize fields. We express all the weaknesses of territorial sectionalism. We are the victims of mental isolation. Because we happen to live in a locality where Catholics are numerous, we frequently refer patronizingly, not to say, bumptiously, to less favored areas. In scattered sections of the South and West, Protestants build churches for their less favored brethren; and help them with money to carry on. You will not notice much of this in Catholic practice for developing fields where the harvest is small because the laborers are few. "It cannot be done! Have we not the baptistery to finish! Is not the campanile still wanting that ten thousand dollar set of chimes!"

When a Democratic people set up a government, they do so, one would surmise, for their own protection and safety. It is to their best advantage to do all in their power to help that government in the exercise of its duties. For a people to elect officials to represent them, and then use every means to defeat the work of those representatives seems like an act of madness. And yet that is just what is being done by some of our so-called first citizens. When it was discovered recently by a Government investigation that a number of our richest men had paid no income tax, many of our prominent men, and even some of our publications, laid the blame not upon the evaders, but solely on the inability of our laws to cope with unethical, if not unlawful, evasion. The culprits were, in many cases, congratulated for their successful strategy. Government, it would seem, has become to many of us something separate and apart from our own interests—a victim to be browbeaten, impeded and defrauded at every opportunity. Why should we go to the trouble of electing representatives

at great expense to ourselves if we intend to frustrate their work and make them useless as public servants? Why cry out in anger against governmental graft if we in turn are defrauding the Government for our own private interests? A democratic government will be no better than the people who set it up. If they are conscientious, high-minded men, they will elect the same kind of representatives, and they will see to it that they are not misrepresented. Every right-minded citizen should deplore the fact that some of our wealthiest firms in this country—firms that made millions of dollars during the year—paid no income tax because of a technicality of law, while comparatively poor men delivered over to the State part of their earnings. To brand such evasion “cleverness,” and to applaud it, bespeaks a queer kind of conscience.

Professor Theodore Able of Columbia University has recently made a survey for the Institute of Social and Religious Research regarding the advance made by Protestant churches in America in the last fifty years, in the proselytizing of Catholic immigrants, and his findings are anything but hopeful from a Protestant point of view. After spending between fifty and one hundred millions, the Professor points out, the present membership of these mission churches is about fifty thousand, and this figure includes, besides converts from Catholicism, the children and grandchildren of converts who were not brought up in the Catholic faith, as well as persons of Protestant stock. This is certainly not a good record for fifty years’ work with such tremendous expense. If we subtract from this number the Protestants and the children of fallen away Catholics the number would perhaps be very small. The fact has always been, of course, that few Catholics, when they give up their religion, ever become

practical members of any other denomination. They become atheists if they are logical, and nothing if they are not logical. They may be nominal members of a church if they find their membership to be of financial help to them, but they very seldom grow to be enthusiastic members of any Protestant church. It is much like some of the Catholic boys in our large cities who used to go over to the Presbyterian church on the Sunday they gave out the Christmas candy, and stand with head bowed until they received their portion. They were never seen again until the next year.

At a meeting of the Guild of Our Lady of Ransom in London, Lord Russell of Killowen made a neat little speech in which he put into words a fact which is not often appreciated sufficiently by Catholics. “Build a Catholic church anywhere,” he said, “and the Faith will spring up around it. There is an old saying in the world of commerce and the world of politics: ‘Trade follows the Flag.’ Let me coin a similar slogan for Catholicism: ‘The Faith follows the Mass.’” How true those words! And they have their negative application also. No matter how frequently or how shamefully a man may fall, there is always hope for him while he remains faithful to his Sunday Mass. The minute he begins to slip on that obligation, however, everything else which a Catholic holds dear seems to gradually disappear from his life.

In seventy-one archdioceses and dioceses in the United States no Catholic school or college has closed doors during the past year. In seventeen Sees, a total of twenty-nine shut-downs are reported. An encouragingly small percentage surely. It need hardly be said that this splendid record has called for telling sacrifices. Unpaid teaching religious of both sexes should be tabulated in the

sum up of heroisms. It is to be hoped when the days of want are over—soon let us pray—and the days of beneficent prosperity returned, the Catholic directors, principals, superintendents of our Catholic high and grade schools will not be satisfied with singing some such lyric anthem as, "We have borne the heat and burden of the day; it is time to rejoice and be glad." Some religious teachers have been working full time at less than half of one per cent salary in some instances for some time. When looking back so thankfully, think of the back salaries. It is not becoming to permit the teachers in our schools to carry off the lion's share of sacrifices, the lamb's portion of unpaid wages.

One thing Catholic parents can be assured of anyway is the absence of "pet" theories in the Catholic school system. Where teachers are working from spiritual rather than material motives they are not apt to be continually making "discoveries" for the mere sake of getting publicity. What a laugh certain mothers must have received lately when the music instructor of a well-known New York school proposed a plan for turning all homes into "miniature operas," part of the plan being that parents sing whatever they have to say to the kiddies. Just exactly what rôle the husband is to play in this musical *mélange* has not yet been determined, but we have our suspicions that in the natural course of events it will be something in the nature of the heavy villain.

Walter Winchell, tabloid columnist, suggests a rebuke to Hollywood. "Saw them shooting Helen Hayes in 'Another Language' which will offer a sculptor's studio scene—with La Hayes doing a semi-nude. That wasn't in the show, but Hollywood must have its flesh." It is current talk that Miss Hayes is convent-school educated and graduated. "But,"

comes the traditional rebuttal, "these girls must do as they're told at Hollywood." So? How about those First Century Catholic girls who did not do as they were told when asked by Roman judges to burn a pinch of incense before any one of many pagan gods? They did not burn the incense and gave up their heads to show their "no" meant just no. Many of our Catholic girls in the movies have not the strong fiber to say "no" when commanded to pose in the flesh for morons who want their flesh stripped to the raw. They fear for the downfall of the big weekly salary; save life to lose it.

"Methodists Approve Limitation of Family" is a news heading out of Stockton, Calif. Only it is hardly news. Most of the Protestant churches and Protestant ministers have adjourned *sine die* all mass meetings called to fight birth-restriction. "Enlightened parenthood" is the euphemism tailored to cover the gross sin. Protestants do not obey their ministers always in all things. In this, we fear, they will be tractable and docile. It calls for no heroism to do what you are told, when what you are told is what you want to do.

Robin Dickens Bouchier Hawksley, grandson of Sir Henry Dickens, who is grandson of the novelist, married a Catholic orphan recently in the Oratory, London. The newly-weds met at a dance when Dorothy North—the bride—was a domestic servant. Mr. Robin Dickens Bouchier Hawksley pressed his suit, but Miss Dorothy North said she could not leave her mistress until she had worked out a long notice. She is that type. In the interval she became a Catholic, and in due time Mr. Robin Dickens Bouchier Hawksley and Miss Dorothy North were religiously married in the Catholic church as indicated at the beginning. "I have no old-fashioned

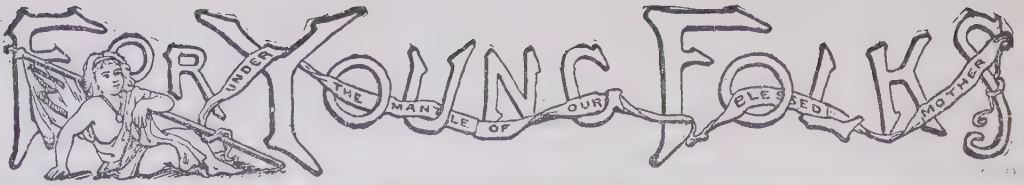
ideas about my future daughter-in-law's position" declared Mrs. Hawksley following the marriage. The fact that she is a girl of strong character and a hard worker gives me every reason to welcome her into my family. Such a girl must make a good wife." And a woman who shows such good sense and kindness about her son's choice deserves to have for daughter-in-law the girl who would not break a working contract even for the sake of making a marriage contract.

There are some generous people left in the country in spite of the bad example of many of our bankers and industrialists. A news item has just come out of New York to the effect that 2000 telephone operators have given up their positions in order that an equal number of jobless single sisters might be put back to work. These voluntary resignations came in response to a request that married women, in so far as they were financially able to do so, should step out in favor of single operators without a job. Of course, the 2000 volunteers may not be so well dressed this coming winter as a result of their generosity, but there will be other rewards to take the place of the pay envelope. To have made better homes for 2000 families, not to mention the fact of helping 2000 young ladies maintain their self-respect, should be sufficient, we believe, to more than pay for the loss of all the fur coats in the world. The telephone people have started something worth while. In almost every organization there are similar workers who would willingly step aside for the temporary help of the needy if the case were properly put to them.

At least one warning against the legalizing of beer has been thoroughly disproved. We were told over and over again that the advent of beer would

bring back drunkenness, which somehow or other was supposed to have disappeared with the coming of Prohibition, although that disappearance was noticeable to nobody but the Prohibitionists themselves. Well, the facts are beginning to come in now, and here are a few of them. In Chicago, where over 100,000 barrels of beer were distributed during the first so-called "wet" week, arrests for intoxication fell 66% compared with those of the last so-called "dry" week. Likewise in Philadelphia only twelve arrests were made over the first week-end after beer was introduced in contrast with 96 made during the last week-end of the bone-dry régime. Arrests in New York and other population centers showed a similar drop. It would seem, from the above figures, that the Prohibitionists can best demonstrate the sincerity of their war against drunkenness by turning their fake "water wagon" into a good old-fashioned "beer-wagon."

More than 2000 converts baptized in the diocese of Nellore, India, last year; and some 3000 persons now under instruction. While in Ujiji Tangany Territory, East Africa, King Gwassa Joseph, ruler of Uha, has been baptized at the White Fathers' seminary. His Majesty's wife, Elizabeth, his daughters, Theresia and Maria, entered the faith with him. These items are introduced by way of reply to smug persons who tell you, "Ah! what's the use going to pagan countries to be missionaries? We've plenty pagans at home." If those pioneers who crossed the Mississippi in canoes and studied Indian gutturals to overcome nostalgia followed the same narrow-gage reasoning, you might not be rocking yourself on your front porch this blessed summer morning, hearing the ding-dong of your new clock in your new belfry. Now go back to your *Tribune*.



The Pest.

BY T. E. B.

I'M trying to figure the best way to kill
A "skeeter" that lights on the back of my
head,
And takes out his force pump and lets down
his drill
And leaves a big bump that is itchy and red.
Sometimes I take plenty of time and prepare
To flatten him out when his aeroplane lights;
I make a quick slap, but the pest isn't there,—
There's nothing, in fact, but a few nasty bites.
In spite of the way that he bites me and
stings,
He doesn't keep quiet and tiptoe at night;
You'd think him a friend by the way that he
sings,
And wouldn't believe that he wanted to bite.
I won't be an auditor when I'm a man,
I won't practise law or take care of a store;
I'll study this "skeeter" to see if I can
Just muffle his engine and flatten his bore.

Tim.

BY JAMES A. REID.

I.—AT SEA.

ONE of the large boats of the
Dollard Line, "The Traveller,"
was about to leave Ireland for
New York. The crowd on the dock was
noisy with shouts and laughter and
cheers. The passengers on the various
decks were waving and calling good-
bye. Whistles were blowing, bells were
ringing, for in a few minutes the ocean
greyhound would be on its way to a
new and venturesome world for some of
those on board.

Less than a quarter of a mile away
was an elderly man evidently trying to

make all speed possible, but two heavy
suitcases kept him to little more than a
fast walk. Around a corner swiftly
rushed a boy who was about fourteen
years of age. He noticed the futile
efforts of the elderly man to hurry.

"Catching the boat, Mister?" the boy
shouted.

"I, er—" was the hesitating reply.

"Here, take my little bag. Give me
your suitcases. Now we can make it."

"We haven't much time."

"I know," was the answer.

"Are you—" the man questioned as
he tried to keep pace with the boy.

"Yes, Sir; but we have to rush. Hear
that whistle and those bells?"

"Yes, yes, let's be quick. Don't you
miss the boat for my sake."

Arriving at the wharf, they jostled
their way through the crowd and on to
the tender. They were not a second too
soon. Once again the whistle blew and
the bells rang. Slowly "The Traveller"
turned its nose out to sea. It started so
smoothly that one could scarcely realize
that the great boat was going at all.
But it was moving with a quiet swish as
it rapidly gathered power. The docks
drew farther and farther away. The
crowd could be seen still waving and
evidently shouting, though the voices
did not carry out as far as the ship.

"Whew!" said the elderly man as he
finished wiping his brow, "may I never
have to race like that again!"

"Sure, I'd be willing to run for a boat
going to America any day in the week,"
answered the boy, whose eyes up till
now had been fastened on the fast
receding shore.

Once again he looked at the coast of
Ireland, somewhat dark and blue now in
that April twilight. As a matter of fact
he did not know that it would be a long,

long time until he would see his country again. Still, he gazed entranced and wondering. In truth, he saw far beyond the distant sky line. He peered through that disappearing coast to a little town in the heart of Ireland, on a little country lane, that he had left early that morning. His home was there, and his father and mother and Frank. They had been more than happy at his chance to visit America. And he, young with life and joyous at the thought of adventure, was glad also.

"Here, Sonny, here's your bag," said a voice at his elbow.

He came out of his reverie with a start. "Thanks, Mister, and here's—" he stopped, for the suitcases had disappeared. Alarmed at his carelessness, he almost screamed, "Why, your suitcases have gone."

"I know," the man replied; "they have been taken to my cabin."

"Oh!" said the boy, with a sigh of relief.

"Only for you, Sonny, I might not have made the boat. Thanks a lot."

"And thank you, Mister, for taking care of my bag, when I wasn't thinking about it."

"I never forget a favor," said the man, walking away.

The evening gradually deepened. Once again the boy turned to look for the last time at the country, which, if he but knew, meant peace, while the country to which he was going would spell excitement and some other things also, to say the least. When he looked, he realized that they had moved quickly to sea. He could observe only the haze of an horizon that seemed very far away. His eyes drifted back to the matchless beauty of the sea, and to the excited birds following the boat. Sitting on a chair near the rail, he listened to the quiet hum of the ship's motors and the gentle swish of the water as the boat glided on its straight path. He dozed and began to dream.

He was in his home. It was evening. The Angelus bell had rung. His father and mother and Frank were seated at the table. He heard his mother say,

"Tim, would you like to go to America?"

Smiling, he looked at her.

"Would you?"

His smile broadened, and soon he was laughing.

"Tim, your mother's serious," said his father.

Tim, still doubting, glanced at his mother, then at his father, and finally at Frank.

"I would," he answered.

"Then you may go," said his mother.

"I can go?" he questioned anxiously, wondering.

"Listen to this; it's a letter from your Aunt Anna. This is the part that interests you: 'God has blessed us. We have more money than we can ever use or will ever need. I'd give my heart, if you would use a little of the enclosed and let Tim come to visit us. The children say they would be delighted to see their Irish cousin. I dare not ask you to let Frank come, too. But, maybe later on we can arrange that.'"

"And will you let me go?" Tim asked.

"We will," was the quiet answer.

"And when?"

"In two days."

Then Tim's dream changed a little. It was his last night at home. The excitement was great; he couldn't sleep, after his friends had left, saying their good-byes. The morning came slowly. The last few minutes were hardest.

"Good-bye, Tim," his mother said, "God will take care of you."

"Write to us often," his father advised.

"Good-bye, Tim," said Frank, crying.

It was all as simple as that, and yet four hearts were stretched to the breaking point at that final moment of parting. It must have been that mixture of sorrow and joy which awoke him. He

came out of his dream with a start. For a moment he could not understand his strange surroundings. Then it all came back to him: the sky and the ship and the water. There, a bit to the right, was the star that could be seen so clearly from the front door of his home. Tears came to his eyes. Ireland or America? The sorrow of leaving was dimmed in the joy of going.

His first night at sea, however, was really a happy one. The passengers in general were friendly and kind. The ocean liner, a city in itself, was worthy of countless moments of investigation. From afar came the sound of cheery music.

The third day out, Tim had an unexpected surprise. It seemed that there was to be some kind of program in the evening, and one of the ship's officers, alert for talent as he was appreciative of it when he found it, had heard Tim singing at the Mass on Sunday. At that time the officer had noticed the quality of the boy's voice. So it was no wonder that he advised those who were getting ready the program to have that little Irish boy sing something.

"I believe that your name is Tim O'Mara," said the man who was in charge of the program.

"Yes, Sir."

"Now, you see, that is, we are preparing a little entertainment for this evening and—"

"Yes, Sir."

"And we believe that you could do something."

"Maybe, Sir, if you'll tell me what."

"You can sing, can't you?"

"I used to sing at school at home, and I was in the boys' choir."

"Good! Ever sing alone?"

"At times, Sir."

"Very good! And what?"

"Hymns, Sir."

"Anything else?"

"Well, I know some Irish songs."

"Very good, indeed! In fact, excel-

lent! I wonder if you could do an Irish jig?"

"A little, Sir."

"Very, very good, if I must say! Could you sing and jig at the same time?"

"If it's fun that you want, Sir."

"Quite good, quite excellent! That is just what we want. Something serious, something light, to be precise. Humor and sorrow, as you know, blend."

"Should I practise?"

"Certainly, if you will. That depends on your own good pleasure."

"Just as you say, Sir."

"Now, to be exact, let's see. Let me think for a moment. Ah, first why not sing an Irish song?"

"Would 'Believe Me'?"

"That would be very fine. Then, we'll have the pianist play a rollicking Irish jig."

"Yes, Sir."

"Then, ah, yes, you can sing and dance at the same time."

That evening there was the usual program-at-sea performance. At times the entertainment ran high with interest. Again, other numbers were mediocre, or rather poor. As for Tim, there would come a night in St. Bernard's Hall in New York City when an enthusiastic audience would pay unrestrained appreciation and generous tribute to his voice. Later on, there would be that never-to-be-forgotten night in Carnegie Hall, when singing with the Petrine choir, he would be literally forced to give an unusual number of encores. There would follow the high praise of musical critics, ever eager to find a rising star, reminding him of the night at sea that he had tasted the rich tribute of a sincerely appreciative group of fellow voyagers.

The pianist sounded the opening chords of "Believe Me, if All Those Endearing Young Charms." Then Tim sang. The strong lights, up and about the stage on which he stood, blurred his

view of the audience. In fact, his thoughts were far away. He was singing of home and love of parents. He was singing for the land he loved, and the things he would not forget. At heart, he felt the tenderness of the music. Clear, high, and wonderfully sweet, the notes came.

Believe me, if all those endearing young charms,
Which I gaze on so fondly to-day,
Were to change by to-morrow and fleet in my arms,

Like fairy gifts fading away,
Thou wouldst still be adored as this moment thou art.

Let thy loveliness fade as it will;
And around the dear ruin, each wish of my heart
Would entwine itself verdantly still!

Tim's face was that of one who is seeing visions and dreaming dreams. He lowered his head at the end of the stanza. Then once more with even more feeling, he took up the words of the song.

It is not while beauty and youth are thine own,
And thy cheeks unprofaned by a tear,
That the fervor and faith of a soul can be known,

To which time will but make thee more dear!
No, the heart that has truly loved never forgets,
But as truly loves on to the close;
As the sunflower turns on her god, when he sets,
The same look which she turned when he rose!

As the song ended, there was a tribute of silence for a few seconds. A deafening roar of applause followed, demanding an encore. Quickly the pianist went to Tim, asking,

"Do you know anything else?"

"'Home, Sweet Home,'" was the ready answer.

"Fine!"

Once again he sang from his heart with a voice that never faltered in spite of the depth of his feelings.

'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.

A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
Which, seek through the world is not met with elsewhere.

Home! home! sweet, sweet home!
There's no place like home,
There's no place like home.

An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain;
Oh, give me my lowly thatched cottage again.
The birds singing gaily that come at my call
Give me them with the peace of mind, dearer than all.

Home! home! sweet, sweet home!
There's no place like home,
There's no place like home.

The jig and rollicking song that followed were appreciated, simply because of the contrast to the serious songs. Other numbers were given, for which Tim remained, of course. Then, because that May night was warm, or at least Tim thought so, he went out on deck. Immediately he looked for the star that nightly could be seen shining so brilliantly over his home. The sea was calm, the sky was blue and filled with stars. Being a stranger at sea, Tim could not for some time pick out the magical lights of Ireland.

Perhaps it was fortunate that he had not remained inside after the entertainment. Yet, again, perhaps it was not. Praise does spoil some boys, and flattery and adulation ruin many, but Tim's sensible head had not been turned at home, and would not, we are certain, be turned by the sincere complimentary remarks that were being spoken generously.

"Lovely tone," one said.

"Sweet as an angel's," another affirmed.

"A voice in a million," a third added.

"So unconscious and self-reliant and composed."

"I often wondered what John McCormack's voice sounded like when he was a boy. Now I know."

"The night he sings in Carnegie Hall," still another asserted, laughing, "I'll be in a front seat,—that is, of course, if I can get it."

Tim knew nothing of this. He was happy, though, in the thought of having pleased.

"You have a wonderful voice," spoke some one at his side. Looking up, he saw the man whose suitcases he had carried.

"Thank you kindly, Sir," he replied.

"I've been searching for you since the entertainment ended."

"For me?"

"Of course. I should have missed the boat but for your timely aid. I tried to get a machine to take me to the wharf. Then you came along."

"It was nothing, Sir."

"Are you travelling to America alone?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Where are you going?"

"To New York, Sir."

"Somebody going to meet you?"

"Yes, Sir, my Aunt Anna and Uncle Jack. You see, they thought that it would be fine if I made them a visit."

"I see. And this is my first visit to the States also. I am going there to look for my only son."

"Is he lost, Sir?"

"Yes, I suppose you would say that he is. At least, in a way. When he came home from the war—"

"Oh, then, he's a man," interrupted Tim.

"Yes. When he came home from the war, he was changed, quite changed; seemed to have been wrought up about it, and he said that he had done a lot of thinking. He had become a Catholic; and we have been Protestants since the days of Queen Elizabeth. We quarrelled one day. He left home. His mother is broken-hearted. Perhaps I was foolish. I'm sorry."

"Did he go to America?"

"We know he did."

"And how do you expect to find him in a big place like that?"

"I don't know. But I am going to try."

"Maybe I could help."

"That's why I'm telling you. There is always the chance that you may run onto him somewhere; such things are always happening. He's tall, thin faced

and has black hair; one arm is crippled."

"How old, Sir?"

"Thirty-three."

"And his name?"

"Edwin Bruce."

"I'll ask the Blessed Virgin to find him; and I'll look, too."

"Thank you so much for your willingness to help. If you only knew how much it means to me! Here is my address, if you find him."

"Edwin Bruce!" thought Tim; "now where have I heard that name before?"

"My, it's getting late!" broke in his new friend, looking at his watch. "Small boys should have something to eat and then go to bed."

"Yes, Sir, I'll be going right away."

"Here for your trouble."

"No, Sir, no, Sir; thank you, Sir."

"Take it, please. Why, I don't even know your name?"

"Tim O'Mara, Sir."

"Tim, I have lots of money. Here, take this. That's a good fellow. And, Tim, pray for a foolish old father."

Under the glare of electric lights, Tim looked at the money which he held in his hand. "A five pound note," he said aloud. "He must be rich, for sure."

As Tim lay on his cot that eventful evening, his thoughts were many and confused. Finally, after going over his experiences for the tenth time it seemed one idea kept centering itself in his mind. "Edwin Bruce," he said over and over and over again. "Where have I heard that name before?"

Before falling asleep, he decided that he would ask more about Edwin Bruce from the father. But strange to say, he never spoke to the father again. Nor did he know, or even suspect, that the father, Sir Charles Bruce, was of a noble family of England.

(To be continued.)

ENVY is like a fly that passes all a body's sounder parts, and dwells upon the sores.—*Chapman.*

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—"Twenty Years A-Growing" is the work of Maurice O'Sullivan, a twenty-one-year-old Dublin policeman, which will be published by the Viking Press. This volume will be the Book-of-the-month Club's choice for August, and is also the story selected by the English Book Society.

—"Flight from the City: The Story of a New Way to Family Security," is a volume dealing with Ralph Borsodi's twelve years' experience in operating a self-sufficient farm. It is intended to show those who cannot make a living in the city during these days how to be well fed and happy on a farm. Harpers.

—Is De Valera merely the agent of secret forces which have for more than twelve years put him forward as a convenient figurehead? Or is he himself the author of a program which he imposes upon those who have sought to make use of him? These questions are discussed in a recent book entitled "Eamon de Valera," by Denis Gwynn. Published by Dutton.

—"Scandal's Lash," by Will W. Whalen is the dramatized version in four acts of the author's novel, "Strike." It deals with the life of an Irish family in a Pennsylvania mining town, and, while essentially a comedy, has enough of the tragic about it to mix an occasional tear with the laughter it inspires. Price, 35 cents. Publisher, The White Squaw Press, of Ortanna, Pennsylvania.

—"Nouvelles Fables," by Franc-Nohain (Editions Spes, Paris. 12 fr.), is a book of interesting modern fables done in verse. There are over sixty such in not too difficult French which should be interesting reading for high school and college classes in French. This volume is made up of selections from the author's larger work which last year was awarded the Grand Prize in Literature by the French Academy.

—Speaking of Cyril Hume's "My Sister, My Bride," the *Times Literary Supplement* regrets that in this novel Mr. Hume, who has imagination and a graphic literary style, has been rather severely handicapped by the con-

ventions of recent American fiction. The first is, that the condition of intoxication being so desirable, it is essential in any novel aimed at a large public to make very frequent references to the drinking of whisky and gin. The second is that the hero must be a "he-man" the essentials of that condition being exhibited in some form of what to the English mind appears as a savage brutality.

—"The Imitation of Christ" has been translated into so many languages that one has to look farther and farther afield for new additions towards its almost complete universality. A dispatch from Patna tells us that a Hindu, Shre Ram Nath Suman by name, has recently translated the first three books of the "Imitation" under the title "Jivan Sutra" ("A Rule of Life."). The communication states that the Hindu press is receiving the translation most favorably.

—"Our Forgotten Guest," a little booklet of thoughts on the Holy Spirit, compiled from authentic sources by a Sister of Charity of Providence, deserves a wide circulation. It is filled with helpful counsel that will help all to advance spiritually, and teach them to grow in a wisdom that is above the wisdom of this world. It should do much to promote devotion to the Holy Spirit—a devotion which is strangely forgotten by many devout Catholics. Published by the Sisters of Charity of Providence, Seattle, Wash.

—A clip book of newspaper headlines and cartoons gathered together by Ben Duffy and Harford Powell, and entitled "The World's Greatest Ninety Days," has just been published by Harpers, with an advance sale to one store of two thousand copies. A headline quoted from a daily paper of Tuesday, Feb. 14, announcing an eight-day holiday for Michigan banks, starts this volume on its way, and it closes with headlines of Tuesday, May 23, when word was broadcast through the country that the Morgan partners had paid no income taxes in 1931-32.

—The ordinary American citizen hardly

realizes the differences between what are called the "releasing" causes of war and the real "root" causes. Certainly most of the wars of the last century have been economic in origin. One may obtain a clear understanding of the influence of tariffs in international misunderstandings from a report of the Economic Relations Committee of the Catholic Association for International Peace: "Tariffs and World Peace," by Reverend Thomas F. Divine, S. J. It explains the objects of tariffs, the benefits they are intended to achieve, and the international difficulties that are a natural consequence of them. If wars are to be prevented at all they must be prevented by an enlightened and determined public opinion. If this pamphlet finds a prominent place on our Church pamphlet racks and in our school libraries it should do immense good in making clear to our people one large source of international enmity. Published by the Catholic Association for International Peace, Washington, D. C. Price, 10c.

—Everything that Dr. Peter Yorke has written is stimulating, penetrating and eloquent. He did not follow the crowd. He was not afraid to differ with the leaders of his day and give a good and forceful reason for the faith that was in him. We have noticed in these columns the two published volumes of his sermons—all of them solid and inspiring. But perhaps Dr. Yorke is seen at his best in his "Educational Lectures" (The Text Book Company, San Francisco). These were, for the most part, delivered before the conventions of the Catholic Educational Association of America. Dr. Yorke had but small patience with educational fads, and many of the theories and methods which he roundly condemned have long ago passed into the dust of forgotten things. But he was thoroughly Catholic and was stalwart in defending the educational points of view that have the sanction of long Catholic tradition. Catholic teachers will find helpful reading here, lectures that will stimulate their work and give them a sane outlook on much modern experimentation in the fields of education that may soon be as thoroughly discredited as many theories which Dr. Yorke condemned.

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Send us the titles you select and the purchase price, plus 15c for postage, and we will have the books mailed to you at once.

"At the Feet of the Divine Master." Rev. Anthony Huonder, S. J. \$2.25.

"The Mirror of the Blessed Virgin." St. Bonaventure. \$2.

"The Saints and Friendship." Marian Nesbitt. 25c.

"The Month of the Holy Ghost." Sister M. Emmanuel. \$2.25.

"Preface to Poetry." Theodore Maynard. \$2.75.

"The Passion and Death of Our Lord Jesus Christ." \$3.

"St. Francis de Sales." Rev. Louis Sempé, S. J. \$1.25.

"The Question and the Answer." Hilaire Belloc. \$1.25.

"The Book of Christian Classics." Michael Williams. \$2.

"The Church in the South American Republics." Rev. Edwin Ryan, D. D. \$1.50.

"St. Albert the Great." Rev. Thomas M. Schwertner, O. P. \$3.

"Charles Carroll of Carrollton." Joseph Gurn. \$3.70.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. Patrick J. Blake, diocese of Erie.

Sister M. Veronica, Sisters of the Visitation; Sister Mary Aloysius, Sisters of the Presentation; Sister Mary Augusta, Sisters of Mercy; and Sister Mary Xavier, Sisters of the Immaculate Heart of Mary.

Mr. E. P. Murphy, Miss Julia Clifford, Mr. Robert Canfield, Mary Brady, Mrs. Martin Noone, Mrs. R. E. Walsh, Mr. and Mrs. McCarthy, Miss F. C. Fritton, Mr. Joseph Dressman, Mr. Augustine Logsdon, Mr. Charles Logsdon, Miss Barbara Detterman, Mr. Bernard Dressman, Mrs. Elizabeth Coogan, Mr. Thomas Cruise, Mary Cruise, Mr. William Gorman, Mrs. T. H. Connelly, Mr. Francis D. McKenzie, and Mr. Patrick F. Campbell.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indulgence.)

What Others Say . . .



"I have prayed for this day," said a woman to Mrs. Mary T. Waggaman a short time before the latter's death, "so that I could thank you personally for the many happy hours you gave my children through your books and the many hours of anxiety you spared me because I knew the souls and minds of my children were safe and with God while reading your books."



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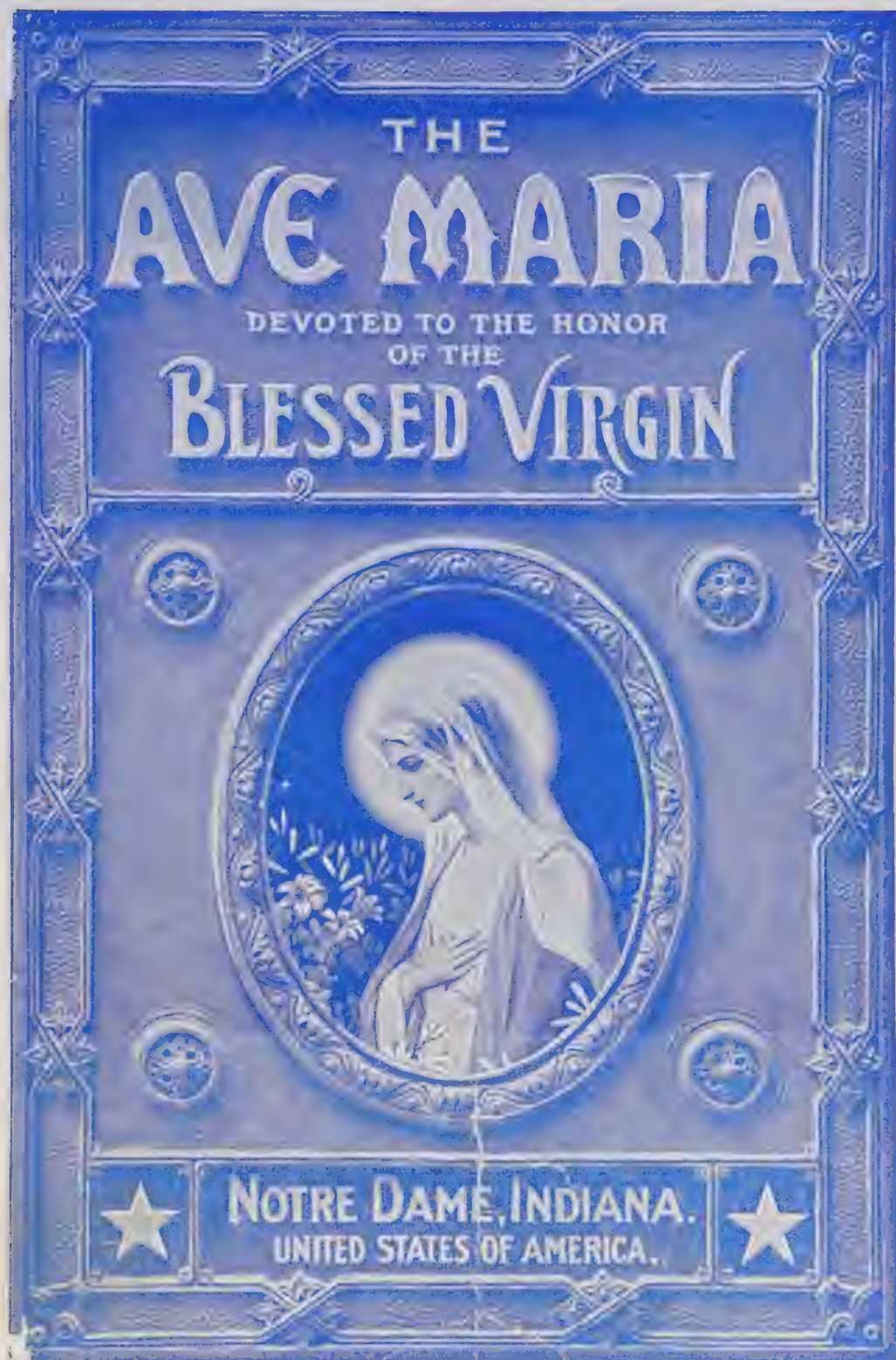
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CALENDAR OF THE WEEK

JULY.

SATURDAY, 22.—St. Mary Magdalen, Penitent.
 SUNDAY, 23.—Seventh after Pentecost, St. Apollinaris, Bishop.
 MONDAY, 24.—St. Christina, Virgin and Martyr.
 TUESDAY, 25.—St. James the Greater, Apostle.
 WEDNESDAY, 26.—St. Anne, Mother of the Blessed Virgin.
 THURSDAY, 27.—St. Pantaleon, Martyr.
 FRIDAY, 28.—Sts. Nazarius and Comp's, Martyrs.
 SATURDAY, 29.—St. Martha of Bethany, Martyr.

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Plea.

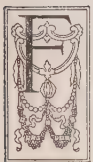
BY ELEANOR ALLETTA CHAFFEE.

I CAN find strength to conquer larger sins;
The mighty wounds I bear without a cry.
Help me, Great Mother, in the little things;
Salve me with pity, else from these I die—
These little wrongs that thrust their bladed steel,
Have hurt me so: stoop now, and pass not by!



"The Flight from Reason."

BY J. F. SCHOLFIELD.



FOR some two centuries "rationalism" has been the term by which both friends and foes have been content to describe the mental position of the anti-Christian and anti-theist. It has been in fact an unfortunate misnomer. A prominent English writer, Mr. Arnold Lunn, in a book published not long ago, put his finger with energetic force upon the absurdity which asserts a contradiction between faith and reason; which regards as merest fiction whatever transcends the laws of physics or cannot be stated in terms of a mathematical formula. Mr. Lunn's title is that which appears at the head of this short article. The other day he gave, on what so far as we are aware, was the unprecedented invitation of the University, an address at St. Mary's church—ever famous, among other memories, for Newman's wonderful sermons there a hundred years ago—and pursued the same line

of thought as that developed in his book.

Mr. Lunn is not a Catholic—a number of the readers of THE AVE MARIA are probably familiar with the remarkable correspondence entitled "Difficulties," which he and Fr. Ronald Knox carried on some time ago with such clarity and vigor on both sides. But he is in a real, if not yet complete, sense a Christian apologist, with a *mens naturaliter christiana*. He showed at Oxford how the most effective defense of Christianity is the appeal to reason, and how the so-called rationalist is fundamentally irrational in his denials and in many of his theories.

One of the hopeful portents (they are few enough) of our time is the way in which the greatest of all centuries, as it has been well called—the Thirteenth,—has won its way back to honor among all who are the real leaders of contemporary thought. Whether the Faith that was the support and security of that wonderful age be accepted or not in its fulness, the change between the really educated person's outlook to-day and even fifty years ago is arresting. Then most people, if they had ever heard of Christian Philosophy, looked on the Schoolmen as the representatives of a wholly exploded system of thought. To-day any speaker or writer who belittles the intellectual glory of St. Thomas or St. Albert the Great simply proclaims his own ineffectual mentality. Anyone who studies the subject even in the most elementary manner—so long as he does not take

the prejudiced ignorance of past generations as his guide—is aware that the century which formed the heart of the Middle Ages was emphatically the age of the greatest intellectual energy and triumph the world has known.

As Mr. Lunn pointed out, the theories of to-day are too often a mere "flight from reason." Much of the modern "scientific" teaching, at least in its underlying philosophy, has been aptly termed "an anti-intellectual movement based on a naïve faith." The flight from reason has become a rout. From the external world St. Thomas deduces the existence of God. Bertrand Russell begins by denying God's existence and ends by denying the existence of the world. The basic assumption of the new psychology is that our beliefs are the products of obscure instincts and desires. As Mr. Lunn says, if Christianity can be discredited by such an assumption, it is easy to turn the weapons of such theorists against themselves. The arguments by which Freud defends Freudianism have been invented by him to "rationalize" conclusions which are the product, not of reason but of his own suppressed desires. The world has turned the full circle, and reason has been rejected by the rationalists.

"Christians should be ready to exploit the disillusionment of their adversaries by insisting that the true antithesis is not faith *versus* reason, but Christian rationalism *versus* the irrationalism of the sceptic."

The proofs of God's existence are not props invented to bolster up a preconceived theory, but the conclusions of reason.—"*Dixit insipiens in corde suo, non est Deus.*" So, too, Mr. Lunn urges, the fact of Our Lord's Resurrection is "the only reasonable conclusion which emerges from an unbiased study of the Gospels regarded as purely human documents." Such witness is valuable as coming from one whose upbringing gave him no traditional leaning towards

the Faith, and whose mind realizes with peculiar vividness the difficulties of supernatural belief.

Unfortunately, as he says, too many Christians, who at least up to a certain point accept the essentials of the Christian Religion, discount Reason and exalt emotion. "The appeal to experience, valid within limits, has been greatly overdone." As the supposed leading evidence of Divine Truth such appeal to subjective emotion is wholly illegitimate. Its usual result is loss of objective faith, and intellectual futility. Mr. Lunn draws special attention to the shipwreck of definite Christian belief among the Swiss Protestants, whom he knows by long experience.

One of the strangest manifestations of the nemesis that waits upon the rejection of Reason and Authority is the present attitude of the Quaker body. With all their rejection of an immense part of Christian truth, and their theory of the "inner light" which logically makes each individual infallible in his speculations, until recent years they have been supposed to hold fast to certain theistic and Christian doctrines as revealed truth. But the other day the Quakers placed their headquarters in Euston Road, London, at the disposal of the organizers of the Bradlaugh centenary: that is, to help the glorification of a man who, whatever his sincerity in denying the very idea of a Creator and Supreme Governor of all things, was a militant materialist of the most extreme type—a dogmatic anti-theist. A Protestant London paper (*The Church Times*) may well write: "Unless the Quakers unite in protest against this reunion [how *re*-union, one may ask?] we shall reluctantly have to conclude that the 'inner light' is guiding their present leaders to the outer darkness."

In conformity with this position, Julius Hecker, the author of a defense of Bolshevism, purporting to be a scientific and accurate picture of the

Russian tyranny, has been welcomed by the sect. The gentleman who brought him over to England declares that Quakers consider it "part of their loyalty to truth to oppose all prejudice against Communism, and atheism, and anti-Christian philosophies." Such sentiments from anyone who in the most reduced sense acknowledges theistic belief is simply staggering!

Another writer, who appears to know the sect intimately, states in the same newspaper that the Quaker position is "entirely undogmatic. They have (as everyone knows) no sacraments, and have none of the traditional Protestant regard for the Bible." They believe the Spirit of God (but do they attach any personal signification to the phrase?) speaks directly to the spirit of man, and in no other way. They are "simply uninterested in the historicity of the Virgin Birth and the Empty Tomb."

In other words, they are Modernists of the most extreme description, combining their denial of historical Christianity with a strange quasi-mysticism of the vaguest kind. Again, "the flight from Reason!" It is probable, we may hope that here and there something of the Christian tradition still exists among the professed followers of George Fox.

The two opposing currents, Christian and anti-Christian, become year by year more marked in their unbridgeable antithesis. But there is between them a great indeterminate flood of unsatisfied attempts to create systems which, in defiance of logical thought, may preserve some touch (real or apparent) with Christian tradition while rejecting the authority which can alone maintain its vitality and its coherence. On that welter of conflicting speculation it is for Catholics to work so far as they have opportunity by training themselves to accurate thought and mental discipline.

There is a momentous change in the

present intellectual outlook, when compared with that of our grandfathers' generation. That was the heyday of Nineteenth Century "free thought," when superior people took it for granted that Christianity was doomed, and its final extinction only a matter of time. Popular opinion imagined that past ages, until the mid-Sixteenth and three following centuries, were ignorant and credulous, and that "reason" (save the mark!), with contempt of Christian philosophy, and the hardening materialism bred of such contempt, had brought light to a darkened world. There are such people yet: people who think that scientific tests (in the most limited sense of the phrase) are the only tests of reality, and that the Christian doctrine of the Eucharist can be disproved in a professor's laboratory. But outside of the Soviet tyranny, and the most untrained intellects elsewhere, the dogmatism of such denial (which is quite a different thing from the thoughtful agnostic's position) has lost its power.

The Sixteenth Century revolt was against Reason as well as—or because it was—against Faith. The heretics missed the point utterly. Witness Luther's contempt for Aristotle and for all philosophic inquiry. His extraordinary megalomania blinded his mind even to the point that he denied the essential function of Reason in all that concerned religion. It was otherwise with Calvin, with his typical French mind, clear-cut and logical; but his system with its terrible implications, could only claim assent on the assumption that John Calvin himself possessed infallibility! Even among Catholics the evil side of the Renaissance might easily tend to obscure the supremacy of Reason, which Christian faith has always so fully recognized and to which she has done such ready homage. The more one *thinks*, the more dominant her claim is seen to be; and one of the most crying needs of our generation is to learn to *think*. That is

why among those who are so learning (a minority, indeed, but surely an increasing one) Catholic writers are coming to lead the way, even—at long last—in English-speaking lands.

"Man," Pascal wrote, "is obviously meant to think; it is his whole dignity and merit; and his whole duty is to think as he ought." Of course Pascal was not praising mere mental gymnastics, but thought which should express itself in right conduct throughout a man's whole life. Chevalier calls Blaise Pascal *ce grand rationaliste*, as indeed, in the right sense he was, though his logical faculty faltered strangely in his Jansenistic wanderings.

Is it not a fact that "the flight from Reason" takes place not infrequently because of our limited power of Imagination? Because some truth (in revealed religion and even, on a lower plane, in natural science) is beyond our power to *imagine*, it does not follow that such a truth is beyond the acceptance of our Reason. It has been excellently said: "Reason often demands the acceptance of truths which it cannot understand. Here also the imagination gets in our way and deceives us. It assures us, for instance, that we *can* understand the laws of nature because they appear to follow a uniform course. But how (in the name of reason) can we be said to understand a thing when we only know its course and not its cause?"*

It is Reason itself, then, which compels us to recognize its own power and at the same time its own limitations. And here comes in the moral obligation to believe the Divine Teacher; an all-important part of the argument which there is not space to develop. Only by denying the reality of our own existence, of a purpose in what exists, and of our power of moral choice, can we try to escape from that obligation.

The flight from Reason has always

been in evidence outside the boundaries of the Church; which is not, of course, to say that there have not been powerful intellects and prominent scholars beyond her limits. But where there is no controlling authority recognized as having a paramount claim on human thought there is, necessarily, no limit to its vagaries. And where the connection between the intellectual and the moral faculties is denied or ignored the result must be disastrous to the intellectual as well as the moral side of our nature.

The true follower of Reason is the human being who accepts *ex animo* the supernatural guidance of the divinely-ordained Teacher of truth. The so-called rationalists are the prophets of unreason. In their flight from the clarity and the logical development (however incomplete) of the old Greek philosophy, and from the Christian "rationalism" of the Schools, they have come to deny the obvious certainties in which men have always found the basis of all their thought. No wonder if the flight has led them into empty idealism on the one side and gross materialism on the other.

♦♦♦

Carolina Abdicates.

BY ESTHER W. NEILL.

IV.—ENTER MONSIEUR JEAN COURTENAY.

EDUARD GROGE—the third to bear that name,—the infant who had been the real leader in that desperate escape from New Orleans and the founder of this French village in the North Carolina mountains, had grown into a stalwart youth. After finishing college, he had gone to New York to study medicine. It was while he was serving his year of internship in one of the big hospitals that the news of his marriage exploded like a bombshell in the tranquil valley. Married without asking his grandmother's advice or per-

* "The Catholic Church and the Appeal to Reason," by Leo Ward. p. 36.

mission! Married to a widow older than himself! A widow with a son!

The news spread from house to house, and was discussed with French volubility. It was the one engrossing topic of conversation at the stores, the post office, over the tea tables. Eduard Grogé,—whose ancestry could be traced back to the valorous Bienville, the founder of New Orleans, married to some nobody in New York! Eduard Grogé, the idol of his grandmother, the heir to her millions, flouting her authority, jeopardizing a fortune, by marrying without her knowledge or consent!

Some of the young people, who had suffered romantic disappointments when their anxious parents had implored Carolina to aid them in breaking up budding courtships, secretly rejoiced at Eduard's declaration of independence. There still lingered a tradition in the village that marriages were wiser when they were "arranged." Carolina had talked of spending a year in Europe as soon as her grandson had received his degree. It was generally understood that this prolonged tour on the Continent would result in a desirable marriage to some beautiful girl of rank. Carolina, with her extensive social experience, would introduce him into most exclusive circles. No young man could be trusted, at the most impressionable time of his life, to withstand the wanton wiles of fortune hunters.

The newspaper account of this startling marriage reached the village before Eduard's letter to his grandmother came. He had written a short characteristic note.

"DEAR MISS CARRIE," it began—for ever since his babyhood he had clung to this familiar name of affection, copied from his Negro nurse—"I know all the things you want to say. Don't say them. I am madly in love. Isn't that one of the oldest excuses on record? I'll give you another reason more personal if you please. The last time I saw you

you showed symptoms of picking a wife for me—that would have been deplorable, because I should have murdered her some night in cold blood, and then you would have been called out into the starlight to see me dancing on a hangman's noose. I'm coming home to tell you all about it. Devotedly,

EDUARD.

In her bitter disappointment and anger she had telegraphed, "Don't come—I shall never forgive you. You must never cross my threshold again!" And then the silence of the years had fallen between them; a silence full of pride, bitter resentment and yearning tenderness. Carolina had aged perceptibly during this time of loneliness. Her grandson had been the one real softening influence in her life, for he had awakened the maternal passion in a way that her own son had never done. Since her wild flight from the menacing epidemic of yellow fever, she had guarded him with that selfless devotion that is always augmented by a torturing dread of loss. His leaving her and marrying in this complacent way without giving her his confidence, or consulting her wishes, had been a mortal blow to her pride and her affection and the silence between them which had seemed so reasonable, so justifiable in her first prostrating anger, was now full of such paradoxical emotions that Carolina knew no peace.

Eduard had not written again, but he had made some efforts at reconciliation, punctiliously sending his grandmother presents at Christmas time and never forgetting her birthdays. She had not acknowledged the receipt of these gifts in any way but she awaited their coming eagerly.

Now, as she sat before the open fire, she was looking, with tearful eyes, at the small beaded bag that had just arrived by the afternoon mail. Tucked in the brocade lining was Eduard's card on which he had scrawled, "Happy

Birthday!" Was the boy trying to mock her for her unrelenting attitude? Happy Birthday! Why should he send her such a message, when he had robbed her of all joy?

The big house with its handsome furnishings was but a shell harboring no human love. The well-trained servants moved noiselessly through the spacious rooms dusting the treasured possessions that she had refused to sell when she parted with the plantation. What was the use of them all? Her eyes were growing too dim to see clearly the paintings and tapestries that adorned the walls, she needed strong glasses to read the rare books she had accumulated. She had lost interest in the development of her carefully landscaped garden. As she turned and looked out of the low casement window, she wondered vaguely why she did not derive more pleasure from the colorful autumnal flowers that bloomed above the box hedges in such riotous profusion. What was the use of it all?

She had never before been so aware that old age, with its threatening infirmities, was closing in about her. She had made valiant efforts to fight against her own conscious lack of energy. But to-day was her birthday. She had counted the years on awakening in the morning, and then she had tried to forget them, but Eduard's package had been a fresh reminder. Had he sent it in a spirit of spite to suggest that the shadow of the day was lengthening? It was an ungracious way to look at a gift, and the dainty little bag denied the accusing thought, for it had been selected with great care. It was embroidered in her favorite colors, grey and lavender; it had been imported from a well-known shop in Paris, and its obvious costliness made her wonder if Eduard had not sacrificed some needful thing to send her such an artistic bit of beaded needle work. Should she write

to him? Could she accept this unknown, designing woman who had lured him into such an unfortunate marriage? Could she submit herself to the ordeal of having a strange child in the house?—Eduard's stepson—a child whose necessary support had, no doubt, urged the designing mother on to capture the most eligible man that she would ever have the good fortune to meet. The child seemed to make reconciliation impossible. Eduard had no children of his own. She had been interested enough to ascertain this fact. If Eduard had had a son of his own she might have obtained its custody, and the name would have been perpetuated. She would have been willing to adopt Eduard's son.

The little bag glittered in the firelight. It was a precious peace offering. Should she accept it as such, or should she continue to preserve this deadening silence which was growing more unbearable with the years?

She was pondering this problem when the door opened and the old Negro butler announced a visitor. She glanced at the card on the silver tray with a smile of relief. Her oldest friend, Jean Courtenay, who had been her chief support in the founding of the French village and who had been her son's boyhood tutor, had arrived just at a fortunate time. He might aid her to some decision, if she could humble herself to ask his advice.

She arose to greet him. In the dim light of the room with her back to the fire's glow she looked extraordinarily youthful. Her figure was slender, her dress of black velvet fell around her in soft folds, a glittering dog collar of jet concealed the flabbiness of her throat, her face was smooth, preserved from deep wrinkles by creams and unguents and the manipulations of her maid's skilful fingers. Her auburn hair had been tinted to the roots to hide the

greying streaks on her temples. As she stood awaiting her visitor, the western sun cast her shadow on the panelled wall—a graceful, high-bred silhouette.

The butler held aside the heavy velvet curtain that draped the door, and Monsieur Jean Courtenay came puffing into the room. Though he had called on Carolina on an average of twice a week for the last twenty years, it never occurred to him to presume upon his intimacy by appearing in her presence without first sending in his card. He clung to the *Monsieur* instead of the shorter title of *Mr.* because he had been obliged to earn his living by teaching French, and since his ancestors had given him the right to the distinction, he felt that it assured his students of his linguistic proficiency.

At regular intervals he collected this array of visiting cards from the basket in the hallway. It was a small economy and saved him the trouble and expense of ordering them from the engraver in New Orleans who had kept his copper plate all these years.

Now, as he came into the warm room his round face, clean shaven except for a small waxed moustache, was rosy from his walk in the crisp autumn air, his wiry white hair stood on end in a stubborn pompadour. He wore a long frock coat, a pair of striped trousers, a white carnation in his buttonhole, and in his hand he carried a bunch of roses, their stems carefully wrapped in tin foil.

"Many happy returns of the day," he said, lifting Carolina's hand to his lips with Old-World gallantry. "This is one of the dates of the calendar that I can never forget. I have brought you some roses from my own garden. I picked them myself and I used no gloves. I thought if the thorns pricked me you might value them a little. But, see, I wrapped the stems so you would not suffer a single prick."

She smiled faintly as she accepted

the flowers. "Why didn't you wrap your hands in gauze, Jean, and pretend that they were all bloody for my sake? You are full of absurd notions. I know I should be grateful for presents, but I don't believe I am. I was trying to forget my birthday."

"But, why?" he asked, viewing her admiringly. "You are still beautiful, still young."

"Stuff and nonsense," she interrupted crossly. "We are both old fogies, Jean. Don't let's pretend to each other. It's been over twenty years since we left Louisiana, and we weren't young when we came. I have given up celebrating birthdays." She sank wearily down in the chair she had just vacated.

"Don't say that," he protested with insistent pleasantry. "Your birthday was the greatest day in my life. If you had not been born into this world, my dear Carolina, I should have been licking boots on the steps of St. Charles' Theater to-day."

"Why licking boots?" she asked with some curiosity. "For mercy's sake sit down, Jean, and try to make yourself comfortable; you make me nervous standing in front of the fire trying to burn your coat tails. Tell me why I have saved you from 'licking boots'! It sounds so, so unsanitary, to say the least."

The little man sat down as she had commanded and taking a silver cigarette case from his pocket he smiled reminiscently at the fire.

"In my young days—if you can remember so far back, Carolina,—I wanted to be an actor. I haunted the theater and tried to ingratiate myself with every actor and manager I contrived to meet. My experiences were so humiliating that they amounted to licking boots. Sometimes I was employed as a supe in mob scenes and armies. What a fool I was!—what a blithering fool!"

"Of course," she agreed, burying her face in the flowers and enjoying their perfume, "all young people are fools, but it's pleasant to be a fool. Age seems to bring no compensations."

"Of course it does," he contradicted her, "I am sure I am far happier now than when I was young. I used to dream so many impossible dreams."

"But, dreams are pleasant too," she insisted. "If people would only realize how much happiness can be found in dreaming dreams, they would not care so much about realities. I have had too many material things. Now there seems nothing left to dream about."

"Not at all," he said joyfully, lighting a cigarette. "There is the whole of eternity ahead."

"Stop," she cried imploringly. "In another moment, Jean, I shall send you home. Birthdays are bad enough, but I'm trying to forget eternity. You'll be introducing the undertaker next as a cheerful subject of conversation. You may like to speculate about immortality, but I tell you I'm afraid of it."

"But, why?"

"Why? Don't ask me why. I don't want to be confronted by my sins on judgment day. I'll be submerged by them. I've always had a fiery, hateful temper, an overbearing disposition. I've been proud, envious, calculating, unforgiving, and the worst of the situation seems to be that I am so attached to my own faults that I don't want to give them up. I've had them so long I wouldn't understand life without them. I haven't your religious view-point, Jean,—you should have been a priest."

"A priest!" he exclaimed in astonishment. "Now there you are altogether mistaken. I should have married you."

She laughed, a faint echo of the merriment of her girlhood. "That would indeed have been fatal," she cried. "We should have quarrelled all the time,

Jean, and I should have lost my best friend—my most trusted friend."

"Don't laugh, don't laugh," he entreated. "You are like *la belle dame sans merci*. I assure you that I would have made a most devoted husband."

She laughed again. "My dear Jean, I have never cared especially for husbands. Heaven knows that one is enough for any woman! I wanted you for a friend. Husbands are frequently not friends. But, I have tried to be unselfish in our friendship. I have felt that you would have been happier if you had married. You may remember that on several occasions I have picked out women that I thought would suit you exactly and brought them to your attention. I have even, in my youthful enthusiasm and zeal, roused their hopes by recommending you. Why didn't you marry a few of them?"

"A few?" he questioned humorously. "Ah, yes, I do recall some of your efforts in my behalf! A moment ago you spoke of the happiness of dreaming dreams. Mine have always been of you, Carolina, always of you. I remember the first night I met you, you were standing on the pillared portico—somewhere there was music—faint music; a bright moon was shining, and the garden was full of the fragrance of orange blossoms, jasmine, magnolias, intoxicating perfumes. You were dressed in some sort of white filmy stuff that might have been made of the moonbeams. I thought you were the most beautiful vision I had ever seen. You were a princess and I was a pauper. You were very gracious and kind to me, and when you offered me the position of tutor to your son, you altered life for me. I was your servant,—your most devoted slave."

"That was nearly forty years ago, Jean," she said, but it was plain that his flattery pleased her. "Forty years is almost half a lifetime—forty years!"

"Yes, yes," he agreed. "One grows philosophical in forty years. Since dreams never come true, one can talk about them quite calmly—after forty years. I worshipped you then as a sinner worships a saint. You were so far above me."

"A saint!" she repeated. "Now you are talking absurdities. If I were not used to your French effusiveness, I would begin to believe that you were proposing marriage to me. But, as you say, age does bring some sort of calm and weary wisdom. I have never done anything for which you should be grateful."

"You forget," and he made a circular gesture that seemed to include the whole world in her beneficence,—“you forget the many things that you have made possible. If it had not been for your encouragement, your inspiration, I should never have had the courage to begin my history of Louisiana. Did I tell you that it has been accepted in the schools as a text-book? I can give up teaching those stupid louts of boys in the high school. I am independent in my old age. My publishers wish to bring out an illustrated edition. I had many old prints that I thought they could use. It was for that reason I went to New York."

"Yes, yes," she said eagerly, "I want you to tell me all about your visit to New York. You saw Eduard? I asked you to find out if he had a child. Begin at the beginning. I would like to hear everything."

He looked at her wonderingly now and said hesitatingly, "I—I thought you did not wish to hear about my visit to Eduard?"

"I know—I know," she answered impatiently. "I was rude—I tried to cut you off. I did not wish to hear it then, but that was three months ago. Three months is a long time. I want you to tell me everything."

"Everything?"

"Yes, yes, I want to know how he is living, where he is living. What sort of creature he has married. Is she pretty, has she any manner, any charm? I want you to tell me about the house, the office, the stepchild—"

"But, you told me you did not want to hear."

"Don't be a fool, Jean. Can't a woman change her mind? I'm in a relenting mood. This is my birthday. Eduard is my only real link with life. Don't you understand?"

"I don't know."

"Then, pretend that you do. I want to hear everything. You said that Eduard had no children of his own?"

"That is true."

"And that he seemed happy?"

"Yes."

"Then, tell me all about your visit, Jean. I don't want bare facts. I want to hear everything. Begin at the beginning."

(To be continued.)

In a Convent Garden.

BY ALICE P. CLARK.

STATUE of the Sacred Heart

Stands among trees and blossoms sweet.
Spring brings her gift of fairest flowers
To worship at His feet.

In sun, and shadow of the trees,
The eager roses twine and climb
To kiss His feet and touch His hand;—
The gift of summer time.

Wild blows the wind among the trees,
And through the cold air, bright and swift,
The red leaves flutter to His feet,—
The Autumn's parting gift.

The old year walks among the trees
Alone, with silent steps and slow,
And leaves before those wounded feet
The Winter's gift of snow.

An Unknown Roman Shrine.

BY GABRIEL FRANCIS POWERS.

THE quest for it had all the zest of an adventure. After we had found the street, we could not find the shrine; and yet the street is one we often tread, though curiously we had not noted the name of it. A small narrow thoroughfare, much frequented by hand-carts and noisy boys on wheels, where one is driven for safety into the small shops that flank it, and its name, if you care to know, is the Via di S. Marcello. It issues, mean as it is, into the noble space of the Piazza SS. Apostoli. But even after we had found the street we could not find the shrine, and went up and down the grey length of it, gazing vainly from right to left. No shrine was in sight. But we did observe a tall iron gate, enclosing a long rectangular area which seemed to be merely the courtyard of one of the neighboring houses. Closer investigation showed that though the gate was locked, and further secured by a chain, there was a small picture of a Madonna beside it, a plain print with two or three flowers in a holder beneath it. We took this as a sign to the understanding, and applied at the carpenter's next door.

"Yes," he said, "the Madonna dell' Archetto was in there, but the chapel was closed. It was almost always closed. Only as to-morrow would be the feast of the Nativity of Our Lady, it would be opened at nine o' the morning."

We were determined—as it was our firm purpose to see the Madonna of the Little Arch at all costs—to come at whatever hour we were bidden. On the eighth day of September, at 8:45, the gate was still locked. We tried the glazier this time.

"Yes," he answered, "the chapel would be opened presently: it was still early."

At nine o'clock we returned. The for-

bidding gate was open wide, the area strewn with sprigs of box, and, opposite, an open door offered a dark interior, starred with innumerable small flames of gold.

Some long dormant memory stirred and awakened into life. Years, many years ago, returning home one evening at dusk, we were arrested by the sound of voices singing, apparently at the end of a narrow lane; voices singing in the distance always have a certain nostalgic and appealing quality that it is hard to resist, and these were singing in a minor key that seemed to carry the veiled sorrow of many human hearts joined together in prayer—the Litany of Loreto.

An irresistible force drew us to seek the unseen singers, and we found them in a dark oratory, somewhat removed from the street, kneeling in a close mass before an image of Our Lady, and intoning her praise with passionate devotion. The shadow from which the holy face shone forth was starred with the tremulous flame of many votive candles, and the sight of this unexpected scene, and the sense of the day closing, combined to fill us with a strange emotion. We did not know what chapel this was, and it did not seem to matter: there are so many of them in Rome. But we never forgot the spot and the impassioned singing of the crowded worshippers.

The other day, hunting deliberately for the Madonna dell' Archetto, we knew, just as soon as we caught sight, from the area, of the sombre interior studded with lights, that we had seen it long ago and that we were only renewing a past experience. But over the devout portal we read now for the first time (the gloom had prevented it on that previous occasion), that this oratory, dedicated to the most Blessed Virgin, had been erected by the Marquis Alexander Muti Papazzuri within whose property the ancient sacred image had been venerated from early

times. This at once gave a logical explanation, a *raison d'être* for the chapel in its retired location. For the picture was originally a street shrine, placed beneath an arch at the back of the Muti Palace (now Palazzo Balestra), spanning the narrow lane between the Via di S. Marcello and the Via dell' Archetto, a passage now intercepted by the erection of the oratory which has blocked it. And it was very natural that, seeing the immense devotion of the Roman people toward the wayside Madonna, and the many graces obtained by invoking her intercession, the noble owner of the property should seek to give Our Lady of the Little Arch a more decorous home wherein to dwell.

Street shrines are not rare in Rome, in fact, they are to be found at almost every corner, and the modest tabernacle upon a tiny thoroughfare at the back of the Palazzo Muti had looked down benignly upon the passers-by and received their salutations at least since the Seventeenth Century, since it is officially catalogued in the year 1690. In the Eighteenth Century the Palazzo Muti received some very distinguished guests, for Pope Pius VI. rented it as a residence for the exiled King James III. and his family, and the Stuart princes continued to live in it some forty years. This palace, fronting on the Piazza SS. Apostoli, is well-known to Romans, and a few still remember that here James III. "of England, Scotland and Ireland," died some years after his queen Clementina Sobieski; while from here the Young Pretender, Charles Edward, started for his adventurous attempt to regain his father's lost crown; and here in the domestic chapel the junior brother Henry Benedict, known as the Cardinal Duke of York, celebrated his First Mass.

All the members of this royal family were extremely attached to the shrine of Our Lady of the Little Arch, and it is said that James III. ordered that one

of his own guards should patrol the lane at night, lest some irreverence should be offered to the holy image. It is for a memory of these princes who loved her so much that the picture is sometimes called "The Madonna of the Jacobites," for she was thus endeared to all followers and adherents of the Stuarts. But the fact that rendered the shrine most famous occurred in the summer of 1796. James III. was dead (1766), and so was the Young Pretender (1788), but the Cardinal Duke still lived and occupied a position of great prominence in the Eternal City.

One day in the month of July, 1796, a gentleman of the name of Ambrosini was praying before the Madonna of the Little Arch, when it seemed to him that he observed the eyes moving. Incredulous and astounded, he watched the pictured face closely, and saw that it had indeed taken on an air of life. Madonna seemed almost to be breathing, and her eyes did indeed turn, from side to side, the glance varying and upward toward heaven. The onlooker was paralyzed with fear and dread. Meanwhile other persons had joined him and stood watching the portent. Some cried aloud. There was no questioning the truth of the phenomenon, for spontaneously when the movement was renewed the watchers all cried out together. Learned men, ecclesiastics, came to investigate, and could only confirm the truth of the first report. Ambrosini wanted no notoriety; he had made no statement; he simply saw a marvellous thing occurring, and, before he could speak, half a dozen other persons had seen it too. After that, hundreds saw it.

The Madonna dell' Archetto was the first to turn her holy, sorrowful eyes toward heaven. But she was not alone. Almost simultaneously another and then another of the many images of Mary began to give forth signs; over twenty moved their eyes in the same way. The Sovereign Pontiff instituted a Court of

Enquiry, and more than three thousand witnesses, whose word it was impossible to doubt, deposed under oath that they had unquestionably seen the things related above. For seven or eight months the prodigies continued intermittently, and the matter was so remarkable that the Holy Father, instead of condemning the reports presented to him, decided to institute a commemoration of the Prodigies of Our Lady, a feast kept on the 9th of July.

Many thoughtful persons, at that time and since, have asked themselves what these signs and wonders might portend. They had an immediate effect in innumerable conversions of unbelievers and sinners, and in a wave of renewed devotion, love and confidence in the holy Mother of God, which swept the universal Church. But their prophetic and warning quality was recognized immediately when they were followed by revolution, by the taking of Rome by the armies of Napoleon, by the imprisonment and death in exile of Pius VI. And the holy images of Rome had had a special motive to weep and to turn eyes of compunction heavenward for they were desecrated, pelted with stones and mud, and obliged to endure blasphemy and foul words. Those who love her remember how Our Lady of the Arch was the first to give the signal for this general manifestation of distress and woe.

Fortunately in the return of peace and of the Vicar of Christ to the City of Peter, special efforts were made to offer reparation for the crimes committed, and the wayside shrines were repaired and re-decorated. Over the image of Our Lady of the Arch a chapel was erected, and the Marquis Muti and his wife vied with each other in showing the miraculous Madonna every honor in their power. Probably Virginio Vespignani was the most noted architect of his day and he was requested to design the most beautiful temple he

could, on a small scale as the restricted area required, but unsparingly of expense. An order given out of pure love for Mary and out of pure love executed. Vespignani always held that the little temple over which he expended so much thought and care was the most perfect, the pearl of all his works.

Entering it on this morning of the eighth of September we find a small oratory built, in spite of its diminutive proportions, in the form of a complete church, neo-classic in style, having the shape of a Latin cross, and with an elegant, exquisitely designed dome over the center of it. Every part of the structure is adorned with paintings or gilded, and around the band of the cornice, on blue ground with golden letters, reads the inscription: "Magnificat anima mea Dominum. Quia respexit humilitatem ancillæ suæ." The head of the cross, rounded to make the apse, contains the altar, and above that, surmounted by a pierced arch that admits a little golden light, hangs the picture of Madonna. Delicate columns sustain the architectural setting and beneath the image, in a tablet decorated with carved ivy leaves, is the true title of the image, which one sometimes forgets: *causa nostrae laetitiae*. A great many flowers, candles burning, and silver hearts appended speak the great devotion of the Roman people and the many graces granted through the intercession of Mary.

The painting, somewhat obscure in the dimly-lighted sanctuary, represents Our Lady, head and shoulders wrapped in a mantle of dark blue, with an underveil of white. A votive necklace of garnets, attached to the picture, crosses the white wimple at the breast. The face, seen somewhat from the side, is slightly inclined, and has a most beautiful and virginal expression. The eyes, under their arched brows, gaze candorously but with absolute directness at the beholder, and in spite of their clearness, speak a latent, contained sadness. Yet

with the gentle, closed mouth, they convey an impression of extraordinary sweetness. You do not know whether she is rigorously beautiful according to earthly standards, but her spiritual beauty is very great and allures the suppliant, so that men and women will stand, or even sit before her, simply gazing at the mild countenance with its tender grace and air of holiness, perfectly satisfied and almost without praying, but certainly communing with her. These eyes, too, have kept something of that borrowed life which kindled them and made them turn heavenward as a forewarning of the hour of darkness; for even if one does not see them move, they have a vivacity and animation of glance that is intensely significant.

One does not seem to care any more about the chapel and its details, once one has come under the spell of that humble, unpretending image and its celestial air. Everything else becomes secondary in importance. It is a waste of time to look at anything else. Yet when one feels bound to convey as much information as possible to good people far away who may be interested in this little-known shrine of Our Lady, one resumes the interrupted inspection and notes next six niches distributed around the central space, each containing a fair, standing angel of white marble. These angels, were it not for their wings, might well recall to mind the noble Athenian maidens who carried on their heads gifts to be offered in the solemn religious processions, the "Canephoræ," for each one bears a basket on the head, and pious hands have filled them with fresh and fragrant flowers.

The walls round about the sanctuary are inlaid with colored marbles, and the entire floor is covered with a fine design executed similarly in colored marbles. The circular centre corresponds exactly beneath the dome and offers another interesting and enlightening inscription.

The oratory was blessed (not consecrated) on the day in which Our Lady was born, in the year of Christ eighteen hundred, *qua die Domina Nostra nata est*. And we understand why, on this September morning of grace, the gem chapel is thrown open and the pavement strewn with aromatic cut box. Incidentally we learn that the shrine is listed as a National Monument on account of the extraordinarily great architectural perfection of the little edifice.

It was a disappointment to us that Mass was not celebrated, for it seemed as if the most divine act of homage, the Holy Sacrifice, should certainly have been offered at that altar on the feast of the Nativity of Our Lady. In fact, we were amazed that no priest appeared, as there is an ecclesiastic officially appointed to watch over the oratory. But possibly, as the city is almost deserted during the warm months, the reverend gentleman was absent on vacation. It was interesting to us to note how the committee of laymen will generously do their part in similar emergencies. Of course nothing can take the place of Mass, and that the priest alone can celebrate. But two highly respected business men were in charge, and attended to all the details. The son of one of them, a boy of twelve, kept swinging incessantly a thurible of most fragrant incense, and at nine precisely a young man in blue serge, with the face of an Aloysius, began to recite the Rosary for the congregation. We found out casually that he is a prominent Catholic journalist and writer, and were extremely edified at his piety.

After the Litany of Loreto, he read the special prayers in honor of the sweet Virgin Mother whose tender eyes looked down upon us, imploring her by that special title of hers, "Cause of our Joy," to grant peace and happiness, even in this world, to all those who devoutly invoke her and, afterwards,

the unending bliss of Heaven. And very reverently and clearly he spoke the last gracious word of salutation to her: *Nativitas tua, Dei Genitrix Virgo, gaudium annuntiavit universo mundo*. So with the thought of the great joy which her birth, like a new dawn, had brought to the sorrowing world, we left the little chapel of the Stuarts, where once the Holy Mother moved her eyes, and where those same eyes of love and mercy are continually drawing hearts to fresh confidence in her.

❖❖❖
The Bog.

—
BY PATRICK J. CARROLL, C. S. C.
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XXIX.

HACKETT was demoted and Mickeen lost his job following the ruse which put Mike Enright on the run again and cost the Sergeant that feather for his cap. A few days later Nano stole into Pat Stack's hardware at Rathdrum with a message for Mike. Gallop was there, bargaining for a hedge-clipper with Stack's clerk. Mickeen the Hump, not so busy now, seeing Nano slip in, entered by a rear door.

"It looks like you've big business this morning, Pat," he said.

"Ah no, Mickeen! Nano just stepped in for a visit only. Like yourself, she's not buying a pennorth of anything."

Gallop paused in his bargaining.

"Mickeen, 'tis too bad you were sacked from the barracks!"

"Not sacked, man—resigned from the Service!"

"Resigned me eye! You were sacked!"

"'Tis an honor, sure, to be sacked from British service!" Nano said, coming out from where she waited.

"Nano, I want to see you a minute. Gallop, I'll explain my resignation to you later on, because you seem very ignorant about matters of the Crown."

"You were sacked—that's all." When they were together Nano said wistfully,

"Mickeen, I'm sorry you're out! You were our light."

"Ah, 'tis equal, Nano. We'll beat them, with the help of God!"

It was the first time she had heard Mickeen say a serious thing; but she had not time to follow him in his new rôle, for Mike Enright stole in the rear door through which Mickeen had come. She had word for Mike that Conway would meet him that night at Ronan's school.

"You know what he wants, perhaps?"

"He'll give you the item in person, Mike." And then she called,

"Are you coming home, Gallop?"

Yes, Gallop had made his purchase. She faced Mike again.

"You won't forget, Michael?"

"No, Lady; to-night at Ronan's. Date, according to Pat Stack's calendar, July 5, 1921. How's Davey?"

"He carries on."

Mike took Mickeen upstairs to get as much information on the Crown forces as Mickeen could give, and Nano drove Gallop and his hedge-clipper to Kilbeg. No time now for friendly chats.

"To think of that fellow saying he resigned, when he was sacked!" Gallop snarled as the car climbed Hospital Hill.

"'Tis an honor, I tell you, for an Irishman to be sacked from British service."

"Well, what's the use lying!"

"Gallop, Mickeen is a maker of stories—you don't understand him."

"He's a terrible liar."

"He lies for the fun of it—his heart is gold."

"Yes, ye all think Mickeen the greatest hero walking upon the ridges o' the earth! I know how ye girls fuss about him; but there are others doing their share, even if none of yer mouths is open with the good word."

"Gallop, you're jealous!"

Gallop denied that. Who admits he is jealous of a rival?

"I'm jealous of nobody; but I think others are doing their share."

And then Nano summoned that tact which made her unique among the workers.

"Gallop, don't you know Mickeen is a sort of child that needs the good word to keep him in courage? You're a man we're sure of; you don't need the oil of language to keep you smooth. We're proud of you but don't need to tell you."

She submerged Mickeen to exalt Gallop. She knew Mickeen's shrewdness, watchfulness, loyalty. In any comparison Gallop would be the child, as her flattery proved.

"I suppose ye have to prop him up. 'Tis funny how some people have to be propped up!"

Returning from the chapel where she left Gallop, she felt happy there was none of Gallop's spirit in the leaders. Were Conway and Enright at outs about position and preference, or Ronan and Mike Connor, Enright would be lodged in Kilmainham now and Sergeant Hackett wearing that feather. Driving into the yard she encountered her father.

"I'm going to sell that car," he said abruptly.

"My car?"

"Your car—you own nothing!"

"But, Dad—"

"But, Dad—but, Dad—but, Dad! That's all there's to it!"

"You gave me this car as a Christmas present," she finished.

"Well, if I gave it, I can take it back—and I will."

"All right!"

She backed the machine into the garage, closed the door and locked it.

"Watch how I'll open it to-morrow when the man comes!" he mused.

The "man" was a second-hand car dealer from Croom. In the afternoon Nano called in at Gallop's.

"Gallop, can you drive a car?" He looked up.

"What's that, Nano?"

"Can you drive a car?"

"I can drive anything;—a cow, a steam-engine, an ass. I can drive anything."

"Fine! I've a plan I want you to put through—can trust nobody else. Come to the house at twelve to-night. You're sure you can drive?"

"Don't I drive the priest's car?"

"Come in quietly. I want you to take the car away and hide it."

"All right."

That night Conway, Enright, Ronan, Davey and Mike Connor met at Ronan's school. At the conference it was disclosed by Connor that four lorries of British soldiers were coming out from Limerick the next night to shoot up Ardagh. The mountainy men had been making trouble; and because Ardagh had helped them with food and supplies it was thought easier to shoot up the village than to follow the men all over the mountains. That was the information Connor brought.

"They're coming to-morrow night; and however the thing goes, win or lose, the village will be shot to bits—unless you stop them."

"There are only two roads to Ardagh—by Rathdrum or Kilcool bridge," Enright noted.

"And Kilcool bridge is smashed," Conway reminded him.

"That's so too." Mike lighted another cigarette.

That was all. Mike Connor bade them good night, after he was told a fight would be made to stop the lorries. Enright, Conway and Ronan remained to consider plans; Davey to listen.

"The strategy seems all right," Mike said as they were breaking up an hour later.

"Not much strategy to it," Conway answered lightly. "Command the road and shoot."

Conway drove Davey to the road gate, where Davey hopped off and walked in the lane to his home. He looked at barns, stables—covered now with bog rushes; looked at the house. Would

he rap on Nano's window and have a word? To-morrow night there would be fighting. Yes, he'd call Nano. He rounded the corner to see an unlighted car steal out from the garage with hardly a throb of engine; a movement as of velvet, it seemed. The gate was opened quietly. Davey stepped into hiding.

"Gallop, drive without noise!"

She spoke too loud.

"Be careful—he'll hear you!" Gallop warned and drove out the lane.

"Nano!" Davey called softly from his hiding.

"Who's that?"

"Myself—Davey."

"Oh!" She went to him.

"Davey—you frightened me! Come in."

"Is it safe?"

"No—but we'll chance it."

Nano woke up her mother. Unfortunately she overturned a misplaced chair as she came back to the living room, and woke her father. He remained in bed until he heard the three of them talking in low tones in the kitchen, then got up and stood back of a window. There were little whispers and murmurs, but he could not hear what was said. Davey was assuring Nano and his mother again and again that he was well; that everything was splendid; that everybody was full of courage—all packed into a brief half-hour. Then as he was leaving asked,

"Nan, who took the car?"

"Sh!" Their mother must know nothing about that.

Going away, Davey whispered to them as they stood inside the door,

"To-morrow night there'll be fighting. I'm glad I saw you, Mother. Good-bye!"

His mother was crying when she kissed him.

Nano went out with him, and both made the mistake of standing too close to their father's open window.

"Gallop took the car, Davey—I may tell you all about it later."

It was a good secret to keep; were she to tell him, he would have one more grievance against their father.

The Bog, standing on his bare feet behind the window, heard what Nano said.

"Good-bye, Davey. Steal in again to-morrow night."

"There'll be fighting to-morrow night."

"Ah, yes! But maybe you'll steal in when the fighting's over."

"Maybe." The Bog heard what Davey said too.

"Be careful!" Nano cautioned.

"I'll try."

"Be careful—do you hear!"

"Yes, I hear—I'll try. Good night!" His sister kissed him.

Nano went back into the house, carrying her tears with her. Davey stole into the stables and slept in piled-up hay. He might be caught, but would chance it. It was pleasant anyhow inhaling hay smell. The horses—Bill, Peg, Bess, Tom—were in the fields this summer night. He remembered how he followed them up and down the garden in the peaceful days; the peaceful days—they seemed so far off, so much a part of the long ago! And then he fell asleep. The Bog, in bed again, resolved upon a plan.

Davey was up and away at six. His father, up an hour later, ate a light breakfast alone; then walked out to the garage. The door was closed, but not locked, the garage empty.

"She told the truth—the priest's man took it. 'Tis a long lane has no turning!"

At ten that dealer from Croom arrived to dicker about the price, but The Bog had changed his mind—he would not sell the car yet. Better an excuse like that than blather about his troubles to a stranger. Wait! The time for settling with her—with him—was coming. 'Tis a long lane has no turning!

Later in the morning he went to the bog for comfort. He often went there these times—to be alone, to brood, to

nourish his bitterness on memories. It was a solemn, windless July day. The bogland lay flat, exhaling odors of decayed plants; and gray vapor hovered like disease over those brackish, stagnant pools. Green rushes, which grew beyond and around them, drooped listlessly. In one pool geese floated, discussing their problems in quieter language. Some neighbor's geese!

"Why the devil don't people keep their blasted geese in their own bogs! Why must everybody be stealing from me!"

Stealing! That brought back Nano and the car.

"The bold, ungovernable, thieving young devil!"

Two heifers at the other side of the bog reached perilously far out to pluck sedge grass which grew beyond the water line. They had better be careful—they might lose balance. Some neighbor's heifers!

"Why don't people fix their blasted gaps and keep their cattle in their own fields! Why must everybody be living on me!"

That brought back Nano again. She was stealing every bit of clothing he wasn't wearing, to keep a pack of blackguards warm so they could bring a curse upon the country! They were fighting England, that knows how to rule—whatever a pack of fools might think. Ireland needs England for her markets. Any ass can see that. But the Irish must fight because they're rebels by nature. They fight anybody who tries to rule them. They fight among themselves.

And that recalled Davey fighting his own father who was trying to rule him. He remembered those fingers around his throat, that fist, shut tight, like a hammer, ready to swing down on him.

He might have pursued his reverie and recalled a white-faced, shivering girl whose wrist was red from gripping fingers, standing between him and that hammer of bone and tight flesh. No. He thought only of the young fellow he could

cow with a word a few years ago, now grown so devilish as to strike his own father!

"Very good! 'Tis a long lane has no turning! The priest's man went off with the car at her bidding. 'Twas a smart trick and they're laughing about it! And the young rowdy threw me to kill me! They're laughing about that too! Well, he'll be back to-morrow night for another visit to tell them what a hero he is! All right! The long lane will have a turning."

Later in the day, he met the new Police Sergeant at Rathdrum—met him secretly. The Sergeant declared he could not promise with certainty to save Davey from hanging, if through his father's connivance he should be caught.

"But in view of your help to the Government, I think it can be managed. He's your son and you're loyal." The Bog took that for a pledge; and told the Sergeant his son Davey likely would call in at his home some time that night.

"Do you know what time?"

"I don't."

"But he'll call?"

"Very likely."

Hugh Byrne walked away some distance, then went back. He had forgotten something.

"You won't mention what I've told you?"

"I think I can promise that. And in my own name and in the Government's name I thank you."

The Bog wished he had kept his thanks. It made him think of Thirty Pieces of Silver.

(To be continued.)

Night's Caravan.

BY Y. O. D.

THE caravan of night that moves between

The fainting twilight and the bursting dawn,
Carries the hopes our lives have never seen,
The dreams that animate us, and are gone.

The Spirit of Prayer.

BY JAMES A. MAGNER, PH. D., S. T. D.

THE idea of prayer is nothing new to Catholics. From the time when we knelt at our mothers' knees and learned to fashion the words of the "Our Father" and the "Hail Mary," prayer has been a part of our daily life. In the morning we kneel, humbly to offer to our God the works of the day and to ask His blessing. Again at night, we lift our minds and our hearts to Him in sentiments of thanksgiving and contrition; and we breathe a little word for His kind protection over our sleep.

The story is told of a castaway who had strayed far from the way of virtue. It was just a part of life that he met with a serious accident. As he lay there, near to death, the light of grace began to play upon his soul. It seems that in spite of all, he had recited every day from his boyhood the "Hail Mary." And he went out to meet his Maker, fortified with the last Sacraments.

The story is pious, and has its moral. But I confess a doubt. It is hard to think that one who is in the habit of reciting daily even so little as a "Hail Mary" could fall so low, or remain in that condition throughout life. The effects of prayer are almost sacramental. Though our prayer be for some bit of nonsense or for something which God in His wisdom could never grant us, still the very fact that we raise our hearts to Him is an assurance of divine grace.

Catholics realize this. Even in moments of deepest anguish, when life and death hang upon the thread of a prayer, our hearts cry out with Christ in the garden of His agony: "Father, if Thou wilt, remove this chalice from Me: but yet not My will, but Thine be done" (Luke xxii, 42). The Catholic mother touches the feverish brow of her child,

and she looks into the troubled eyes of the doctor. Her prayer goes winging up to heaven. She knows that God will send at least the grace of deep spiritual strength and consolation.

The little prayers we say every day, for our dear departed ones, for our friends and for all who make life's journey easier, for our enemies, for ourselves and for the desires deep in our hearts, are they not all united with the prayers that Jesus offered while on earth? Are they not all born of confidence in His promises? "Ask, and it shall be given you: seek and you shall find: knock, and it shall be opened to you" (Matt. vii, 7). But are they not all animated by that sentiment so pleasing to Him: "O Lord, give me wisdom that I may know what is acceptable to thee" (Wisdom ix, 10).

If we brush aside all the fine theological definitions of prayer and all those flowers of expression that poets use to describe it, what do we find? Just this: A reverent familiarity with God. Jesus said: "Thus therefore shall you pray: Our Father who art in heaven" (Matt. vi, 9).

I recall a little lad who lived in constant fear of his father. As soon as the father put his face in the door, things began to move. That naturally sour and mean disposition improved not a whit in the company of his wife and children. I often wondered what this little fellow could mean when he knelt down at night to pray: "Our Father."

No experience can supply for the reverent love and familiarity of a father,—to feel that fine, generous, open-hearted affection and intimacy. Fortunate are they who can appreciate the warm, throbbing pressure of those words: "Our Father." God is our Father. He opens His arms to us. He clasps our hands. He regards us fondly; and He says: "My child, what can I do for you?"

A convert friend of mine, with all the fervor of one who has discovered the sweetness of the Catholic Faith, tells me of the thoughts and plans which he discusses with Our Lord in the Tabernacle. As a rule, they have to do with his spiritual needs; but frequently he allows his thoughts to wander over the ordinary things of life, the incidents and problems of the day. At first, I thought that perhaps he was taking too much for granted, perhaps a little too free with God. But when I came to appreciate his deep sincerity, I realized that he had learned the secret of true Catholic prayer. Prayer for him is something intensely practical. And he loses none of his reverence for being familiar with God.

There is nothing so helpful to prayer as the realization of something to pray for. If we look upon our prayer as conversation with God, we shall find so much to say. What should we say if some one were to come along who could dispel our worries, shoulder our burdens, solve our problems, grant our desires? We ought to say that something to God. Whether it be an automobile, a good husband, a business deal, a pleasant personality, an enjoyable vacation, better health, paying our debts, or making right some wrong that is spoiling our lives,—nothing is too big, nothing too tiny in that world of ours to hold the attention of God and touch His great warm heart. If our religion means anything to us, here is the place to turn it to real practical account. Whether we are getting ten or one hundred per cent of service from our Faith depends largely on our application of prayer to the matters of daily life.

After we have passed beyond our own personal world, we have yet to enter the realms of the Church at large. As good Catholics, we appreciate the countless blessings that come to us through the Church. And in the spirit of grateful

appreciation, we beg God to protect and guide her.

The other day I heard two gentlemen discussing the Mexican Question. One of the parties denounced with all the language at his command the iniquitous attitude of the Mexican Government toward the Church. After he had quite exhausted himself, the other said, in a matter of fact way, "Yes. I offered Mass and Holy Communion this morning for the triumph of the Church." If we only knew: it is through prayer rather than through controversy, that the Church has disarmed her enemies.

Our prayers are the strength of some lonely missionary wandering in heathen lands, or battling the elements in our own great West and South. Our prayers are dealing death blows to the anti-Catholic societies and movements of intolerance that range our country. Our prayers are sustaining Catholic education and the Catholic press in their fight for truth. Our prayers are bringing the light and strength of grace to innumerable souls who will appear before the judgment seat of God this day. Our prayers are relieving countless souls in the agonies of Purgatory. Who knows the fruit our prayers have caused in the ministry of God's priests? The sermons of a certain celebrated preacher led hundreds to the Fold of the Church. But it was revealed that the marvel of his work was due, not to his words of eloquence, but to the prayers of an obscure lay brother who fingered his beads at the foot of the pulpit.

We ought to pray, not only for the Pope, the Bishops, the priests and Religious who are now our servants, but to remember those also who have passed from this life. There are few of us who do not need some of the cleansing fires of Purgatory. It is said that no one is so dead as a dead priest. It were a shame to forget the souls of the priests whose hands, raised in absolu-

tion, have reopened to us the gates of Heaven and placed upon our tongues the Bread of Life. It were a shame to forget the souls of those holy nuns from whom we learned the way of truth and sweetness in the sight of God.

When to pray? How to pray? Why should we linger over these questions? Our Catholic instinct tells us the answer. We can make every act of the day a prayer, if we direct it to God for a certain intention. We offer up the entire day, when we say our morning prayers.

It was an instinct with many of the older generation to exclaim in their ordinary conversation, "Glory be to God"; and always in connection with some one who had died, "The Lord have mercy on his soul." Perhaps these expressions seem old-fashioned to us. We can always say them in our heart. During the day at any time, we can place ourselves in the presence of God by a simple act of recollection and say a word to Him. We need not fear. He will never betray our confidences.

Prayer of the heart always finds its way to God. "He that seeth into the heart, He understandeth" (Proverbs xxiv, 12). An old chronicle related that one of the lay brothers in the monastery of St. Bernard was appointed to watch the sheep all night on the Vigil of the Assumption. When the bell rang at midnight for prayer in common, he fell on his knees and offered his heart to God. With all simplicity, he acknowledged himself unworthy to sing the Divine Office with his brethren. He spent the rest of the night in prayer to the Blessed Mother, repeating over and over again the "Hail Mary." Through revelation, St. Bernard learned that the outpouring of this simple heart was more pleasing to God than the song of the most perfect in that house of saints.

O Jesus, give us the spirit of prayer. Prepare our hearts, humbly and confidently to speak to Thine. Open to our hearts the treasures of Thine own.

The Deed of a Heroine.

It is always interesting and profitable to read of the instances of heroism brought to light by an epidemic.

In 1827, at a little town near Dieppe, in France, a strange fever, resembling typhus, broke out in a humble household, and six of the members died of it. The father and four children were left, but were seriously ill with the frightful malady. The neighbors kept away, excusing themselves on the ground that there was danger of spreading the disease. They said that it would be murder if they should carry it to their own families, and used many more arguments of the sort people are wont to employ when they wish to shirk duties.

A young woman in the next parish went to the mayor of the infected town, and offered her assistance in behalf of the unfortunate family.

"You run a great risk," said the mayor, as he, nevertheless, accepted her offer.

"I should run a greater one," she nobly answered, "if I allowed five human beings to die for want of care."

She thereupon took a supply of disinfectants, and shut herself up in the house with the stricken inmates. One of the little ones died; and, no one daring to come near, Mlle. Détrumont herself dug the grave and put the child in it. The rest of the children, with their father, were spared; and they always declared that they owed their lives, under God, to the brave girl for whom death had no terrors when she was doing her duty.



It is difficult to do anything quite alone,—anything worth the doing. Nearly always some other appears, blessedly appears, to give conscious or unconscious help. A man puts his shoulder to the wheel, and in front of him he sees another shoulder. And the sight gives him courage.—*Hichens*.

Catholic.

BY P. J. C.

SEEING this title you expect to be lowered into a philological excavation in a search for origins. Not so. The intent is to offer some surfacy observations on the meaning content of the word *Catholic*.

Words take values from our experience with them. Should you be so one-syllabled as to call a man a "rat," he will not bestow a French kiss. If a young lady hears herself referred to as "apple-blossom," she pursues her happy journey, forgetting she is twelve pounds over weight, and looks a ton. If the man you called a "rat" knew nothing about rats, he might have smiled; had the young Miss thought apple-blossom meant cabbage, where would you be now?

Words become light or shade, music or noise, sweetness or sourness depending on education, experience, contact with them. Thus the word "Catholic."

If you are of the Faith, *Catholic* stands for certain realities that hold your loyalties. Even should you be not a practising person, you have a warmth in your heart for the "grand old name." Should you express in your life things that contradict Catholic teaching you may be emotionally a Catholic.

To one of Catholic Faith the word *Catholic* expresses divine origin, many-centuried life, pageantry of Crusades, benevolent spiritual rule which commands the allegiances of men and women by virtue of a stirring of consciences. Papacy, hierarchy, priesthood, religious orders of men and women are in the connotation; and the everlasting ranks of the great and the little, the learned and the illiterate who are rightly glorified by the name Faithful. Martyrs are in the word; those men and women of the early service whose wounds won new loyalties; learned doctors and

bishops; missionaries who careered to strange peoples, trumpeting their messages; teachers in universities; Francis of Assisi, God's gleeman; Dominic of the white robes; Ignatius and his army.

The word stirs memories of battles with kings; spiritual victories and frustrations. The titanic picture is not all rich splendor. There are retreats and defeats; failures and falls in high place. And yet in the totality of it: races of men with their human shortages of ignorance, prejudice, passion; the two thousand years of it, with so many changes of governments and civilizations, movements and counter movements,—the word *Catholic* holds a treasury of inexhaustible associations. From the Vatican City of 1933 to the Nazareth of Joseph, Mary and Christ—long years and wide worlds between—all in the word.

For the zealot of any other belief or for the zealot of none, *Catholic* contains, you need hardly be told, a very different substance of meaning. Bad Popes, ambitious bishops, hypocritical priests, lazy monks and nuns; ignorant, vicious, servile peoples—all these in the vaults. Ambition to rule the world, to enslave men and women; great riches, pomp and circumstance; intermeddling, keeping the masses in ignorance—these also. And much else that will come to you.

Catholic stands for what is very ancient and very vast. The institution which it identifies in the speech of men has had human retreats, defeats. Catholics need not shrink from the admission. It proves the human side. That she lives—still persecuted, written against, spoken against, plotted against, hated—is a sign she lives wholesomely, vigorously. She was in character in the arenas of persecution, in catacombs when she was young and small. To-day she is not less so smitten and driven out of doors in the vigor of her 2000 years. You need not pray that the Church be persecuted. She always will be.

Notes and Remarks.

Many of the most outspoken enemies of God and His Church would probably become entirely different individuals if they could only be persuaded to expose themselves honestly and with open mind for even a limited period to the influence of religion. Recently such a transformation took place almost over night one might say in the character of Señor J. Arpi, founder and editor of the Spanish atheistic and anti-clerical paper, *El Ateo*. Known all over Spain for his public denials of the existence of God and the divinity of Christ, Señor Arpi devoted most of his recent journalistic activities to ridiculing the clergy and attacking the Catholic Church. Somehow or other, however, he was persuaded to attend a religious retreat from which he emerged a changed and thoroughly converted man. As may be surmised, his retraction, and avowal of Faith have caused a sensation in atheistic circles. Of course, the secular newspapers, in treating of the Spanish situation, will not record this and other similarly edifying spiritual phenomena.

Occasionally we find an apologist for the Catholic Church who is not himself a Catholic. For a long time Gilbert Chesterton was such a one. He brought many a person into the Church before he himself took the final step. Over in Sweden another Chesterton has apparently arisen in the person of Dr. van Bahr-Religius, an eminent Swedish scholar. The Swedish scholar takes the attitude that the size and importance of the Church make it a proper object of unprejudiced study on the part of his fellow Protestants. As a consequence he has written a book entitled "A Protestant on Catholicism," in which he explains, and in many cases actually de-

fends, various beliefs and practices of the Catholic Church. Here are a few of the subjects treated: the use of Latin as the language of the Church; the liturgical divisions of the year with its principal feasts; the Communion of Saints; miracles; confession; marriage and celibacy; the reading of the Bible; convents; faith, etc. Without any doubt thousands of Protestants who would not think of opening a Catholic book or listening to a Catholic sermon will read with avidity the explanations of Doctor van Bahr-Religius. Indeed it may even be the Divine Will that this extraordinary missionary should labor for a number of years in that particular part of God's vineyard where the Catholic priest cannot easily enter. In His own good time, however, God will undoubtedly reward this fair-minded Swedish Doctor as he rewarded Chesterton—with the gift of Faith.

Recently the Archbishop of Canterbury, Primate of all England, addressed a letter of good will to Pope Pius XI., intimating his desire to associate himself with the celebration of the Holy Year, and the Holy Father replied, thanking the ecclesiastical head of the Established Church for his sincere interest. The *Osservatore Romano* sees in this exchange of amenities an event of great importance to the future of the Church, and suggests that it should not be allowed to pass unheeded in the present Holy year. "In Vatican circles," says the *New York Times*, "the hope is said to be freely expressed that the union of the Anglican and Roman churches will not be long delayed; it is added, on the highest authority, that envoys of the Holy See are now in England doing their utmost to achieve this aim, and that the announcement of a conversion of considerable importance may be expected shortly." More and more, it would seem, are the thinking

members of the Established Church coming to realize that the Roman Church is the successor of the Apostles, and that those branches which were severed from the trunk have lost their source of life and withered away. An arm that has been cut off from the body of an individual is, perhaps, as truly an arm as if it had been attached to the body, but because it has been separated from the soul of the individual, which is the principle of life, it is unable to perform any function, and it may truly be said to be dead. All Catholics should fervently pray that the Anglican Church which, at one time, belonged to the body of the Catholic Church, will again be united during the celebration of the nineteen-hundredth anniversary of the Passion.



Stanislaus Mugwanya, native of Uganda, Egypt, 80 years and blind, goes three miles every morning to receive Holy Communion at his parish church of Namilyango. He used to be Regent of the Kingdom of Buganda, and has been decorated by the Protestant King with the order of the "Spears and Shield." So you see, Stanislaus Mugwanya is not any Tom, Dick or Harry. You are not 80, nor blind. And more than likely you do not go three miles every morning to receive Holy Communion. "What's the point?" The point is: You, not being 80 and blind, and not three miles away from church, should at least do as well as Stanislaus Mugwanya. But not being Stanislaus Mugwanya perhaps you won't. That's the point.



A great deal is being made by our newspapers over the so-called "Great Chalice of Antioch," now being exhibited at the Century of Progress in Chicago. The chalice, which is said to date from the century in which Christ lived, is supposedly carved by one who knew Him personally. In fact, it is more

than intimated that this may be the actual cup used by Our Lord at the Last Supper. That many people are being victimized by this particular display which has been put in the Catholic section will be quite evident to those who have been reading the exposé recently made by the carefully edited *Fortnightly Review*. It seems that this chalice, now the property of Fahim Kouchakji of New York, has been challenged before as being no older than the Ninth Century at best, if it be not actually a fake. Dom Oswald Hunter, O. S. B., protested publicly against the presence of this same cup at the Exposition of Christian Art in Paris last year, while so eminent an archeologist as Msgr. Joseph Wilfert characterizes it as "merely a modern forgery or fake, artificially oxidized to give it the appearance of extreme age." The *Fortnightly Review* has done Catholic visitors a favor in exposing this fraud which has apparently been perpetrated for advertising purposes with only a few second-rate authorities to back the astounding claim of its owners.



From the daily press we learn that a concordat has been virtually concluded between the Vatican and the German Government, which covenant is to replace the three pacts between the Holy See and Prussia, Bavaria, and Baden. The result of the concordat will be the end of the Catholic Centre party in Germany, and the strengthening of non-political Catholic organizations there. While many, no doubt, will be grieved to hear of the passing of the German Centre party, which has done such splendid work for the Catholic cause since the days of Bismarck, it is gratifying, nevertheless, to know that the new agreement which is being concluded with the Vatican by Vice-Chancellor von Papen in no way lessens the power of Catholics in Germany. "If the

Germans hoped," says the *New York Times*, "for a concordat that would mark the end of Catholic influence they are destined to be disappointed, for the Catholic Centre party, although thrown out of the door, has flown in again through the window in the shape of non-political organizations to which the defense of Catholic interests will be entrusted in the future. The position of the Holy See in the negotiations is extremely strong. In view of the concordats with Prussia, Bavaria, and Baden, which include almost all the Catholic population in Germany, the Holy See took the stand that it would not allow those agreements to be torn up unless the proposed new concordat assured to Catholics of Germany the conditions which they now enjoy or something better." Whatever privileges, therefore, have been given up in the political field have been more than compensated for by the concessions made by the German Government to non-political organizations, such as Catholic Action. We may hope to see the terms of the concordat published in a short time, and we trust they will be as favorable to Catholics as the reports in the daily press state.

The Cardinal Archbishop of Boston administered the Sacrament of Confirmation to 600 men converts one Sunday, and to 500 women converts the Sunday following in his Cathedral church. All these 1100 Bostonians were brought into the Faith during the past year. Some will say that Boston is a large, important city; very Catholic, very cultured, very enlightened—and so on; that, after all, 1100 will not seem so thrilling a total out of some one-half million people. No? Well, if you are curious and zealous, suppose you find out how many converts are recorded in other large cities of the United States during the past year. And after that in

the lesser cities; and then in the towns and villages. Tabulate, add, compare; check, double check. And then possibly you will find that Boston is still Boston; the Boston that marked X before the name of the man whose title Harvard University translated into *Miles Felix* when bestowing upon him her scholastic honors.

Members of a committee of university students asked "dry" leaders some time ago to submit a name or names of citizens reformed since Prohibition went into effect. Here are some of the answers: "You are taking advantage of me. The drys do not keep records."—Andrew Volstead. "I won't talk to you. You are a wet."—Mrs. Ella Boole, President W. C. T. U. "I don't recall any, but my secretary will furnish you a list of the names" (The secretary was not able to produce any).—Miss Jane Adams. "If we can not meet this challenge, we have got to get out of business."—Clarence True Wilson (Mr. Wilson did not produce a single name). "Don't ask such silly questions."—Mrs. Alice David, Pres. W. C. T. U., Omaha. "Prohibition was not intended to better the drinking classes, but to clean up politics."—Rev. Frank Day, Dry Preacher, Minneapolis. "I don't know anyone personally. I have heard of one town character called Old John. I don't know his last name, and I don't know just where you can find him. But he is your man."—Mrs. George Ellsworth, Pres. W. C. T. U., Milwaukee.

Statistics tabulate 23,000 suicides in the United States for the year 1932. There are apportionments in the tabulation to show that locality, climate, state of life, state of business, and so on, give determination to self-destruction. We omit these. They are explanations which do not explain. People who believe in God, the hereafter, the facts

of the hereafter, will bear the ills they have, not escape by the short route of suicide to the ills they know not of—yet. Misfortunes of any kind or measure are bearable if this life is seen as a briefer sojourn of testing by trial to fit men for the life everlasting that counts. People who do not look beyond the horizon of here to hereafter see no reason for suffering retardment, defeat, sorrow, pain. When Faith in God is as much fact as a piece of real estate or a satisfactory blood count to the men and women of the United States, the grand total of suicides will not be 23,000 for one year.



The Brooklyn *Eagle* writes editorially that nearly 10 per cent of the children of America receive their education in "religious schools"; and deduces from this, that "evidently taxpayers at this rate have reason to wish the religious schools to keep up their work." Continuing, the editorial says:

And, indeed, those who in certain parts of the country opposed them not many years ago, have nowadays much less to say on the subject. Agitation to increase the bills of the public elementary schools sufficiently to provide for approximately one more pupil in every ten would not make much headway at a time when the taxpayer has trouble meeting the bills for the existing enrollment.

And yet, taxes or no taxes, there will be found some who would be satisfied to pay the extra taxes; not because they love taxes, but because they have an inexplicable hatred for Catholic schools.

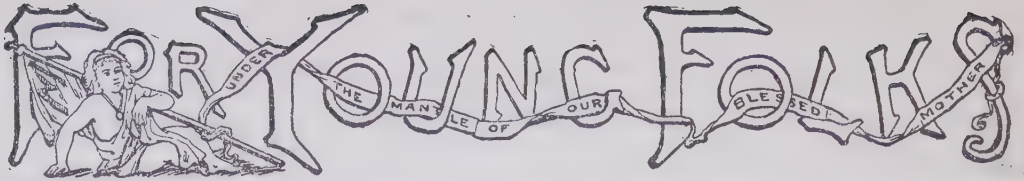


A bronze medallion of Marshal Foch was unveiled some time ago in the church of Notre Dame, Cassel, France. The purpose of the medallion is to mark the place where the great soldier went often to pray while his headquarters were in Cassel during the hard days. Achille Cardinal Leinart, Bishop of

Lille, to which Cassel belongs, presided at the ceremony, and the widow of the Marshal attended. This is written to indicate that Marshal Foch, supreme in command of the Allied forces in the final period of the World War, had divine Faith, and expressed that Faith in prayer. Too many, achieving high station in business, in politics, in a military career, seem to feel that Faith, prayer and religious practice indicate peasant mentality and womanish weakness. They short-change themselves. They pick up the small dross of human coinage; miss the white gold that Foch pocketed while in that church of Notre Dame, Cassel; that gold which so enriched him spiritually. He did not merely stop the hosts that aimed their guns at Paris. He illustrated for Paris, for many a strutting atheist general, many a gesturing atheist politician, what is meant by a great, finished Catholic Frenchman. May his example outlast his bronze!



Recent intelligence tests report that a man reaches the peak in ability to respond to new situations at 21 years; from then on declines until at 55 his intelligence is no greater than a 14-year-old boy. Going on fifty-one, Franklin D. Roosevelt is President of the United States and has situations aplenty to respond to. The thought is crushing that his intelligence at this moment is slightly above that of a 14-year-old boy. Pope Pius XI., over 70, governs the Catholic Church. His intelligence is rather less than a boy of 14 according to findings from these tests. We do not know whether the intelligence trials aim to show just these things. We try to think they do not. It would depress one to reflect that a slightly more than 14-year-old mind presides over the United States just now; and that a much below a 14-year-old mind is the successor of St. Peter.



The Spectator.

BY MARY MABEL WIRRIES.

WHEN we are playing, Sue and I,
The Boy of Nazareth town
Is at His window in the sky,
Tenderly looking down.
To-day, when I slapped Sister Sue,
And took the choicest place,
A cloud came by—and then I knew
He'd turned away His face.

But when I kissed her tears away,
And made her laugh in glee,
The sun came out, all bright and gay,
And Jesus smiled at me.

Tim.

BY JAMES A. REID.

II.—A BIT OF NEW YORK

WHEN Tim reached New York city, he was surprised that neither his Uncle Jack nor Aunt Anna was at the dock to meet him. He waited for a few minutes, thinking some one might come for him, then decided to get a glimpse or two of the city without wandering far from the landing pier.

"Mr. Officer, I'm lost."

The tall, rather stout policeman, directing traffic in the lower part of New York, turned to look at the speaker.

"Mr. Officer, I'm lost," the boy repeated.

The policeman, thinking of the sly jokes occasionally played on him by his fellow policemen, glanced quizzically at the boy.

"How old are you?"

"Fourteen, Sir."

"You should be old enough to find

your way about in New York." Then, seeing the bag in the boy's hand, he wondered whether perhaps the lad had not run away from home.

"Where do you live?"

"In Ireland, Sir."

"Well, there's no doubt about it. You are a long ways from home. How did you get here?"

"By boat, Sir."

The policeman smiled. "When did you come?"

"I stepped off the ocean thirty minutes ago."

"Well, well!" possibly this was no trick after all. "Where are you going?"

"No place, Sir, I'm here."

"So I see. But, where are you supposed to go?"

"To my Uncle Jack's and Aunt Anna's."

"Where do they live?"

"That I don't know."

"Have you their address?"

"I had, but as I was coming past that statue in the harbor, I took the piece of paper with the address out of my pocket, and it blew away."

"Oh!"

"Anyway, Aunt Anna was supposed to meet me, so she wrote to the mother."

At the toot of a horn, the policeman turned suddenly to direct the traffic. Again he faced the boy.

"Now, lad, I'll be off duty in another twenty minutes. If you'll just wait over on that corner till I'm finished, I'll see what I can do for you."

"Thank you kindly, Sir."

As Tim waited on that busy corner of down-town New York, he gazed with wondrous eyes at this new glimpse of America. He had already been captivated by the view as he came up the bay. The great Statue of Liberty, which

he had seen long before he reached it, had not for him the deep meaning that it held for the many thousands who had come to America for the sake of liberty and opportunity. Many of those thousands had been oppressed, and many of them knew the pangs of sorrow and hunger and want. Still, even for Tim, the beacon of liberty meant the dawn of a new world, and he was sure it was to be a happy world also.

Now, he stood at that corner, and gazed and gazed. His eyes went up and down the great buildings, symbols of wealth. Far up the Avenue, he could see other buildings reaching high into the sky, so high that the early morning fog covered their heads with a haze such as one might see about mountain tops on a dewy morning. For a while his attention was so centered on these mammoths of industry and business that he failed to notice the great throngs of men and women who were passing to their day's work. The noise of the street-cars, any number of them with flat wheels that kept the harmony of clanging bells, passed unnoticed also. Automobiles, rushing in and out of the heavy traffic, added to the confusion. Tim just stood, staring, wondering, surprised.

"Now let's see what we can do for you?" said a voice at his side.

He looked around quickly. The policeman, who had been directing the traffic, was speaking to him.

"What's your Uncle's name?"

"Jack, Sir; I mean John."

"I believe you told me that before. His second name?"

"That I don't know; I think it begins with an 'E.'"

"His last name?"

"O'Mara, Sir."

"John O'Mara, it is, eh? Have you any idea where he lives?"

"No, Sir. But maybe if you named a few places, I might remember?"

"Bronx, Brooklyn, Long Island—"

"None of those," said Tim, shaking his head.

"Is he in some suburb?"

"No, I think he lives some place in the City."

"Now, where?"

"I do recall that he lives near a place where they play polo."

"That must be away out at Meadowbrook."

"Away out! No, he's somewhere that takes only twenty minutes to get to from the boat."

"Where they play polo," said the policeman to himself rather than to Tim. "Oh, I've got it: the 'Polo Grounds' for certain."

Later, Tim began to wonder how he had managed to tell the policeman anything. All the time that they were walking and talking, he just couldn't help trying to see everything that was going on.

For a few steps they walked in silence. Then the policeman said:

"That's the Station. More than likely we can find your uncle's name in a telephone book, or in the city directory."

As they were about to enter the door of the Station, another officer in uniform came out.

"The top of the morning to you, Krause," he said.

"Good morning, Uncle Dan," answered Officer Krause, smiling.

"Who's the lad?"

"Now, don't be inquisitive," was the reply. "Finders keepers."

"What's he been doing?"

"Oh, he just got lost." Officer Krause was having his own quiet bit of fun.

"Where's he live?"

"He's going to live up near the Polo Grounds," was the evasive answer.

"Where's your home, my boy?"

"In Ireland, Sir."

"Glory be—Krause, you old villain—what part of Ireland?"

"South, Sir; not far from Cobh."

"God's own country." Officer Krause was smiling broadly at the very evident

happiness of Uncle Dan. "What's your name?"

"Tim O'Mara, Sir."

"I don't remember your father; my name's Sheehan."

"He lived in England for a long time. But I wonder if it is your mother who is buried in that little graveyard at Cloughbarry—that's only two miles from home—there's a Sheehan buried there."

"My mother, it is, these many years, God rest her soul!"

"Krause, you say he's lost?"

"Yes, you see his Aunt didn't meet him when he 'stepped off the ocean' sixty minutes ago, and her address, since the wind is favorable and the tide is going out, is now many miles at sea."

They entered the Station. The two policemen began to search for the address of John E. O'Mara.

"I have it," said Officer Krause.

"I'll call him up and down," said Officer Sheehan.

As soon as Officer Sheehan stepped from the room, Officer Krause said,

"No doubt, you'll find New York a bit strange at first, Tim."

"I suppose I will."

"I was about your age when I landed some twenty-three years ago from Germany, and I couldn't speak but a word or two of English."

"Oh!"

"I got lost, too."

"Did you, for sure?"

"And do you know who finally found me?"

"I couldn't ever guess."

"Dan Sheehan. 'Uncle Dan' to all of us."

"Some of the people at home at times call our priest 'Daddy Dan'; that's because they like him so much."

"And that's why Dan Sheehan is 'Uncle Dan' to all of the Force."

"I see."

"Just one man like Uncle Dan, Tim,

makes this world a pretty good old world. He has a heart of gold. Policemen are sometimes hated by the very persons that they are trying to do the most for. But, everybody likes Uncle Dan."

"I like him already."

"If I had time, I could tell you many things about him that would make you like him more. Perhaps, I'll have time to tell you a little, while he's telephoning. Before I forget, if you ever need a friend, call on Uncle Dan."

"I'll remember that," said Tim.

"Uncle Dan has been in America some forty years now. Proud he is of Ireland, and prouder still of the United States. He's a saint. I got my first job through him years ago. Those were hard and bitter days, Tim, when I didn't know the language nor the customs of the people. Worry put me on the sick list. I had no money for medicine, and, of course, the doctor wasn't paid. Back home they were in want. It was only by chance that Uncle Dan found out. Never will I forget that morning he came to my sick room."

"I'll bet you were glad to see him, weren't you?" asked Tim.

"You bet I was. I was feeling real low in spirit that morning. He looked at me for a second. Then, he said very quietly, 'So you won't ask a friend for help, eh?' He had been keeping a friendly eye on me, missed me at Mass, and looked me up. He pulled some bills out of his pocket and placed them on the table, saying, 'That's all I can spare now, but about the middle of next week I'll have some extra for you, if you need it. Get on your feet fast.'"

"And did you get better quick?"

"Pretty quick."

"Later, he smoothed the way for me to get on the Force. That meant a lot to me, for there were some who spoke of that 'Dumb German' just because I couldn't speak English as they did.

Uncle Dan was my friend, however, and I got an opportunity that perhaps I might never have had, if he hadn't made them play square and give me a chance to make good."

"That was kind of him, no less."

"He's the old type of policeman, Tim. A father, mother, friend, and priest. He walks his beat—he wouldn't give it up even for promotion—he walks his beat day in and day out, and he's been doing it for many, many long years. In sickness, sorrow, trouble, and need, he's been the friend of families without number.—My, he seems to be gone for a long time."

"He does, for sure," agreed Tim; "but, go on."

"I think some day Uncle Dan will be driving souls off the streets of Purgatory into Heaven; and when it's his turn to enter, he will want to keep his old beat, so that he can drive more souls from the streets of Purgatory into Heaven. I sometimes hear people speak of 'Holy Ireland,' and at once I think of Uncle Dan. Why, Tim, all the excitement of New York, all the pleasures and joys and good times, nothing has kept him from being true to his saintly mother—she must have been saintly—and the fine things he learned at school and at church in Ireland."

"I think this story shows best the kind of man Uncle Dan is. I should tell you that we heard it only by chance. You'd never hear him telling anything about himself, unless it was a good joke, like the time,—but I'll come to that later."

"Not so long ago—Oh! he's coming now," and Officer Krause paused. Then, excitedly, "Tim, do you hear that music?"

"I do."

"Can you jig?"

"I can!"

"Go to it."

"I will."

Officer Krause went to the window, said something in German, and tossed a coin to the leader of the band outside. The music took on new spirit. Round and round Tim went. Standing at the door was Officer Sheehan, smiling. Smiling, too, was Officer Krause, meanwhile keeping time with his hands. The music grew livelier and the dancing kept pace with it. Then it was that Officer Krause looked at Officer Sheehan. The latter nodded with understanding, and at once was in the center of the floor with Tim. Round and round they went, back and forth, the boy always quick and nimble and sure; the man just as quick and sure, if not quite so nimble.

"Of course," said Officer Krause, "an Irishman ought to be able to dance to Irish music. But it takes a good German to dance to Irish music as it should be danced to."

Then he joined in, but before he started, he went again to the window and tossed out another coin.

Tim was all eyes on the two men. Shouting, laughing, they danced on and on. No doubt, the noise had carried far down the corridors, for soon there was an admiring crowd at the doors. They, too, were taking part in the dance by clapping their hands to the lilt of the music, and shouting encouragement.

"Uncle Dan, you're like a lad of ten." Officer Sheehan bowed, but kept on dancing.

"Krause, Krause, what's the matter with Krause? why, he's as good as, or even better than, Uncle Dan." Officer Krause bowed very low.

"Go it, Sonny; those old codgers will soon be out of breath."

To each shout of appreciation, the dancers would turn and smilingly bow.

"Don't give up, Uncle Dan."

"Keep at it, Krause; you've got rhythm, speed and deception."

"Give the old men a chance, Sonny."

Suddenly the music stopped. Uncle Dan went to a nearby seat.

"Why, that old fellow is puffing like ten men out of breath," said Officer Krause.

"Yes," replied Uncle Dan, and the words came so slow you'd think he was looking up each one in a dictionary, "yes, this is no laughing matter." But, he was laughing and holding his sides, rocking back and forth with the tears running down his face.

"Uncle Dan, you're laughing so hard, you'll bust."

"I know, I know." And once more he broke out into rich, merry laughter.

Meanwhile, the admiring crowd, realizing that the bit of entertainment was over, slowly disappeared, laughing and talking as they went back to work.

"And, Uncle Dan, did you find the O'Maras?" asked Krause.

"I'm sorry to say, I did not."

"No?" with surprise.

"They've moved."

"Moved?"

"Out of the city."

"They left an address?"

"Indeed, they did no such thing."

"Isn't that too bad?"

"It is all of that."

"Now, what will I do?" asked Tim anxiously.

(To be continued.)

The Darling of Little Italy.

A part of New York so humble that it is seldom a well-shod foot treads it, or that a prosperous and well-fed person is seen in its vicinity, is called Little Italy. There, some years ago, was born a baby; and upon her was bestowed a gift which made her the idol of the Italian quarter—for before she could speak she could sing. It was small wonder that her compatriots fell down before her with loving awe, for music is the mother-tongue of Italy. And she was, withal, a most sweet and loving and interesting

child. No function was complete without her presence; no bride thought her wedding propitious unless little Anna Constantina was there to wish her happiness; no festival occasion was gay if she was absent; no mourner dried her tears until little Anna's loving smile brought comfort.

Her father was as poor as any man in Little Italy; but one day he was promoted to the position of street-sweeper, and went elsewhere to live. But the love of the Italians followed the family because of the little daughter.

On the day she died Little Italy went into mourning. As soon as it was noised about that the child was gone, groups of dark-eyed people began to gather, to console one another, and to sing the child's praises in their liquid speech. While she lay dead the house was crowded with the friends, who for the time quite depopulated Little Italy. Even the undertakers vied with one another in doing her honor, and no fewer than three offered their services for the funeral. And such a funeral!

Little Anna was laid out in a white satin dress, and if there had been any fabric more beautiful the gown would have been made of that. The funeral procession was headed by a band of Italian musicians, because the little one loved music; and following the hearse was, it seemed, every man, woman and child in the Italian quarter,—trudging along on foot, silent and prayerful except when they spoke of her, and not ashamed of their tears. The church was crowded to the doors; and the multitude of mourners who could not enter stood outside, silent and sorrowful. It was not until the tiny body was placed upon the ferry-boat that the reluctant crowd turned homeward. And Little Italy still mourns.

"BETTER bend the neck promptly than bruise the forehead."

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—Arrowsmith, London, will publish this month the long-promised study of the "Tactics and Strategy of the Great Duke of Marlborough," by Mr. Hilaire Belloc.

—The story, "The Mills of God," by Monica Selwin-Tait, which ran serially in THE AVE MARIA a year ago, will be published in book form by Longmans' in October with the new title "Uncharted Spaces."

—According to a recent report of the American Foundation for the Blind, over one hundred sixty books have been published in *braille* since last December for the use of blind readers in the United States and Great Britain. About 134 of these volumes were embossed in the United States, and some 27 in England. They deal with biography, history, economics, sociology and fiction.

—Unless something is done, says *The New York Times*, to prevent mystery writers from staging their murders on the grounds of the Century of Progress Exposition, the public is going to get the impression that the Chicago World's Fair is about as gory a place as the Chicago Stock Yards. The slaughter began in Mary Plum's "Murder at the World's Fair" and now it continues in John Ashenhurst's "The World's Fair Murders."

—The Clark Lectures, delivered at Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1932, have recently been published by the Macmillan Company under the title, "Charles Lamb and His Contemporaries." Edmund Blunden is the author. Much about Charles Lamb and his friends that is not over familiar is contained in this volume. Lamb's estimate of Coleridge, for instance, that "he was an archangel a little damaged," and Coleridge's opinion of Lamb: "Charles Lamb had more totality and individuality of character than any other man I know or have ever known in all my life. In most men we distinguish between the different powers of their intellect as one being predominant over the other. The genius of Wordsworth is greater than his talent, though considerable. The talent of Southey is greater

than his genius, though respectable. But in Charles Lamb it is altogether one; his genius is talent and his talent is genius, and his heart is as whole and one as his head."

—"French Cathedrals, Their Symbolic Significance," is a book which should interest all travellers and prospective travellers. The author, Madame Helene Foure of the French Department of the Ohio State University, gathered the material for her book when, as interpreter for the armies in Picardy, she was requested by the British Government to lecture on the symbolism of French Cathedrals. As a result of her study Mrs. Foure develops the thesis that art, religion, and history are recorded in the stones of the French Cathedrals with almost as much fidelity as if the story had been put into words. Catholic schools and colleges will find the volume of particular value. Thirty-one full-page illustrations with seventy pages of explanatory text. Published by Bruce Humphries, Inc., 407 Stuart Street, Boston. Price, \$2.50.

—The story of Dr. W. E. Orchard's progress from his early conversion to Evangelicism by the Mission preachers of a London church, more than forty years ago, through a general development of thought which led him finally into the Church of Rome, is interestingly told in his "From Faith to Faith" (Harper and Brothers. \$2). This is a frank and humble recital of an earnest effort to see God's will and to follow wherever it led. It led, indeed, to a gradual but sure progress away from the purely evangelical concept of religion based upon the person of Christ rather than his doctrine—the Church's dogmas—and toward the well-defined teachings of Rome. But it was a progress through increasing personal difficulties and heartaches up to the moment of final submission. The last three chapters are particularly interesting as describing the mind of the Evangelical Protestant and his answer to the natural objections which the Church would put to his doctrinal position. It should be a very valuable study for priests

who have to understand the attitude of the Evangelical inquirer, in answering his difficulties, and a volume from which the Protestant who is disturbed or uncertain about his position can derive light and instruction.

—Sven Hedin, the well-known Swedish author and explorer, in his recent book, "Mount Everest," states in no uncertain language that a deal of false history has been written about Mount Everest, and that the Jesuit and Capuchin missionaries who climbed its scarred sides some two hundred years ago have not been given credit by historians for their achievements. It is usually believed that this mountain was discovered by Colonel Everest in 1853 because it bears the Colonel's name. Hedin points out that the mountain is found under its real Tibetan name of Tshomo-Lungma on maps made from native materials by French Jesuits in Pekin in 1717. Howard Bury, therefore, is mistaken when he states in his record of the 1921 Expedition that the journey to Tingri was the first ever made by Europeans. Hedin is not a Catholic, but is writing simply in the interest of truth.

—"Commemorative Postage Stamps of the United States," Ralph A. Kimble's late book, has been published by Grosset and Dunlap. It will be news to most people, perhaps, that since the famous Columbian set of stamps appeared in 1893, the first commemorative stamp issue, forty-four separate stamp issues have been brought out among which are the Daniel Webster stamp, the William Penn stamp and twelve commemorating events of the Revolutionary War. Some of these stamps are real works of art such as the two-colored Yorktown stamp, 1931, with medallions of Washington, Rochambeau, and De Grasse; others have been somewhat carelessly done as the Molly Pitcher stamp in commemoration of the 150th anniversary of the battle of Monmouth. This was made by printing in black letters over the current two-cent stamp the words "Molly Pitcher." This book gives concise information about all the events commemorated, and school children may find it a pleasant way to learn about certain historical events.

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"At the Feet of the Divine Master." Rev. Anthony Huonder, S. J. \$2.25.

"The Forgotten God." Most Rev. Francis C. Kelly, D. D. \$1.50.

"The Church Surprising." Penrose Fry. \$1.25.

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Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

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Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indulgence.)

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
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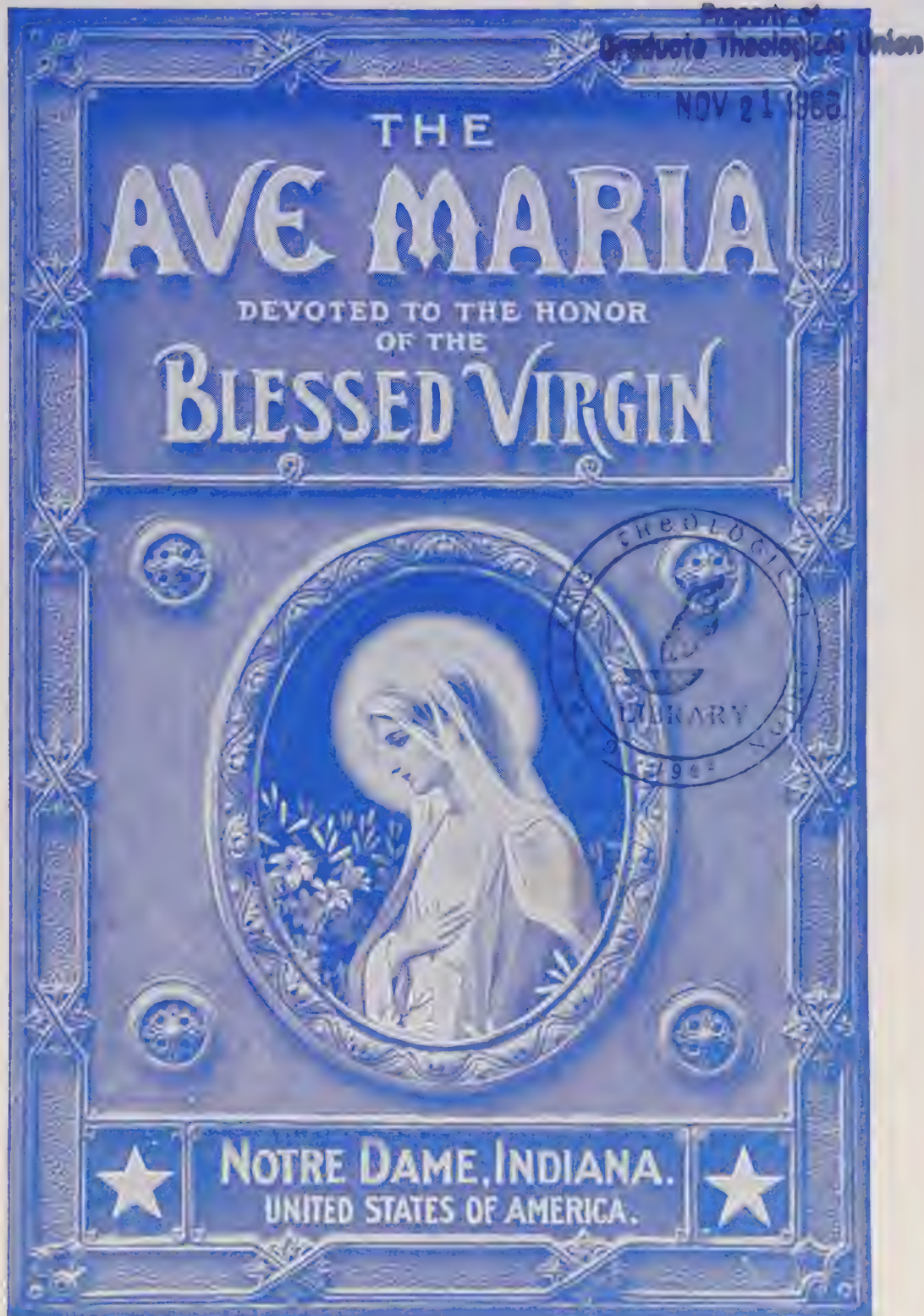
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CALENDAR OF THE WEEK

JULY.

SATURDAY, 29.—St. Martha of Bethany, Virgin.
SUNDAY, 30.—Eighth after Pentecost. Sts. Abdon and Sennen, MM.
MONDAY, 31.—St. Ignatius Loyola, Confessor.

AUGUST.

TUESDAY, 1.—St. Peter's Chains.
WEDNESDAY, 2.—St. Alphonsus Liguori, Confessor.
THURSDAY, 3.—Finding of the Relics of St. Stephen.
FRIDAY, 4.—St. Dominic, Confessor.
SATURDAY, 5.—Our Lady of the Snow.

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Mother of Mary.

BY A. P. C.

ST. ANNE, St. Anne, a Heavenly guest
Came down to make with you her nest:
Child Mary, growing, blossoming,—
A flower,—a dove beneath your wing!

From you, St. Anne, serene and good,
She learned wise ways of motherhood.
Of you, I think (you and no other),
"She was the Holy Child's grandmother!"



"The Lost Pleiad of the Oxford Movement."

BY PAULA KURTH.

ONE hundred years ago, on July 14, 1833, Mr. Keble ascended the pulpit of St. Mary's at Oxford and preached that sermon on National Apostasy which initiated the greatest spiritual upheaval of modern times—an upheaval which had been so long maturing and which was to have such far-reaching and unforeseen results.

In considering what followed, there is sometimes a tendency to forget one who, had he lived, could never have been disregarded. Yet it is not improbable that, if there had been no Hurrell Froude, there would have been no Oxford Movement. He was foremost in directing its early course, sparing no energy in its promotion, besides being largely responsible for the religious development of the leader of the Move-

ment, John Henry Newman. He was a lovable young man, of great personal sanctity and holy aspirations, and he affords an excellent instance of the way noble dreams come true though the dreamer himself may never in this world see their fulfilment.

No reader of the "Apologia" is unfamiliar with the passages in which Newman pays tribute to this friend to whom he owed so much. He speaks of his high gifts, of the gentleness and tenderness of his nature, and the playfulness, free, elastic force and graceful versatility of his mind, together with his patient and winning considerateness in discussion. He then goes on to say that Hurrell Froude, who died in the conflict and transition-state of opinion before his religious views had reached their ultimate conclusion, "professed openly his admiration of the Church of Rome, and his hatred of the Reformers. . . . He had a high, severe idea of the intrinsic excellence of virginity; and he considered the Blessed Virgin its great pattern. . . . He had a deep devotion to the Real Presence, in which he had a firm faith." And on the next page is discovered the effect of these opinions on Newman, for the future Cardinal continues: "He taught me to look with admiration towards the Church of Rome, and in the same degree to dislike the Reformation. He fixed deep in me the idea of devotion to the Blessed Virgin, and he led me gradually to believe in the Real Presence."

Froude had once jokingly called him-

self Keble's "poker," and he fulfilled much the same office to Newman, leading the way with his clear, purely speculative thought, taking the intellectual hurdles gallantly. He prompted men, who, in turn, were to lead others, and was a "sort of precursor in Newman's spiritual dynasty." Had it not been, says Louise Imogen Guiney in her splendid book on the "poker," for his premature death at the age of thirty-two (poor Hurrell Froude, like his mother, two sisters and a brother, died of consumption), Newman would not have "paced up and down for those long lonely years in Oriel Lane, and in the *Limbus Innocentium* at Littlemore, nor invented *Oret pro nobis* for an anodyne."

Hurrell Froude was born on March 25, 1803, in his father's rectory at Dartington in Devonshire. He was the eldest of eight children, a clever, ingenuous boy, yet even from his earliest days, "like himself alone and no one else," no child-saint surely, fond of play and boats and the water, but of great personal charm, generous and singularly high-minded. As he grew older, he waged a deathless war on such imperfections as he found in himself. He was sent to school at Ottery St. Mary's, where he studied under Dr. Coleridge, the poet's nephew; and later at Eton, going up to Oxford when he was eighteen, matriculating at Oriel College and being tutored by Keble.

In 1826, Froude was elected a Fellow of his College, and it was then that he began to be intimate with Newman who was slightly his senior. From the first they were drawn to each other, and this despite the fact that Froude was High Tory both in sympathies and training, and Newman non-political with the traces of an early Evangelicalism still about him. And it was Froude who brought this new friend and Keble, his former tutor, together, the thought of which was always a source of delight to him. "Do you know the story of the

murderer who had done one good thing in his life?" he said, "well, if I was ever asked what good deed I had ever done, I should say that I had brought Keble and Newman to understand each other."

Two years later Froude's health began to fail, and no remedies proving of any permanent help, a Mediterranean cruise during the winter of 1832-33 was considered advisable. He was accompanied on this cruise by his father, Archdeacon Froude, and Newman. They stopped at all the usual places, and Froude wrote an account of what they saw for the benefit of family and friends at home, and also, being clever with his pencil, drew some interesting sketches. When in Rome the two young men made a point of calling on Dr. Wiseman to ascertain, as Froude put it in a letter, "whether they (the Catholic Church) would take us in on any terms to which we could twist our consciences, and we found to our dismay that not one step could be gained without swallowing the Council of Trent as a whole!"

During the tour was written the greater part of the "Lyra Apostolica," to which Froude contributed eight very characteristic poems. He was a humble poet, underestimating his own vivid muse and sometimes wondering if his efforts were "dotings." One sonnet on the thought "The powers that be are ordained by God" must be quoted:

Yes, mark the words: deem not that saints alone
Are Heaven's true servants, and His laws fulfil
Who rules o'er just and wicked. He from ill
Culls good; He moulds the Egyptian's heart of
stone

To do Him honor, and e'en Nero's throne
Pride bows unconscious, and the rebel will
Claims as His ordinance; before Him still
Most does His bidding, following most its own.

Then grieve not at their high and palmy state,
Those proud bad men, whose unrelenting sway
Hath shattered holiest things, and led astray
Christ's little ones: they are but tools of fate,
Duped rebels, doomed to serve a Power they hate,
To earn a traitor's guerdon, yet obey.

The motto of the "Lyra Apostolica"

collection, taken from Homer, was "You shall know the difference now that we are back again." Indeed more and more the two came to realize that they had "a work to do in England," that much strenuous labor was necessary if Liberalism and its irreligious consequences were to be successfully combated and society supernaturalized; and that to win the victory, in Froude's picturesque phrase, they would have to make a "row." They did not create, as Miss Guiney points out, but evoked the religious spirit of their time. Froude returned to England in the spring, but Newman tarried longer in the Southland, falling very ill there, and finally arriving home only five days before the National Apostasy sermon.

The earliest visible evidences of the workings of the Movement were the "Tracts for the Times," or, as George Eliot called them, the "Tracts against the Times," the first of which was written by Newman and published on September 9. To this series Froude contributed four papers, and his influence in many others is apparent. Newman and Keble both continued to place extreme confidence in his judgment and submitted their articles to his criticism before publishing them. Newman, in a letter to the absent Froude, speaks of seeming "to write things to no purpose, wanting your imprimatur."

The improvement Froude's health had shown proved to be but ephemeral, and a change of climate, when the next winter came, was again thought necessary. So the young man was shipped off to Barbadoes where he got no better; but he never complained and watched the Oxford battle from afar. On his return to England his friends saw—and saw with grief—his doom written in his face. "Froude came," wrote Thomas Mozley, "full of energy and fire, sunburnt, but a shadow."

The last remaining year of Froude's life was spent at home at his beautiful

and much-loved Dartington, whence he continued to stimulate his friends' efforts for the cause so dear to his heart, working still himself when he could, calling his dying languors "idleness" and "selfishness," and devoting his college fees to the furtherance of the Movement. He was in continual correspondence with Newman and Keble, and the summer before his death we find Newman writing of going down to see him "to get some light struck out by the collision;" and at the same time to a mutual friend: "Perhaps it would be as well to go down to Froude, were it only to adjust my notions to his. Dear fellow! long as I have anticipated what I suppose must come, I feel quite raw and unprepared. I suppose one ought to get as much as one can from him, *dum licet*."

Newman did go down to Dartington in September and remained almost a month with Froude at the rectory. But at last the evening came when he was obliged to leave for Oxford. Very beautifully has he written of that final farewell. "When I took leave of him his face lighted up and almost shone in the darkness as if to say that in this world we were parting forever."

The melancholy event, so long expected, took place on February 28, 1836; and Hurrell Froude was laid to rest in the Dartington churchyard close to the church porch. When Newman heard of his friend's death he was quite overcome. "He opened the letter bearing the news in my room," Thomas Mozley wrote, "and could only put it into my hand, with no remark. He afterwards, Henry Wilberforce told me, lamented with tears (not a common thing for him) that he could not have seen Froude just to tell him how much he felt that he had owed to him in the clearing and strengthening of his views." And it is told that Keble, officiating for the first time at Hursley when the tidings came, was so moved

that for a while he could not go on with the service.

In the "Apologia" and also in his Letters, Newman records what he considered one of the nine important events of that year as "My knowing and using the Breviary." His copy had been Froude's own and had been taken from his dead friend's shelves after the funeral when the Archdeacon had bidden him choose a book as a keepsake. From then on it lay on Newman's study table, and soon found its way into his heart and mind; and surely it had more than a little to do with his reception, nine years later, into the Catholic Church.

Newman and Keble, after much deliberation, determined to publish Hurrell Froude's literary "Remains," and the material they found at hand included sermons, essays, letters, poems and private journals. By putting selections from these into book form the two editors hoped, through making manifest this flower of the Movement, to draw others to the cause; also they could not bear the thought that no tangible trace be left of that spirit which had burned so ardently and with so white a flame.

The book aroused a contemporary furor, and greatly influenced such noted converts as James Robert Hope-Scott and Frederick William Faber; but it has succeeded in getting itself pretty well forgotten ever since. Many good Anglicans objected to it as savoring of Popery; and others were scandalized by the, to them, exaggerated approval of the ascetic spirit which the journals disclosed. Their Protestantism failed to understand that spirit and the insistence of its calls, and accordingly they frowned on the rigid self-discipline which could make a man accuse himself of so minor a fault as looking to see "whether goose came on the table at dinner." For a while that goose was famous!

Indeed some of the revelations in these journals had come as rather a surprise even to those who knew their writer best. Froude had ever been hard on himself, never excusing himself; and these pages bore witness to the stubborn struggle with that self and especially with a tongue too apt to say clever and sarcastic things at the cost of charity. The weapons he used were prayer and fasting; and in regard to penance particularly, poor Froude recognized the difficulties of his position, and his Catholic spirit groped instinctively toward Catholic teaching. "I feel that though it (penance) has in it the color of humility," he once wrote to Keble, "it is in reality the food of pride. Self-imposed, it seems to me quite different from when imposed by the Church; and even fasting itself, to weak minds, is not free from evil, when, however secretly it is done, one cannot avoid the consciousness of being singular."

And Froude had a horror of being singular or eccentric. His "highest ambition," he said, "was to be a humdrum;" and he had an especially winning manner of disparaging his best motives and putting forward—when *some thing* had to be put forward—those of a secondary and less edifying nature. Never did he court favors, or seek the company of the worldly great, or foregather with those in high places. "Froude and I were nobodies," wrote Newman, and was pleased at the reminiscence.

Nobodies perhaps they were. But willing nobodies; and in that willingness lay the secret of their strength and influence. They wanted to decrease that Christ might grow; they were willing to die that His spirit might live. They did the work they had to do and did it well—Newman who reached the City set on a hill, and Froude, who died before his eager steps could gain the summit. The measure of their selflessness was the measure of their achievement in the service of God's truth.

Carolina Abdicates.

BY ESTHER W. NEILL.

V.—MONSIEUR COURTENAY'S VISIT.

THE little man leaned back in the brocade-cushioned chair, and arching his fingers together he seemed to be intent on making bridges of his pink-tipped, polished nails.

"Begin at the beginning?" he repeated questioningly. "I must confess, Carolina, that you made it very difficult in the beginning. You asked me to find out whether Eduard had a child, and yet you did not wish me to go and see him. Of course, it would have been quite simple to go to the medical school, or the hospital, and ascertain his address and call on him, but, if you remember, you asked me not to call. You feared that he might think that you had sent me."

"Yes, yes, I know," she said impatiently. "I suppose it was unreasonable, difficult. But, you found a way,—you told me that you found a way."

"But, it was not my own planning, Carolina. The good God favored me. I could but haunt the neighborhood where Eduard lived hoping for some chance encounter. And so one day he found me. I was browsing over some old books that stood on a stall outside a small second-hand shop, and Eduard, coming down the street, recognized me. He greeted me with his usual cheer. He came upon me quite suddenly. I felt his arm around me. 'Jeany, my dear old Jeany,' he said. 'What in the world are you doing here?' He seemed rejoiced to see me, and he insisted that I go home with him to dinner. I could not very well refuse. I have always had a great affection for Eduard. I was most anxious to find out if he was living in comfort or in want."

"Want?" she repeated. "I told you, Jean, that he could not be living in want. I had placed a very generous sum to his credit when he began his medical

course. He had his own small fortune that he inherited from his mother. I have felt that he could not suffer want."

"I had forgotten that, Carolina. I was wondering if he was making a success of his profession. Living is very expensive in New York. I had been paying ten dollars a day for a hotel room. Money does not go far."

"Yes, yes, I know that," she agreed anxiously. "And the money I gave him was deposited to his credit four years ago. No doubt he spent it all. It was his own. Of course he had the right to spend it as he pleased."

"He was delighted to see me." Monsieur Courtenay paused a moment to light another cigarette, and puffed out the smoke as if he was accentuating the pleasure of his memories. "It is always a joy to me to meet an old friend. He asked me why I had come without letting him know. I tried to evade his question by telling him about my publisher. He was so pleased to hear all about my book. When he asked me to go home with him I hesitated a moment out of loyalty to your wishes, but I reasoned that a call, by special invitation, could not be misconstrued as a message from you."

"Of course not."

"And so as we walked down the street together, his arm in mine, he wanted to hear all about you. His questions seemed to me full of love and longing to see you again. He wanted to hear everything: about home, the servants, the horses, the hounds, the flower gardens. He was interested in hearing every little happening in the village, and when we reached his house, he ushered me in with such a sense of boyish pride and he introduced me to his wife as one of his 'dearest friends,'—I was quite touched by the affectionate way he introduced me. And I'll have to confess—since you ask me to omit none of my impressions—that his wife is a very beautiful young woman, Carolina, I can't

deny that. Golden curls, laughing blue eyes, and a most exquisite complexion. There may have been a bit of rouge to add to her bright color, but, as you know, I am a mere man, no authority on such subjects. She did not give me the cordial welcome I had hoped for, but Northern women are not as hospitable as our Southern women, and, of course, I had taken her by surprise, and she was doing her own cooking."

Carolina turned and faced him. "Her own cooking!" she exclaimed. "You mean to say that Eduard had no servants and that his wife was doing her own cooking?"

"I believe, I believe it is quite the custom," he replied soothingly. "In these New York apartments young people frequently have to do their own work. Eduard had only the lower floor in this big building. Since he had to keep two rooms for his offices, their living quarters were a bit cramped. They were paying an exorbitant rental—I forget the exact figure—but Eduard was thinking of moving to a smaller place. He said a young man, trying to establish himself in a profession, was 'up against it.' Those were his exact words. Most of Eduard's patients, his wife told me, were poor people in the neighborhood. He hesitated to send them any bills. It was plain to be seen that his unbusinesslike methods vexed her a little, but Eduard laughed at her pouting. He seemed to adore the ground she walked on, and I must confess—though it was but a trifle, and, as a guest who enjoyed their hospitality, it is unpardonable to mention it—the dinner she served after a very long delay was a very poor one, and you know I am not very critical as to food. I suppose there is much need for economy."

"You mean that she did not know how to cook?" Carolina suggested with some satisfaction. "I have always thought she must be an incapable sort of person looking for some unsuspect-

ing man to support her in idleness and comfort."

"She—she was quite charming, Carolina," Monsieur Courtenay went on hesitatingly. "Since you ask for all the facts I must be fair. She is the type that men have succumbed to since the beginning. Charm—I do not know how to define it. Personality, beauty, the love, laughter and sparkling vitality of youth. Eduard seems very happy. He adores her. I cannot deny his devotion. His eyes followed her everywhere. He seemed to value her slightest service. I—I do not think he realized that the meat was burnt, that the rice was soggy, the salad unpalatable—"

"Fool! fool!" said Carolina, tapping the arms of her chair as an outlet for her pent-up emotions. "Where did he meet this girl?"

Jean was silent for a moment, and then answered with some reluctance, "I—I believe she was on the stage."

"I thought so. A grandson of mine taking up with a common woman of the streets. I thought as much."

"Come, come," said the little man, lifting his hand with an imploring gesture, "be fair, Carolina, be fair. The girl was on the stage, but many virtuous people go on the stage. When I remembered my own early ambition, I found myself growing quite sympathetic with anyone who had the ability and talent to get on the stage."

"Fools!" said Carolina fiercely. "All men are fools!"

"Perhaps," he agreed good-naturedly. "But I shall have to defend my sex by saying that a woman usually stands behind the fool."

"That does not alter the fact."

"But it softens the accusation, even though it interrupts my story."

"I did not mean to interrupt you," she said half apologetically. "Go on. What does this girl do on the stage?"

"Nothing now. She grew tired of the life. Endless jealousies, rude stage direc-

tors, travelling to small places making one-night stands. She was quite frank about it all. I encouraged her to talk. I wanted to learn all I could. Since she had to support herself, she went to the hospital to take up trained nursing so she could take better care of her little son. That was when Eduard saw so much of her. She turned from applauding audiences for the sake of her little son."

"Now, Jean," she said impatiently, "don't idealize her motives. She explained the hardships to you. Come down to earth. Tell me about the child. Is Eduard burdened with the care of the child?"

"Well, yes, if you can call a child a burden."

"Of course; what else can he be?"

"Sometimes a child is a great blessing," he said, and his eyes were fixed dreamily upon the fire. "I have always thought that fatherhood must bring untold joy, though all the poets seem to neglect fathers. Mother-love is conceded to be an overpowering passion. Do we hear anything about fathers?"

"Go on," she said crossly. "Father-love has nothing to do with this case. You said Eduard had no children of his own. I asked you that as soon as you got home."

"I know, I know." Monsieur Courtenay lighted another cigarette to quiet his nerves. He felt like an unwilling witness being questioned by an angry judge. "But there is his little stepson to whom he seems devoted. He stopped on his way home to buy the child a box of tin soldiers and he seemed to derive the greatest pleasure in presenting the little gift, while the child ran into his arms and kissed him to show his gratitude. It was a pretty picture. You remember that Eduard was always fond of children. I am sure you have not forgotten how the village children used to follow him about. I believe the little child was the beginning of it all."

"How?" she asked, determined to hear all his impressions. "How could a child bring about such—such an unsuitable marriage?"

"It may not prove so unsuitable," he answered hopefully. "I believe the marriage may be blessed since it began in church."

"In church!" she exclaimed impatiently. "Now, Jean, I beg of you to keep to facts. Don't let your charitable imagination run away with you. You know perfectly well that the average vaudeville actress does not spend her time in church."

"But, we were talking about the child," he said defensively. "I was telling you all I know about the child. The girl's first husband was an Italian, one of Eduard's classmates at the medical school. One day he asked Eduard to stand as godfather for his little son. The baptism had been somewhat delayed. The wife was not a Catholic, so the boy was not christened until he was a good-sized child, but it was well that it was done, for a week later the young Italian was killed by the hospital ambulance as it swerved around a corner answering some emergency call. The young man's death was a great shock to all his friends for he was brought into the dispensary. His classmates were all laughing at a joke he had just told them five minutes before, and then he was brought back to them dead. It was but natural that Eduard should call on the widow and offer his sympathy. It was but fitting that he should remember his small godson with small presents throughout the year. The child, as you see, brought them together."

Carolina stared fixedly at the fire. The French clock on the high mantel ticked five minutes away before either of them spoke again.

"You have made it more difficult than ever," she said, and her hand relaxed its hold on the beaded bag. "I had thought of writing to Eduard to invite

him here to visit, but if his wife is an actress, and if he has grown fond of this child—I shall leave them all in their fools' paradise. If Eduard is happy, as you say, I shall leave him alone. It is plain that he does not need me. I suppose he offered no explanation why he did not even tell me of his intention to marry this woman."

"Why, yes,—yes, he did. He said he knew you would not approve."

"Did he say why?"

"Why, yes, he said quite frankly that he was a little afraid of you."

"Afraid?"

"He said that you had always believed in arranged marriages. He would have none of them. His father had suffered by being forced into one; and that I could not deny. He wanted to choose a wife for himself. He was afraid of your match-making."

"I would have chosen more wisely than he," she said with conviction. "Is this woman capable of making a home?"

"There are many definitions of homes," he answered dreamily. "Love, of course, should make the home, but I am not sure—not altogether sure that this girl cares for Eduard in the same way he cares for her. It may have been my imagination, Carolina, or the fears of an old friend, but it seemed to me that she was cold—a little indifferent to his affection."

"How—how could you tell that?" she asked with feminine scepticism.

"Perhaps I could not," he agreed, aware of his own ignorance. "But there were small things—trifles that an old friend might notice."

"Trifles? What sort of trifles?"

"The rooms did not seem altogether tidy—well kept. There was a pair of old bedroom slippers under the dining-room table; there was dust on the decanter when Eduard offered me a glass of wine. She did not seem to pay him those little attentions that the loving wife

loves to perform. She did not help him off with his coat, take his gloves, kiss him when he came in. I felt—I cannot exactly explain it, Carolina,—I felt that she was cold."

She laughed mirthlessly. "What an old-fashioned idealist you are, Jean; I never knew you were so sentimental. Overcoats and gloves! Stuff and nonsense! Why should a woman fetch and carry for a man? You'll have to rate me as an icicle if those are your standards of affection. There must have been other reasons. Go on."

"I think we will agree as to the main reason," he said with a touch of dignity, for he had not found her laughter pleasant. "She was not of his class. As you know I am no great believer in blood. Some of the greatest knaves in history have been of high station, but there are standards of living which seem to proclaim our taste, our temperament, and this home seemed to lack—shall we say an air of refinement? The furniture was cheap, machine carved, the coverings were highly colored, the rugs too brightly flowered, the pictures on the walls were gaudy prints. When I thought of Eduard growing up here, surrounded by your bronzes, your collection of *Cloisonné*, your porcelains and glass, your paintings; your Rousseau, your *Detaille*, your beautiful Jacques that the boy faced every day in the dining-room, that picture of the shepherd and his flock, of soft moonlight, mists, incomparable art—I wondered—I found myself wondering at his happiness in such an alien environment."

"You said a moment ago, Jean, that love made a home, not paintings and furnishings. You contradict yourself."

"I contradict myself, because I came away uneasy."

"Uneasy?"

"Because—because it seemed to me that there was a certain discontent in

her manner that Eduard failed to see."

Carolina looked at the flaring logs for a long time without speaking. "The trouble may be money," she said at last. "Money, always money, Jean. The girl may have thought that Eduard was very wealthy in his own right. The interest on his mother's small fortune would not mean anything but a small income. That may have been a disappointment to her. She may have depended on my help. Well, she won't have my help. I have no desire to support her. Let her go back to the hospital, or the stage, and work out her own salvation. She will have to wait to come here until I am dead. I've made up my mind to that. She won't see any of my money until I am dead." She paused exhausted by her own vehement speech.

Her guest moved uncomfortably in his chair. "I—I am not sure that you are doing right," he said, conscious of his boldness. "You are punishing yourself, Carolina, more than you are willing to admit. Eduard loves you—I am sure that he has always loved you. It has been six months since I saw him, but his affectionate welcome has warmed my heart ever since. Last week I sent him my little school history. He said he wanted to read it; and to-day I had a letter from him. I have not opened it yet."

"Not opened it?"

"The postman gave it to me as I left the house. It was such a thin little letter, that I am sure it is only a word of thanks for my book." He fumbled in his breast pocket and brought out a number of papers. "Ah! here it is. See, he has his name and address on the corner of the envelope—Eduard Grogé, M. D.—It really looks quite important. I'll open it now. I'm sure he has something pleasant to say. Even if the little book deserves no commendation, Eduard would always find something pleasant to say."

He tore open the long envelope and adjusting his eyeglasses he looked at the closely written sheet. Carolina watched him, hawk-eyed, waiting for him to read the letter aloud, but his changing expression caused her to cry out in alarm,

"What is it, Jean? Bad news? I'm sure it is bad news."

"Yes, yes," he replied breathlessly. "*Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu!* It is bad news."

Carolina's face was ashen. She seemed to shrivel in her chair.

"He—he is ill?"

"Worse than that. His wife—his wife has left him."

"Left him?"

"Yes, yes. It seems impossible, unbelievable. She has gone—gone away—gone with another man."

"It—it can't be true," she said fiercely. "A woman, lucky enough to get Eduard, would not leave him!"

"But the letter is here, Carolina," said the little man, and his voice trembled with tears. "Read for yourself. It is deplorable, unthinkable. Women are never satisfied in these days. It is the same with arranged marriages, they end in disaster—divorce."

"Divorce!" she repeated in bewilderment. "Why, Eduard was always kind, always good-natured, always a gentleman. How could she obtain a divorce?"

"Ah, that I do not know." There was despairing sympathy in his tone. "That I do not know, Carolina, but there are ways—quick ways. A short residence in some States and the thing is done. It was not so when we were young, Carolina. The government is blind, blind, not to see that a nation cannot be built upon broken homes."

"And where is this woman now?"

She is out West getting a divorce so that she may marry the other man. Read the letter, Carolina. It is the old, old story—the story of the untrue friend."

"And the child? Eduard's stepson?"

"She has taken the child with her."
 "Are you sure, sure that she took the child?"

"Here is the letter, Carolina. Eduard writes that he is all alone."

She stood up with her back to the fire. There was a look of triumph in her tired eyes. With characteristic selfishness she minimized the tragedy. Again she was triumphant. Her supremacy was restored. Her pale face was illumined with joy.

"If Eduard is all alone, Jean, you must tell him to come home. Go to New York. See for yourself. I will pay all the expenses. Go to New York at once, Jean, and bring Eduard home. Are you sure that this is all true? Don't you see what it means to me? If Eduard is all alone, he will want to come back to me. If he is all alone, he will need me. I must prove to him that he has some one to love him. Can't you go at once, Jean? You have stood by me in so many emergencies. Take the earliest possible train. I'll call my car. Jessup will go with you to attend to your luggage. Go at once, Jean—Eduard is all alone. No doubt this desertion has hurt his pride and he is all alone."

"There is no need of that, Carolina," and standing beside her he put his arm protectingly around her. "Here,—here, read the postscript. It is scribbled in one corner difficult to decipher. The boy's hand must have been trembling as he wrote it. He—he is ill. He wants to come home."

"Ill?" There was no mistaking the anxiety in her tone.

"Not too ill to travel," he reassured her. "See—look at the letter. He did not wait for your permission. He is coming back to you. He is already on the way. This letter was written two days ago. He is already on the way."

(To be continued.)

Friend.

BY BERT COOKSLEY.

BRIGHT laughter and the April's smile,
 Children running down a hill,
 Young lovers at the trysting stile,
 And the closing daffodil,
 The tree upgrown, the rose aflame,
 A tall ship on the sky,
 A star-swept night, a lark grown tame,
 And a white deer's sweet cry:
 These are a beauty we will always need,
 These things are beautiful—beautiful indeed.
 But greater than these the near hand,
 Ready to borrow or lend,
 The eyes and the heart that understand,
 And the patience of a friend.
 This is a beauty sprung from beauty's seed:
 This thing is beautiful—beautiful indeed.

Two Missionaries.

BY G. C. HESELTINE.

IT has been well said by a Master that my trade, that of the scribbler, the man who must write or starve, is in these days both humiliating and depressing. But I find that it has some rare compensations, and I have just experienced one of them. I have had a letter, which is not abusive, from a reader at one of the ends of the earth. Strictly speaking I have had two letters, that is, one from the other reader as well, and they are both from the opposite ends of the earth—one from "North of 56" and the other from the wilds of equatorial Africa. I think I sit somewhere midway between them.

They are both kind, friendly letters, the one asking me for more ammunition against Communism, the Church's universal enemy, and chatting cheerfully about his life in the wilds as if to relieve his loneliness, and the other arguing with me. They both pay me the compliment of writing to me as they would to a friend, although I have never

WE cannot enter heaven before heaven enters us.—*Anon.*

heard of either of them before. They both feel, I suppose, as do most of us, that they know something of the man behind the words they read, and that I am, judging from what they know of me in that way, the sort of fellow they feel they can write to. It is a great compliment, and I thank them for it. They are not to blame if it causes me, quite unjustifiably, to indulge my vanity a little, that middling vice that seems to fill a gap in my sinful life that might otherwise be filled by worse. I feel that both my readers have treated me as a friend, and that is a friendly thing to do to me. They have given me two new friends. It is a practical example of the fact that we of the household of the Faith are really members one of another.

Yet it raises a disturbing thought. If I have two readers who take notice of what I write, there may be others whose feelings are such as to stifle and choke expression, let alone polite expression. That is a dreadful thought. For according to the circulation claims of periodicals which have printed my articles during the past year, their total readers run into millions. There is a little, though not much, hope in the possibility that the same readers read several of the magazines, but even that would not greatly reduce the number. A more hopeful thought is that all except the two who have written to me, and a few others whose indignation is past expression, see my name at the head of an article and turn quickly to another page. Yet even that would not save some of them because I sometimes write under other names—not so much to delude my readers, as to delude the editors into reading them before consigning them to the waste-paper basket. It is regrettable, but it is all part of what the great Darwin called “the struggle for existence.”

Many journals, though not this one, print articles for which they pay huge

prices merely because of the great name of the writer, irrespective of what he says or whether he has only paid some one else a dollar or two to say it for him; whereas there is a great danger of the editor's being stamped as an unsuccessful goop who cannot afford better, if he only prints articles by nobodies whose names have not been publicly hallowed by having a book banned, being divorced for the seventeenth time, having established a racketeering record, or having crashed the United Peanut Trust and got away with the millions. If I invent a name, the editors do not know that it may not be famous overnight, and so sometimes they take a chance on it.

All this may appear by the way, but it may help to explain why I am so concerned not only about the two readers who have written to me, but about the other two who have not. Seriously, it makes me feel my great responsibility. Two have taken some notice of me, others may do so. What a disaster if I should lead them, all unwittingly, into error or heresy! How unfortunate if I were to give my reader “North of 56” a weak argument that would fail him at the critical moment, and cause him to be defeated and discredited by a Communist, giving the victory to the Devil! Do readers ever realize the grave responsibility that rests upon those who write what they read? Do they ever realize how fearful it must sometimes make those writers who are ever conscious of that responsibility? Do they ever pray for them? Will they do so, *now*?

Recently I came across a most excellent prayer, which I set down here because I think my readers would like to know it, and I commend it to all my colleagues in the craft:

“Ineffable Creator, who, out of the treasures of Thy wisdom hast appointed three hierarchies of angels and set them in admirable order high above the

heavens, and hast disposed the divers portions of the universe in such marvellous array, Thou who art called the true Source of Light and the supereminent Principle of Wisdom, be pleased to cast a beam of Thy radiance upon the darkness of my mind and dispel from me the double darkness of sin and ignorance in which I have been born. Thou who makest eloquent the tongues of little children, fashion my words and pour upon my lips the grace of Thy benediction. Grant me penetration to understand, capacity to retain, method and facility in study, subtlety in interpretation and abundant grace of expression. Order the beginning, direct the progress, and perfect the achievement of my work, Thou who art true God and Man and livest and reignest forever and ever. Amen."

The man who made that prayer received a most ample and generous answer. He became a great Doctor of the Church, perhaps the greatest of them all, and such was his life and wisdom, he was called the Angelic Doctor. His name was Thomas Aquinas. Yet I know more than one editor who would not dream of taking one of his articles on the strength of it. Nevertheless, I ask for nothing more than to follow his example. Therefore, I say the prayer he said, not in the fantastic hope that I shall be made an Angelic Doctor, but confident that I shall at least be saved from making a fool of my reader "North of 56," and any others there may be.

But "to return to our muttons," as the French say, though this must not be taken too literally as referring to the good Fathers who have written to me. I am quite sure that there is nothing sheepish about them, but that they are, on the contrary, both lion-hearted apostles. For one of them, to give me some idea of the adventurous sort of life he leads—certainly not to complain but rather to glory in his infirmities,—tells me of how he has just "sogged" his

only pair of boots working to put out a fire in the Sisters' school, and must for the present depend on moccasins, and how he recently returned from trekking one hundred and twenty miles to bury a man, and received as his stipend a quarter of a moose. When I told this story to an elderly and slightly deaf friend of mine, he asked me what on earth sort of a joke that was—to give a poor priest a quarter of a mouse! That reminded me of a newspaper report I once read, to the effect that a man had been gored by a mouse—which I thought equally unreasonable and ridiculous until I appreciated the misprint. However, mouse or moose is all one to most newspaper men in my country, and I suspect in any other. Few of them know the difference anyway, until it bites them.

The good Father tells me that he says Mass in log-houses, shacks, kitchens, and sometimes in a church—once on a chicken incubator! No wonder with the temperature at 40° below zero he felt his zeal "almost frozen out of him"—*the Chalice was so cold*, he says, *it felt like fire*; but he was consoled by a good attendance at seven o'clock Mass. Christmas was approaching, and he rejoiced that whereas last year he had been but the front legs of the reindeer at the children's party, this year he was to be Santa Claus himself. And because it was near Christmas he sent me the most charming Christmas card I have ever received. For instead of the conventional wooden-looking robin trying to look cheerful against a background of synthetic snow, with the banal and ill-written verse that makes up so many Christmas cards, he had made this one himself in his own original way, decorating it with church, bear, moose, wigwam, stooks of corn, granary, elevator, birds, pines, holly and bells, and above all a blessing. And the verse he wrote upon it was most aptly chosen, and eloquent of the spirit of his mission field:

Now my co-mates and brothers-in-exile,
Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
Than that of painted pomp? Are not these
woods

More free from peril than the envious court?
Here feel we but the penalty of Adam,
The season's difference, as the icy fang
And churlish chiding of the winter's wind;
Which, when it bites and blows upon my body
Even till I shrink with cold, I smile and say:
"This is no flattery, these are counsellors
That feelingly persuade me what I am."
Sweet are the uses of adversity
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head.
And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running
brooks

Sermons in stones, and good in everything.
I would not change it.

So does he make the poet speak across the centuries for him. That the poet's words should come so serviceably to the aid of the missionary to express his mind, need not surprise us, for Shakespeare, as a pagan writer has well said, is as Catholic as the sea is salt.

Then from the other end of the world, the Vicariate of Zanzibar, comes a mild challenge from an American missionary to something I wrote about the foolishness of the modern craze for speed. I had said that so much modern speed costs a good deal more than it is worth, that we waste a great amount of time and money in inventing and operating devices for saving time, that we save time by increasing the speed of travel, without knowing what to do with the time we save, and so on. The good Father in the middle of Africa puts me a case which he suggests is in favor of speed, and provides an exception to my general indictment. I have no doubt there are many exceptions, which come readily to mind and give the impression that they are the whole story; my business was to point out what is not so obvious but equally important, to draw attention to the foolish side of the speed craze, knowing well that the sane use of speed can safely be left to sane men, such as my reverend critic, who will not

be deterred by accusations of folly that do not apply to them.

But my friend in Zanzibar is a kindly critic and does not disagree with me in the main. He has a case which he rightly feels goes, in Blessed John Fisher's phrase, very nigh to the matter. "Here," he says, "my daily routine is three to four hours travel up, and a little less down mountains, making a visit to and from an out-school. At this rate each place gets one visit every two weeks. . . . Consider," he goes on, "all the time and energy that is used up in dragging the human carcass up that incline, and the descent that quickens hunger to the extent of finally refusing food when presented on arrival. The which delays the restoration of energy for the morrow. Now a motorcycle would save me much time. And I presume it would be better to wear out an engine in preference to a human body. And the time saved would mean more hours to direct the catechizing of the catechumens. In a case like that, mine," he asks, "don't you think speed is likely to do much good?"

I will not deny that the worthy Father makes a strong case. When I think of those toilsome, weary inclines, with the heat, and the dust, and no doubt the flies, not to mention the snakes and perhaps lions and tigers, I am moved to wrap up a motorcycle in a nice neat parcel and post it to Zanzibar with my best wishes right away. For I too have long ago labored weary miles under the African sun. Only I have no motorcycle nor any means of getting one honestly. So I thought of an answer to his case instead, and sent him a letter, in the hope that it would at least lighten one journey a little.

For although a motorcycle might be a great advantage, it would not necessarily be *all* advantage. I can visualize occasions when not only the human carcass but the mechanical carcass of the motorcycle might have to be dragged up that

fearsome incline. Moreover, we must measure the value of the speed of the motorcycle by its capacity for achieving the end in view. If the immediate end for which it is used is the catechizing of more catechumens, a motorcycle might cut that short tragically. For with every motorcycle there is a greater risk than if you keep to your own two feet. I imagine that the risk will be increased, if anything, in the mountains of Africa where the roads are none too good, if they can be called roads at all. In the event of an accident, the risk of which is one part of the cost of the speed of the motorcycle, the good Father might be suspended from his catechizing for a long time, or for all time. No doubt that that would make little difference to his final end, for as an apostle who suffers "in harness," we may be sure he will be as secure in that respect as most people. But that is not what he wants a motorcycle for, and its speed. We should hope most sincerely, for the sake of his catechumens, that no such untoward accident would occur, but that the assiduous priest would travel faster and faster to catechize more and more catechumens, *ad multos annos*.

But there it is. The case is not wholly and entirely in favor of speed. There is always another side to the matter. My point is that the modern world is crazy for speed at all costs, without considering how well or how badly it serves our ends, how much it costs to achieve the speed—in labor, material, ingenuity, loss of life, and risk. The world is in too big a hurry to stop and think where it is going. If we slow up and walk a little, meditatively, we may discover that our civilization has taken a wrong turning in its hurry, and if we pause to look at the map of Christian morals we may find that our civilization has already travelled too far on the broad highway that leads to damnation, and it is high time to seek a way of return to the strait and narrow. The same thing

applies not only in the sphere of morals, but of economics and social order. We have been in too great a hurry getting rich quick to see that we should so soon end by being very poor. The great speed by which our civilization increased production and achieved prosperity, blinded us to the fact that we were rushing headlong into the present world crisis. There is, after all, something to be said for the policy of making haste slowly.

However, it must not be thought that I view the African apostle's labors lightly, and that I do not see that a motorcycle would save him a great deal of unnecessary suffering, enabling him to preserve his energy for more useful works and greatly facilitating his apostolic labors. So much so, indeed, that although he has not asked me to do so, and I have not asked his permission, if any of my readers feel moved to send him a motorcycle, or the wherewithal to obtain one, I will gladly furnish his name and address. In the same way, anyone who feels moved to send any worldly comforts to ease the apostolic hardships of the Reverend Father "North of 56," they also may have his address. But don't all rush to buy them at once—three hundred and twenty-five thousand motorcycles might be most embarrassing for a missionary in Zanzibar.

Meanwhile I hope that they will both forgive me for making an example of them and holding up their heroism to the public gaze in this manner—in a literary sense "butchering them to make a Roman holiday." I am sure they will not mind very much since I have not given them away entirely.

Meanwhile I am tempted to commend to them both, the bootless moccasined hiker through the snowbound hills of Alberta, and the weary wheel-less climber of the torrid mountains of Africa, the words of the prophet Isaias: "How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings and preacheth peace."

The Bog.

BY PATRICK J. CARROLL, C. S. C.

XXX.

DAVEY did not call in that night. There was fighting. Five lorries—not four as Mike Connor reported—roared through Rathdrum straight west under a moon at ten o'clock, July 6. Before the lorries reached Craig's Mill—where Davey met Enright that Tuesday evening in March, 1916,—the British soldiers saw a young man running across a blossomed potato garden. Three of them fired, and Dan Hallinan, a Ballingarry lad just finishing his nineteenth year, stopped short and fell. His fingers clutched a rifle. Unfortunately Dan was late and hurried to join his comrades. He should have followed Mike Enright's instructions and kept in the valley; but nineteen is not the age for the wisdom of the serpent.

And then, just as the British soldiers reached the Mill, they received a volley from behind the north ditch: three soldiers wounded, one killed.

"Speed through!" The lorries sped. But because Conway expected just that decision, a line of men was concealed behind the fence for over a mile. A thin line—but a firing one. The roaring lorries were subjected to a constant fusillade, and the men within them fired aimless returns. The driver of the first lorry fell over, and another beside him leaped into his place. He, too, was hit, and a third climbed into the driver's seat. The officer in command signalled to stop.

He ordered his men to leave the lorries and attack those Rebels behind that north protecting road fence. The Rebels retreated as a long, irregular, loosely formed line, and the British soldiers pursued them. Davey's unit, farther along, got word of the pursuit and joined their comrades. Mike Enright

commanded the north side of the road with Davey; Conway and old hero Ronan held the south side—secretly. The British regulars kept up a steady fire as Enright's baby army fell back, returning fire. There were wounded on both sides; but not many, as wounded are counted in battles. It was a retreat and a pursuit—less than a mile all told; a deliberate retreat in which you noted method. It could not go on all night, and so much to be done. The British officer, a young man, ordered his men to return to their lorries and continue to Ardagh.

They did not continue. During the pursuit Conway's contingent quietly over-powered the handful of men left behind and disabled the lorries. Angered at this breakdown of the night's plans, the officer ordered another pursuit. It was fiercer fighting this time—Mike Enright's little army always in retreat before the advancing Tommies. Conway's men detoured and joined Mike and Davey. Never before was heard such sputtering of rifles dotting the night around Craig's Mill; and likely will not be again.

The little army of country lads backed into that wood which used to stand—and does yet—directly north of the Mill; three-fourths of a mile north, let us say. Conway, prudent rather than spectacular, succeeded in imposing this plan on Enright, who was for a more direct attack. Even yet he was in favor of it.

"Listen, Mike," Conway cautioned as Mike was holding his men in a too slow a retreat, "we have what we want; they can't go on without lorries. Make for the wood."

Mike did—reluctantly. He would like to fight it out! And then, just three short minutes before that disappointed officer again ordered his men back, Mickeen the Hump, hurrying to cover, stumbled and fell. Davey, his nearest neighbor, picked him up.

"Not hurt much, I hope," he said as he helped him.

"I only stumbled, man! No bullet of the Crown hit me at all!"

Another rifle crashed. Davey suddenly leaned heavily on Mickeen, holding onto him for a moment, and then fell, face down. He pressed a hand to his right side.

"A bullet . . . of the Crown . . . has hit me!"

It was a cry of realization. That thing Mickeen had joked about a few seconds before was real now. The shock numbed Davey's body; darkness fell around him, and the roar of the little battlefield seemed the drone of distant swarming bees. The bullet entered just below the right frame of his ribs and coursed upward; and as he fell he cut his forehead on a protruding stone. The forehead cut was not deep. The bullet wound—that sank in. Dan Madigan, Mickeen and a Ballingarry lad picked him up and bore him into the wood just as the young British officer, angry over his frustrated plans, ordered his men back.

"You bloomin' (this and that) we'll return and blow you to hell!"

Davey was lifted into Nano's car which stood waiting with five other motors along the borheen running into that farmhouse north of the Mill. Six wounded boys were taken to Rathdrum to be cared for after cursory first aid; Dan Hallinan, 19, and not serpent wise, was removed to Ballingarry earlier. He was limp and cold, and would not need a surgeon.

Gallop drove Nano's car with Conway and Enright in the rear seat holding Davey between them, his head resting against the cushion. They went slowly, veering away from surface stones and wheel ruts. His face was white, his eyelids closed down. Conway soaked up the blood from that forehead wound with the cotton he found in the car first-aid kit,

and applied iodine. Davey did not wince as the iodine soaked into the raw flesh. Conway felt the pulse. It was strong, but irregular.

"Open his coat, Mike. Yes, the shirt, too."

The right side of his shirt outside that bullet wound, just below his ribs, was soaked with blood.

"Anything else, John?" whispered Mike.

"Nothing. The unbuttoned clothes will ease some."

Davey moaned a little and turned his head to Conway. His eyes opened for a moment, then closed. Conway took the hand which Davey tried to raise; Enright worked his arm gently under his head. Now more erect, the eyes opened again. He kept looking at Conway. Then in gasps:

"Just . . . as . . . Nan . . . ah . . . said. The red flame . . . ah . . . has died down. Ah . . . a poor flame . . . it was!" Those gasping whispers the two men caught as the car stole along the road. Conway shook with sobs; Enright set his face against Davey's shoulder and cried. More little whispers.

"I'm tired . . . ah . . . and things go . . . ah . . . round . . . so. I'm . . . ah . . . a dead flame."

They raised him a little.

"Ah . . . Ah that's good! Hold me up so. Ah . . . hold me up . . . till the priest comes. Ah . . . let me sink back!"

Enright let the head sink to the cushion and kept his flat palm below it. Davey, his eyes closed, his face white and drawn, lay very still, breathing rapidly through his open mouth. Conway wiped off more blood from that forehead wound and held fresh cotton to it with his free hand.

"Davey," Conway whispered, "don't be afraid! The Priest will be there when we get to Nano's hospital."

He nodded. Then coughed. Blood filled his mouth and came through his opened

lips. Conway wiped out his mouth with fresh cotton; Mike Enright, supposed by British statesmen to be a murderer, vainly dried the tears in his own eyes with a tear-soaked handkerchief.

The moon raced below and between dark-gray clouds; cattle lay dreaming in the fields; grain gardens were green; potato stalks white with blossoms.

"A little faster, Gallop!" Conway ordered.

Crust of a man though he was, Gallop could hardly see the road because of the tears which blinded him.

Another cough, another blood spurt from somewhere down in Davey's body. How skilfully Conway applied the cotton to relieve the choking and remove the blood taste!

Up the hill and around the school where Conway taught, where Davey went as a boy; by the hall where Alice sang, where Nano made piano keys do her bidding; around the bend where Alice vanished from Davey that Sunday Davey helped Gallop to find his lost watch; down that sunken road where the Tans' lorry put on a new spurt of speed to escape the whiz of revolver bullets.

Shortly before two o'clock that morning the car stopped below the little window in the road wall. There was light inside—Nano and her workers keeping all-night watch. Dr. Hayes and Dr. Fitzgibbon stayed with the workers; Father Healy also—to be on hand for any hurried ministrations. Jerry Higgins opened that door in the wall. Davey was carried in; was undressed. His underclothing and shirt were soaked with blood. That bed on which he had lain the day he was so tired was unoccupied; and strong, gentle hands sank him into it. Nano noticed how bloodless his face looked, and Alice was frightened at the difficult breaths which came through his open mouth. Dr. Hayes felt the pulse. He set a temporary bandage

on the forehead cut, and looked at that wound below the right frame of his ribs. It seemed so harmless, that little opening still oozing blood!

"The priest at once!"

Father Healy was there waiting. Physicians, nurses, watchers withdrew. Davey could hear and understand; could nod and gasp. He was so afraid of that blood which flowed out of a torn artery somewhere down in his body! It came up in a surge that almost choked him, and he tasted it far down his throat.

What a brave, good, human priest! Did not walk up a ladder of sunbeams away from the common lives of poor men and women! He understood a fellow. Davey often said that. Now more than ever his heart said it. Everything he thought, said, did, or did not—this priest knew. And he was so merciful—so easy! No fussing, cross-questioning, scolding—like The Bog. Ah, his father! Even he was straightened and brightened and sweetened and made forgivable by this whispering lieutenant of God. Davey would forgive, love, make up? He nodded five times in affirmation. It was a long, long search, and Davey was not afraid. How this priest probed, but did not hurt! It seemed he had not sinned at all, this man said such gentle, hopeful, merciful things.

"Be sorry now, and leave the rest to Our Lord Himself and His Holy Mother! 'Tis their business to forgive us and help us—

"Ego te absolvo a peccatis tuis."

Davey could not say his sorrow in a formula of words. He said it in the depths of his heart. He did—deep down—absolutely—for everything. And he forgave everybody—everybody in the world—for everything.

And then the wise, centuried-old Church bestowed on him the Treasure of her Eucharist—guarded so jealously, given so lavishly. Kneeling figures

about: those physicians who saw no reason to doubt an immortal soul because they knew something of a mortal body; those girls—some of them weeping, all of them praying; those men, cultured or thick-palmed, watching, reverent. Two of them sobbing. The great Anointing; those prayers in which the wise Mother commends and commands her human son into the merciful keeping of Her divine Spouse. It was all so wonderful, so real. A God-speed from life through Death to Life.

The priest withdrew and left Davey to the doctors.

"Nano, some one must get word home," Dr. Hayes said.

Nano thought of her mother. Yes, she could tell her mother easily; but her father—she went to Father Healy.

"Please, Father, take the hard news home!" Her eyes were red, her face wet.

"Under the circumstances I'd better, perhaps."

He was thinking of Hugh Byrne. Nano never forgot her parish priest for the great act of meeting her father.

"Alice, you drive me," he whispered. He wanted Alice to look after Davey's mother. The Bog he would handle himself—he hoped.

Conway and Enright left hurriedly for Rathdrum to see the wounded men there. They would be back. Father Healy and Alice went away in Nano's car. It was shortly after 4 o'clock, July 7. A blue fog—it seemed like smoke—rose, or seemed to rise, out of the earth. Larks were astir already, gliding and singing. That stream beyond the school—beyond the school where the road dips—sauntered and gossiped on its way to Cahermoyle wood within which it vanished. The freshness of morning was in every breath of air they inhaled; those clouds of the earlier night were nearly all gone, and stars—just points of light now—shone feebly through early daylight.

"Alice, say a little prayer I may have luck with the big man."

She nodded. She could not speak. All the rest of the way, she thought over in her mind, said over in her own words, that Gospel in which it is told how Christ cured the blind man by touching with His fingers the scales before his eyes.

Just as they reached the haggard back of Hugh Byrne's stables, two policemen climbed over the haggard fence and stopped the car. The man they wanted was not in it.

"I thought you were some one else, Sir."

"Davey Byrne, perhaps?" And the priest eyed the bobby.

"Yes, Sir. Maybe you could tell me where he'd be?"

"I could, but he wouldn't get you any promotion now. The stag is in cover almost—beyond the fangs of the hounds. Alice, you're fresh from the books. Is that metaphor or allegory?"

"It could be either."

"Ay. Good morning, Gentlemen."

The two policemen—one a Caledonian who kept his pennies in a tight fist, the other a County Londonderry Orangeman who believed in divine election and the walls of Derry—puzzled over what Father Healy had just said. They were still puzzling when Alice turned the corner of Hugh Byrne's house.

(To be continued.)

Lowliness.

BY S. T. D.

THE Holy House in Galilee
Obscure save unto God!
Who knew of our humanity
That angels round it trod?

So does He choose the lowly heart
To make His dwelling place;
Souls drawn from the world apart
Look ever on His face.

The Monte Santo.

BY A. R.

OUTSIDE the town of Gorz, or Gorizia, overlooking the blue waters of the Adriatic, in that part of the coast land made famous during the World War by the battles on the Isonzo, is the Monte Santo, a mountain sanctified by an apparition of Our Lady and by the honor paid to her in a shrine on its summit.

The origin of this shrine dates back to the year 1539 when a young shepherdess called Ursula Ferligoinzia, tending her flock on the mountain and praying in the pauses of her work, was startled by an apparition of the Blessed Mother with the child in her arms and surrounded by dazzling light.

"Tell the people to build a church here in my honor and to come here and beg favors of me." Such was the message given to the girl who at first regarded the vision with fear, but afterwards with rapture and love. Going back to the village of Gerger where she lived, and which lies at the foot of the Monte Santo, the little shepherdess announced that Our Lady had appeared to her, and that she wished the people to build a church in her honor on what was then called the Monte Salunca. The news created a great stir, some believing the girl's report, others deriding it, and calling her a fool and a dreamer, a deceiver, and disturber of the village tranquillity.

The affair soon came to the ears of the civil authorities, who, thinking to show caution in the matter, imprisoned the girl Ursula. Some people, however, moved by curiosity, and wishing to examine the spot of the supposed apparition, ascended the mountain and much to their surprise found Ursula tending her flock as usual on its summit. She said in answer to their

inquiries that Our Blessed Lady had released her and brought her back to the mountain, but how she did not know. Again she was imprisoned and again miraculously released. The affair began to cause disturbance in the village and the custodians of the peace thought the best way to end the matter was to make the girl quite secure with chains, and to imprison her in a cell from which there could be no chance of escape. But Our Lady came once more to her assistance and brought her once more to the top of the mountain.

Convinced at last of the authenticity of the apparition, the people of the surrounding country determined to build a church on the spot where it had occurred. The lonely mountain became suddenly a center of universal interest, and the rough paths on its side, until then hardly touched by human feet, began to be peopled by crowds, moved either by curiosity or by piety to visit the spot of the apparition. A temporary church of wood was erected in which a statue of Our Lady was exposed to the veneration of the pilgrims.

The devotion spread, and very soon the people of Gorz and the surrounding villages began with right good will to collect materials and to prepare the foundations for an adequate shrine on the top of the mountain. The building of the church presented enormous difficulty because of the inaccessible site, nevertheless, the work went quickly forward. While digging the foundations, the workmen found a slab of polished marble on which was inscribed the "Hail Mary," which discovery confirmed the general belief in the apparition.

The church, perched as it is on the mountain top, is not so striking from the outside, but from the interior it is most imposing because of its enormous size, and because of the many fine frescoes and excellent pictures which cover its walls. The nave and aisles give the impression of spacious halls

and can accommodate five thousand persons.

In the center of the church is a double altar where two priests can say Mass simultaneously, and this altar is surrounded by a large quadrangular Communion rail. Upon the baldachin over the altar is a picture representing the apparition to the shepherdess, and over the tabernacle there is a miraculous picture, but one which had no connection with the origin of the shrine.

This picture, which is painted on cedar-wood, is almost black with age, and was presented to the church of the Monte Santo in 1544 by Cardinal Grimani, of Aquileia. It represents Our Lady with the Divine Child and two saints, supposed to be St. John the Baptist and the Prophet Isaias. The pictures which decorate the walls of the church represent scenes from the Gospels and incidents connected with the apparition.

The Monte Santo is a much loved place of pilgrimage, and many are the favors said to have been granted at this shrine. It is also a most ideal place of pilgrimage situated in the midst of beautiful and romantic scenery overlooking the Adriatic, the green valley of the Isonzo and the blue mountains of Istria. On the mountain itself there is not a single building but the church, and this solitude suggests a holy spot, one set apart for prayer and communion with God.

The church is cared for by the Franciscan Fathers who have a guest house adjoining their convent. They also have charge of the road leading to the shrine which lies through their property, and which is decorated with religious pictures. The devotion to this shrine can be estimated by the number of annual Communions, which average about 50,000. In all parts of the world, as numerous examples attest, Our Blessed Lady knows how to draw hearts to the love of her Divine Son.

The Power of Example.

The grace of God works in mysterious ways and sometimes through the most unexpected mediums. It would be interesting sometimes if we could question a great number of converts as to the person or the expression or the incident or situation which first started them in the direction of the Church. A few years ago a Catholic editor of great experience enumerated the following unexpected beginnings of a number of conversions which fell under his observation. He mentions a learned Judge who became a convert through hearing the "Preface" sung at a High Mass; a young lawyer converted through a smoking-car conversation between an over-zealous Protestant and a well-informed Catholic; a prominent citizen of Washington who came into the Church by way of a minister's attack upon the religion of his Catholic wife; a student for the Protestant ministry who learned about the true Faith through a book which he bought by mistake in a second-hand book store; a missionary priest who, as a Protestant, first began to appreciate the Church through a newspaper clipping which he one day picked out of a waste-paper basket; a former Mason who was edified by the explanations of a Catholic who was being questioned about his religious beliefs.

Perhaps at our own judgment we may be surprised at the souls which have been saved—or perhaps lost—by the occasional word or action in our lives which, at the time of performing, we thought of such little consequence.

It is the mark of those who are great in the eyes of God, to be small in their own eyes; and the more glorious they are in the sight of God, the more vile they appear in their own sight.

—*St. Teresa.*

Ranking the Great.

BY P. J. C.

IN the last chapter of his two-volume *Life of Bishop Ullathorne*, Dom Cuthbert Butler names Cardinals Wiseman, Manning, Newman, and Bishop Ullathorne as England's four great Catholic churchmen. And the greatest of these is Wiseman. Here is the exact language of Dom Butler's verdict: "After reading again and again and maturely pondering over the materials collected for the *Lives of the four great churchmen*, . . . the impression finally and firmly graven on my mind is that, taken all in all, Wiseman stands out as the greatest."

To presume to disagree with Dom Butler should imply a store of information, trustworthy and vast; a judgment penetrating and accurate. One who demurs bears the burden of the assumption that he knows intimately the more important expressions of Catholic life in Nineteenth Century England; understands and is competent to appraise the characters, motives, conflicts, accomplishments of these four men who have been examined and ranked.

To rank, however, by virtue of some outstanding excellence these four great churchmen, pillared so deep in the reconstructed house of Catholic England, will not seem daring or difficult. Cardinal Wiseman is associated with those early antagonisms of Protestant England in connection with the establishment of the Catholic Hierarchy. He met these, battled against them with finesse and courage. He lived to see a consolidated, functioning Catholicity in England. He pioneered; and is conceded the great pioneer's primacy of place.

Cardinal Manning was a militant convert; more Roman than Rome. He held tenaciously to traditions; seemed inclined to extend the dogma of Papal Infallibility to regions beyond its boundary lines. He was Labor's friend when

friends were few. He moved, a compelling figure, among London dock workers whose problems he took up, whose victories he helped to win. He was a friend of Home Rule for Ireland, as we read in Monsignor Walsh's *Life of Archbishop Walsh of Dublin*. He was vigorous, courageous; successful in giving virility to the Catholic minority in his native England.

Cardinal Newman is, perhaps, the best known of the Four Great to this generation; not so much as an aggressive, deed-performing prelate. He lived in his seclusion with books. He is honored for what he did to exalt Catholic teaching and practice in a magic of English speech which, to date, no one it seems has equalled. We see him in grave serenity, erecting a structure of writing, paragraph upon paragraph, until in cumulative, unified effect it appears a temple of white beauty.

Of the four figures, Bishop Ullathorne is the least known in America. Perhaps the least known in England too. He was not singled out for such high ecclesiastical office as would set him in lone eminence before English Catholics. He did not hold a key position. He was Bishop of Birmingham, not Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster. He deserves his high ranking for pioneering labors in Australia; for long years of unceasing services in the diocese of Birmingham; for active participation in the Vatican Council.

It is not a daring feat of judgment to assign to a great man a specific greatness. To say in appraising four great men, that one of the great is greatest may indicate the superficiality of a travel lecturer; or the cautious, matured rating of a scholar. In assigning highest in all-around greatness to Cardinal Wiseman above his three tall contemporaries, Dom Butler has delivered what may seem a daring sentence. To attempt to reverse him would seem more daring.

Notes and Remarks.

They have Catholic Action in Japan. A Catholic Evidence Guild, with courses in Theology, Philosophy, Scripture, has been organized in Tokyo for the instruction of Catholic students. The courses are to extend over three years. Dr. Paul Taguchi, director of the Catholic Press Bureau, is to lecture on Theology; Father Candan, Rector of Tokyo Seminary, on Philosophy. Scripture has been assigned to Father Heuvers, S. J., professor in Sophia University. Final examinations will be conducted by Archbishop Chambon of Tokyo, who will give successful candidates a diploma qualifying them to speak publicly and officially on the subject of Catholicism. The aim of the course is to train Catholic young men to combat materialism and kindred errors, and in a more positive way to propagate Catholic teaching. All which shows that those who directly rule the Church in Japan are awake to the necessity of religious education. They realize that Faith to be kept must not only be established but expounded and defended.

A corporation is planned in Spain to enable religious communities of men and women to continue teaching in their schools. In the plan laymen will act as superintendents of these schools, and the religious who teach in them will wear secular dress. Thus, it is felt, Spanish children will be given the advantages of a Catholic education, and the future men and women of the republic will be saved to the Faith. Hardly can any law be so worded as to leave no way of getting under, over, or around it. The doctrine of subterfuge should not be taught or encouraged ordinarily; but when a law is manifestly and purposely an invasion of the rights of people, it should be met by evasion. When a law is enacted, the chief purpose of which is to withhold from people what they

are entitled to by the law of God and a manifest conscience, then people should circumvent the law as they circumvent the plans of a robber or a murderer. If the continuance of Catholic schools requires that nuns wear small hats tilted to one side, shoes which are the last word in foot wear, and if priests are asked to dress as toreadors, they should not hesitate. The life—the Catholic Faith of future Spain—is more than the raiment.

The Episcopal Bishop of Sacramento, Dr. William Moreland Hall, preached a sermon in the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, New York, recently. Bishop William Moreland Hall said many things. For instance, he said, it was due to God's guidance that Columbus' course veered to the South, leaving North America to be civilized by Anglo-Saxons rather than by "slaves of any King or vassals of any Pope." Had America become French, declared the Bishop, it would have meant the inculcation here of the principles of Richelieu and Loyola—"the rule of the noble and the Jesuit." Had America become Spanish, it would have suffered "the horrors of an Alva for Philip and the reign of the monk." It was God's purpose, thinks Bishop Hall, who seems to know all about God's mind, that the founders of America "brought the language of Shakespeare, laws of Alfred and Edward IV., the Bible prayerbook, Magna Charta, Bill of Rights, town meeting, trial by jury, freedom of the press." The list is as inclusive as it well could be. King Alfred, the Magna Charta, the Bill of Rights, trial by jury, freedom of the press, are not of Protestant origin, however. We do not know, not being in God's councils, what this country would be had the French or the Spaniards possessed the land. We do know what it is. Not all white light and glory, we may confess without losing our citizenship. Divorces superabounding, which God condemned in that Bible prayer-

book which the Cabots brought over with the language of Shakespeare in 1497. Bishop Hall has not indicated God's mind in this detail. Nor are his brothers in purple asserting the mind of God either. Birth control is preached from housetops by savants. And very, very many Protestant bishops and ministers say placet; "the latest findings of science," they declare. We will not continue with the bravery of suicide when stock markets tumble, with murders, kidnaping, licences which many people read every morning at toast and coffee. We mention these things not because we want to speak up at meeting. But Bishop Hall tells us the mind of God in so many matters, we suggest he go into another private session and come back with a message from God about—well, say—what He thinks of the marriages made and unmade by Hollywood.

The prayers being offered by the faithful, in connection with the centenary of the Oxford Movement for the return of the Established Church to the authority of Rome, are, without doubt, bearing fruit, and almost every week we hear of new converts to the true Fold. The *London Catholic Times* records that two of the most interesting figures at the ordination ceremonies in St. Edmund's historic college at Ware, on the feast of Saints Peter and Paul, were Rev. Vernon Cecil Johnson and Rev. Malcolm Dunlop, two converts, both of whom were raised to the priesthood. Father Johnson is well known as one of the most influential converts of recent times. For several years before his conversion he was a minister in the Church of England, his later days as an Anglican being passed in the Society of the Divine Companion. Father Dunlop is a man of more than sixty years, and is known to thousands in many parts of the country as Cardinal Bourne's *Gentiluomo*, a position he filled from 1911 until early last year.

He has been actively associated with the Catholic Scout movement in London, having filled the offices of vice-chairman of the London Catholic Scout Guild and Hon. Assistant Commissioner for London. The ordination of these men has, no doubt, turned other Anglicans to an examination of the claims of Rome, and their example will in all probability bear fruit in the days to come.

Comments the *Record of Louisville*:

We are never disposed and seldom have occasion to differ from *The Ave Maria*, first ranking weekly Catholic magazine in our country. But when it says, as recently, that "The practice of birth control is comparatively recent in this country" we take issue. The practice is as old as sin, in this country as well as others, wherever prostitutes were to be found, wherever race parasites existed. . . . Had *The Ave Maria* said the somewhat general practice of birth control was comparatively recent in this country, we should thoroughly agree, and we have no doubt *The Ave Maria* will agree with the point of our disagreement.

If the word *general* makes the substance of the sentence more specific, insert the word by all means. It was thought at the time the sentence was specific enough. The editor of the *Record* thinks not. So be it.

Those who are, at the present time, urging our Government to enter into trade relations with Russia, would do well to read some excerpts from the letters of unhappy men and women who have been compelled to labor in the Baltic Provinces. We quote from the *London Tablet*: "What shall I tell you about our life in the encampment? It is an unbroken round of miseries. When we arrived all our money was taken from us. If we had money we could buy tickets and try to escape. We have, for doing the full output of work, one pound of bread in the morning and some groats; weak soup at midday; and water for tea. Every month we get less than one pound of sugar. Those

who cannot reach the standard of work get less food. All dead horses are eaten. We are given old, worn clothes; we lie close together on a wooden staging, in our bitterly cold barracks, which are infested with vermin. We get wet through and have nowhere to dry our clothes. Typhus and smallpox are breaking out, and our food is being decreased constantly. We don't believe we shall ever again have enough to eat; our faces and feet are swelling from hunger. Out of the fifty-one persons sent here with us, twenty-three have already died." Another letter reads: "My father died on Friday and the baby is now dead. We have just come back from burying them. Mother was so weak that she fell off the wagon in which was the coffin. Now that the snow is melting many corpses are appearing which the snow had covered. Men have become like hungry beasts. They are eating dead beasts; they are also eating human bodies." It is by such crushing out of human life that Russia is able to furnish materials to the world at a low price; and to buy that material from her when we know the conditions under which it is produced, is a sort of co-operation in her crime. No civilized nation should have anything to do with such a government.

California voted down the Constitutional amendment to exempt private, non-profit schools from taxation. The count: 719,756 against the amendment; 497,906 for. Comfort is taken by comparison with a vote on the same issues in 1926. Count them: 614,659 against; 343,526 for. To be frank, one fails to see how the difference in the two tabulations should stir one to chant *sursum corda*. There are certain states in the Union where action like that of California would not be a surprise setback. But for a people who tell you they live in Abraham's bosom all the year, and

almost assert they are exempt from original sin, it seems a terribly inconsistent ignorance for them to ask one group of their own people to pay \$350,000 annually for what saves the State from twelve to twenty million dollars every year. You cannot understand it. It is beyond understanding—like the morals of moving pictures



A short time ago, we learn from the London *Universe*, a company of English Protestants made a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, and were somewhat perturbed by the conditions which they found there. Mr. Riley, an Anglican clergyman, who seemed to be the spokesman for the party, was filled with apprehension at the progress of Rome in Palestine. "Not only in Jerusalem," he says, "but throughout the country, vast buildings have been erected, and every year sees new ones; mission stations, schools and seminaries lay thickly over the land. If we are not prepared, and as Anglicans and close friends of the Easterners we cannot be, to see the Roman Church completely dominate in the country, we must afford help in this matter; the innumerable Protestant sects and tiny congregations are negligible factors; they will fall before Rome as chaff before the wind." The secretary of the Church Missionary society has also a word of warning to the members of the Low Church: "The Greek Church," says he, "cannot compete with Rome in scholarship and in statesmanship any more than it can compete in the material advantages offered. Rome is out-thinking and out-financing the old Orthodox Church; and at the present rate of development, it seems only a matter of a generation or so before the ancient Greek Church in Palestine will have become absorbed into the Latin Church of Rome." These are hopeful signs, and we should pray fervently for such union. It is not, how-

ever, the material advantages of Rome that are bringing about such change, nor is it the scholarship or statesmanship of the Church. Faith is a gift of God, and only those receive it whom God deems worthy of it. The Protestants, perhaps, could not be expected to interpret correctly the handwriting which they have read in the conversion of the Holy Land.

Various reasons have been assigned for the hold which Father Coughlin has obtained on his radio listeners. The most logical seems to be that, deserted by their political leaders, millions of people have adopted this earnest, outspoken priest as their champion. The fact that he speaks purely from a motive of religion only increases their belief in his sincerity, as he attacks injustice irrespective of the person or place from which it emanates. The number of those who listened Sunday after Sunday to the Chaplain of the Air and the eagerness with which they hung on his words can only be estimated of course. Occasionally, however, there comes some little incident which acts as a thermometer to register that interest. In a recent issue of *Radio Stars*, Caroline Somers Hoyt narrates the results of one such incident. She writes:

Last year, when he broadcasted over the Columbia Broadcasting System, one of his addresses was protested by certain officials who felt and feared the impact of his candid anger. When Father Coughlin took his stance behind the mike that historic afternoon, he ripped his notes to shreds and tossed them aside. He told his listeners that the address he had prepared could not be given, he explained why, and went ahead to talk extemporaneously for sixty pulsing minutes.

Within the hour, telegrams began to arrive. By nightfall, the floor of his study was yellow with them. Bristling, indignant telegrams. The next day, trucks began to haul mail to the Shrine of the Little Flower. Girls were hired to open it . . . and still more girls, until there were ninety of them. In New York, the

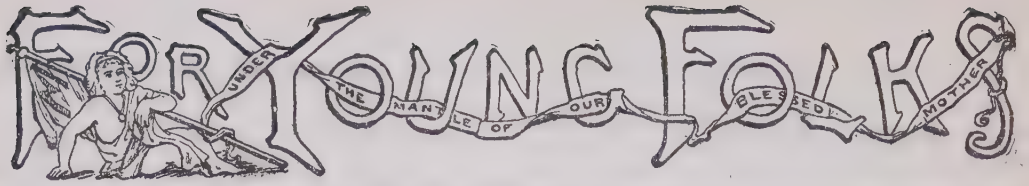
CBS offices were smothered with similar mail.

In fourteen days—it is the greatest response radio has ever known—Father Coughlin received 900,000 letters demanding that he deliver that suppressed address.

The next Sunday he gave it. And the officials who had shushed it off the air before remained discreetly in the background—and kept very quiet.

Miss Elizabeth Reilly, a June graduate from Langley High school, Sharaden, Pa., achieved an A in every subject every year of her four-year course. The perfect student is Miss Elizabeth—the highest of the highest of the graduates of public schools this year. And likely no one will equal her for some years to come. Well, Miss Elizabeth Reilly was offered a free scholarship in the University of Pittsburgh in recognition of her perfect A grades, but declined the scholarship. She is going to enter the novitiate of the Sisters of Charity, Seton Hill, Greensburg, Pa., instead. So you see, girl graduates, what manner of Miss is Miss Reilly. An A in everything for every year of four. And then, crowned with her honors, away to the novitiate of Seton Hill. We hope Miss Elizabeth Reilly gets an A Perfect in everything in her career to Perfection.

“My husband raised hob a couple of times because he found THE AVE MARIA among the papers when he went to start the fire. He said if I was going to throw it away, I should stop getting it. He thinks because a magazine is Catholic I should frame each number and hang it on the wall.” We beg to assure this correspondent that her husband expects too much if his expectations are up to her suspicions. When THE AVE MARIA has satisfied the wants of all the family readers, pass it on to a Catholic family next door. It may satisfy family wants there. Better a magazine working with and for people than gazing at them through glass in a picture frame.



Fishing-Time.

BY M. M. W.

IT'S fishing-time. Wish I could go
Down to the creek where the willows grow,
With the shaggy dog that used to be
And the barefoot boy who brothered me.
I'd sit again on the grassy bank,
'Neath alders growing green and dank,
And dip my toes in the shiftless stream,
And watch the shadow and sunshine gleam.
And listen to Rover threshing 'round,
Running a cotton-tail to ground.
And I'd stick my pole in a forked limb—
Too lazy to hold the thing, by Jim!
And stretch on the bank, and with half-shut
eye,
Watch all the cloud-sheep drifting by;
And dream; and think 'bout nothing at all.
(Hoping that Grandma wouldn't call.)
I'd hear the binder over the hill,
And our neighbor hollering, "Haw, there,
Bill!"
Gee! Fishing-time! Wish I could go
Down to the creek where the willows grow.

Tim.

BY JAMES A. REID.

III.—SIR CHARLES BRUCE.

TIM was not the only passenger on "The Traveller" who became lost on reaching the shores of America. Sir Charles Bruce, registered on the ship as C. J. Bruce, went astray also, but in a different manner. A slight cold, which he had contracted that night he had talked to Tim aboard ship after the entertainment, took a strong hold on his already lowered vitality. Worry and sorrow had weakened him, and quietly

but none the less quickly, pneumonia developed. His condition grew worse steadily. A doctor, internationally famous, who was a passenger on "The Traveller," had watched Sir Charles' condition with keen eyes. The day before the ship glided up the Bay he admitted that Mr. Bruce's temperature and pulse were extremely alarming, though not necessarily to be considered fatal. Careful nursing and a hearty desire on the part of the patient to get well might bring about recovery.

When "The Traveller" reached New York, Sir Charles, delirious and very weak, was rushed to a hospital. Of course Tim, while still at sea, had heard about the sickness of his erstwhile friend, and if he had not been so absorbed in looking at the sky-line of New York the morning of his arrival, he would have seen an ambulance hurrying by, and he might even have guessed that it was carrying Mr. Bruce to a hospital. The particular hospital chosen, that of Our Lady of Help, was selected by the doctor because he was head of its staff.

"This is a real battle," he said to Sister Mary Frances, the Superior.

"That is quite evident, Doctor," she agreed. "Has he lost or gained much ground?"

"He was run down physically, and so the pneumonia developed fast. Worry is undoubtedly at the bottom of it."

"Worry? Do you know the reason?"

"That is merely a daring guess from the way he talks in his delirium. Time and again he has said: 'Edwin,' 'Catholic,' 'Mother,' 'My Boy.'"

"And?"

"Well, I may be wrong, utterly wrong, but, until we learn something otherwise, his worry is simply this—"

"Religion?"

"Unquestionably. He looks and talks like an Englishman, cultured and even noble. Evidently he was travelling alone. No one on the ship knew anything about him. Well, to be brief, suppose what I have said is an accurate hint of the facts?"

"Yes?"

"His boy has become a Catholic, quarrelled with the father, left him, and the mother is broken-hearted."

"Sounds reasonable; but why should the patient have come to New York? Could it be that he is looking for his boy?"

"Possibly."

"Yes, it's that, at least."

"I don't know why he appeals so much to me?"

"May I suggest that it is the old fighting instinct, Doctor. Hopeless cases always arouse you."

"Edwin," whispered the patient. Once again, even more weakly, "Edwin."

In the summer of 1914, in a fashionable club in London, four young men were seated at a table. Judging from the expressions of their faces, they had been engaged in lively conversation. A newspaper with glaring headlines was on the table before them.

"Now, what?" asked one.

"What about you, Bruce?"

"Well, so far as I can see, that problem of ours as to what to do for the future is being solved right now."

"Meaning, old top?"

"Read between the lines."

"You're right, I think," the youth on his right said.

"Remember that final evening of ours, graduation night at Oxford?" The others nodded. "We wondered, as you know," Edwin Bruce continued, "what the future would find us doing. We decided to idle around for a while, then to get fixed." Again there was a nod of heads. "We thought that we were deciding

what we would do and where we would go. But, 'there is a Destiny,' and Germany, in this case, is that destiny."

"They won't dare," exclaimed one of the others, vigorously.

"Why, it would mean Germany against the rest of Europe!"

"They have neither the men nor the money."

"Perhaps," Bruce went on, "we have been willingly blind to many things. Fellows, mark my word, before long a cry will be heard around the world—'England expects every man to do his duty.'"

Those summer days of 1914 were eventful days. The drama moved fast. One nation, another, and still others rushed madly into war. Then the full tragedy began to take its daily toll.

It was no problem for Edwin Bruce to decide what to do. Though only nineteen years of age, and usually deliberate, he swiftly entered the army and just as quickly was on the battlefields of Belgium and France. He was early attracted by the glamor of war, but the horrors of long nights and days at the front soon struck his soul, leaving it cold and wondering, wondering, wondering. Why the mad massacre? How long must it go on? He saw others die. Many of his friends at school and from about home had already been killed; some of them seemingly happy to have the ordeal of blood so end. Soon he came to realize that those who believed and practised religion had at least one consolation which others, like himself, had not.

"I used to scoff at churches," he said once to a Catholic chaplain, "but when I get a rest from this beastly affair, or when it's all over, I'm going to look into the question of faith."

"Why not start now?" the Chaplain responded, and paused; "why not ask God to take care of you, promising Him that you will endeavor to do right as you see it?"

"I'll try," was the limping, almost hesitating reply. Certainly, Edwin Bruce, now a Captain, had lost something of the old sureness that religion was a bother.

How he ever went through those first years of war, he himself wondered. In fact, how he ever lived through that second big attack of the German army, when the battle forces of England and France wavered and broke and retreated in confusion, was to him inexplicable. That he, in the worst fury of the battle, had not lost his mind was almost a miracle.

One mighty thrill was his: "The Yanks are coming."

Throughout Europe rang the cry: "The Yanks are coming!" But time after time the question arose: "Will they come before it is too late?"

Still, Bruce, who had seen the flower of the English and French armies on parade, even he, at his first glimpse of the American army, felt an unmistakable thrill. As he watched those young Americans drill in their bright new uniforms, as he saw them move awkwardly, he noted their sincere eagerness for battle, and he thanked God, though he was not aware that he did,—he thanked God that he was alive and still able to carry on.

By a twist of fate, or chance, as Edwin Bruce saw it, but by a Destiny who shapes all things, as events would reveal, soldierly Captain Bruce, who spoke French fluently, was assigned temporarily as a French teacher to the Officers of the Fighting Irish, the old Sixty-Ninth of New York. True, the old Sixty-Ninth had given way to a new army number, the 165th. But a mere change of name, and, to be fair and accurate, a change of personnel, had not changed the Fighting Irish spirit.

The young Americans were a study in nationality. They were also a study for other reasons. Captain Bruce, while teaching French, was being taught many things. There seemed to be an

unusual number of Catholics among them, judging from their attendance at Mass. He met many of the privates in a casual way, and they charmed him by their spirit of daring and willingness to get into the heat of the war. But, all too soon for Captain Bruce, the 165th moved up toward the front.

Then, he himself was put back on active duty. This time he was seriously wounded. "No chance," the doctor said at the base hospital. But, Captain Bruce, quietly and anxiously, had been seeking an answer to a question, and he was fighting as hard a battle now as he had ever fought on a battlefield, and the old, strong spirit refused to die.

"I can't go now, Doctor," he said one day; "I've got to get an answer to a question." The doctor listened patiently. There was a long pause. "Get me an R. C., please?"

When the Catholic chaplain came, Captain Bruce said to him, "Chaplain, I've been—" He paused, weakly and uncertainly. "I," again hesitating, and still seemingly afraid to go on: "I,—oh, beat it all!—I want to be the right kind of man from the view-point of religion."

"Yes?" questioned the priest kindly.

"And there's only one way I can do it."

"You understand, of course, what you are saying?"

"Of course."

Tim was only a child during the war. But he had seen some of its tragedies and thrilled to some of the stirring stories of the conflict. If his memory had not played a trick upon him, he would have remembered that he had heard of Edwin Bruce from the latter's orderly, Barney O'Leary. Barney had often spoken of Captain Bruce, whom he had served more than faithfully in France. Naturally he told the boys at Cloughbarry about the war, that is, when they were in a mood to listen. They were, however, outspoken in telling Barney that the name of every

Englishman had been made unlovable by the Black and Tans, not to mention years of persecution.

"Not our Captain," Barney used to answer vigorously; "true, he was a Protestant, but he was a noble soul that lived according to his lights."

And it was because Barney spoke so reverently, so affectionately of his immediate officer in France that he rarely mentioned his name. Once he did, and that time Tim was present to listen to a heroic story that needed no soldierly embellishment. "Captain Bruce," Barney said one day in finishing his story, "is worthy of the prayers of every true-hearted Irishman, for it is in the Church he belongs. Never a day goes by that I do not remember him in my prayers. But, I guess God doesn't like to listen to an old sinner like me."

The day that Captain Bruce left the hospital to go home, it was certain that he would not return to active duty. One arm, while not useless, was temporarily paralyzed. That paralysis would eventually disappear, so the doctors declared. Still, there was other work to be done. Those were the days when America was being aroused to magnificent service and sacrifice. Officers had been sent by the various Allied Powers to help with their emotional appeals to draw the youth of America to follow their flag bravely. Captain Bruce was one of the officers selected by England to make addresses throughout the United States. That was to be expected. His stirring voice, his striking personality, his very nobleness of birth, and the fineness of his character would reach the hearts of Americans.

He had been home for three weeks, when he received military orders to go to the United States. He prepared to leave at once. The morning he left, he was surprised and stunned. At the station, after he had said good-bye to his mother, his father said quietly, yet with

a note of suppressed and angry passion, "You are not to come back, unless—" "Unless?"

"We'll have no Papists in the family. Do you think that I want to be the laughingstock of England?"

"You said nothing about my being a Catholic while I was home."

"You were a sick guest, nothing more. Now that you are well—"

"I need no time for a decision. I've made my bed and I'll lie in it."

"Be that as you will."

"My mind shall not change."

"Nor mine."

"If you don't want me to come back and live according to my conscience, then I will not come back."

"And we will not expect you."

Those first days at sea were bitter ones for Captain Bruce; bitter, but not disconsolate. He was contented with the thought that the only true peace that he would ever have, would be to follow his conscience.

Once in New York, the busy life of an emotional speaker captured him. The audiences were very kind. The first night he spoke in New York City he received an ovation; perhaps, the most riotous ovation given to any of the speakers who represented the Allied Powers. He had said to that New York audience: "Friends! It was my happy privilege to help train some of the officers of your glorious 165th. I have talked to many of the boys that you know and love." Then he went on to mention name after name. No wonder they applauded him long and fervently.

From one part of the country to another he travelled, addressing one audience after another. Then, back to New York City he came. The end of his work came unexpectedly.

On a never-to-be-forgotten November night, the Armistice was signed. Crowds, even mobs, took possession of the streets. The disorder was generally of a happy type. The breaking point had

been reached in the suspense that thousands had been undergoing. Now nerves could relax. The war was over.

Captain Bruce from his window in the Commander Hotel looked at the impromptu parades. But he really didn't see very much of them. His thoughts were in Belgium and France. Up and down the old battle lines he went without any real emotion. Then thoughts of sorrow came. Many of his friends had been killed. The other three who had sat with him in that fashionable club—those three were dead: Bert, Ted, George. "Good fellows," he said to himself; "I wish that they were as I am, except this almost useless arm."

A few days later he saw the British consul in New York City to request that he be mustered out of the English army without returning to England. The consul stated that the matter would be taken up with the English ambassador at Washington. "Meanwhile, Captain Bruce, remain in New York until some definite word is received."

That definite word, coming in the red-tape fashion prevalent after the war, was months in arriving; so long in arriving, in fact, that Captain Bruce was still in New York City when the first United States soldiers were conveyed home from France to receive the plaudits of a happy, thankful country as expressed in an enthusiastic New York manner. Other soldiers returned and other parades followed. Then, one day the 165th came home.

That was a memorable day. The cheering parades, which had been given to regiments from other cities and States, were as nothing compared to the welcome that the great city was prepared to give her own. Thousands upon thousands packed the streets to bear tribute. It was tragically magnificent. Deep in the hearts of the vast throng was a sorrow for those who had not come back; deep, too, was a joy for those who were marching by. There was

no nationality that day. These were American boys, New York's very own, home from war, home from a war to end all wars.

Captain Bruce saw that welcome, and he, who had known more of the battlefield than they who were passing in review,—he who had served longer, if not more honorably—was thrilled as he had never been thrilled before. After all, he knew the officers and many of the men, some of whom he recognized as they passed. He smiled in a reminiscent way as he remembered one officer in particular. "Why, I taught that fellow French," he said to himself.

A few months later he was out of uniform. Then he found work, which for a time took him to the Middle West. He found happiness, also. In a business way he had done extremely well. He was prosperous, living more than comfortably, but not luxuriously. He wisely prepared for rainy days. True, there was one cloud in the sky. He had had no word from home. He had written several times, but his letters were not answered. At times the pain was great.

"It is strange," he said to himself one day, "I'm thinking more than usual of home. I just can't seem to get it out of my mind. I wonder if I should go back home for mother's sake?"

In a hospital, not more than four city blocks away, a man lay dying, or he was so close to death that it seemed one small breath would put out the candle of life. At that man's bedside was a doctor, a Sister, and a nurse.

"Two hours," the doctor whispered.

Two hours? What then? Death or the crisis?

"Edwin!" breathed the sick man in his delirium,—*"Edwin!"*

(To be continued.)



HE that spends all his life in sport is like one who wears nothing but fringe and eats nothing but sauce.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—"The Boston Cooking School Cook Book," by Fannie Merritt Farmer, which has sold up to date over a million and a half copies, is being reissued in a new revised edition by Little, Brown.

—Up to the present time A. G. Macdonnell's "England, Their England," has been published only in England. Macmillan will bring out an American edition this week for which Christopher Morley has written a foreword.

—At the present time Dean Swift's "Gulliver's Travels" is being made into a talking motion picture in England under the direction of Mr. Basil Dean. It is thought by those engaged in its production that this picture will be a universal favorite.

—"Skerryvore," the house at Bournemouth in which Robert Louis Stevenson lived when he wrote "Treasure Island" and "A Child's Garden of Verses," has been turned into a small private hotel, and many visitors are anxious to spend a night there.

—"Trial by Prejudice" is the title of a book by Arthur Garfield Hayes, which will be published by Covici, Friede, in August. A great portion of this volume has to do with the Mooney-Billings case, and the trial of the Scottsboro Negroes, in both of which Mr. Hayes played a part.

—Adolph Hitler's autobiography, which he has entitled "Mein Kampf," will be published in this country next Fall by Houghton Mifflin, under the title, "My Battle." In this book Hitler endeavors to show the development of an idea from an insignificant beginning to the proportions of a national movement, and to explain his own rise from obscurity to a virtual dictator in Germany.

—Marie Belloc Lowndes, a sister of Hilaire Belloc, will visit the United States next October, and Longmans, Green & Company will publish her second novel which is entitled, "The Duchess Laura—Other Days of Her Life." It will be remembered that her first book, "The Duchess Intervenes," was cen-

tered about the somewhat odd but altogether lovable character of the Duchess.

—The publishers of Phil Strong's "Stranger's Return" tell us that Mr. Strong destroyed the first twelve novels he wrote, and many are hoping that other blossoming writers will be led to follow his example. His two published novels, "State Fair" and "Stranger's Return," have been receiving favorable notices from the reviewers.

—Julius Meier-Graefe has written and John Holyroyd-Reece has translated a biography of Vincent van Gogh, the well-known Dutch artist who was one of the founders of modern art. The volume will contain sixty-one full-page reproductions of Van Gogh's paintings, and has been chosen by the Literary Guild as its choice for the month of December. Harcourt, Brace and Co., publishers.

—Under the title "Herald of the Precious Blood," the life of Blessed Gaspar del Bufalo is now available to readers through *The Messenger*, Carthage, Ohio. The present work, an adaptation from the Italian of Msgr. Vincent Sardi, is said to be a very human document, narrating in detail the various trials and persecutions through which the illustrious Founder of the Congregation of the Most Precious Blood had to pass before he was finally able to succeed in his life's work of perpetuating the devotion to Christ's Redeeming Blood. Paper binding, 50 cents, postpaid; cloth binding, 75 cents, postpaid.

—One cannot commend too highly the only volume of fiction that has so far appeared in the "Science and Culture Series" from the house of the Bruce Publishing Company. "Whistles of Silver," by Helen Parry Eden is as delightful a volume as we have read in years. It is a chapter from the Middle Ages, marked by a homely naïveté, a simple faith and a pawky humor. Chuckling Monsignori, friars, "wise as serpents and simple as doves," and peasants whose faith and food are crying necessities, pass through these pages along country roads whose pleasant silence has

never been disturbed by the whistle of a train or the honk of an automobile. To spend an hour with this amusing company is to forget completely the clang and clatter of our modern civilization, and to feel a bit envious of an age when simplicity was glorified and beautified by a robust Catholic faith. Both the poetry and prose of this volume are distinguished by a quaintness, and a richness of flavor that seem a very part of the days of the "Chroniclers," and the delightful humor flashing in and out of these pages, reveals the mind of an author who loves the olden days for the very newness of them. Price, \$2.

—"Our Movie-Made Children," by James Forman, is made up of facts obtained from an investigation carried on from 1929 to 1933 by psychologists, and sociologists from Yale, Chicago, New York, Iowa, and other universities, with a view to finding out what effect, if any, the attending of movies has upon the children of the present day. Thousands of children and youths from five to twenty years of age were examined in an endeavor to determine whether or not young people are moved, by the pictures they see, toward criminality and sex delinquency, and to what extent pictures, if ever, have a deterrent or correctional influence. It was found that certain pictures produced socially desirable effects; that occasionally a desire for education or travel was aroused, and that even religious aspirations were inspired in a few cases. In the majority of cases, however, children were led to imitate low and even criminal levels of conduct; many of those in institutions for juvenile delinquents told of learning their criminal ways from the movies; many girls in an institution for sex delinquents blamed the movies for arousing in them a desire for a luxurious, easy life, full of wild parties; while others told of the bad effect passionate love-making in the movies produced within them. The book is not a condemnation of the moving pictures. It testifies to the possibility of good that may result from the right kind of pictures; but it should also be a warning to parents to demand clean pictures for the twenty-eight million children that attend the weekly shows. Publisher, The Macmillan Co.

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- "Moses and Myth." Rev. J. O'Morgan, D. D. \$1.25.
- "The Book of Christian Classics." Michael Williams. \$2.
- "The History and Liturgy of the Sacraments." Villien-Edwards. \$2.70.
- "The Saints and Friendship." Marian Nesbitt. 25c.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xliii, 3.

Rt. Reverend Msgr. Peter Donohoe, Diocese of Brooklyn.

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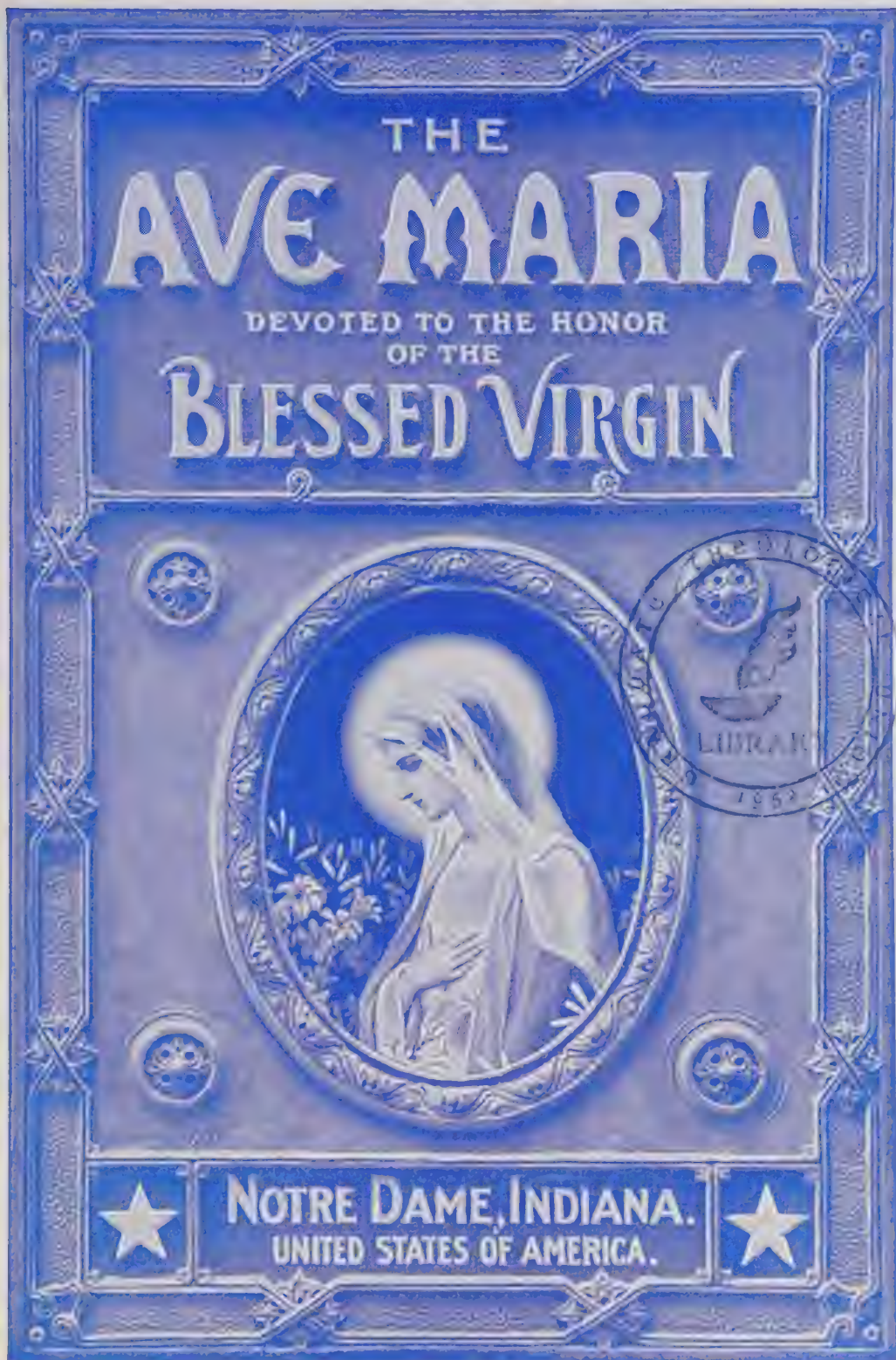
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CALENDAR OF THE WEEK

AUGUST.

SATURDAY, 5.—Our Lady of the Snow.
 SUNDAY, 6.—Ninth after Pentecost. Transfiguration of Our Lord.
 MONDAY, 7.—St. Cajetan, Confessor.
 TUESDAY, 8.—Sts. Cyriacus and Comp's, Martyrs.
 WEDNESDAY, 9.—St. John Baptist Vianney.
 THURSDAY, 10.—St. Lawrence, Martyr.
 FRIDAY, 11.—Sts. Tiburtius and Susanna, Martyrs.
 SATURDAY, 12.—St. Clare, V. Foundress of Poor Clares.

Blessed is the man that heareth me and that watcheth daily at my gates.—PROVERBS viii, 34.

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Vol. XXXVIII. (New Series.)

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, AUGUST 5, 1933.

No. 6.

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Song Silence.

BY SISTER M. MADELEVA, C. S. C.

YES, I shall take this quiet house and keep it
With kindled hearth and candle-lighted board,
In singing silence garnish it and sweep it
For Christ, my Lord.

My heart is filled with little songs to sing Him—
I dream them into words with careful art,—
But this I think a better gift to bring Him,
Nearer His heart.

The foxes have their holes, the wise, the clever;
The birds have each a safe and secret nest;
But He, my Lover, walks the world with never
A place to rest.

I found Him once upon a straw bed lying;
(Once on His mother's heart He laid His head)
He had a bramble pillow for His dying,
A stone when dead.

I think to leave off singing for this reason,
Taking instead my Lord God's house to keep,
Where He may find a home in every season
To wake, to sleep.

Do you not think that in this holy sweetness
Of silence shared with God a whole life long
Both He and I shall find divine completeness
Of perfect song?

I HAVE got to be so fond of the
Rosary that I mostly say it thrice, and
generally with sensible advantage. So
far from taking the thoughts and affec-
tions off God, this way of prayer seems
to be the most natural and, as Nicolas
says, the most delicate way of approach-
ing Him.—*Coventry Patmore.*

Waters of Miracle.

BY EDYTHE HELEN BROWNE.

DURING the summer months of
this seventy-fifth anniversary
year of visions of Our Lady,
sponsored by the gentle Berna-
dette Soubirous, pilgrims to the pictur-
esque Grotto of Lourdes behold the very
spangle and glint of miracle in the play
of miraculous silver water spurtling
from the rocks at the back of the lower
Grotto, feeding giant bronze hydrants,
pools of healing and a reservoir. Of the
eighteen apparitions, from the first on
February 11, 1858, when the Blessed
Virgin smiled and stepped lightly among
the pink blossoms of a rose tree, to the
last on July 16, 1858, when she bowed
her coifed head in farewell, only a statue
remains to inhabit the scene of van-
ished radiance; Bernadette has been
lying in the cool of the tomb now for 50
years; the grotto itself, with balus-
trades of canes and crutches, its abut-
ting altars and pulpit and gates, and
crowds of worshippers, has lost much
of its original grace of seclusion, its
wild tufts of vegetation, its free, in-
fenced sculpture of bold rocks. Yet the
miraculous stream, born a trickle in a
platter of fine soil under the palm of
Bernadette, and to-day a great chute of
water yielding eighty-five liters per
minute, 50,000 hourly and 122,000
daily, abides without change of iden-
tity, concretely visualizing the story of
the miraculous visitations more than

any other detail connected with Lourdes.

Lourdes water is the outranking modern "water of miracle." Yet waters of miracle have moistened the pages of the Old and New Testament, beginning with the avenging drama of the Flood and pausing (in deference to the limits of this article) with the pretty idyl of the Apostle Matthew ornamenting a beautiful tree with fountainy plumage.

Although the Flood, that destroying patter and beat of rain upon Mesopotamia, in the valley of the Tigris and Euphrates about 3000 B. C., is not popularly regarded as a miracle, no more transcending manifestation of the Almighty's power, save the Resurrection, was ever chronicled in sacred text. A rain, not of natural tattoo upon the windows of the gopher-wood ark, but a fierce race of drops, made floating corpses of all creatures upon earth; oceans and seas, fountains and lakes, swollen with these undue measures of rain, spilled into canyons and over cliffs; peaks of highest mountains lay submerged; and for forty unprecedented days the ark, housing Noah and species of every kind of animal, floated amidst the watery confusion, finally anchoring on Mt. Ararat. For God to vent His anger against a sinning world by relaxing control of one of earth's elements—what sharper demonstration of miracle exists? Of His appeasement, of His willingness to forgive His punished world, what lovelier pattern of miracle than His frescoing of sky with the gay rainbow, a phenomenon scientifically explained as the reflection of light on drops of water descending through the air, yet with origin intact in the supernatural. Gustave Brion's painting of the Deluge in the Louvre is interesting for its detail of subsiding waters exposing the land.

From the sucking waters of the River Nile, God saved the infant Moses because he was destined not only for leadership but as personal executor of God.

When the distracted mother, Jochabed, rather than see her child be dealt the purple death of strangulation by Pharoah's order upon male Israelite babies, delivered Moses in a papyrus cradle to the capricious eddies of the Nile, it was miraculous that the baby did not either tumble out of the cradle and suffocate among the slimy bulrushes or drift down the stream on an evil wind to swift death. Instead, the cradle cruised gently upon the water attracting the eye of Pharoah's daughter, who rescued it. Moses was destined to be Father of the Hebrews, Legislator of their religion, first Teacher and first Prophet of Israel, a man taught by Jehovah Himself; salvation from the river was a slow miracle of design, distinguished from a miracle of sudden transformation.

Miracle once disciplined the Red Sea, neighbor waters to thirsty Arabia, so-called because of its bed of red corals, the rusty landscape of the Arabian and Edomite mountains along the coasts and the floating castles of reflected pink sky upon its surface. When the Israelites under Moses and Aaron, released from the whip of Pharoah, left scorching Egypt to begin forty years' journey to the Promised Land of Canaan, they were guided by a column of cloud by day and of flame by night. Resting upon the banks of the Red Sea they heard the rumble of Pharoah's pursuing chariots. While Moses counselled them the pilot cloud thickened between the terrified tribe and Pharoah's dashing horses. Moses fanned the sea with majestic gesture of his mighty arm, and a rewarding wind brushed the waters apart, churning them into high, green ram-parts on each side and leaving a path of dry land between. The Israelites thus "crossed" the Sea; when Pharoah's horsemen galloped upon the miraculous tendon of land it crumbled and the walls of water collapsed with a great roll drowning every man.

Thirst tortured the weary Israelites

as their way lay across the baking Wilderness of Sin and the Wilderness of Sinai, and when they passed a region called "Mara," where a stream cooled the earth, they denounced Moses, their patriarch, because the water was bitter. The great leader thereupon hurled a tree into the brackish current and it turned refreshingly sweet—a lesser instance of the behavior of water encountered by the caravan seeking Canaan. The most dramatic miracle transformed the bleak waste Raphidin into a picnic shelter, for at the end of a day of thirst and murmur, God said to Moses: "... take with thee of the ancients of Israel: and thy rod take in thy hand wherewith thou didst strike the river. . . . Behold I will stand there before thee upon the rock of Horeb; and thou shalt smite the rock, and water shall come out of it. . . ." With impelling rod Moses tapped a huge, sprawling rock, and such an arch of water came forth that the children clung to their mothers in fright at the dazzling spectacle.

The dull water of a well turning crystal with light from Bethlehem's star, was, perhaps, the first miracle of waters of the New Testament. The Three Kings, by camel sauntering half way to Bethlehem, lost sight of the strange Messiah star that had accompanied them; halting by a well they beheld it, in all its five-pointed glitter, reflected in the deep waters when but a moment before they had searched the sky. To-day this Well of the Magi is topped with a round stone, worn with pilgrim veneration.

Baptism is the supreme miracle of water. It purifies that intangible essence in man, his soul, regenerating it, obliterating the bruise of original sin upon it, dewing it with grace. What more wondrous alchemy can miracle accomplish? Baptism is a perpetual spiritual power-house of manifold miracle, utilizing the power of the Almighty every time an infant is presented at the font. The waters of the Jordan in pastured

Palestine, especially northeast of Jericho, where the great travellers' road of Moab and Galaad converge at the ford of Ghoranieh, and in the vicinity of the Greek Monastery of Qars el Yehûd, have been touched by miracle, for the Saviour stepped from the tamarisk-fringed bank here and allowed the waters to chill His knees while John poured a palm-ful of baptism water upon His head.

That His sacred Body was laved by the Jordan sanctified its waters; that He, the Son of God, the Man without blemish, should condescend to baptism, was part of the unfathomable miracle of Redemption of which the flutter of the dove above Christ's head and the psalming voice of the Father, "This is my beloved Son in whom I am well pleased," were but symbols since associated with Jordan waters as intimately as the apples of Sodom and the aromatic agnus castus growing upon its banks. Sir George Alexander Macfarren has written a beautiful oratorio, "St. John the Baptist," in which the words of God the Father are delicately accompanied by violins and harps.

When Christ, at Cana's feast by power divine,
Inspired cold water with the warmth of wine,
See! cried they, while in red'ning tide it gush'd,
The bashful stream hath seen its God and blushed.

—Crashaw.

To behold the six jugs of brimming water effervesce and glow into the prismatic red of wine under the generous impulse of the Lord, a wedding guest at the marriage feast of Cana, must have astounded the festive assemblage. Christ knew that the unexpected presence of His five disciples had caused the embarrassing shortage of wine; so to content the host He not only miraculously increased the supply, but bade the water yield such purer and richer juice of grape that the chief steward sought the bridegroom, saying: "Every man at first setteth forth good wine, and when men have well drunk, that which is worse. But thou hast kept the good wine

until now!" The modern Kefr Kenna, a village of 600 Galileans, has built upon the stones of the old Cana, yet the village fountain, from which the servants must have drawn the miraculously convertible water, survives. A neighboring Greek church enshrines two jugs said to be the original "waterpots of stone." During the Crusades a church identified the chamber of miracle. The Franciscans now own the site. "The Wedding Feast at Cana" is Paul Veronese's most renowned canvas and a world masterpiece. In the group of gay musicians the artist has included Tintoretto, Titian and himself; many of the profiles are distinguished portraits of the Sixteenth Century.

The Lake of Genesareth, mottled with patches of shading palm and walnut trees around its brink, curving beautifully into the shape of a harp, did not change its character of limpid lake water under glamor of miracle, but its empty depths became dense and clanned with fish so that when Peter, despite a night of labor without even a shy nibble of fish, obeyed his Master's command to "launch out into the deep," hauled up his net, its threads broke with the crush of squirming heads and tails. Where once the fair tableau arrested the gaze—the Master with persuasive, outstretched hands, preaching from one boat, the Apostles struggling with the nets over the side of another—is to-day only a forgotten vicinity of gaunt, wild fig trees. Raphael has done a superb "Miraculous Draught of Fishes." While the Lord presides the Apostles drag the nets aboard; with complete art Raphael suggests the miracle by giving the little waves of Genesareth a strange transparency and stir.

At Cana, Christ transformed water, at Jordan He empowered it, at Genesareth He enriched it, and at Galilee He gently tamed it. The disciples' trim boat, proud of sail and idling on the Sea of

Galilee, looked restful to the tired Teacher after a day of inquiring crowds and preaching, so He entered the boat, reclined in the stern and was soon asleep. Suddenly a tempest dizzied the craft, great waves plunged over it, and the disciples, fearing shipwreck, cried out to the slumbering Figure: "Lord! Save us! We perish!" Jesus awakened and said, "Why are ye fearful, O ye of little faith!" Then He rose, cast a glance of authority at the heaving waters and instant quiet upon the Sea followed.

On another occasion He so tamed stormy Galilee that He walked upon its billows. Host to the 5000 that had feasted on the barley loaves and fishes, miraculously multiplied, He retired to a hill-top to pray. Darkness descended, and on Galilee raged a wind that threatened to capsize the boat holding Peter and James and John. With straining eyes the three fisher-apostles beheld a dim figure in white robe glide upon the Sea. "It is I; be not afraid!" a calm voice assured them. But Peter answered: "Lord, if it be Thou, bid me come unto thee on the water." "Come!" Peter leaped into the sea and fought his way towards the Saviour, who rescued him with the soft rebuke, "Why didst thou doubt?" and led him back to the boat.

St. Matthew's spring was really a tribute to Matthew's bravery among the cannibal Myrmidonians, treacherous natives of the vast country, Myrmidonia, in Ethiopia. The Apostle escaped death at the hands of the burly cannibal king by the descent of a cloud that enwrapped him and carried him away; while mantled in cloud he was visited by the Baby Christ who gave him a rod to plant in the soil of Myrmidonia. Returned to the cannibal country he drove the rod deep in the earth and it blossomed into a tall tree with a fountain spraying at its roots. The Myrmidonians danced in glee under the fountain, and it is said it became their water of conversion.

The curing water of the Pool of Bethesda in Jerusalem, near St. Anne's Church, lends appropriate dénouement to this Lourdes theme of waters of miracle. The Pool was the refuge of the blind, the paralytic and the twisted of joint who lay prostrate on its edge "waiting for the moving of the waters," which schedule was caused by a radiant angel, who, according to a reading in St. John, stirred the Pool now and again, causing it to froth and gurgle and emit gaseous vapors that healed those bathing while the waters were in commotion. Christ once healed a paralytic by the Pool of Bethesda, one who had attempted for years to immerse himself at the turmoiling moment of miracle, but had always been too slow dragging his leaden limbs. Jesus said to him: "Arise, take up thy bed and walk!" and the sufferer did so. Thornton Wilder in his playlet, "The Angel Who Troubled the Waters," has spun an effective scene around this subject.

What elect honor come to water, Nature's busiest agency, that it should be glorified by miracle!

The Bog.

BY PATRICK J. CARROLL, C. S. C.

XXXI.

MRS. BYRNE sat up that night of July 6, read—and listened. There would be fighting, Davey said. No news was good news. Eleven . . . twelve . . . one. She dozed in her chair. The book dropped to her lap and woke her. She slept again—a short, nervous sleep. She read, thought; her fingers made several rounds of her beads.

The Bog retired at ten. He was thinking of Davey's home-coming, too. Very likely he would drive in with his sister some time during the night—in the car which the priest's man took away. He partially undressed, went to bed shortly after ten to watch for Davey who would

drive in with his sister—the impudent young devil!—and stay for a few hours. Very good! They'd see who'd meet them!

At three, Mrs. Byrne wound the clock, which she had forgotten to do earlier. It told off its count slowly, and was the one thing audible—except the sporadic noises of unhoused geese in a wired enclosure. It was such a long wait from ten to three—but no news is good news! Later in the morning Nano would be back with her fine spirit and glad words. More reading, thinking, counting "Hail Marys." Four o'clock—and still no news. Thank God! No news is good news.

And then after four—twenty minutes after—a car noised past the rear of the house and turned the corner.

"Here's the bad news, God help us!"

She stood up. The Bog heard the car, too, and sat up in bed.

"Here they come, the two of them! Now they'll meet those can handle him."

A hushed engine outside; a knock on the door.

Father Healy walked in. You would like him any time; just then you would get the impression of power—the power of his calling. Priests seem always so strong when there is trouble in a house. A tall man—forty, you would say; not flabby; not well-fleshed even. You would see him a manly cleric rather than a clerical man.

"Bad news, is it?" It was hardly a question; and you would wonder how so small a woman could be so brave.

"In a sense, Mrs. Byrne; but good news too."

The Bog did not get up as he planned. It was something else entirely.

"Maybe 'tis dead he is?" She was crying now; crying but not lamenting.

"No; wounded. You must both hurry down."

She went to her husband. He was startled, but recovered quickly.

"No, I'll not go a foot to him! I said I wouldn't, and I'll keep my word."

"Come out to see the priest anyhow, and he in the house!" she begged.

Yes, he would do that; he could not refuse that and be decent. He dressed himself fully and went out.

"Hugh"—and again you would admire the use of the first name—"I want you to come down and see the boy—he's badly wounded."

"Wounded is it, your Reverence? And why is he wounded, I want to know? Did I ask him to go where he'd be wounded?"

"Get your hat, Hugh, and hurry! We've no time to waste."

You would think of this priest as of an engine, throbbing in rest, that can conquer miles by minutes in motion.

"I won't go, your Reverence. I won't go a foot! He left me; fought me. I said I'd never go to him. My word's my word—I won't go!"

"Come along, Hugh! Don't do a thing so unnatural this night, 'twill be talked around winter fires for a hundred years!"

The pleading wife wept plentifully now.

"I won't go! By the Lord God I won't!"

"I know more about the Lord God than you. By the Lord God you will!"

The priest picked up that convenient hat set on that convenient table just below the window, and clapped it on The Bog's head. Out the door, each shoulder gripped from behind by two strong hands. Alice reached back and opened the car door.

"That's handling The Bog!" she had almost cried, forgetting everything else.

She and Mrs. Byrne sat in the front seat, the priest and Hugh Byrne in the rear. The dawn had come fully; the last stars were indistinct; thrushes floated, wavered, sarg. The earlier blue fog that lay close to the summered earth was risen and gone. Only above that stream, which crossed the road and gossiped through flat fields, the fog

lingered, following the course of the water bed.

It was a strange journey. Alice and Mrs. Byrne spoke in little murmurs, as Alice gave the facts about Davey. The Bog sat erect, his will unconquered; Father Healy prayed for the springs of love to flow. Climbing the schoolhouse hill the big man got up suddenly.

"I'm not going—I said I wouldn't! Let me out!"

"Will you sit down—or do you want me to subdue you!" The priest set him back on the seat with a push.

It was five o'clock when Father Healy forced the large man into the base hospital of the giant's eye, Alice supporting the little wife and mother.

It was all a strange, perplexing world to Hugh Byrne as he stood there in that narrow hallway. Those lads, patched and mended with taped bandages—he had seen them at Mass, at the markets, driving cattle to the fairs. There they were in beds, waited on by uniformed girls—girls whose mothers he went to school with. He watched curiously from the little hallway, while the doctors worked beyond in Davey's room to stop Davey's hemorrhage. It seemed a mad dream: these lads in bed from gunshots when they might be in hay-fields or cutting turf; these girls in white, nursing them when they might be home with their mothers. Where in the world was Ireland? Where was himself? He was in a daze. What was he doing here at all? He would go. He turned to go. Father Healy, blocking the hallway, smiled.

"Hugh, you're to be thrown down by mercy this morning. Don't leave!"

And then Nano beckoned from Davey's room. The priest suggested the great figure through the small door; Alice, leading Mrs. Byrne, followed them.

Yes, there was Davey, white and restless; as white as the bandage that went across his forehead; as restless as a boat anchored in unquiet waters. Dr. Fitzgibbon had just wiped away

the latest surge of blood from his mouth and lips; Dr. Hayes had made the head bandage more secure.

"Davey!"

The little mother leaned over and put a hand on his face. It was so feverish! Feeling the pressure, Davey opened tired, sunken eyes. A little catch of breath; and his hand reached up to feel her face. Yes, it was she surely! He smiled. She cried—but very gently. Nano and Alice cried with her. It is hard to keep within the professional mold when a young man is slipping out from a sister, from a lover! Father Healy stood beside Hugh Byrne, who looked down from his great height on the poor, broken lad tossing in his fever; the lad who would never shrink from him or defy him any more. There he was, flesh of his flesh, rib of his rib, dying—and his own eyes watching. And he had betrayed him yesterday—only yesterday—sold him—as Judas sold Christ! Gave away his own flesh and blood! Did against him what nature wouldn't let a beast do! An oak, they say, which seems healthy, will crash to earth without warning—hardness, pride, glory gone! Hugh Byrne's body swayed, his legs sagged.

"Almighty God!"

He fell over as a heap on the foot of the bed; and then the epic sobbing that shook the little house. His body rose and fell in waves as his face lay buried at Davey's feet. Father Healy and Dr. Hayes lifted him up and supported him until he sank to his knees beside Davey's pillow. A little cough, a little gurgling of blood. Dr. Fitzgibbon pried open Davey's mouth and mopped out that blood with cotton. It was such a relief from the choking and the blood taste!

Dr. Hayes changed the position of his head—changed it ever so little. The tired eyes looked longingly, questioningly at the great, shaking, sobbing figure; the massive head, the partly visible face. He reached out his hand and placed it

upon a sunken head. You would notice how white his hand was. Hugh Byrne felt its feverish heat and looked up. Great creatures when hurt, so look at you—and you melt with pity. Whatever the settled bitterness of your heart, it would sweeten seeing the look of the large, fallen, broken man.

"Almighty God, forgive me!"

And his face sank back anew into the bed quilt.

Davey replaced his burning hand upon his father's head and kept it there. The father looked up again and leaned toward his boy. The doctors, Alice, the priest withdrew. The little family was alone. It was so good to be alone! Just for a short while only would they be together. And then no more—no more. Davey would be missing the next time!

"Davey, I was wrong—wrong altogether! Almighty God knows how wrong—and how broken. I'm thrown down! Almighty God sees me a shot hound flung upon the road! O Davey, if you live, I'll be a father. I'll never again be a beast tamer. For God's sake live to forgive me!"

Davey tried to smile; then a little cough. Nano stepped in, raised his head. Her hand supporting his back, she set a water glass to his lips. That sip of water was so cool, so comforting!

He was easier again. He looked at his mother, at his father, at Nano. The great days with Nano—he thought of them; and his mother—she sat beside the bed now, her small hand on his forehead. Hugh Byrne was on his knees, silent, watching, his face smeared with tears. Nano got him a chair; he obeyed her as a child would, and sat beside his wife, watching their son. If only Davey would talk! No—talking brought up the blood that choked him. Thinking almost brought the blood which tasted so far down his throat.

He was getting weaker, they could see. He reached out his hand slowly; stealthily almost, so as not to stir the

red spring ready to leap up from somewhere down in his body. His mother took that hand and kissed it many times. The Bog took it from her, felt its feverish warmth and kissed it in passionate sobbing with wide, heavy lips.

"O my God, how much I've missed!"

Davey would like to say he forgives everything and is sorry; he smiles forgiveness and contrition. It is the best he can do. His eyes speak for him; and his lips speak in that smile you would barely trace. And here is Nano—brave Nano! Blood or no blood she will kiss Davey's lips. Her mother kisses them too. The Bog holds the white face in the frame of his large hands and looks at the boy to whom he has been a hard master. He is shaken with sobs and sinks to his knees.

At ten minutes after nine that morning, John Conway and Mike Enright returned; just in time to kneel around the bed and follow the prayers for the dying.

"Into thy hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit. O Lord Jesus Christ receive my spirit! Holy Mary, pray for me!"

So Father Healy prayed as Davey sank deeper into that stupor before death. Sometimes a twitch of eyelids; no gurgle of blood any more. A sudden movement of hands; hard breathing; very hard it seems. Prayers, prayers, prayers, without stint or limit! All the saints of God, all the angels who fought with Michael of the Sword are called upon to save this son from the snares and toils of Satan, the enemy of man. So does the Ancient Church, through a concession of power over heaven, follow her sons and daughters to death's brink! And beyond the brink they hear the mandates of her mercy.

A little quiver of shoulders and chest, a short catch for the breath which does not come this time. A gasp is it—or a sigh? Silence.

"Come to his assistance, ye Saints of God; come forth to meet him, ye Angels of the Lord; receiving his soul, offering it in the sight of the Most High." So commands the lieutenant of the Church Militant.

"It is better with him than with us!" So whispers the pilot, who has steered Davey Byrne through the narrow straits.

Captain Colton, following a succession of duties of which he had long grown weary, drove out to check and recheck on the progress of West Limerick activities. He would call in at the Rebel hospital for a minute. Perhaps a wounded Britisher would be there; or that defiant girl who always kept him guessing might meet him. Anything for a human touch these unnatural days. Jerry Higgins let him in; and just inside the door he faced Mike Enright about to leave for Rathdrum again. Captain Colton eyed his man. Yes, here was the much-wanted Enright! Mike saw the net, and decided to enter it freely; it would save disturbance in the house of death.

"Captain Colton, I'm Enright. Davey Byrne, one of our men, just died. I surrender—you know why."

The Captain studied him.

"You're not Enright! He's in here and you can't trick me out of him. I want Enright, not his substitute."

He stepped into the waiting room to ask Jerry Higgins if he might see Miss Byrne. Mike Enright hurried away. She might come or she might not, the Captain surmised. If she came he would tell her he was sorry for her bad luck. It happens that peoples will fight one another, but a girl's brother is her brother; and this girl loved hers. He could tell that from her anxiety to see him the day she thought he was captured.

Nano came in, her eyes red, her face tear-stained.

"I've just heard—I'm sorry for you, Miss Byrne."

Touched by the kindness, Nano began to cry again.

"Thank you," she managed to say.

John Conway, knowing nothing of Colton's arrival, followed Nano to the waiting room to tell her he was at the service of the family. Jerry Higgins gave him a warning look, which he missed completely. Broken by Davey's death, he paid little attention to anything. And then he stopped suddenly seeing a British officer talking to Nano. Colton noticed him; noticed his surprised start, but kept on talking. Conway retreated—satisfied he was a fool to run head first into danger.

"If there is anything I can do, I'm at your service," the Captain said, preparing to leave.

"Would you please wait a moment?"

She stepped into that room where Father Healy was saying a word of cheer to Mike Condon whose infected knee was not coming fast enough. The priest returned with her.

"Father Healy, this is Captain Colton of the British forces." She could not define him more exactly. "He promises to help us all he can."

The priest reached out his hand and Colton took it.

"Captain Colton, I wonder if you would let us conduct a church funeral for this boy? It would mean so much to his family and friends."

The Captain did not answer at once. He thought of possible consequences—a demonstration for instance.

"Could you guarantee there will be no disturbance?"

Yes, Father Healy could guarantee that.

"All right, Sir. When will the funeral be held?"

"The day after to-morrow—in the morning likely."

"You may make your arrangements; I'll be present with some men."

They left together.

"Good-bye, Miss Byrne; again accept my sympathy."

"Thank you."

"Nano, I'll be in at the house later," the priest said.

A lorry, occupied by a dozen soldiers, waited outside. Just before reaching that small door leading to the road—the door which Jerry Higgins guarded so jealously—the priest stopped and looked at the young officer. There was something human and winning about him; something that made you like him; that made your heart say, whatever your head thought, "This man has no liking for the trade of killing."

"I don't mind saying I like you!" Father Healy said. Captain Colton was amused—the Irish are so sudden sometimes.

"Well, at least you won't be arrested for that, Sir." They both smiled. And Father Healy observed,

"I think if we had more Englishmen like you, the so-called Irish question could be approached without guns."

"I wish it could—I'm fed up."

"You've been very decent to our people. They won't forget you."

"Perhaps they have been decent to me, Sir."

He was thinking of the morning in the school when Davey Byrne could have emptied a revolver into him, but after three flips handed it over.

"I'm glad to hear you say that, Captain. We're fighting for what we feel Almighty God wants us to have; but that shouldn't make us murderers. I think myself if the politicians would only let the two races get together they'd settle the Irish question."

"So far as I'm concerned, Ireland can be free to-morrow."

"I wish you were Lloyd George."

"I wouldn't want to be—I hate politics."

Just before they passed through the door to the road Father Healy said,

"Captain, when we own our house,

come back. We'll give you an Irish welcome."

"Thank you, Sir—I may."

The lorry went west. The priest followed leisurely in the same direction.

"I'd like to see that lad made the first British Minister to the Republic of Ireland," he thought.

Captain Colton, his lorry throbbing past Kilbeg chapel, reflected,

"I wonder why he's buried here,—and so many purple rotters in the House of Lords!"

(To be continued.)

Caesarism in Spain.

BY JOHN J. O'CONNOR.

ONE of the marks of our time is religious indifference. The inexorable pressure of this great disintegrating force is everywhere about us. It is Catholicism's greatest enemy for the reason that it emaciates the Christian spirit. It affects us when we are least aware of it. Persecution, prejudice and bigotry are tangible realities; but it is impossible to declare war against a faint shrug of the shoulders. An open, anti-Christian hostility on the part of an individual or community has the effect of strengthening our religious convictions—just as the wind, in the fable, caused the pilgrim to draw his cloak more closely to himself. But the tropical sun of a materialist environment, of neglect and isolation, of the feeling that we are out of step with the times, does not destroy our resistance with the positive finality of the guillotine. It makes our resistance appear strange, futile, unworthy of our very best effort. If we are not constantly on guard, we shall find ourselves, in a few months or years, conforming to the pagan standards of the moment,

For something like four hundred years, the right of the Catholic Church to exist and to preach the Gospel were relentlessly challenged. Controversy and

bitter recriminations filled the air. Reluctantly St. Francis de Sales wrote his magnificent defense of the Catholic position because the Calvinists of the Chablais would not go to hear him preach. In this classic treatise, his argument turns entirely on the fundamental question of the exclusive authority of the Catholic Church, as the sole representative of Christianity and Christ. This still remains, of course, the real point at issue between the Church and the sects.

But how changed is the contemporary scene! "The world has become a harder, bleaker place," observes James Laver. "We have lost confidence in the inevitability of Progress; we have lost faith in the wisdom of our teachers; we dislike prophets and we avoid preachers, and we feel, in spite of ourselves, a curious irritation against those who set up to be either." No longer are people asking whether Christianity is true. They do still possess, however, a vague, uncertain curiosity to discover what Christianity truly is.

As a general rule, we of the Faith are no longer hated or despised. What is far worse, we are thought to be quaint and old-fashioned—like a recluse grandmother. People are as interested in us as they would be in a vegetarian or in a man from Algiers. There are no burning questions that must be discussed at once. There is no turning away. There is neither pity nor contempt. Merely an amused smile and a slight lift of the eyebrows. "Do you really believe in Dogma?" we are being asked. In exactly the same tone of voice, and with the same expression of mild incredulity, they might have said: "Do you really care for spinach?"

We must learn to appreciate the full significance of this important fact. It is now a waste of time to fill our minds with all the answers that might be given the Calvinist. There is as much difference between Sixteenth-Century

Calvinism and the Calvinism of to-day, for example, as between Borneo head-hunters and ourselves. It is not so much that the answers we have been giving are not true as that they have no modern application. There must be an end to what Mr. F. J. Sheed has called "apologetic in a vacuum." We must come to understand, and to appreciate at its full value, the contemporary folly. In some fashion the resurgent Catholicism within the Church must be made to serve the masses. Those not of the Faith must be shown the vision of the City upon the Hill. That is our immediate problem. "Civil society," wrote Leo XIII., "was renovated in every part by the teachings of Christianity. If society is to be cured now, in no other way can it be cured but by a return to the Christian life and Christian institutions."

The reaction of our civilization to the religious persecution now being carried on in Spain is an indication not only of a weakened moral sense but also of a consummate lack of thought. The enemies of the Church, in past ages, in a desperate attempt somehow to discredit Catholicism, were often guilty of intellectual suicide. The modern journalist and critic, when writing of Spain, is guilty of the same grievous misdemeanor.

Both the commandments of God and the testimony of history have been set aside in order that some apparent justification might be given to perverted theories that have never commanded either the respect or the support of rational human beings since the advent of Christ upon earth. Of all the weird paradoxes and contradictions of our day there is not one that stands out more clearly and is more easily recognized, than the abject surrender of Christian principles by those very men who, if their own self-interests were in any way endangered, would be among the first to proclaim their transgression.

The genius of Rome is best demon-

strated in the *Corpus Juris Civilis*; but the supreme perfection of the Roman law is not to be found in the Roman theory of the unbridled, unlimited and unrestrained absolutism of the Emperor. After the passing of a thousand years, this pagan theory of Caesarism in government was born again into the Christian society of the Middle Ages. It was seized upon by various princes. It flourished. Inevitably the omnipotent Lay State came into conflict with the Chief of Christendom, the interpreter and guardian of the juridical Christian inheritance of liberty and the restraints of religion and ancient custom.

"But the world of the Middle Ages," wrote Godefroid Kurth, "was not yet ripe for slavery. The Papacy protested, the communes arose in opposition, a portion of feudalism itself refused to exchange a suzerain for a master." Frederic Barbarossa was defeated at Legnano. The rioting ambitions of his grandson, Frederick II., were checked. But a new and powerful disciple of Caesarism, Philip the Fair, mounted the throne of France, and proclaimed, for the first time in our history, the separation of politics and morality. "It is well to note the origin of royal absolutism in Europe," Kurth continues. "We are at the antipodes of the Christian theory of power. The principles formulated by Philip the Fair were those which the Popes opposed and defeated in their twofold struggle against the Hohenstaufen; they were those which henceforth would be invoked whenever there was question of humiliating and belittling the Holy See, or whenever, despite the resistance of the Holy See, there was question of encroaching in one point or another upon the patrimony of Christian public right bequeathed the nations by former ages."

It is not our purpose to expose, in sordid detail, the shame of the grandson of St. Louis IX. Philip robbed the Knights Templars, he robbed the citi-

zens of France by debasing the currency, his greed for the possessions of the Church was unbounded. He trampled under foot the Christian tradition of Europe. Outrageous calumnies against Pope Boniface VIII. were everywhere circulated. The aged Pontiff was charged with heresy, witchcraft, idolatry and unbelief. The king appealed against the reigning Pope to a future General Council and a future "legitimate" pope. Informed of these schismatical proceedings, the intrepid Boniface prepared to excommunicate Philip. At once William de Nogaret was dispatched to Italy where he quickly gathered together a body of Frenchmen and Italian Ghibellines. In the company of the infamous Sciarra Colonna he then set out for Anagni where the Pope was temporarily residing. Boniface, an old man of eighty-six years, was seized, loaded with indignities, and deprived of food. He died shortly after this outrage. "I see the *fleurs-de-lis* enter Anagni," wrote Dante, in his "Purgatorio," "I see the Christ imprisoned in His vicar; I see Him again drenched with vinegar and gall, and crucified between two thieves."

Thus was accomplished the destruction of what has been called the "Christian Republic of the Middle Ages." What have been the results, in each succeeding century, of this violent divorce of politics and Christian morality? "From a national point of view," concludes Kurth, "the absolutism of kings has broken the equilibrium of the social body, concentrated all the life in the head, atrophied free institutions, and made revolution the only possible corrective of tyranny."

Nor is that all. The Christian nations, wrenched from the guidance of the Church, have not found their way again. They give heed every day to new systems which become bankrupt one after another. Philosophism, liberalism, socialism, anarchism, to

say nothing of the intermediate doctrines, are the legitimate heirs of royal absolutism; like it, they will betray their promises. The unrest will last as long as the destiny of the Christian nations remains in the hands of a political system which does not worry about Christian principles. The Catholic Church, seated at the foot of the Cross, waits calmly for the day when revolution shall have finished the education of mankind."

The power of the State in all things is to-day declared to be unlimited, and a reversion to Cæsarism in government is loudly applauded as a forward step in modern progress. A conflict between Church and State to-day exists in Spain—just as it existed in the Thirteenth Century between the Church and the rising nationalism and laicism of France. Philip the Fair did not have to decide whether he would be loyal to Christianity or to France. He had to decide whether he would be loyal to Christianity and to France as opposed to the temptation of greed which is the root of all evil. The same issue recently confronted President Niceto Alcala Zamora. Once again a small clique conveniently identified their rapacious interests with the commonweal of all the people living within the frontiers of the State. We are told that Zamora's anti-clerical action in signing the Religious Orders Act smashed the fetters of ancient tradition. What tradition? The tradition that has never ceased to flow from Sinai.

Shall the Catholic Church in Spain henceforth be permitted to teach the Gospel of Christ to her children? Shall the poor any longer possess their churches? The President was placed in the delicate dilemma of choosing whether he would render to Caesar those things which belong to God.



ONE "Take it" is better than a thousand "I will give you."—*The Spanish*.

Sanctuary.

BY NORMAN J. JOHNSON.

THREE masks there are which I shall mold
 From joys and love and tears;
 And underneath the mask of joy
 I'll hide my petty fears.
 That none may steal my starveling joys,
 I'll wear a doleful dress;
 And underneath the mask of love
 I'll hide my littleness.
 If I should lack protection then,
 One shield is left for me;
 Beneath the mask of death I'll hide
 My immortality.

❖❖❖

 Carolina Abdicates.

BY ESTHER W. NEILL.

VI.—ENTER MARIE ANTOINETTE.

EDUARD GROGE lay in a cushioned steamer chair on the wide-pillared porch of his grandmother's home looking out upon the distant mountain peaks where the first Eduard Grogé had camped in such discomfort so many years ago. His face was white and emaciated, while his dark, curling hair, lying damp on his forehead, made his pallor more apparent; his tired eyes were half closed, his thin hand held an open magazine, but he had not read a line. He was trying to adjust himself to a world of living things when he felt that he had died—died a long time ago.

For weeks he had been delirious with fever, adrift in that mysterious debatable land between life and death, oblivious to all sorrow or suffering. Why had he come back? He was dead—dead—dead. He seemed to breathe the unspoken word rhythmically, like a mystic craving some happier transcendental state. There was peace in death, why had he come back? It would have been so easy in his feebleness to slip across the border into another world. Why had he

come back when his life was finished? He was sure that no normal activity could claim his interest or vitalize his energy or ambition again. Why had he come back?

When he tried to command his mind to give some reasonable answer to the puzzling problem he was convinced that his grandmother's relentless purpose, her dominant desire had forced him back. He seemed to remember faintly her strident orders to doctors and nurses; he seemed to be conscious of her dynamic personality refusing him the liberty to die, and he vaguely resented her power, but he was too weak, too indifferent, to feel even strong resentment. Like one who has been etherized he had drifted slowly back to a recognition of familiar things. At first he had been aware only of soothing sounds, the rushing of wind in the trees outside his window, the twittering of nesting birds, the cheerful crowing of cocks in the distant barnyard, the lowing of cattle returning to the stables after days spent in the clover-scented fields. And then the deep silences of the night more restful than any sound. It was a welcome change from the unremitting discordant noises of the city, the honking of automobiles, the shrill sirens of the fire engines, the roar of the elevated and the subway to which his nerves had never grown accustomed. He felt that he had escaped from some hideous nightmare and found peace.

And on the morning when he first reluctantly opened his eyes, he was surprised to find himself surrounded by the possessions of his boyhood. The curtained four-poster was soft with a feathery mattress and long enough for him to stretch out his aching limbs, the room was spacious, the mural decorations of hunting scenes had been his own selection. Bob-tailed horses, packs of hounds, sportsmen in red coats, a running fox—these pictures had never failed to afford him entertainment.

Some one had suggested that the artist, who was a famous painter of animals, had become confused by his crowded canvas and had given one of the dogs five feet and left another tailless. During all Eduard's adolescent attacks of illness—measles, mumps, chicken-pox—he had employed much of his enforced leisure counting the feet and tails of these dogs never reaching a certain conclusion.

It was a bit bewildering to find himself back in his own room. Here were his tennis rackets, his golf sticks, his fencing foils. He had left them all behind him. His years at the medical school had been too busy to permit sports of any kind, and since then—what had happened to him since then?

He was glad that he had not taken these treasured belongings of his youth to his own home, for in those last desperate days he had hired two cavernous trucks and sent everything he owned except his clothes and his instruments to the rooms of a nearby auctioneer. He wanted no reminders of his marriage that had ended so disastrously. He had burned photographs, letters, the little intimate things of his wife that he could not profane by selling. Her work basket, some unfinished sewing, a half-soiled negligee, the contents of her writing desk, some souvenirs of their courtship, a hundred trifles torturing in their memories. He must not think; his brain seemed clouded when he tried to think. He was coming back to life. If he wanted to preserve his sanity he must learn to forget. He must fix his mind on outward things.

The mountains were barricades of beauty shutting him in. Purple shadows, torn by lances of sunlight, canopied the valley. Silvery clouds, like rounded, sparkling shields, seemed upheld on the towering pike staffs of the pines, and in the woods, the yellow of the ash and the red of the sumach flaunted their colors like banners of an encroaching army

guarding the rock ridges cutting him off from escape. He was bound to earth unless he could reach those outer ramparts and fly across those encircling mountains that limited his horizon. But he was too tired to shake off this lethargy that seemed to paralyze all impulse; too tired even to plan release from the prison house of life.

A white-uniformed nurse, who had been sitting watchfully in the hallway, came out upon the porch bringing a mint julep upon a small silver tray. The glass had been carefully frosted on the outside, and a crescent of lemon and a globe of red cherry had been perched upon the straws like some intended astronomical design to attract the invalid's attention.

"Quite a pretty color scheme," he said accepting the glass with a faint smile and wondering a little at the sound of his own voice. "If I land in a drunkard's grave, Miss Preston, I'm sure you will be responsible. But I'll have to acknowledge, it's good. I'm as weak as a kitten. I suppose I've got to buck up with something, or—die. The mint tickles my nose. Take it out and I'll drink the whiskey straight."

The mint was thrown into the flower bed that concealed the brick foundation of the porch. The nurse retreated with the empty glass. Eduard leaned back among his cushions and closed his eyes to shut out the sudden blaze of afternoon sun. The shadows of the clouds had lifted, the village was aflame with strange yellow light, and the blue spirals of smoke floating from the stone chimneys of the small houses added reality to the wide conflagration.

Eduard turned to his nurse and pointing to the view below them he said, "Looks like Sodom. I guess I'll pretend I'm a pillar of salt. I feel about as lumpy," and he shut his eyes again and lay immovable in his chair.

The nurse made no comment. She had hoped that his delirious fancies had

passed, but here was a symptom of relapse. She was a phlegmatic, precise person. She would record the foolish speech as "wanderings of the mind" upon her fever chart. Eduard gave no further thought to her presence. Her stolid figure at his bedside had become a sort of necessary nuisance. Her business was concerned only with the well-being of his body, she had no lightness of imagination, or sympathy of understanding to meet his present mood.

In the hot sunlight some tawny-colored bees buzzed in a lazy monotone as they sucked a belated luncheon from the tangled honeysuckle and jasmine vines that clambered over one end of the porch. Eduard was dozing when he was aroused by a child's voice,

"Please, will you tell me where I can get the eggs?"

Some dormant sense of chivalry or habitual spirit of helpfulness made him sit up and open his eyes.

A thin little girl stood on the top step holding a splint bottomed basket in her freckled hands, her scant gingham dress showed the holes in the knees of her stockings, and her two yellow braids were tied with bits of string. Her shabbiness led him to believe that she was a child of one of the mountaineers, but her next words, spoken with a slight French accent, assured him that she had come from the village.

"You look so sick," she said, and there was real sympathy in her tone. "I do not wish to disturb you if you are sick."

"And who the deuce are you?" he asked and the question was robbed of all curtness by the instinctive smile with which he always greeted children. "Did you ride here on a broomstick? How did you come?"

"A broomstick?" she repeated, and it was plain to be seen that his fanciful question had established a spirit of friendliness between them.

"No, no, I walked through the path in the woods, and you were asleep, so

you did not see me coming, but I would love to ride on a broomstick. Wouldn't you?" She put down her basket as if she would like to consider seriously this intriguing method of locomotion. "I suppose you would have to be a witch to ride that way," she added speculatively.

"Maybe you are one," and to his own surprise he found himself falling into his old whimsical way of conversing with children. "A witch is bewitching and maybe you are."

"I guess not," she said regretfully, sitting down on the stool at his feet, as if his implied commendation assured her of a welcome. "I—I guess I'm nothing much." Such abject humility aroused his curiosity.

"I'm sure you are mistaken there," he said with conviction. "Pon my soul I believe you are raising a dead man to life right this minute. That's more than a witch ever did. Where did you come from?"

"The village—down there," and she pointed to the valley.

"And what is your name?"

"Marie Antoinette."

"You are mistaken there," he said with assumed solemnity. "You must be mistaken. Marie Antoinette had her head cut off years and years ago, or perhaps your head is hooked on just under your collar."

The child hugged her knees, and pulling down her skirt to conceal the holes in her stockings she laughed aloud.

"You are not very sick after all," she said with maternal wisdom.

"How do you know that?"

"Because—because you are so funny!"

"Funny?" he repeated, "why, I didn't mean to be funny. I was only stating historical facts. But of course facts are sometimes funny."

"When?" she said.

"Well, when they are not so."

"But—but if they are facts." She hesitated. "My teacher says that facts are always so."

"Not at all," he contradicted her. "Facts may seem to be facts when in reality they are nothing but figments of the imagination. Can you picture a figment, Marie Antoinette?" and he sat up straighter in his chair.

"I—I don't think I can," she answered a bit bewildered.

"Then don't try. Figments and facts are too interchangeable. Facts become figments and figments become facts. Quite true, but slightly involved, Marie Antoinette. What I'm trying to say is that a fancy of the brain sometimes becomes a hard-boiled fact. Now you think riding on a broomstick is impossible, and so did everybody else except a few people who believed that they could fly. Everybody called them crazy, but they went to work with their figments and produced an airship. Broomsticks and airships are close akin. I think I'll buy myself one. I've got to get across those mountains; I believe they are smothering me."

"Smothering you?" she exclaimed, and she laughed to prove her disbelief in the suggestion. "Why, I thought they helped people to breathe, for they have helped me. I feel lots better since I came. I had a spot on my lung, and I used to cough and cough; that's the reason I came."

"So that was it?" he said and he surveyed the small figure now with professional interest. "And from what part of the world did you come before you dropped in on the village?"

"New Orleans. That's a long way from here."

"And where are you staying?"

"The curé is my Uncle François. He wrote to my aunt and told her to let me come and keep house for him, but I don't believe I am much good."

"Why?"

"Because my uncle makes me stay out of doors all day. You can't exactly keep house when you are out of doors."

"And why not?" he asked with some

show of cheerfulness, "you can always pretend."

"Pretend what?" she repeated with interest.

"Why, you can always make believe that you live out of doors. The sky is the ceiling, the grass, green carpet; logs of wood make fine furniture, water from the mountain streams, dishes of grape leaves, flowers for the table growing in bunches all around you, cook at a camp fire. Houses are a mistake."

Her eyes were dancing now with joy. "You are funny," she said again.

"Not a bit," he denied the accusation, smiling. "It's the other people you know who are funny. Who told you to come here?"

"My Uncle François told me that a Madam Grogé had telephoned that she had more eggs than she knew what to do with, and so I came to get a few. My uncle makes me eat raw ones. They are not very good that way."

"Splendid," he said, "that's splendid. Your Uncle François knows what he's talking about. Sunshine and fresh eggs will make you well, Marie Antoinette, and you'll get so fat we'll have to exhibit you in a side show at a circus. Who is your doctor now?"

"I haven't any doctor."

"Then, I think I'll take you on," and there was a new note of determination in his tone, "if you don't object to a dead man taking you on."

"I—I don't know exactly what you mean," and she seemed to be apologizing for her lack of understanding.

"No wonder," he said. "I told you you had bewitched me, Marie Antoinette. For the moment I felt that I was being resurrected, and I thought if you wanted to get well, I might show you how."

"That would be most kind," she said with a certain prim politeness. "My uncle said I was to sit in the sunshine all day, but I do not like to sit still. I would rather wander around in the

woods. I have looked at the books in his library, but they are all too good."

"Too good?" he repeated, feigning amazement. "Can anything be too good?"

"Of course," she answered with decision. "My uncle's books are mostly sermons and the lives of saints and martyrs. I am afraid I could never be a saint, and of course you have to die to be a martyr, and I do not want to die."

"And why not?" he asked, and his smile assured her that the question was meant for some new sort of nonsense.

"The world is so—so beautiful," and her eyes wandered to the blue mountain peaks; "there are so many pleasant things to do. You see I have never lived in the country before. I—I think it is like—Heaven."

"Heaven," he exclaimed. "Teach me why, Marie Antoinette. You might resuscitate me if you could teach me why."

"There are many reasons," she answered—"so many reasons. You see I used to have to stay dressed up in town. Sometimes Tante Felicé used to scold me if I tore my clothes and had holes in my stockings. Now look at those—" she stretched out her thin legs for his inspection, "aren't those holes just—just delicious?"

"Delicious?" he repeated, "I thought the word was usually applied to food, but I suppose one could eat a stocking—that is if he had the digestion of a goat, yet one couldn't very well eat a hole. Still, of course, if you think they are delicious, no doubt they are. I shall cut a few holes in my own socks and try them out. I'm looking for a little joy."

"Well, of course, they do not look lady-like," she added with some belated symptoms of feminine vanity, "but they make me feel that I can do exactly as I please."

"And why couldn't you do as you pleased at home?"

"Well, you see I really didn't have any home," and to his dismay her soft blue eyes filled with tears. "My father

and mother are both dead, and I suppose if Tante Felicé had not taken me in I should have gone to the orphan asylum. Sometimes I used to think that Tante Felicé was sorry she had taken me, she was so cross. I seemed to make her lose her temper. She had seven children of her own and when I came we had to sleep three in a bed. The house was so small, the street so narrow. Tante Felicé thought that children should behave all the time, and she kept on telling me how thankful I ought to be because she had saved me from the asylum. She tried to teach me to be very useful. I cooked and washed the dishes and I did not have much time to play. The kitchen was in the basement and it was dark and damp. My uncle thinks I caught cold staying there so much, so now he says I must play all the time. I wish I had some one to play with. If you have a spot on your lung perhaps you, too, would like to play."

"Play?" he repeated, as if the word had lost all meaning. "Well, perhaps we'll see about it. I'm rather flabbergasted, Marie Antoinette, at the thought of play." He leaned back in his chair exhausted by this first effort at sociability.

She was beside him in a moment bending over him with mature motherly solicitude.

"I have made you very tired," she said. "I have stayed too long. My mother used to look that way when people stayed too long."

"Come again," he said feebly, clasping her hand. "You've done me a lot of good. Go through the hall to the kitchen and get the eggs, and don't forget to come again."

"I'll come to-morrow to see how you are," she assured him. "My uncle said the path through the woods was not a steep climb like the road up the hill. He said it would not hurt me to walk so far. Madam Grogé said I was to come every day to get the eggs."

He was alone again. When he saw

Marie Antoinette emerge from the kitchen yard he watched her with sleepy eyes as she went trudging down the hill, a brave little figure counting her invalidism a gain, since it had freed her from the confined city streets and Tante Felicé's over-crowded establishment. He found himself piecing out the child's short history from the fragments of facts she had given him. She too had touched tragedy. Poverty, death, loneliness, and the heart-stifling sense of not being wanted. Surely the gentle old curé, with his broad charity, would make her welcome. He had already led her to believe that she was capable of keeping house for him even while he urged her to seek the sunlight. The child's courage seemed a sort of challenge to Eduard's own, and since he had offered her his professional services, without solicitation, he would have to measure up to this first responsibility that had presented itself during this prolonged period of convalescence. Marie Antoinette was eager for life, for health, for happy experiences that had been denied her. Even in his own weakness he could not be altogether indifferent to the appeal of a child in need.

(To be continued.)

They Come.

BY FLORENCE GILMORE.

MRS. FORRESTER told her news excitedly and smilingly, but anyone who knew her intimately would have understood that she was not so happy as she was trying to appear.

"Yes, Joe will be here some day this week, probably on Thursday—he and his wife and the dear baby. I haven't seen him for *seven* years; and, you know, I've never laid eyes on Lucy or little Jimmie. I—I—" Suddenly, her lips quivered, and her voice broke, but after the slightest of pauses she hurried on, in a tone as matter-of-fact as

she could make it: "They are going West in their car, and will stop here for two or three days on their way. I can hardly believe that I'm going to see them so soon! It will—I am—"

Again Mrs. Forrester stammered confusedly, and Mrs. Morrison was quick to say, in a hearty way,

"What *good* news! No wonder you are so excited that you hardly know what you're saying. It will be lovely for you to see them!" And in the next breath, with a tact born of a long and understanding friendship with Mrs. Forrester, she added lightly, "You must let me help you to make ready for the visitors. You will want your house to be spick and span, and every meal to be a treat, and even your clothes to be—"

The slight embarrassment which had clouded Mrs. Forrester's manner ever since she entered Mrs. Morrison's living room, now suddenly evaporated; and she interrupted to say, with eagerness,

"That's exactly what I've been thinking ever since Joe's letter came! And that's why I dropped in to see you so early in the morning. As to clothes, I have my almost-new black and white silk. I'll wear it every minute that they are here. Naturally, I want to look as well as I can, for Joe's sake, and because—You have seen the picture of Lucy which Joe sent me before they were married, so you know how pretty and how stylish *she* is." After a pause Mrs. Forrester continued slowly, and with a troubled face,

"But—as to the house and the meals—" she faltered; "it is about them that I came to see you."

"I am going to bake a big angel food cake for you to have on hand. But, what about such things as nice napkins and tablecloths? Are your best ones clean or at the laundry?"

Mrs. Forrester's face flushed, and she began haltingly,

"Well, you see, Mrs. Morrison, I—I

haven't—" Then, bracing herself, and looking squarely at Mrs. Morrison, in a firmer tone she went on, "You must know, although I've never said a word about it, that the very moment the depression surprised us it cut off most of my income. The United Railways was the first company I've heard of that stopped paying its dividends; and the little house I own on Ruggles Street hasn't been rented for upwards of two years. I have never hinted at either of these things to Joe. I wouldn't for the world be a burden on him, or even— If I were to say anything he might think that I was asking for help—for money. Of course, he takes for granted that I am as comfortable as I ever was.

"But now, they are coming—in their own car—and—Lucy has never seen me before, or Joe's old home, so I want everything to be as nice as I can manage to have it. Above all, I don't want them to suspect that I am pushed for money. Maybe it's foolish of me, but I want to hold my head high.

Evidently Mrs. Morrison did not agree that this was wise.

"Yes, I see," she murmured; but added, rather hotly, "Joe has that fine position with the Pennsylvania; and, after all, you're his mother."

"Yes; but—" Mrs. Forrester began mildly, timidly; then, blurted out, almost bitterly, and with a break in her voice, "He surely knows all about the depression, and that it *may* have hurt me; but he has never even asked."

In the next instant Mrs. Forrester was plainly sorry to have seemed to find fault with her son, and she abruptly changed the subject before Mrs. Morrison had found a word to say,

"The curtains in my parlor have been darned and darned again; and although I know it's a big favor to ask, I have been wondering if we could exchange curtains for a few days. Our windows are the same size, you know."

"Of course, we could," Mrs. Morrison

agreed, with eager generosity. "I'm glad you thought of it."

"As to—to other things: to tell the truth, I haven't been replacing my supplies as they have worn out; and I am afraid—I know that I haven't a napkin without little holes, or a really good tablecloth. I wonder—"

"I have a big supply of both. When my sister died last year they sent me all her lovely linens. Let's go to the dining-room cupboard to look over my best things, and see what you can use."

"I can't say how grateful I am!" Mrs. Forrester exclaimed. "I don't want Joe and Lucy to—"

She did not finish her sentence, but as she and Mrs. Morrison went toward the dining-room, repeated,

"I can't thank you half enough."

"Nonsense! You would do the same and more for me," Mrs. Morrison said, in all truth; but she added, after a furtive glance at Mrs. Forrester's shabby dress and worn shoes,

"But I can't help wishing that you would tell Joe the exact state of your affairs. There's nothing to be ashamed of. The depression had crippled almost everyone. He would help you if he knew." Her sensitive face flushing, Mrs. Forrester answered,

"I couldn't bear to. I'd hate to be a drag on him and Lucy. Young people want everything nice for themselves these days, and of course Joe can't be rich. No, I don't want, even indirectly, to ask anything of them, especially as Lucy— Why, she may not even *like* me."

Mrs. Morrison said no more; but got out her best linens and spread them before Mrs. Forrester; and after a choice had been made among them, she insisted upon lending a few fine dishes.

"But, perhaps Joe will know that I've never had any like these," Mrs. Forrester objected, half pleased, half fearful.

Mrs. Morrison laughed at the possibility of such a thing. "If he does he's the most observant man in this country

or any other," she replied; and added, "it's Lucy whom we are going to impress with them; and Joe with the cake that I'll bake. And you must have a jar of my chili sauce. My husband loves it, and I still have quantities on hand."

So Mrs. Forrester went home heavily laden, and feeling far happier than when she came. During the remainder of that day and all of the next she worked, cleaning every nook and crevice in her house, and rearranging the furniture until all the shabby pieces were half hidden in dim corners. She hung Mrs. Morrison's curtains in her parlor, and hurriedly made new ones for the dining-room, utilizing scrim which she had bought long before and had never used. She begged flowers from one neighbor, and an extra porch chair from another.

By Wednesday evening all was in readiness. Joe had written on the way to announce that they would reach home about three o'clock on Thursday afternoon; and by midday Mrs. Forrester had waved her abundant gray hair, and put on her best dress and shoes which she still held in reverence.

"I know that it's early, but one cannot time an automobile exactly," she explained, in self-defense, when Mrs. Morrison brought her cake, at half-past twelve, and laughed to find her already stationed at a window watching.

"Do you think, Mrs. Morrison, that everything looks fairly well?" she asked anxiously.

Mrs. Morrison glanced about the room, and went as far as the door of the dining-room to peer within.

"Your house looks lovely, Mrs. Forrester," was her comment. "It's always nice, but to-day it is in holiday attire."

"I hope that Lucy will like it. I'm afraid that it will seem old-fashioned and shabby to her and even to Joe."

"It won't; I don't care how fine their things are, it won't," Mrs. Morrison said, as she hurried away.

But Mrs. Forrester continued to feel a little anxious.

Two o'clock came; three; four; and she grew more timid, more nervous with the passing of each hour of watching and of waiting. She became more and more conscious that her dress was neither new nor stylish, that the house and its furnishings were neither up-to-date nor fine; more and more afraid that the visit would not pass smoothly. Repeatedly, she murmured a prayer that Lucy would like her; that, clever as Joe had boasted her to be, and pretty as her photograph proved, she would not find Joe's home and his old mother disappointing, or—possibly—even laughable.

When four o'clock struck she went to the kitchen to take another glance at the dinner preparations there; and at that moment the car came. She heard it as it stopped, and ran breathlessly toward the door, and peered through the curtains.

What she saw—what she saw was a shabby, a very shabby old Ford. A man had already stepped from it, and was coming toward the house, carrying two battered suit cases; and close behind him, with a baby in her arms, was a careworn and very plainly dressed girl.

"Oh!—oh, Joe never told me that they have been having hard times! He couldn't have helped me! He—why, he is out of a job," she half sobbed; and in the next instant the thought flashed across her mind: "I can be good to her, and she will like me. I love her already."

She opened the door then and ran down the path. A second more and she was in her son's arms; another moment and she was hugging the baby and kissing Lucy at the same time.

"You're poor, too! I'm so glad, so glad!" she said exultingly.

But neither Joe nor Lucy understood the words, though they did understand the love in her kisses and the joy in her beaming face.

The Victory of Defeat.

BY P. J. C.

OFTEN there is retreat to gain momentum for a second start. We go back to go on. There is depth that there may be height. We dig a deep foundation for the tall superstructure.

In our lives it is so. We can make our losses our gains, failures successes, defeats victories. Often what people consider triumphs are really disasters. The momentary exaltation which follows some success never compensates for those crushing disasters which proceed from that very success. Certain American young ladies marry certain European titles and are conscious of achievement. A year or two later their troubles find easement in a divorce court. That which began as triumph ends as disaster.

Victory is often defeat; defeat, victory. We have not won until we are in secure possession; have not lost until it is impossible to rewin, or to win something else as a result of our defeat vastly more valuable than what we have lost. Let us say, the man who has been getting and spending and living outside the moral law loses his all. He is thrown down. He can rise to grow into that better self which is hidden somewhere in his nature. In that better self he secures the victory which is built upon the discipline of restraint.

St. Peter had an hour of boastful loyalty, when he declared that though all should fall he would stand. He had the mood of the victor. He was triumphant in the possession of the select first place. St. Peter, frightened into denials and falsehoods by the taunts of servants, was defeated, thrown down. Possessed by the foolish certainty of victory in the Cenacle he experienced defeat in the courtyard. But out of that courtyard defeat he deserved the mercy of the look that gave him victory because he was

ashamed and sorry. St. Mary Magdalen had her triumphs of social acclaim. She was followed by admiration as a shadow follows a moving figure in sunlight. Then in the house of the Pharisee she heard the taunts, saw the sneers of the traditionally righteous. She was humanly defeated. Came the flow of penitential tears; her life had been a waste; all her great triumphs great failures; her charm, ashes; her beauty, a malignancy which spread infection. She was thrown down by a sorrow for those things which caused her defeat. Out of her sorrow came her victory. She turned the very weapons which helped her to maintain her votaries, to aid her now in securing an abiding triumph. With that ointment which she made use of to glorify her own self, she anointed the road-tired feet of Christ. Her lips, her eyes, her hair were called into sanctuary for new, splendid service. "And standing behind at his feet, she began to wash his feet with tears, and wiped them with the hairs of her head, and kissed his feet."

St. Francis of Assisi, rich and care-free, had his days of pleasure in the Umbria of his youth. He retreated from his victories into the defeat of surrender. He gave up his wealth, possessions, expensive clothing. He became the beggar of the roads, the troubadour of the fields. He retreated to advance; fell to rise; lost to win. The rich Francis who careered in a series of social successes was overcome and broken; a new Francis, victorious by self-conquest, arose new from the pieces of the old to be victorious over flesh and blood forever.

Were we to check our experiences, very likely we would retabulate many defeats, victories. Not victories at the moment, but victories ultimately for those realities which are worthy and abiding. Note the saints who made use of their failures to achieve great spiritual victories. They lost some earthy thing and won heaven.

Notes and Remarks.

Archbishop Edward J. Hanna begged God's blessing on the San Francisco-Oakland Bay Bridge at the breaking of ground for the structure. There are some who think that the blessing will not make the bridge better or worse. Good construction, good material, they say, make good bridges. As the world thinks and speaks that is true. However, good bridges have fallen, good trains—the last word—have been wrecked, good ships sunk at sea. A wise, humble people will ask God to bless what they plan and do. They themselves break and collapse in spite of good health, building and the repair of doctoring. Unless the Lord build the house—or the bridge—they labor in vain who build it.

A Catholic who knows his religion can do a lot of good sometimes if he corrects in a gentlemanly way mis-statements that have been made in the press regarding his faith. Besides calling the attention of the one who makes the statement to the fact that his utterances are being checked up, such correction is often the means of putting fair-minded readers right on subjects they may be doubtful about. A letter to the *New York Times* the other day may illustrate this point. We quote in part: "Yesterday, the Right. Rev. William Hall Moreland declared in his sermon at St. John the Divine that the 'Anglican Communion is both Catholic and Protestant' and that 'there can be a Catholic Church without the Pope.' It all depends, of course, on what is meant by 'Catholic' and 'Protestant.' The word 'catholic,' according to Webster's Dictionary means 'universal or general . . . designating or pertaining to the ancient undivided Christian Church.' Foundation of the various Protestant sects during the Reformation was essentially a protest, not only against Rome but against the fundamental idea of Cathol-

icism, for one of the first doctrines promulgated by the new religion was the right of private judgment. It seems clear that universality of faith in any group is unattainable by human minds so long as one recognizes the right of private judgment in religious doctrine. Under the circumstances it seems that Bishop Moreland rather strains the process of logical reasoning in an attempt to eat his cake and have it too. I noticed, incidentally, that yesterday was the second successive Sunday on which Bishop Moreland saw fit to make slurring remarks from the pulpit regarding the Roman Catholic Church. Quite aside from the question of their correctness, I have been wondering what sort of constructive spiritual inspiration our Protestant friends were able to gain in listening to attacks on the doctrines of another faith, which, to say the least, would seem to have been in bad taste."

The tendency to organize into groups is probably not a distinctive American trait, but, like a great many other things, we have gone into it to an almost insane degree. A writer in the *Modern Monthly* has gone to the trouble of looking up some of the absurd organizations which are now in existence in the United States. Here are a few of them: The Guild of Former Pipe Organ Pumpers, the Society of Men Who Wear Funny Hats, the Society to Prevent Parents Naming Their Offspring Clarence, the Society for the Prevention of Calling Pullman Porters George, etc. Lest anyone think that such organizations are the temporary offspring of some local carnival spirit, let it be known that one of the clubs mentioned above has already had five annual meetings, while another with a membership of 18,000 has a banker as its founder and a ranking baseball player as one of its national officers. With so many people to invest in regalia, and

pay dues for the opportunity of joining such societies, we might expect to find a corresponding number of shrewd fly-by-night organizers ready to grant them their wish. A few years ago during the peak of the Ku-Klux-Klan movement we were treated to a spectacle of how effectively these organizers can roll up numbers on a national scale. That such organizers have not been idle since the disintegration of the Klan is evident from the fact that, according to figures compiled by H. M. Leydenberger of the New York Public Library, there are in the United States to-day approximately 127,000 separate organizations of one kind or another. In face of that mania, is it any wonder that perhaps the most useful society of all, the Society for the Prevention of Useless Organizations, should have failed of its objective for lack of interest a few years back? If some genius could only harness this club spirit of ours long enough to direct it at some of the really serious abuses of which there are many, we might have reason to respect it rather than to laugh at it as a national oddity.

The Editor of the *Sacramento Bee*, C. K. McClatchey, offers certain reflections to native sons on the recent election in California to exempt private, non-profit schools from taxation:

The result was due to a combination of voters who do not believe in any tax exemption, and electors who voted against Proposition No. 4 from the meanest and most contemptible of all alleged "reasons," that of narrow religious bigotry. They saw that some Catholic schools would be benefited thereby. They denounced it as an underhanded Roman Catholic scheme against the common schools. But they forgot that the measure was introduced by a prominent Mason, and that the Masons in both houses supported it almost unanimously.

Mr. McClatchey pointed out that the measure was vigorously supported from Protestant pulpits, and declared that he considers it shameful injustice that rich-

ly endowed schools are exempt from taxation while "poverty-stricken institutions representing various sects—institutions doing far more good to humanity than Stanford ever did—have to pay taxes."

Continuing, Mr. McClatchey said: "Yours Truly favored it also because he believes it to be an outrage that the great State of California plays favorites in the process of non-state school taxation—forcing dollars from those who cannot afford it, and letting those who can go absolutely free."

This is direct, truthful, vigorous speech. Would there were more editors of the McClatchey type in California!

For a time it seemed that in Germany Caesar was about to interfere with the things of God. Lutheran pastors had been ordered to display Nazi flags and emblems in their churches and to read a Nazi manifesto from their pulpits. But President von Hindenburg called a halt on the Hitler forces, told them to confine themselves to state affairs, and the overthrow of the church which was looked for by some of the modern prophets did not materialize. Not only did these prophets predict the fall of the Protestant church in Germany, but they affirmed openly that the distinction between Catholic and Protestant would soon be abolished, and that Germany would have but one great State Church to which Protestants and Catholics would alike submit. The *London Tablet* points out that the *Sunday Express* came out with a huge black heading, fifteen inches wide, which read: "Hitler to Turn Protestant." The Berlin correspondent of the *Express* gave a graphic story of how Hitler was to renounce his Catholicism on Luther's birthday, next October, and he added, "Thus at one stroke would be buried the religious prejudices which have divided Germany since the Thirty Years' War." Says the *Tablet*: "Mr. Sefton Delmer,

who telegraphed this nonsense from Berlin to London, can know little of the people among whom he lives if he thinks that a change of religion on the part of one German, however prominent, would at one stroke hurl Germany's twenty million Catholics into heresy and apostasy. Herr Hitler is probably not so foolish as to begin a conflict with the Church. In such a campaign, however, many a blow over and above the 'one stroke' of Mr. Sefton Delmer would be delivered; and the casualties would not all be on the Catholic side."

Bishop James Cannon, Jr., attributes the downfall of Prohibition to several causes, including "Roman Catholic opposition, the Catholic hierarchy and Catholic press having aggressively opposed the law." Bishop Cannon overestimates we think. American Catholics in leaders and membership were not conspicuously active. Some will affirm they should have been. When all is said, however, it seems best they kept out of the mess. Prohibition was put upon the nation to correct the nation in certain vicious expressions of human nature. If Prohibition could have corrected these things, it would have been welcomed as a blessing. It did not. Our last state is become worse than our first. The zealotry, mounting to cruelty, of the Prohibition directorate, roused national resentment against so ruthless a meddling with men's immediate personal lives. Prohibition became a hated name. And now people put an end to what they hate. All said, Prohibition's worst enemies were those of its own household. The vicious, ungoverned saloon, and the unrestrained, pursuing bigotry of professional Prohibitionists express the falsehood of extremes. Temperance, which we need so much in so many manifestations of life in the United States, will secure and save

reasonable, human people. If, a decade or more ago, the fierce forces which were organized to compel men and women into sober habits were expressed in sweet reasonableness to persuade them into temperate ways the people of the United States would have achieved temperance by now. They would not have to begin all over; to go back in order to go on.

You do not know, perhaps, that Cheddar, a small town in Somersetshire, England, is famous for its cheese. Well it is. There are other cheeses, of course, Swiss, Edam, Limburger, and so on. But what we intended to say in the first place is that Cheddar, for all its cheese, has not had a Catholic church since the Reformation. Now it has one, and will have regular Sunday Mass hereafter. One of the Benedictines from Downside Abbey will go to Cheddar every week, to hold the divine Service which has not been held there this many a long day. It is one of eleven missions which members of the Downside Abbey attend. And so hereafter, if and when you chew your Cheddar cheese, say to the lady nearest you: "This Cheddar cheese reminds me, they have a Catholic church in Cheddar now." Practise saying it.

Mr. Clarence E. Martin, president of the American Bar Association, said this to National Education groups, meeting in Chicago: "Divorce shelters juvenile crime. Orphan asylums find the greater number of children dependent upon them are children of divorced parents. . . . Bans should be published, migratory divorces prohibited, and Gretna Greens abolished." The fact that Mr. Martin is a Catholic may indicate to some who put freedom of divorce on an equality with freedom of the press, that he is pleading for his Church. No; he is pleading for his country. Read this

casual tabulation from the open spaces of divorce:

Last week Richard Dix, cowboy hero, said he and the San Francisco society girl, the former Winifred Coe, would remain dear friends after their divorce, and he might woo her again later.

To-day came Zita Johann, who said she and her husband, John Haussman, playwright, now engaged in the brokerage business in New York, have separated—on a friendly basis.

There came also Mabel le Baron, former actress well known in musical circles, with word that she and her husband, William le Baron, producer, were living apart—as an “ideally separated couple.”

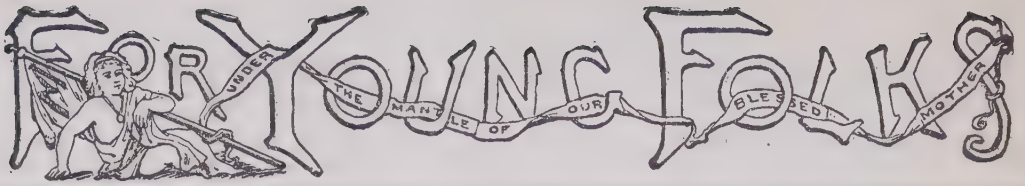
And finally—for the moment, at least—there came Edmund Goulding, film director, and his wife of less than two years, the former Majorie Violet Moss, stage dancer, whose reported separation remained unconfirmed.

The Pickfords, the Fairbanks, the Crawfords, and so on, who have been wed and divorced, if listed in columns would seem the telephone directory of a middle-sized town. If the Catholics of this nation cannot impress upon the minds of their non-Catholic fellow citizens the ruins of a basic social institution visible everywhere, they should subdue themselves to silence by reflection and prayer. When we are in the mood of cheering because a Catholic is elected to Congress from Crum Village, let us listen to judicial gavels pounding for silence, while judicial tongues say, “Divorce granted.” Mr. Clarence E. Martin spoke rightly to the National Educators in Chicago. A million Martins affirming the same thing—the ancient thing which has maintained this nation—one would pick up heart.

“For the second time in the last four years,” says the *New York Times*, “France has registered an excess of deaths over births to the extent of thirty-two thousand. Three years ago the deficit was less than ten thousand. The annual surpluses during this period

have ranged from fifty thousand to one hundred thousand. But Great Britain in the latest available year had an excess of 150,000 births and Germany had a margin of 310,000.” It is becoming apparent to the least observant that something must be done if France is to continue as a nation. The proverb, “You must obey law or die,” is being exemplified in the case of the French nation. Birth control is opposed to the natural law, and the price of breaking that law is death—the destruction of the nation. The Germans are fearful of the small number of births in their country, and only a few days ago the Government made the pronouncement that “childless married couples will henceforth be defamed and branded as legalized prostitutes.” The great evil in birth control for a Catholic is, of course, the offense against God, but even those who do not consider such conduct sinful, because of a dulled moral sense, cannot but pause when they realize that this blight is destroying their nation. It is to be hoped that such force will be brought to bear against this vice by the rulers of nations that it may soon be wiped out among us.

There is lament that since 1911 no “American Catholic Who’s Who” has appeared in the United States. England, with one-tenth our Catholic population, has had a “Who” book for over twenty years. Frankly we do not permit ourselves to sink into melancholia because of the absence of an up-to-the-minute “who’s who.” We rarely look at one. And when we do, likely as not the “who” we seek we do not find. He is absent and not accounted for. And we see several whos we never heard of before or since. The chiefest difficulty in compiling a dictionary of great Whos is the difficulty of determination. There is many a Who written into the great book that is really a Why.



Barefoot Boy.

BY T. E. B.

WHY can't I be a barefoot boy
The kind the poets write about,
And go along the street in joy
And stop at every water spout?
Why do my folks all know that I'll
Get heaps of slivers in my feet,
And stub my toes at every pile
Of paving blocks along the street?
You'd think a poet ought to know
What's best to drive away the blues,
And that my folks could fix it so
That I could go without my shoes.

Tim.

BY JAMES A. REID.

IV.—A BANK FAILURE.

AT the very time Sir Charles Bruce in his delirium was asking for his boy, Edwin, Tim was anxiously wondering why his Aunt Anna had not met him at the pier when "The Traveller" docked. His anxiety would have been quickened with sorrow, if he had known about the great blow that had fallen on his Uncle Jack.

The year 1928 was a year of prosperity. Business prophets, some with greedy eyes on the future, others with dishonest hearts, and still more believing that good things have no end, were repeating over and over again that the rich, luxurious, prosperous times would continue forever. The United States in many ways—and it is a sorry story in the telling,—had gone money mad, and the ease with which even the ordinary man threw away his earnings on

pleasure foreboded an unhappy day of reckoning.

For some persons that day of reckoning was wholly undeserved. For John O'Mara, in particular, it was certainly so. A number of years before he had founded a bank. From its very beginning, it had prospered, and through skilful management had grown into an extremely comfortable business. An alert competitor, realizing that in union there is strength, sought to combine his own growing concern with that of John O'Mara's. The proposition seemed worth while. It was not a mere question of making more money, it was a prudent method of keeping pace with modern conditions. So, a contract had been drawn and signed by the two interested parties.

"I have no doubt, Mr. O'Mara, that we will be of immense service to each other, and to the people who place their trust in us."

"Now that we are under the firm name of 'O'Mara and Jones,' I am certain that we shall have no need to worry about the future," answered Mr. O'Mara.

But the bleak days of depression were not far away, though it would have taken a man of stout heart and magical words to convince anyone that the end of prosperity was at hand. The cruel, disastrous blow came suddenly and unexpectedly. Stocks and bonds went down in value until they were almost worthless. Banks without number failed, fortunes, easily acquired, were wiped out overnight. Confusion, panic resulted; and a lightning-struck world awakened to the dishonesty of many who had pitilessly ruined others.

The blow fell, as has been said, on John O'Mara undeservedly. He was

thoroughly honest. No one, not even an enemy, and he had none, would question that. He was, however, guilty of folly—the folly of neglect. Being above reproach himself, he unwisely concluded that others were also, or at least that his partner, Henry Jones, was. That was Mr. O'Mara's mistake, costly and teeming with trouble—trouble that struck his soul and left it partly wrecked.

Wisely or unwisely he had told his wife nothing. Time enough for that, he thought, when it finally has to be done. Nevertheless, she noticed that all was not well with him, but she believed that he was working too hard.

"John, dear, you're working much too hard."

"I know, I know," he answered.

"Can't we go off for a vacation? It would do you good."

"I can't go just now."

"I'm afraid that if you keep up this pace, you will ruin your health."

"I mustn't think about that now."

It had not been so many days before, not knowing about the business failure of her husband, that Mrs. O'Mara had sent a substantial check to Ireland, asking that Tim be allowed to visit his American cousins. Some days later, if she still had had that money, it would not have been sent. She had heard the dreadful news.

Mr. O'Mara had come home more depressed than usual. The papers had been carrying accounts of failures, and in a day or two at the most, they would print the story of the insolvency of the reputable firm of O'Mara and Jones. Realizing that the tragedy would be publicly revealed, Mr. O'Mara decided to tell his wife, to soften the blow, if possible.

"Anna!" he said quietly.

"Yes, John," she answered; "have you decided to go on that vacation?"

"No, not that."

"What, then?"

"Something more important, and I'm afraid, more serious."

"Tell me what you mean."

"Er, er," and it was hard for him to explain, for he was bowed down with an agony of sorrow.

"Now I know it's serious."

"We've failed."

"Failed?" She did not seem to realize at once what she had heard.

"Failed."

"I don't understand?"

"We've lost everything."

"How?"

"Dishonesty."

"Dishonesty?"

"Yes, dishonesty."

"Not yours, surely?"

"No, thank God, not mine."

"You mean that everything is gone?"

"Everything, absolutely, and debts falling on us without number, but I don't think that I am responsible for them."

"Give me the whole story."

"I trusted Henry Jones. He was crooked. He speculated, unknown to me. He lost heavily. I trusted him."

"But, you've done nothing wrong?"

"No, I can say that I've done nothing wrong, except I've been a trusting fool."

"Not 'we,' Henry Jones, you mean."

"As you wish to state it. Lots of poor people had money in our bank, and they've lost everything. And they had faith in me."

"And they should."

"But they should not, for I was not keeping my eyes on that scoundrel, who cares nothing for those that he has ruined."

There was a long pause. Mrs. O'Mara, perplexed, knew not what to say. Her husband had his head in his hands, hopelessly trying to think. So they sat for some time, without a word.

Then rising from her chair, Mrs. O'Mara went to her husband's side.

"John, dear, we're back now to the days when we were first married. Re-

member how poor we were and how happy. We had high hopes then and plans."

Her hand was on his shoulder now, but he did not look up.

"Once again," she continued, "we will start. I don't know how or where," and her voice faltered, for a sword was piercing her heart, "but we shall ask God, and in some way He will tell us. Now I realize how it must have felt to be standing afar off on that eventful Friday."

Mr. O'Mara raised his head. "It's more than you think, Anna."

"More than I think?"

"Yes. If we had but to start anew, it would not be so hard to face. But every dollar we make must go in part, so I've resolved, to those who have been robbed. I will pay back every cent, though it takes me the rest of my life."

"I had not thought of that. You're right, we will pay back every cent. Now, John, we begin immediately."

"To do what?"

"To start."

"How?"

"By making our plans at once."

"Have you any suggestions?"

"I have. We'll sell this place for what it is worth."

"But, the children?"

"I'll talk to the children."

"It will be hard for them."

"They'll share and do their part; and, unless I'm badly wrong, and I'm certain that I am not, they'll do it willingly."

"How?"

"We'll move to humbler quarters, a house that fits our circumstances."

"Where?"

"Out of the city, if needs be. Away from all the fine and luxurious things we have known."

"And away from all our friends?"

"Yes."

"But, it may be so lonesome for you?"

"Lonesome or not, we will go; and our friends can find us. They'll read in

the papers about the failure, so we can be spared the trouble of telling them."

"Yes, wait till they hear."

"Wait, indeed, and if they aren't men and women enough to stand by you, knowing you as they do, many of them for years, why the sooner their fair-weather minds are found out the better."

"I wouldn't want their sympathy."

"Nor I. Yet, I do want them to say and to think that you are now as you have always been—an honest man."

"If they say that, I'll be satisfied."

"Bear in mind, we are poor in one sense only—our money is gone. We still have each other."

"And the children."

"Yes, they have brought us a lot of happiness."

"And we have health and courage, and the will to fight."

"We have, or we'll acquire it."

"We have the heart to begin again," Mrs. O'Mara said bravely, "we're going to weather this storm, as the great ships weather the rough storms at sea; when the calm comes and the sun is shining through the clouds, we'll be all the more grateful that we have not failed."

"Fail? Fail? It may not be easy sailing, as you say. But, fail, no, not that."

The late editions of the morning papers carried the story of the failure of O'Mara and Jones. "Reputable old firm loses heavily in stock market" was the small headline. Then, the details were given. However, there was one ray of cheer in all the papers. "Already," each one said in much the same words, "it is quite evident, according to the bank examiners, that the guilt must fall on Henry Jones, the junior partner."

As soon as Mrs. O'Mara saw the paper, she said to her husband, "Now I am going to wake the children."

"If you will. I'll try to get back early this evening."

The children had scarcely begun their breakfast, when Mrs. O'Mara casually

placed the morning paper at the end of the table, near Jim, the oldest. Then just as casually she left the room.

"The news, Jim?"

"The scores?"

"The funnies?"

Jim turned the paper over. His eyes immediately caught the small headlines. He read enough to understand. The paper trembled in his hands.

"What's wrong, Jim?"

"Better look for yourselves."

Tom, Joe, Ray, John centered their attention on the paper. No one spoke. But Jim could see how the news affected each one. Tom was blinking hard; Joe was too; Ray was swallowing with difficulty; John was crying.

"I wonder if mother knows?"

"Yes, mother knows," answered Mrs. O'Mara, stepping into the dining room; "I thought it best that you read it yourselves."

"Poor Dad!" exclaimed Jim; "poor Dad!"

"Yes, we are all poor for that matter. But remember this, your father is and has been honest. He was too trusting, that's all. Now we must all look to the future. How old are you, Jim?"

"Eighteen."

"Joe?"

"Sixteen."

"Ray?"

"Fourteen."

"John?"

"Twelve."

"Tom?"

"Ten."

"You are all old enough to understand. We can't call on your older brother, Will, or sister, Mary; they're married and have to take care of themselves. But we can do our part. We'll do our share to help put Dad back on his feet, even though we have to deny ourselves. If you agree, raise your hands."

Hands were quickly raised.

The telephone rang. Jim answered it. "Mary speaking, Mother; she's crying."

"I'll be over to see you, Mary," the children heard their mother say, "in less than an hour."

Perhaps the children did not realize what it meant to give up the comforts of life they had known. Days would come, however, when sacrifices would not be so easy. Were they going to prove true to their promise and carry on unflinchingly? Or would they whimper and whine, yearning for the days that were gone?

Again the telephone rang.

"Yes, Will," the mother said. "Please stop in at once and see your father. He's down at the office now."

Four days later, Tim arrived in New York. Mrs. O'Mara had left home in plenty of time to meet the boat, but a subway tie-up just before the train reached Times Square forced her to be more than an hour late in reaching the dock. Meanwhile Tim had met Officer Krause.

Mrs. O'Mara made sure that Tim was a passenger on "The Traveller." Then she called a police Captain, an old friend of the family. "Captain Ryan, this is Mrs. O'Mara speaking."

"Oh, I'm so sorry, Mrs. O'Mara; we all are. Every last penny I have is at Jack's disposal."

"Thanks, Captain; thank you so much," and her voice faltered. "Of course, I called about something else. A nephew, Tim O'Mara, about fourteen years old, arrived from Ireland this morning. I got to the boat late and missed him. You'll find him for us, won't you?"

"At once," Captain Ryan replied.

As a matter of fact he did. But Mrs. O'Mara in her excitement had forgotten to tell him that they had moved.

"You say that a boy, Tim O'Mara, is there?" Captain Ryan asked.

"Wait a minute, Captain, please."

"This is Dan Sheehan speaking, Captain."

"Uncle Dan, is Tim O'Mara with you?"

"He is."

"Well, his Aunt Anna just called—see that he gets out to her house, like a good man."

"Where do they live? They moved, you know."

"They have?"

"And left no address."

"Well, well, well, I'll call later, Uncle Dan. Good-bye."

"Good-bye."

(To be continued.)

Faithful until Death.

IF a record of all the brave deeds were kept, the names of those faithful men who tend the lights which warn vessels off dangerous rocks would deserve a prominent place. Sometimes women are lighthouse keepers, and there are instances where children have grown up and have never seen the shore except at a distance. Off the New England coast there is a dangerous ledge of rocks known as Minot's Ledge, and on that rocky promontory was placed the lighthouse now famous as the scene of the heroism of two humble men. The tower was supported on iron piles, which were driven far into the rock, and had endured countless wild storms without harm.

But there came a tempest sweeping down from the east. The lighthouse keeper had gone on shore leaving two assistants in charge whose very names are unknown to us. With them was a visitor who became frightened very soon, and signalled for a boat to come and take him ashore. So the two assistant keepers were left alone. What they did, how they suffered, how they struggled in their fight with death and in pursuit of duty, we know not; we can tell the story only from the position of an outsider; for, after the visitor was rowed away, the brave fel-

lows left behind never again spoke to mortal man,—except to each other.

This was Monday, and with Tuesday came an increase in the gale. The wind was from the northeast, and seemed to have gathered strength in its journey over thousands of miles of water. It was now a hurricane. That night the light burned as usual, but on Wednesday the tower was so buried in waves that the question passed from mouth to mouth among the spectators on shore: "Will the light burn to-night?" The chief keeper of the light mingled with the crowd that passed the sands, beside himself with anxiety. At four in the afternoon a platform which had surrounded the tower was thrown upon the beach by the waves.

It was the rule to light the light at sunset. Would it burn that night? All eyes strove to pierce the clouds of spray; and then, as they looked, a voice cried: "It burns! Thank God it burns!" There was no sleep on shore. At nine o'clock the light gave forth a steady glow. At ten o'clock it was undimmed. Still they watched, hoping, fearing, praying; and then, at about one in the morning, the bell of the lighthouse was heard coming over the mad sea. It was tolling. When it ceased, a hush settled upon the frenzied crowd; they knew that the end had come for the light-keepers. After that there was neither sight nor sound from the famous lighthouse on Minot's Ledge.

As soon as the storm ceased men rowed out to the place where the tower had been so long a faithful beacon to misguided vessels. The iron piles had been bent by the hurricane until they could no longer support the tower, and it had sunk into the sea, with the brave fellows who had trimmed and filled the light until the last.

What a lesson to us all is this tale that people will tell their children on that wild coast,—the story of the lighthouse and the men who were faithful unto death!

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—The Monastery of the Precious Blood, Toronto, Canada, recently published a brief life of the foundress of the Institute of the Adorers of the Precious Blood, Mother Catherine-Aurélié, whose beatification is now being sought. The pamphlet emphasizes not only the humanness of this saintly foundress, but also her extraordinary devotion to the Passion through which she grew to holiness.

—"The Universe of Light" is the title of a new work by Sir William Bragg, one of England's most famous scientists who received the Nobel Prize in Physics some time ago. In this volume the author attempts to show that our modern knowledge of light is arrived at from the experiments and reasonings of the great pioneers in this study. The Macmillan Company will publish this book in September.

—The students of Mundelein College have published an anthology of their verse in a delicate volume, entitled "Quest." The poems are of an exceptionally high quality—decidedly above the average of such work by college students. They are marked by a fine sense of beauty, by an expression as delicate and fresh as spring flowers, and by a spiritual feeling that is elevating and refreshing. We must say, however, that we cannot enjoy the selections of free verse. They impress us always as beautiful possibilities—threads of color that an artist might weave into an enduring tapestry; snatches of melody that want only the touch of an artist to make them enchanting song. The Reverend Charles L. O'Donnell, C. S. C., writes an appreciative foreword. Published by Mundelein College, Chicago.

—Rudolf Allers, a Viennese physician, has stated in "The New Psychologies" the place of the theories of Freud and Jung and Adler in relation to a usable human psychology. This little volume, one of the excellent series entitled *Essays in Order* (sold by Sheed and Ward for one dollar each) is very neat and attractive, and is plainly the work of a competent scholar. One only complains that

it is too brief and that, no matter how fair the statement of the views of the popular psychologists named above may be, the rejection of these views, necessarily in few words, seems to need more studied justification. One would say, for instance, that Dr. Allers' own psychology of "satisfaction" requires elaboration and perhaps revision, and that the assumption (p. 21) that light and food and air would be a good of man's, though man had no access to them, and even though there were no men, is scarcely warranted.

—"The Quest of Reality," by Monsignor Walsh (Herder, \$4.25), forms, in some important ways, the most usable history of philosophy in English. It is the most comprehensive work of the sort by a Catholic. The author covers the field of human thought and its systems in great detail, from the early Greeks down to quite current times; and he seems to know a vast amount of the literature in its sources: Plato, Aristotle, St. Augustine, St. Thomas, Descartes, Kant, and a good hundred of lesser names are reviewed at some length and at least in some classic commentary if not always at first hand. The view is optimistic: that the enterprise of philosophy has been a seeking of the real, and that progress has been made, not at every moment, but beyond doubt on the whole and with a fair steadiness. It is thought that Christian philosophy has had the guidance of God, and that goodness and beauty and truth, which are the three main roads to the real, form "a Divine Natural Revelation."

—We have received the August volume of Butler's "Lives of the Saints," edited by the Reverend Herbert Thurston and Mr. Donald Attwater (P. J. Kenedy & Sons, \$2.90 post-paid). This volume contains the lives of a number of saints which are additions to the "Lives" by Butler. There are over eighty new ones in all. The month of August brings together some of the great figures of the Church, among them, St. Augustine, St. Alphonsus Liguori, St. John Vianney, St.

Dominic, St. Bernard, Blessed Peter-Julian Eymard, and St. John Eudes. While retaining the fine spiritual flavor of Butler's "Lives," the editors have greatly improved the English, and though the genuineness of certain events are questioned, at times, because no authentic documents can be found to substantiate them, they are retained for the reader, frequently with the conditioning interrogation mark. As we have said before in commenting on the edition of the "Lives," we have here a series that is the result of fine scholarship and scientific method, and any religious library is incomplete without it.

—The firm of Marietti (23 Via Legnano, Turin) has published two booklets which priests and seminarians acquainted with Italian will find interesting and informative. "Il Capolavoro di Dio," by Gabriel Roschini, O. S. M., is a series of thirty conferences on the Blessed Virgin. The author has gathered and admirably arranged the Marian teachings of Holy Scripture, the Fathers and theology. This little work is an aid to devotion, and also is suggestive of ideas as well as plans of treatment for those who have the task of giving instructions, sermons and novenas (Pp. xii-178, price, L. 10). "Compendio di Patrologia" is the work of P. Alessio, C. P. The author's aim is twofold: to provide a new manual of Patrology and a handy book of reference "to those Fathers and ecclesiastical writers who by the number and importance of their productions deserve special attention." The style is too lively to keep this compendium in the textbook class; the method of exposition shows sharp thinking as well as a thorough knowledge of early Church history. Piquancy is lent to the treatment by the defense of certain Fathers whose orthodoxy has been impugned by recent scholars. The Appendix contains a supplementary study of the principal profane writers of the patristic period. Priests will discover in this compendium much to stimulate, or perhaps renew, their interest in the Fathers whose writings have amplified Church doctrine and always been founts of inspiration for serious preachers.

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Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

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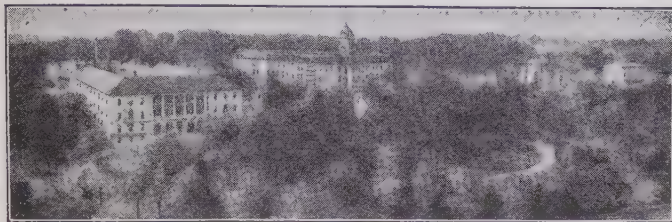
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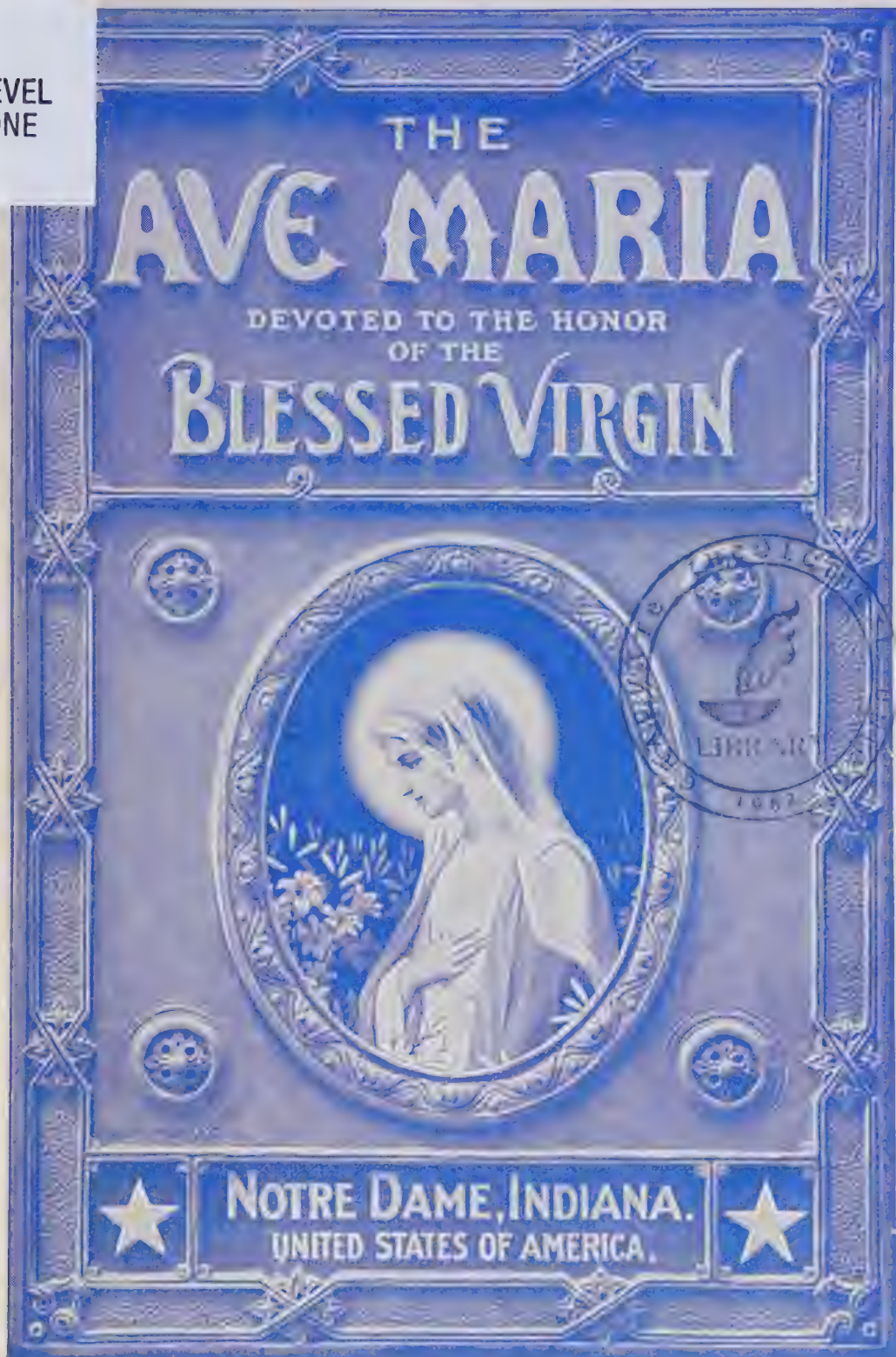
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CALENDAR OF THE WEEK

AUGUST.

SATURDAY, 12.—St. Clare, Foundress of Poor Clares.
SUNDAY, 13.—Tenth after Pentecost. St. John Berchmans, C.
MONDAY, 14.—Vigil. St. Eusebius, Confessor.
TUESDAY, 15.—Assumption of the Blessed Virgin.
WEDNESDAY, 16.—St. Joachim, Father of the B. V. M.
THURSDAY, 17.—St. Hyacinth, Confessor.
FRIDAY, 18.—St. Agapitus, Martyr. St. Helen, Widow.
SATURDAY, 19.—St. John Eudes, Confessor.

Blessed is the man that heareth me and that watcheth daily at my gates.—PROVERBS viii, 34.

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And—The Rest of Them

There was the mother who, as a ruler of a very small kingdom, assumed a form of command suitable to the age and disposition of her four children.

There was Mick, who was her eldest, and had a way of seeming to rush to do things at her bidding, and somehow permitting someone else to reach the task before him.

There was Nan who seemed to think that she had a divine commission to tone down the table manners of her brothers.

There was Fan who had a wretched faculty of ferreting out every detail of Patch's misbehavior, much to his confusion.

There Was Also

Paddy Owen who, though he was as tight as a drum and as crabbed as at cat in the cold, did at least one good turn in his life. There was Tomen Madigan and Johnny Sheehy, who was a great "bhlaster" in his language, and the maggie men, and the tinkers, and Burke the Schoolmaster.

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No. 7.

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August Fifteenth.

BY VERA MARIE TRACY.

HIS messengers came joyously
To lift you from your lowly bed,
"O Lady sweet, He waits for you,
He bids you come," they softly said.
Lilies that John and Magdalen
Had laid within your resting place,
Clung to your robes and tender wreathed
The lovely hair about your face.
They carried you, that shining troupe,
Up through the million stars of night—
O Lady, could my wistful eyes
Have witnessed that strange glorious flight!
And there at Heaven's door you paused,
So shy, so sweet. . . . He took your hand
And led you in to be His Queen—
The Queen of all that Promised Land.
And close He held you in embrace,
While mad the bells of Heaven rang
In jubilation, organs pealed,
Glad harps laughed out and angels sang!
Oh, Lovely Lady, thus I'm dreaming,
Fingering my beads of blue;
My thoughts like uncaged birds upwinging
To share Heaven's revelry with you.

GIVE yourself in earnest to the acquisition of virtue; otherwise you will remain always a dwarf in it. Never believe that you have acquired a virtue, if you have not made proof of it in resisting its contrary vice, and unless you practise it faithfully on suitable occasions.

—St. Teresa.

Assumpta est Maria.

BY GERALD WYNNE RUSHTON.

TO the Western mind, and I say it with all reverence, there is perhaps something a little difficult of acceptance in the doctrine of the Assumption of Our Lady. True, it is not a dogma, as Benedict XIV. was careful to emphasize, but on the other hand, in his Bull "De Festis B. V. M.," he points out, it is a probable opinion which to deny were impious and blasphemous. The distinction is, if you like, a fine one, nevertheless, it exists, and the English-speaking mind rests content with its acceptance.

Have we not other feasts of Our Lady more dramatic in their appeal, more human, more understandable, such as the Annunciation, so exquisitely awe-inspiring; the Feast of Candlemas with its homely associations so common to every mother in the Household of the Faith; the Immaculate Conception, that ever since the vision of Bernadette only seventy-five years ago, has become a dogma, if one may so express it, of the people's personal faith, apart from the august declaration of Pio Nono in 1854. But, to me at least, the Feast of the Assumption remained just the Holyday of Obligation it has been for over twelve hundred and thirty-three years; something that my Faith commanded me to observe, which I observed without any feeling of individual emotional response. Which is regrettable—yet who of us has

not got his own particular devotion that does perhaps tend to exclude more important facts?

And then one day in Italy—one August day years ago—Our Lady herself took my education in hand and repaired the omission. I had lost my way, and in the finding of it, I had a vision of her in the faith of Umbrian peasants who loved her. And I, who with true Anglo-Saxon superiority had been inclined to look down on the credulity and ignorance of the Italian peasant, found myself rebuked and humbled by the tenderness of Italy's love for Our Lady.

Far away to the south of that exquisite carven jewel that is Siena—brooding in the solemn immensity of her uplifted strength—lies "the mountain." That is what, in all that wide and lovely valley that lies between it and Siena's ancient walls, they call it; although other peaks raise their proud heads in that crystal-clear air, yet are they but handmaids of Mont' Amiata—the mountain. Its towering bulk, clothed with great woods of beech and chestnut, is dotted here and there with ancient strongholds—walled cities, quiet enough to-day, that once rang with the swords of Guelph and Ghibelline—old, old marts, grass-grown and deserted now, that saw the gleam of armor and the brilliance of pennant, the gaudy trunks and hose and slashed doublets of the *quattrocento*; saw too, the leisure hours of Popes and Cardinals, of saints and sinners; saw—or so 'tis said—the vision of the Lord Christ amid His Angels and the Lady Mary, His Mother. Exquisite, if tumbling, churches, precious with marbles and the painted wonder of art, commemorate these things for us who wander under the chestnuts on "The Mountain" to-day—churches that echo to the prayers of that faith that centres round Santissima Maria Assunta.

As I have said I had lost my way,

somewhere in the woods between Santa Fiora and Pian Castagnajo. It was evening then—that spellbound hour after sunset when the whole world is calm, serene with light—lovely with the benediction that evening alone brings. Such a light in such an hour recalls the immortal line of Genesis: "And they heard the voice of the Lord God walking in the garden in the cool of the day." To me that hour after sunset is always that; and on this long-ago evening it was more vividly brought to my mind, so quiet and holy lay the great valley below me, as I gained the top of the pass by La Piinaccia, so still with the ecstasy of adoration.

There in the loveliness under that soft, clear, golden sky an old man was building a huge pyre of furze and brushwood. As I watched him he stood up and looked out over the wide valley sweeping it with his glance. Then bending down he lit his bonfire. The great dry mass crackled with the laughter of long dead summers, a swirling eddy of smoke shot towards heaven and little yellow, flickering flames danced mischievously amid the pile. Presently there darted forth, lovely, dangerous, terrible, streaming like a great golden banner on high, a single blaze of flame writhing on the evening air. I asked the old man the reason of his bonfire in this remote and solitary place.

"Has the signore forgotten then?" he replied, looking at me in mild surprise. "It is the vigil of Santa Maria Assunta—the greatest Festa of the Blessed Madonna in all the long year. What Festa of hers is so great as the Assunta, Signore? The Annunziata?" He shook his head gently. "That is only the beginning, is it not? And other Festas; do they not but commemorate her goodness on the way; but in her end is the crown of her all—it is so infinitely great, Signore."

So it was the Eve of the Assumption

—and I had forgotten her in the magic, the beauty, the fascination of this world. The old man went on tending the fire, the flames roaring splendidly high as if to make amends for my forgetfulness. Presently he turned and looked out across the valley, and touched my arm.

"Look! They have not forgotten."

Far, far away below in the plain an answering rose of flame blazed out; and another, and yet another, and yet another. The roar of Proceno's allegiance answered the flames of Sforzesca; Castellazara on the mountains signalled Acquapendente, Elciola, Lugherelle, Paladio far away in the plain. The streaming bannerets of Radicofani's faith shone forth before men and Celle's and S. Casciano's. Torre Alfino in the mountains lighted her torch; San Lorenzo in the valley answered it; lights, like great stars fallen to earth, leapt to life here, there, everywhere—a veritable rosary of lights shouting with the voice of fire on the night air, "Hail, full of grace, *thou art with the Lord!*"

The old man directed me on my way, and I left him tending the fire of his faith, rosary beads in his hand. And, as I walked on, I counted the fires that I could see blazing from the world, great posies of flame cast at the feet of the Madonna in rejoicing at her Coronation by her Son. To the north gleamed seventy-two; to the south, forty-seven; to the east, fifty-four; to the west so many I lost count. There were hundreds, gleaming magnificats in the night; and the greatest of all was the great beacon I had left behind me on "The Mountain."

For Mont' Amiata dominates not only all southern Tuscany, but the whole of Umbria, and the Patrimony around Viterbo, and so, the Vigil of the Assumption is ringed with the fires that call the world to remember the second birthday of Our Lady. Nor is it in the country places alone the Feast is kept with so much splendor. In Siena the whole city

is illuminated—the exquisite Mangia Tower is picked out in lights, and there are fireworks in the Campo. And the famous *Palio* is run on the day following the Assumption. For the Madonna is the feudal suzerain of Siena, and the Sienese do all things in her honor. And so we have horse-races, of a skill and a temerity undreamt of at the Derby, or on Long Island, specially in her honor. And why not, oh ye of little faith?

"The Mountain" is, too, her mountain in more senses than one. The Feast of the Assumption, a feast as old as the Fourth Century, has long been one of the most popular in Italy, and the cathedrals of Pisa, Spoleto, Siena, Prato, and nearly a hundred other cities are dedicated to Maria Assunta. And on The Mountain do we not find, among those ancient townships I spoke of, La Madonna dell' Abbardia S. Salvatore, La Madonna di Pian Castagnajo, La Madonna di Santa Fiora, La Madonna di Arcidosso,—all shrines older and more venerable than the venerable city of St. Catherine herself?

And how humble and sweet to see is the celebration of the Feast itself. Mass amid the thronged and reverent attention of a peasantry brave and gay in the lovely clothes of tradition; the music, a little florid perhaps, but sung with immense devotion and fervor; the great banners in the procession, of companies whose origins are lost in the mists of time; the swaying, smiling figure of the Madonna herself amid the glorious antique copes of the priests; and finally, amid the little fields, under the century-old chestnuts, Benediction—her Son lifted up before our eyes, for our worship, that He might, as long ago in Galilee, give an adoring crowd His blessing.

And in the evening—under the chestnuts—by the rich moonlight of an Italian August, we dance, stately old country dances to the sound of the mando-

lines. It is all part of it too—part of her festa that greatest of her feasts that, as the old man so gently rebuked me, I had forgotten. Ting-a-ling-thrum-thrum—Ting-a-ling, the figures pass and repass, stepping gravely and with an infinite grace, full too of a remarkable vitality, passing and repassing, laughing together, the gentle laughter of innocent lives, in praise of the Madonna.

❖❖❖
The Bog.
 —

BY PATRICK J. CARROLL, C. S. C.
 —

XXXII.

FOUR British soldiers did sentry duty at the road gate during Davey's wake. People came and went. Conway and Enright called the second night for a short visit: they had to prepare for the next coming of that young British officer who promised to cut through this time. Enright swore he wouldn't; Conway hoped he wouldn't. Mickeen the Hump was dispatched to Limerick to loaf there and learn what he could. He did not learn much.

"They're coming out Saturday night—lorries of them." He was sent back to continue his watch and missed the funeral.

Hugh Byrne showed the same physical outlines—towering figure, large limbs, unhewn face. Seeing him you would say he was hard, domineering, calculating, unmerciful. Dealing with him, you would find a man subdued. He sat by the bed and watched that white, quiet face which had so often twitched, paled, reddened before his rebukes. And then that night when Davey leaped up, found his gun and defied him. The Bog remembered, and the memory saddened him. He thought of Christmas night and the message to Hackett; of a night ago when two police waited outside the house with handcuffs. He brought them there. He was ashamed.

He kept a long watch and never grew

tired; studied the face he seemed never to have noticed much in life. He had never known such a thing as love; was hard, cold, mechanical always. Now, in some way he could not account for, he was loving this dead face, this body which seemed a silent, empty house. He never loved Davey in life; never loved Nano, so far as he could remember. His wife—well, she was easy to get along with and he was satisfied. And now he was heart-hungry. Davey gone, he found himself thinking how gentle a lad he was. He wished he had loved him. Well, he must make up somehow, by loving his wife and Nano the rest of his days. Thank God, they were left!

Father Healy came in and knelt. Hugh Byrne knelt too—to pray for the son he had not known. Shortly after the priest said a word to the mother who was so brave meeting people; to Nano, who held herself together so wonderfully; to Alice who with Mary Boylan looked after routine duties.

"You should be happy he's with God!" That was his simple formula of comfort. It will seem banal to many who give comfort in much more stereotyped phrases.

"Come out for a bit."

Hugh Byrne followed the priest. Going out the lane, after some exchanges of stray conversation, he said quietly,

"Father Healy, isn't it strange how I missed knowing him!"

Tears were in his eyes.

"Not so strange, Hugh. We miss so much in this world—people, places, conditions, problems. And there are millions who miss God."

"I liked him in a way—my own way; but I wanted him under me."

"Listen, Hugh. If he'd lived on, likely you'd never have known him. You'd have died without finding him."

"I've been a hard man, Father Healy."

"You had your own ideas about duty, and the position of children."

"I wanted my profits—wouldn't have

a son or a daughter of mine in anything which interfered with my profits. I was worse. I was a Judas—a traitor—to my nation and to my blood.”

“Well, what man of us doesn’t go the wrong road for a bit! We all miss the way sometimes.”

They walked on, and neither spoke for a while. Blossoms were on those potato stalks inside the lane fence, and defiant crows flew above with a movement of wings, then glided to earth. To the north the school, where Davey went when he was small, where Conway taught and plotted rebellion, stood above the level country. Davey was through with all that now. A finch rose, trembled and sang; a lorry of soldiers went by on the road but did not stop at the road gate.

“I only thought of him for taming the bog.”

“Hugh, I wish you’d forget all that.”

“And the bog is down there to remind me.”

“What of it? Don’t they call you The Bog? You don’t mind my saying it?”

“I don’t mind at all.”

“Well, Hugh, if Davey’d lived he might have tamed The Bog’s bog—as they call it. His death has tamed The Bog himself. Isn’t that a million times better?”

“You’re a priest. You think that’s the purpose?”

“Why not take it that way?”

“All right; I’ll take it that way—and be tamed.”

They passed the gate sentries who hardly noticed them. So many had come and gone, and nothing happened, the soldiers took their watch casually. Byrne accompanied the priest to the school; and when they parted at the school gate, Father Healy was sure he was reclaimed.

Unpleasant memories came to him on the way back. For instance, at the bend near Listons’, he remembered scolding Davey for being late coming from Mass,

and Davey shrank away. He would not shout now if he would only come! In the garden to his left many the time Davey followed his team up and down; and himself—his father—went by with never a kind word. His sight was blurred with tears.

People came and went all day, all night, and far into the morning. Davey looked so peaceful, his hands folded, the beads between his fingers. Alice watched out her watch. Anyhow, a brave soldier had loved her with humility. She had that memory. It made her happy. She knelt down.

“Hail Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with thee, blessed art thou among women.” And so around that chain of beads which Father Healy had given her the Christmas she sang so well at early Mass.

Nano took Davey’s beads from his fingers—she felt no childish shock touching cold flesh—and placed her own beads between them. He would keep hers; she, his. His mother watched him and prayed her prayers over and over. He was her timid, retreating boy. He had slipped away! Tears, and then a spell of quiet.

It was not pleasant for Conway and Mike Enright to use the time of the wake preparing for the return of the lorries. Mickeen spent the days in Limerick listening for news and returning with the scraps he picked up.

“I hear tell they’re coming through this time,” he reported.

“They will not.”

Conway wished he could say that with half as much assurance as he forced into his words. The mountainy men themselves were coming to help. Even so, the lorries would be many, well-manned, well-armed. They would mean business this time.

“We’ll meet them and fight them,” Conway said.

“We’ll meet them and beat them,” Mike Enright almost shouted.

If John Conway could only be sure of that! He was not a visionary. He was forward-looking and calculating; and forward-looking, calculating men are not always sure of their plans.

Davey was buried Saturday. In the burial records of Kilbeg parish the date is set down—Saturday, July 9, 1921. Conway and Enright were to regret always they could not spend more time with their dead comrade. They had so much to do! Men would hide west of Craig's Mill that night; would try to hold back British soldiers from the village that fed hungry Rebels; would keep the Sassenachs—the strangers—from shops that helped loyal men; from cottages that grew white above the heather; from turf-fields which gave people the share they asked for—a livelihood. They would meet the Empire's armed soldiers, would fight for the mountains. Almighty God would help them!

"Every man keep his head up! God's on our side!" Conway said in a last word the night before.

The funeral left the chapel at one o'clock, Saturday. Dan Madigan was there, having a gun wound to boast of; Tom Farley, Sean O'Donnell, Paddy Moran. They were comrades, brothers in arms. They took Davey on their shoulders from the chapel to the waiting hearse. The bell tolled—a small bell of no pretentious sound. It was the chapel's farewell to the lad who had been reborn at its Font, forgiven in its "Box," fed at its "Rail." The long procession, headed by four priests, journeyed south to Mucklin graveyard. In his car at the end of the procession, with four soldiers, Captain Colton, passing the school, thought of a revolver flip by a smiling young fellow who surrendered, when he might have aimed and killed. What devil was keeping two human peoples—unlike, but human both—at strangle-holds! Each could be so kindly, so generous! Which devil was

it? The procession passed the road gate leading into the lane.

"He walked in here thousands of times, and I never knew him!"

That was Hugh Byrne's thought. It was good of Nano to hold his hand. He knew she had not slipped away from him yet.

The long line trailed between those wheat fields, not yet aging to yellow—straight, untroubled by any wind's breath that warm July day; between potato gardens the drills of which followed one another like the lines of a page; between fields of oats—green, heavy, bending. Crickets, grasshoppers droned; bees hummed at labor. An ecstatic lark from somewhere unseen, sang.

So many of Davey's comrades were there who played the game with him, who fought the fight! Lads from Kilbeg mostly, who hoped they would not be molested; and contingents from Ballingarry, Rathdrum, the mountains. It was the lull before that hardest test tonight. The line passed odd people coming toward it who faced with it and stood reverently; and a car of policemen observed it but made no trouble. The procession went south under that long arch of trees; between those fields at the Kingston estate where well-fleshed cattle throve upon the grant lands of the Empire. East was the Deel, beseeching an inconspicuous right-of-way through cut hay fields and pasture lands. The procession bent west; then south again.

Craig's Mill was a mile away. You could not see the Mill itself, but you could see the wood behind it; the wood before which Davey received that wound which made so much mischief. British lorries would roar by again tonight. Conway, Enright, Ronan, Mike Connor would be there; Rathdrum, Ballingarry and the men from the mountains would be there too. They watched

it now—that small, brooding wood a mile to the east.

“’Tis Davey’s battle! We’ll never let them make it!” Enright whispered to Ronan who sat beside him.

“It will be no child’s play,” Ronan answered.

Mike Connor, sitting with Conway, looked toward the wood too.

“Can we hold them?” he asked Conway.

“You don’t want me to say we can’t, do you?”

“I don’t.”

“We can.”

Mucklin graveyard is well in from the road, and beside it stands a mission chapel. Not immediately beside it; for a thick cluster of trees rises between the burial ground and this small mission church. A breast-high wall goes all around the acres given to the dead, so that the inclosure forms almost, but not quite, a square; a square of six acres, perhaps. Ivy sprigs climb the trees which stand reverently here and there; or twist about the headstones; or creep up the walls; or extend out among the bars of the iron gate. It is a quiet place. A schoolhouse is a half mile west, and farmers’ homes dot the fields in every direction.

Those four comrades lift the coffin from the hearse and follow the priests around the graveyard, as the priests recite the prayers of the Catholic ritual. The cars are emptied, people join the procession. The grave is made; heaped-up, fresh earth in a mound at one side. No imitation moss hides the sweet-smelling fresh soil which is to receive the soldier into the company of the dead.

Davey Byrne is placed over his open grave. It is cool about because of the ministering trees. Bees, not afraid of living or dead, are plaintive above wild tulips and aromatic thyme. Captain Colton and four British soldiers stand inside the gate to honor the dead more

than to watch the living. People crowd around and view the coffin. Not a deep grave. It was dug yesterday, beside the ashes and bones of Davey’s great-great-grandfather,—or perhaps, a great-great-great-grandfather,—who was jailed for being a Fenian. The little stone at his head bears his name—“Michael Byrne. R. I. P.” Nothing else.

Hugh Byrne stands close in near the priests, Nano at one side, Conway at the other. He may collapse, so the school man decides to be near. Davey’s mother is very brave, Alice Farley and Mary Boylan near her, watchful. All around bareheaded men; and women, who weep for the boy they teased hundreds of times. Outside at the gate those British privates and their Captain keep watch.

Ego sum resurrectio et vita; qui credit in me, etiam si mortuus fuerit, vivet, et omnis qui vivit et credit in me, non morietur in aeternum.

Kyrie Eleison, Pater Noster. Sprinkling. Prayers.

Requiem aeternam dona ei, Domine.

Et lux perpetua luceat ei.

Requiescat in pace—Amen.

Anima ejus, et animae omnium fidelium defunctorum per misericordiam Dei requiescant in pace—Amen.

Five Our Fathers and Hail Marys, priests and people kneeling now upon the green grass which most of the days is as silent as the dead below.

“May his soul and the souls of all the Faithful Departed through the mercy of God rest in peace!”

Murmured “Amen” come like little summer winds in those trees about. The Church has finished.

Out of the crowd somewhere, four men in gray-green uniforms are visible like figures in drama and stand above the coffin, just before it is lowered into the earth. Volleys of rifle-fire crash in quick succession. A Nation’s salute to her Soldier.

Over there, just inside the gate, four British soldiers come to attention waiting for their Captain's orders. The Captain has come to attention himself. All five are rigid now. A salute to a dead soldier does not constitute disturbance, Captain Colton decrees. Out of that cluster of trees, which seems so listless and unaware, issue defiant, vibrant, unhurried bugle notes. Taps for the comrade!

Four young men in gray-green uniforms stand fixed while taps are sounded; four British soldiers and their Captain stand rigid too. The men in gray-green disappear; British soldiers and their Captain fall back into positions of ease as the last bugle note becomes an echo.

The crowd thins, departs. Captain Colton, his men go to their car and wait there; Nano, her father, her mother, Mary Boylan, Alice, John Conway turn away as the earth is heaved upon the coffin. People do not like to hear the thud of earth upon their dead. Outside the graveyard gate the road is nearly vacant—people have driven or are driving away. Colton, who has not gone yet, goes over to Conway.

"It was all simple and touching, and we've kept faith with each other," the Captain says quietly. Conway nods. And then the Captain mentions casually he left his cigarettes behind him and wonders if Conway has his. Conway has, hands the Englishman the package.

"Keep it. I'll reach another before you do." The two men walk to where Hugh Byrne, Nano, her mother and Alice Farley are entering their car.

Davey's grave is almost filled in with dark earth. Vanishing blue smoke lingers where men are shovelling, and there is present the faint smell of burnt powder. The grave will soon be closed over, and Davey will lie beside that Fenian ancestor upon whose stone has been chiselled, long, long ago,—“Mich-

ael Byrne, *R. I. P.*” No other words.

The four young men in gray-green uniforms who fired those volleys, the unknown who sounded taps within the cluster of trees are gone to meet comrades. There will be fighting to-night. Conway will join them later—after he has driven to Kilbeg.

Conway must hurry. It is well after four o'clock. Captain Colton has been very considerate and has been thanked for it. The Captain has expressed his sympathy again—and finally. There will be fighting to-night, John remembers. The Captain remembers too.

Mickeen the Hump, who missed the funeral, comes along upon that bicycle which he told Sergeant Hackett was stolen; but which he recovered, as you would expect. He has been in Limerick all that day and for days and nights before, trying to pick up fag-gots of information. Now he is come back. He hops off, just as Captain Colton is leaving.

"I bring news!"

Conway is surprised. Nano and Alice are surprised. Mickeen has always exalted the strictness of his caution, and here he is blurting out information before a British officer! He reads their surprise.

"'Tis no secret—all the world knows it!"

He thrusts an extra edition of a Limerick paper at John Conway.

TERMS OF TRUCE AGREED UPON.

It was true. At three that afternoon news came from Dublin that England and Ireland would get together and argue it out. Mickeen was fortunate to get a motor "lift" for himself and his bicycle, else he would not have met Conway at the graveyard.

"I wonder is it true?" Conway asked.

"Yes," the Englishman said simply.

"In that case we're friends," Conway said. They shook hands all around.

"I think we've been more or less friends' always!" Colton smiled, and returned to his men.

Mickeen crowded himself and his bicycle into Conway's car, and drove with him to Kilbeg.

It was silent at Craig's Mill that night. No fighting.

(Conclusion next week.)



Christ's Mother and the Church.

BY JAMES A. MAGNER, PH. D., S. T. D.

AN old Irish peasant was once approached by a Protestant missionary. The more he tried to give the reasons for his faith, the more entangled he became in the arguments. At last there came a pause. His case seemed quite hopeless; and the missionary inquired: "My good man, what have you to say now for your Church?" The old fellow pulled himself together and shouted, "Well, at any rate, we always have the Blessed Mother of Christ."

However lacking in close logic this answer may have been, there can be no doubt of its orthodoxy. When Christ was hanging from the Cross on Calvary, He looked down with eyes of love upon His Mother, who rested on the arm of His beloved disciple, John. To her He said, "Behold thy son," and to St. John, "Behold thy mother." The Scripture continues, "And from that hour, the disciple took her to his own." John stood for the Church. In him were represented all the faithful.

Catholics are sometimes said to have an excessive devotion to the Blessed Mother; and, indeed, unless one understood its meaning, the great public and private cult in her honor might offer difficulties. In the Catholic liturgy, there are fourteen general feasts of the Blessed Virgin and twenty-two special feasts, a total of thirty-six. This does not include the Masses assigned in her honor for the Saturdays of the year.

Moreover, two entire months are set aside for her special devotion—May and October.

It is significant that a large number of the great shrines of the world, chosen by God to manifest the miraculous favors of His Church,—Lourdes in France, Czenstochowa in Poland, Guadalupe in Mexico, St. Anne de Beaupré in Canada, the Holy House of Loreto in Italy, and many others—are under the special patronage of the Blessed Mother, or closely associated with her name. A glimpse into the lives of the saints, the Golden Legion of the Church, reveals the same devotion. From St. John standing beneath the Cross on Calvary, to the saints still living and walking in our midst, filial love for Mary has been a powerful beacon of sanctity. This cannot be a mere pious fancy, a picturesque sentiment and nothing more. Catholics are sure of their Faith and of the favor of Christ, if they cling fast to the hand of His Mother.

Mary and the Catholic Church are inseparable. In the Divine Office for the Saturdays of October, the priest reads these words in a sermon of St. Bernard: "Let us run after Mary, my brethren, and devoutly cast ourselves at her feet. Let us hold her fast and not let her go until she has blessed us: for her power is great . . . she stands between Christ and the Church." It is the opinion of many theologians that the prayers of the Church are actually offered to Jesus by His blessed Mother; and through her He releases His graces and favors. It is reasonable to believe that she who shared so deeply in the sufferings of her Son on earth, should now have an active part in Heaven, distributing the fruits of the Redemption.

These thoughts are the commonplaces of Catholic heritage. The sweet and powerful accents of the "Hail Mary" rise from the lips of Catholics every day. They are enrolled in her Scapular. They carry her Rosary. And in their

hearts is graven deep the conviction of that prayer: "Remember, O most gracious Virgin Mary, that never was it known that anyone who fled to thy protection, implored thy help, and sought thy intercession was left unaided." They know that Mary stands there on the threshold of Heaven, her arms outstretched in love and eager benediction,—with a personal interest in their temporal and spiritual welfare.

As a proof of her central position in the Church, the Apostles record the fact that she was with them after the Resurrection of Christ, and that she shared with them the coming of the Holy Ghost in the Cenacle on Pentecost Day. They must have learned from her the facts which they recorded in the Gospels concerning the Annunciation, the Birth and the youth of Christ, even to the words which Mary kept, "pondering them in her heart." Christ performed His first public miracle, the conversion of water into wine at Cana, at her request. The Apostles were evidently acting upon His command, apart from their native Christian instinct, when they gathered around her and sought her counsel and encouragement before beginning their mission to the world. Since that time her influence in drawing men and women to the Apostolate of Christian work and prayer has been inestimable. Every religious can trace his or her vocation in some way, at least, to a call from the Blessed Virgin, and thousands of men and women in Christian work have consecrated their labors to Christ in her honor.

But it was not only for intercessor and counsellor that Christ gave His Blessed Mother to the Church. He selected her, a lowly Hebrew maiden, out of all possible women, and beautified her soul, sparing no graces, to make her a worthy habitation for His body, and thus He rendered her the ideal of Christian womanhood. He set her up, a living model for all women who would come

after her; a standard for the chivalrous respect of men. Her own words in response to the salutation of her cousin Elizabeth were a prophecy of this. She said: "My soul doth magnify the Lord. And my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour. Because He hath regarded the humility of His handmaid: for behold from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed."

Apart from Christ's promise of divine assistance, the Church would long since have crumbled and failed, were it not for chaste, high-minded womanhood. The beauty, sanctity, and permanence of marriage would have been forgotten. The Catholic home would have been only a strange and wonderful legend. Degradation of woman in ancient times and an increasing disregard for the marriage bond outside the Church to-day are graphic proofs. Without a high standard of purity and humility, of the sacredness of the human body, of a divine sanction for the marriage state, the human race cannot hope for happiness in this life, much less in the next. Society cannot endure and progress when it throws itself upon the hazards of irresponsible carnal satisfaction. In our own country, one divorce for every eight marriages, disillusionment, and misery untold are the result of indifference and hostility to the supernatural.

Why should Catholics have to fear these dread consequences? In the Blessed Mother of God they have an irresistible example of life at its best and truest. Reared in obscurity, crowded with sufferings such as no other woman has ever known, the Blessed Mother of God shows the nobility of life even in its darkest moments. Pure, humble, conforming herself to the will of God, to the temperament of her spouse, to the needs of her divine Child; patient in her daily tasks, accepting the bitter with the sweet, she gives her life as a perfect inspiration for all who would know the meaning of the imitation of Christ.

Patronage of the Blessed Virgin means for Catholics something personal, constant, and intensely practical. Christ intends that every woman shall behold in herself the image of His Blessed Mother, and that every man shall have for all womanhood the same regard and chivalrous respect as for his own mother and sister, in whom he sees the image of the Blessed Virgin. This image is a challenge to the false standards that are set on every side. Her example is a direct blow against the view of life that would regard pleasure as inseparable from those gratifications that mean a weakening of Christian modesty and generous Christian service. Catholics cannot logically apply one standard of morality to the Blessed Mother of God and another to their own practical life and conduct.

Catholic leaders realize the necessity of building up and maintaining, especially among the youth, a vigorous conception of Catholic ideals, with a working conviction that the best things this life can offer are those compatible with Christian virtue. The conceptions of pleasure and human appeal that are to prevail in the Catholic home and amongst Catholic people, young and old, must not yield ground or compromise with the insinuations of paganism, even under the guise of scientific and social progress.

There is no reason for disguising or evading the fact that this is a supernatural ideal. It cannot be approached without the aid of supernatural grace. The guidance of the Blessed Mother means not only that Catholics shape their lives according to the ideals she places before them, but also that they call upon her in prayer, with perfect confidence, to help them in the pursuit of those ideals. The Blessed Virgin is an intimate friend and companion for life. She wishes to share the happiness as well as the sorrow of men and women. She ought to be an inspiration

in their pleasures and triumphs as well as in their trials and discouragements. In this complete sense she is truly a heavenly Mother.

She who offers the prayers of the Church to her divine Son, who has drawn sinners to the life of heroic sanctity and been the counsellor of the Apostles and all the saints, who has called unnumbered priests to the altar of God and nuns to His holy service, who looks with eyes of love on every soul sincerely striving for the truth, who exemplifies the Christian standard of life,—Mary longs for a place in every human heart. Shall we give her what she asks?

Mary, Blessed Virgin and Mother of God, shining light of Christians, powerful advocate, accept the offering we make to you of our hearts and wills. Be our unfailing guide and source of grace through life and in the hour of death, that we may reign with you in our heavenly home for eternity.



A Blind Man Speaks.

BY WINIFRED CONNELL.



THESE are the riches that I hold
 Far dearer than bright gems or gold:
 Soft breathing of a child asleep,
 Faint crackling twigs as wild things creep,
 The evening chirp of nesting birds,
 Crisp rustling leaves by light breeze stirred;
 Sweet fragrant clover, new-mown hay,
 The tang of ocean's salty spray,
 Sweet scent of roses after rain,
 The whispering of a field of grain;
 A garden filled with humming bees,
 Ripe chestnuts falling from the trees,
 Dew-laden branch by soft wind fanned,
 The warmth of sun on ocean sand;
 The soft low of contented kine,
 The gentle murmur of the pine,
 The measured lapping of the tide,
 A child's light footfall by my side.
 I thank Thee, Lord, that I have found
 Thy hand in fragrance, touch and sound.

Carolina Abdicates.*

BY ESTHER W. NEILL

VII.—CONVALESCENCE.

THE next afternoon Eduard waited, with a faint degree of impatience, the coming of Marie Antoinette. In some vague way that he did not trouble himself to analyze, he felt that she had the power to reinvigorate his worn body and tired mind. He had drifted so long in the desolation of his delirium, preyed upon by his disordered fancies and inconsequent dreams, that only an imaginative child could approach this fantastical world and bring him the solace of her companionship. His ability to talk nonsense had established a pleasurable contact between reality and those haunting phantoms of his feverish vision.

He had dreaded the sympathy and commiseration of his fellows. He had silenced his grandmother when she expressed her vitriolic wrath at the treatment he had received. He was a wounded man seeking sanctuary in his suffering. He dreaded the presence of anyone who would touch those wounds. The child's ignorance of his past was strangely comforting. She was living only in the present, and she was asking him to share in this joyful surprise that this first experience with the beauty of the outdoor world had brought her. There was something contagious in her happiness and courage. Her frank, unafraid attitude towards himself, a stranger, attracted him. It was evident that her mother had made a companion of her during that last illness and taught her many tender, womanly ways.

She would understand that a sick man must be humored. He could dismiss her when he no longer desired her company, and he could repay her for diverting him by watching over her and directing her along the road to recovery. The rapidity of her cure would be a test of his professional skill. She needed him. It was a pleasant thought to know that he was again needed. A child in love with life must not be allowed to die.

On the day of her second visit he asked his nurse to bring a chair out upon the porch, and when the child arrived and seated herself with a sigh of content, he reached out feebly and pulled the small rocker closer to his side.

"I have a book of fairy stories for you," he said by way of greeting. "Since you don't want to be a saint or a martyr, you might be a fairy and dance on a moonbeam. Your Uncle François is right when he tells you not to tire yourself out wandering in the woods all day; I thought you might like to sit here in the sunshine and read to me," and he brought the bright picture book from the magazine stand by his chair. "I've always been partial to giants and hobgoblins. They led such a satisfactory life—not thinking."

She held out her hands eagerly for the book. "Why—why I guess they had to think sometimes. Don't you suppose when Jack-in-the-bean-stalk came in the window the giant *thought* he would be good to eat?"

He smiled down at her. "He would know that without thinking," he said.

"But, how?" she asked; her eyes were sparkling. It was plain that this cannibalistic discussion delighted her.

* SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.—Carolina, a Southern girl, married a French officer named Eduard Grogé, and after the death of her husband and her son Eduard she fled from Louisiana with her grandson and established a colony in North Carolina, her old home. Her grandson, when he grew up, went to New York to study medicine, and married without

consulting Carolina. She cast him off, but when her old friend, Jean Courtenay, called to tell her he had been to New York and found her grandson in some distress, she showed a new interest. A letter received by Jean from the Doctor told that his wife had deserted him, and he was on his way home. For some weeks he lay seriously ill, and then one day

"Because it was plain as the nose on your face," he assured her. "Of course, your nose is not very big and neither was Jack's. But I ask you if you should suddenly pop into a giant's window, wouldn't he realize that you would make a tender little morsel stewed with onion tops and mixed with butter?"

She laughed aloud. "I like fairy stories," she said, "they are so exciting. Would you really like me to read to you?"

"Why, of course, if you know how?"

"Know how! Why, you talk as if I was a baby. I'll be twelve years old next month."

"Twelve years old? Well, now, that hardly seems possible. You're a bit under-sized and under weight if you ask me."

"It's the spot on my lung," she said by way of explanation. "My Uncle François says I've got to get rid of the spot on my lung."

"Well, of course, we'll get rid of it. That's my business."

"Your business?"

"Why, yes; you see, I am a doctor."

"I—I thought you were just a boy," she said with real disappointment. "Lying there in that chair with that striped Indian blanket over your feet, you look just like a boy."

"Well, I'm not so old," he hastened to convince her, and he ran his fingers through his long curling hair until it stood upright. "My hair has grown a bit while I've been sick. It will be hanging on my neck, if I don't look out. If I put on a lace collar I might look like that durn little prig Lord Fauntleroy, and you might think I was young enough to play around a bit."

appeared Marie Antoinette, a girl of twelve, whose uncle, the parish priest, had brought her to the mountains in hope of curing a "spot on her lung." Her simple, attractive manner won Eduard's sympathy, and he thought that his medical skill might repay her for the joy and comfort she brought him.

"You—you haven't any whiskers," she said with relief in her tone.

"Whiskers! Well, I should hope not. I'm not so far gone that I can't shave off a few whiskers, if—if I had them, you know. Sit down again, Marie Antoinette. You've got too much nervous energy. Open up the book. I haven't read any fairy stories for a long time, but I used to like this one. My grandmother found it in the attic."

"Your grandmother?"

"Yes, Madam Grogé, who telephoned about the eggs, is my grandmother."

"Then—then you must be a boy."

"And why?"

"Because old people do not have grandmothers."

"Of course not. That settles it. I knew you would convince me of my youth somehow. As I said before you're a witch, Marie Antoinette. I thought I was old enough to die, but you almost give me the courage to live a few days longer."

"Have you got a spot on your lung?"

"No, it's my heart."

"I'm sorry," she leaned over and smoothed the back of his hand with a timid gesture of affection, "but, I guess—I guess we can both get well together."

"I believe I'll try," he said with sudden resolution. "Marie Antoinette, you have turned the trick—I've half a mind to try."

Carolina was the first to note the change in her grandson, and, with her quick intuition, she guessed that Marie Antoinette was the cause. With an amiability, marked by a touch of humility that was not at all natural to her, she tried to win the child's affection, persuading her to prolong her visits and to stay to the midday meal. Fearful that the daily readings on the porch would be interrupted and that the child would no longer be interested in calling on Eduard, she sent to some well-known publishers in New York for more fairy

tales, expensive editions with hand-colored illustrations, that stimulated Eduard to some artistic creations of his own.

"That giant is a washout," she heard him say one day, "he looks altogether too meek and mild. He ought to have two heads and a tree trunk for a club. Give me a pencil, Marie Antoinette. Bring some paper from the drawer in the library desk. I'm sure I can draw a more ferocious specimen than that."

Carolina smiled her satisfaction. The trouble that she had taken to study the publisher's catalogues and to order the books had not been in vain. Her varied experiences in life had taught her the significance of trifling occurrences. Eduard was coming back to her. Slowly but surely he was returning to normalcy. The tragedy that had brought on his breakdown was losing some of its first poignancy. Time must lessen the acuteness of his suffering. Even though a man struggle against callousness, the days possess curative properties that dull his sensibilities, and Marie Antoinette, unconsciously administering her little anodynes of joy, was distracting him even against his own will.

As he grew physically stronger himself he watched the child more closely, his growing affection for her increasing his anxiety; but he saw with satisfaction that her infection was clearing up, she was gaining weight. He knew that her health would be completely restored in this prescribed outdoor living, and he began to permit her to take more exercise, planning excursions into the mountains, short walks at first, then longer ones, until they ventured to penetrate the forest as far as the inland lake that had been one of Eduard's favorite fishing resorts when he was a boy.

Carolina packed tempting lunch baskets for them with her own hands. Her eagerness to encourage these little picnics into the pine woods arrested Eduard's appreciative attention.

"Why, Miss Carrie," he said, "you must not work so hard and get your beautiful hands all messy with butter and jam. Surely the servants can fix up some sort of a lunch."

"I like to do it, Eduard," she said. "You've been away from me so long, and ever since you have been home you have been threatening to die on me. Don't you realize that you are all I have left in the world?"

He took her in his arms with his old affection. "I've been a poor sort of stick, Miss Carrie—a poor sort of crooked stick,—I never knew you missed me so much. I thought you were always busy. Potentates are always busy. There was the farm, the flower garden; all the activities of the village: the school, the church, the annual fair, your tenants. You've always kept your hand on your own colony, Miss Carrie. You are the princess of the principality living among your courtiers. If the little old United States should ever get wise to the fact that you had planted a French colony in their midst, and that you were the reigning sovereign, you would be hanged and drawn and quartered, or something of the sort. I often wonder how you have done it."

She had not been listening to him very attentively, for she had been mentally counting the sandwiches she had just made, wondering if she had supplied enough for his increasing appetite.

"Done what?" she asked.

"Kept the whole village so sort of foreign after all these years. Why, some of those old first settlers don't speak English to this day."

She fastened the lid of the lunch basket before she answered him. "That isn't so hard to understand," she said. "All the people who followed me were French; all your father's relatives were French; and when we came here I found that your grandfather's plantation was the largest in the State. I offered land, and the French are a thrifty race,

Eduard. Getting something for nothing was quite a bait in the beginning. When we built the schoolhouse the only teacher here was French; when we built the church who could I find but François Condé, who wanted to follow his own people. The village is shut in by the mountains. Why should not a group of such people preserve their own language, their own customs?"

"But the average citizen doesn't stay shut in by mountains," he argued. "It's your power, Miss Carrie, and your generous patronage, that has held them all these years. Who built the schoolhouse and the church? Who engaged and paid the teachers? You're still the reigning monarch, Miss Carrie; and when some of these revenue officers, searching for moonshiners, find you out, you'll swing on the gallows as a dangerous royalist, incog, and what shall I do then?"

"You did very well without me," she said, emerging from his embrace. "When that woman coerced you into that mad marriage, you forgot me, Eduard; I can't very well be unmindful of that fact. You altogether forgot me."

"Never," he assured her. "I could never forget you, Miss Carrie. Don't—don't let us talk about my marriage. You've had your revenge, if you were looking for one. Let us both try to forget."

She tried her best to help him in this forgetting, and with her old dictatorial spirit, softened by sympathy for his weakness and suffering, she tried to plan for his future, but she hesitated to voice her own practical suggestions. For the present she felt that she must rest content and watch the effect of Marie Antoinette's daily visits. Since Eduard seemed to shrink away from his old friends, the child must supply the companionship he needed. If he was willing to take up his favorite sport of fishing, Carolina was pleased that the child prevented him from roaming these secluded heights alone. He had seemed so indifferent to life in those first days of his

convalescence that she was half afraid that he would seek some way out, and with a newly awakened terror tugging at her heart, she had concealed all the weapons in the house. She had even taken the precaution of removing his grandfather's rapier from the rack above the fireplace, wondering what excuse she should make if he questioned the absence of the familiar decoration. His silent attitude of despair had been worse than the delirium of his illness. Marie Antoinette's accidental appearance had seemed to Carolina a sort of miraculous visitation rousing him from the numbness of his apathy to a patient endurance of his fate.

He had always been fond of children, and even Carolina, cynical critic though she was, had felt the charm of Marie Antoinette's personality. The child was so lacking in self-consciousness. There was nothing of the egoist about her. The troubles of her short life were minimized always by some fresh, unexpected joy in the present. She looked out smiling and with confidence upon a friendly world, believing the best of people. She had pleasant, helpful little ways of her own, a courtesy and consideration for her elders, learned, no doubt, in her gentle mother's sick room.

On several occasions she had brought Creole dishes of her own making to Eduard. A gumbo flavored with red wine, a chicken blanquette, some roasted oysters lying in a carefully contrived row on grape leaves and served with a sauce made of small, green onion tops, parsley mixed with butter, cayenne pepper and lemon juice—an epicurean creation that roused even Carolina's enthusiasm, and led her to a conference with Marie Antoinette.

"You must give me the receipt," she said. "You have a gift, my child. Who taught you all you know?"

"My mother was ill for a long time. There was no one to nurse her but me. I tried to tempt her appetite. The chef

at The Rendezvous taught me many things. He had rooms in the house where my mother and I lived after my father died, and when I went to live with Tante Felicé I spent most of my time in the kitchen learning things. My Tante Felicé is a wonderful cook. If you would permit me to go into your kitchen, Madam Grogé, I could make Mr. Eduard many things."

"You'll stay outside in the sunshine," said Eduard, touched by this affectionate offer. "This gumbo is the best I ever tasted, but you must not make me any more. You must stay out of the kitchen. I thought your Uncle François had told you that."

"I know, but to-day, old Mammy Lou, who cooks for him, was sick, and she did not come. Am I not his housekeeper? I could not let him starve."

"I shall invite him to dinner at once," said Carolina. "I'll telephone him right away. You and Eduard will be tired when you come home from your fishing trip. I wish you would ride to-day. The horses need some exercise."

"But I do not know how to ride," the child said.

"I'll teach you," Eduard offered his services promptly. "Now, that's quite an idea. I never thought about it before. I'll teach you to ride, Marie Antoinette. It will give us both something to do."

"Oh, will you?" she cried, clapping her hands. "I think I would die of joy, if I could ride a horse."

Carolina smiled as she went into the house, well pleased with her morning's work. Eduard must never know that she had lain awake half the night wondering how she could persuade him to ride abroad instead of remaining a self-enforced recluse. She had felt, with a timidity altogether incongruous to her nature, that she could not intrude upon the sanctity of his incomprehensible romance by suggesting that the loyal friends of his boyhood might compensate him for the loss of a capricious wife

who seemed to lack all vestige of virtue.

Since he had shown so plainly his aversion to human companionship, Carolina had made repeated attempts to interest him in his surroundings by seeking his advice about certain proposed changes in the stables, but even the mention of his favorite hunter had elicited no response. Yet, Marie Antoinette's enthusiasm had momentarily made him forget his objections to appearing in public. If he once was persuaded to mount a horse, Carolina sanely reasoned, he would have to ride somewhere, and he would choose the smooth, travelled road to the village as a safer place to begin Marie Antoinette's riding lessons than the wooded heights of the mountains with their steep and narrow trails.

If he rode to the village, he would meet his old friends, and he would be forced to assume his old cheerful spirit of cordiality. The benign atmosphere of his boyhood would close about him shutting out this nightmare of retrospection and regret.

(To be continued.)

On the Lives of Some Saints: A Reflection.

BY MARIAN NESBITT.

THE thought of the saints and their marvellously varied temperaments, the diversity of their lives and the conditions of those lives in all ages and all countries yet moved by the same spirit under such a number of manifestations—this thought, I repeat—has been brought before me not once, but several times of late by kind letters suggesting that I should write the biographies of certain holy men and women to whom my correspondents evidently have a particular devotion.

Now this is a task which I believe should never be undertaken without the most careful consideration, for no

writing ought to be more profound in its knowledge of the subject, more delicate and more heartfelt than the "Book of the Saints!" Yet surely none has proved—save in a few comparatively exceptional instances—less equal to the demand, so far as it is not the composition of the saints themselves. It can scarcely be denied that we have too often "had to endure colorless renderings of God's chosen servants from the French and Italian, strangely foreign to our taste, diffuse and didactic, resembling neither "St. Augustine's 'Confessions' which is the supreme type of self-portraiture," nor the "Flowers of St. Francis," which "takes us captive by its simplicity and essential truth."

In fact, these exquisite little poems in prose may very justly be compared to flowers—*Fioretti*—"Little Flowers," which give evidence of the season to which they belong, but do not reveal the name of the gardener who planted them; for though the book is generally supposed to have been composed during the first half of the Fourteenth Century, and to be partly the work of John San Lorenzo of the noble family of Maringnalle, no one author could have written the whole collection.

Needless to add that the Poverello owes all his greatness to his conformity with his Divine Lord. To quote Mr. G. K. Chesterton's beautiful words: "St. Francis is a most sublime approximation to his Master—a splendid and yet a merciful Mirror of Christ." And the purpose of the "Little Flowers" is to draw out and exhibit this resemblance. If, however, we cannot enjoy in the original the enchanting poetry of the unknown chroniclers of the Fourteenth Century, we cannot, on the other hand, fail to discern in their pages, the heavenly spirit of the Saint of Assisi, and to appreciate the records of lives as nearly angelic as the world has ever witnessed.

If I mistake not, it was the learned

Monsignor Barry who wrote that "The Confessions of St. Augustine" and "the Little Flowers" are the models a biographer of the saints should keep ever in view. "He cannot equal them, but if he exchanges for their intimate manner a tone too abstract, and serves up his living subject in a category even of supernatural virtues, he will defeat his own aim. The saints are more than their virtues, and in this lies the influence they never cease to exert."

It will be remembered that when asked to give his definition of the word saint, Mr. Chesterton replied in words as simple as they are profoundly true. "A Saint," he said, "is just an ordinary person like ourselves only *entirely different*." They certainly are "entirely different," yet we cannot be blind to the fact that the thing which seems to mark us off from them is one of degree, not of kind. Bad or good, little or great, "we are all formed out of the same clay and the same spirit is breathed into each one of us" (Henri Joli "The Psychology of the Saints"). We stand, it is true on lower steps of the ladder, but it is the same ladder, which springs from one and the same nature, and reaches up to one and the same God. How was it, then, that in circumstances often far more trying than our own, they managed to achieve such very much better results? The answer is not far to seek. They were God's men in a world of fallen humanity; and if we know them aright we shall never mistake one for the other. No! indeed no; for "the great saints are among the stubborn facts of history; the superhuman (explain it how you will) throws its splendor across their actions." And to-day hagiography, which constitutes a large part of Catholic tradition has acquired a new value and interest which must eventually prove advantageous to piety and religion.

Considering the number of noteworthy books even amongst the Lives of the

Saints alone, it is interesting to compare the views of famous men, philosophers, poets, and others, as to the way in which a translation should be carried out.

"It is disputed," says Matthew Arnold, "what aim a translator should propose to himself in dealing with his original." The answer given is that "the reader should forget that it is a translation and be lulled into the illusion that it is an original work." This delightful illusion must have been enjoyed by all who have read "Leaves from St. Augustine" by Mary Allies. Next to impossible to realize that this book is a translation—a translation, moreover, which bears no trace of foreign idiom, and whose sentences linger in the memory like a peal of melodious bells.

To return, however, to our critics.

Francis Newman, unlike Matthew Arnold, would not tolerate anything in the nature of a "free translation." He was insistent that every peculiarity of the original should be scrupulously retained, "and with the greater care the more foreign it may be." Browning, too, when referring to the "Agamemnon" remarks: "If, because of the universal fame of that tragedy, I wished to acquaint myself with it, and could only do so by the help of a translator, I should require him to be literal at every cost save that of violence to our language."

Let us now turn to the opinion of so high an authority as Cardinal Newman. Here are his choice and characteristically well-chosen words: "In a book intended for general reading, faithfulness may be considered simply to consist in expressing in English (or any other language) the sense of the original; the actual words of the latter being viewed mainly as directions into its sense, and scholarship being necessary in order to gain the full insight into that sense which they afford." Once more John Henry Newman, writing on

Cicero's diction, says, "clearness is united to brevity. The perfection of strength is clearness united to brevity; but to this combination Latin is utterly unequal. From the vagueness and uncertainty of meaning which characterizes its separate words, to be perspicuous, it must be full."

In respect to the Lives of the Saints, men are now ceasing to winnow out the phenomena which transgress every-day law from the stories of these spiritual heroes and heroines, with the result that it enables us to approach the study of their characters with a more intelligent sympathy. We are constrained to note the applicability of their example to our own case, as well as to see the resemblance between their nature and circumstances and our own; for if on the one hand they appear immeasurably far above us, our smallnesses, our weaknesses, our false conventions, on the other they are drawn delightfully close to us by the variety of their natural dispositions, temperaments and prepossessions, their love for the different arts and even the fact that they have been influenced by their environment, so that we often discover the characteristics of a certain family or city reproduced in the saint, because it must always be remembered that exceptional holiness was never meant to destroy natural dispositions but to perfect and develop them. The highest mystical graces are but the flower of a life which in all its stages is essentially the same. These same transcendent favors are the gift of God. They may be withheld or they may be bestowed, and they cannot be merited still less acquired by effort. Nevertheless, in dealing with the life of any saint, however *apparently* ordinary that life may be, like that of the humble and most saintly Tertiary of St. Francis, "Peter the Comb-maker," it is necessary to realize that it is only by examining anything in its most perfect development that we can

gain an adequate idea of its possibilities.

Perhaps no more outstanding example of diversity of natural gifts could well be found than in the great St. Teresa of Avila. She was verily "a sayer," "a thinker" and "a doer," qualities so different as to be seldom united in the same character. She possessed that practical temper which is rarely found conjoined with the speculative or the artistic. We recall how she loved music, how its magic touched her fine soul to finer issues as in the case of so many others amongst God's most favored friends; "she, upon occasion," writes one of her biographers, "broke into poetic rhapsody," yet she remained always a mystic, though mystics are proverbially considered to be wholly aloof, and indeed indifferent to, the daily concerns of humanity. She uttered the high things of the spirit in terms of sound psychology, and was so much of a business woman that, as she playfully remarked, "she knew a little about everything."

Again it must be noted that these manifestations existed simultaneously. She was not by turns a contemplative and a writer, a woman of action, a wonderful organizer, or that her natural efficiency was lowered by her supernatural exaltation. Quite the contrary. Truly humble, at no period of her life did she consider she might dispense with the practices of asceticism, or wander from the well-trodden paths of ordinary piety. "I am a daughter of the Catholic Church," she was wont to declare with her customary definiteness, and the end of all prayer, according to her own expression, was "to produce work and more work." In this she is, of course, one with every single saint whether known and honored publicly, or unknown, yet whose names are written in golden letters in the Book of Life. For have not each and every one of them realized that for all of us here below, the most perfect soul can possess

God only by hope and not in deed—*spe non re*; and that "holiness is achieved not in those exalted and transitory states in which God is the agent and the soul the recipient," but on those lower levels of personal endeavor where the will tries to correspond ever more and more faithfully with grace. Hence it was that love always displayed itself in action in all the saints. The whole purpose of their lives was "loving service." They made the will of God the measure of their desires, therefore did He exceed those desires and rewarded them with favors even beyond their dreams.



An Island of Peace.

—
BY A. RAYBOULD.
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WHAT visitor to Bruges does not know it, that little green island where are stored up the religious traditions of centuries? Even the most superficial tourist bent on seeing, in as short a time as possible, the works of art noted in his guide book, cannot fail to observe this little island, the "Home of the most skilful lacemakers," as the guide book says. He probably does not dream of the intense religious life of which this spot has been, and is still, the centre. Few pause to study the life of this monastery which is unlike any other monastery in the world.

The Abbé Hournart, the well-known writer, who has interpreted for us not only the mystic experiences, but also the literary charms of the great Teresa of Avila, has also found it worth his while to write the intimate history of the Beguinage of Bruges. Before becoming its historian, the Abbé Hournart had sighed over its decay, and feared its final disappearance. The spirit of the times threatened this threshold of quiet, the influence of the great war had almost brought about its ruin; but new life has been infused into this ancient institution, partly through the

instrumentality of the Abbé Hournæert and partly through the Benedictines.

As it exists to-day, this Beguinage is a little monastic city. It preserves the contemplative and liturgical aims of the past, but this life of prayer is adapted to meet the needs of the present time. The life of prayer exists alongside a life of work and wage-earning, and the Rules are adapted to the most delicate constitutions.

This monastery, exceptional in many ways, is less rigid in its laws than most of the convents of the West, and resembles rather certain Eastern communities, or the monastic villages in Palestine. All its inhabitants are not nuns—some are allowed to live as anchorites, some are Beguins leading a common life, some are only oblates or affiliated, and not bound by any religious vows. Many are only temporary guests, girls or widows without means, seeking for a time a refuge from the world. The ancient tradition of charity admits also the poor and suffering. All this miniature population, occupied with different phases of religious life, forms but one great family, united by charity and prayer. The active and contemplative life exist side by side. The nuns devote themselves to divine praise and silence, the Beguins and visitors work, and have centres for study, lectures, conferences, guilds, societies, etc.

In his work on the ancient Beguinages, the Abbé Hournæert gives a vivid picture of what these institutions were in the past, and of the intense religious life that was developed in them. They sprang up in the Twelfth Century, and we can guess what was the religious fervor of these homes of prayer and work when we remember the names of some of the great mystics who were among their inmates. Marie von Osterwyk, Mechtilde of Magdeburg, and so many others. The history of these institutions also shows how in the past a life of prayer was compatible with a

life of work and the gaining of a livelihood. Marie von Osterwyk says in one of her letters that she had to work so hard with her spinning that she did not know how to get through the work ordered. Yet she found time for the mystic life, and to write several religious treatises.

In the beginning these Beguinages were chiefly the resort of working women who gained their living by spinning and weaving, but who sought the advantages of a common life, and still more the advantages of spiritual exercises in community. These institutions met a social need, the necessity of living on very little, and at the same time of earning a livelihood; still more they met a religious need, that of sanctifying toil by adequate religious exercises. By degrees the Beguins formed themselves into regular communities. Their little huts or cottages were replaced by better houses, they received the patronage of the rich burghers, and a church was generally added to the monastic village, which was then usually established as a parish. The Beguinage of Bruges suffered often from wars and political changes which threatened its existence; its church was burnt more than once, and its inhabitants obliged to fly. In the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries it flourished. At this time, however, it drew its recruits chiefly from the ranks of the aristocracy, and the tradition of work was neglected. The French Revolution brought it almost to an end, and hampered by the anti-clerical spirit of that time, and by unfavorable legislation, it barely survived until the war in 1914 when it seemed destined to disappear forever.

Now, strange to say, it has received a new lease of life, and in the midst of our noisy, busy, modern world, this monastic village flourishes once more. Surrounded by peaceful waters this green island of quiet is to-day what it was in the past.

Mary's Title Names.

BY P. J. C.

THE Catholic has a long list of near synonyms by which to name the First Lady of Heaven. At his elbow are a number which designate her person and presence, though the name may emphasize a position, a privilege, an attribute. The Blessed Virgin, Our Lady, Immaculate Mother, God's Mother, Our Lady of Sorrows, Queen of Heaven, are among many which serve to identify her. The Litany is a tower of titles erected from the richer thoughts and more delicate imaginings of the Catholic mind.

At least two reasons may be recalled to account for this profusion of synonyms. First, the Blessed Virgin is manifold. She is the expression of virtue, experience, privilege, power, eminence; and everyone of these expressions is designated by a specific title. The same great woman is properly the subject of every identification, but the same great woman seen as a different vision. "Lady of Sorrows," "Queen of Heaven," each means the same reality—Mary; only it is Mary of a different experience, in a different position; a Mary whose features, posture and vesture indicate a Mary in a different rôle in the great drama of mysteries of which she is the heroine. Secondly, the Catholic mind has been schooled in the tradition of the Marian cult; a cult second only to that of the triune God, of which the worship of Christ, the Son of God, is the most visible expression. Hence the Catholic mind has sought to envisage Mary variously as determined by stirrings of devotion, climbings of imagination, meltings of emotion. And every heart-cry of prayer, every new climb of fancy, every different quickening of feeling has brought its new call name. And so in Catholic devotional speech, we have Mary of the many names.

By contrast, the Protestant and secular mind shows impoverishment in its Mary dictionary. Not, however, because the Protestant and secular mind is feeble in seeing and feeling. Quite the contrary, as its literature of prose and poetry shows. It is a studied posture—the aloofness of those who watch critically, skeptically, perhaps tolerantly; sympathetically even; but watch—from the outside.

Hence "Mary" or "The Virgin" is the richest *nuance* the Protestant and the secular mind contributes to language on the Blessed Virgin. The Catholic mind finds such speech cold, literal, cheerless; as if one were to speak of his dead mother as the late Mrs. Smith.

Let us, however, make the most of what seems to us the least. There is not a woman living who would not feel exaltation at being recognized the world over when her first name is spoken or written. We have to add "of Scots," when we designate Mary of Scotland; Mary Tudor when the English queen is in mind. Multiply illustrations at your leisure.

So again, what woman would reject such an identification mark as "The Virgin"? For Elizabeth of England the word "Queen" has to be subjoined to express the identification of the myth. And so "Mary" and "Virgin" coming from Protestant mouths, written by Protestant pens, are evidences of tribute—unconscious tribute possibly—from the Protestant mind to the Woman of all the Lands, of all the Seas.

Mary, Mother, Virgin, Lady, Queen. She whom all these names designate has enriched them; has crowned and clothed them with whiteness and brightness. You may set stars upon her head and below her feet; vesture her in white, cincture her in blue. Our human additions do not enrich her. She has been garmented of God. On her He has bestowed a dowry to fit her to be Wife of His Spirit, Mother of His Son.

Notes and Remarks.

When General Balbo and his transatlantic flyers arranged to attend Mass in Holy Name Cathedral, Chicago, newspapers reported before hand, that seats had been reserved for the fliers. "We go not for display but to give thanks to Almighty God. We shall stand," the General is quoted as saying. No doubt seats were reserved—an act of courtesy altogether proper at a public service in a Catholic church. The statement, that the Italian airmen went to Mass to give thanks to God, not to be seen of men, is simple and outright enough to be called great. It is the expression of a grateful Faith, indicating a reverent spirit in the man who pronounced it.

We made reference, a short time ago, to the ordination of Vernon Johnson, who had been for some years a minister in the Anglican Church, but who came over to Rome not long since. Recently a "Retired Essex Vicar," having seen an account of Father Johnson's ordination, had this to say in the *Essex Weekly News*: "What then—in Father Vernon's case, for instance,—becomes of all his baptisms, marriages, burials, all his sermons, missions, retreats, all the conversions that followed his ministry since the year 1911? Does anyone suppose they were all invalid? No. Character, spiritual grace, the Gift of the Holy Spirit, was bestowed once and for all upon Father Vernon, as upon all priests, at ordination, never to be lost except by sin and unfaithfulness." What a queer idea the Vicar must have of the Sacrament of Holy Orders and its effects! It is just as well, perhaps, that he has been retired. As the *London Tablet* remarks: "Most of the acts mentioned by the Vicar can be validly performed without a priest. Our office boy, in an emergency could administer Holy Baptism as thoroughly as the Pope. The

Sacrament of Matrimony is administered by the bride and bridegroom to one another, and is only solemnized by the priest. Invalid burials are a new thought. Sermons, missions, retreats, with the conversions which follow them, are not sacerdotal acts. Strange to say the Vicar does not mention the point which is most relevant to his argument, namely, the Mass. If Father Vernon did indeed become a priest in 1911, he did indeed say Mass at Anglican communion-tables, and the Vicar would, in that case, be entitled to exclaim indignantly against the idea that all those Masses were null and void. But he evades the essential point of priesthood, and winds up his letter with a statement against the Indelibility of Orders which, he says, can be lost by sin and unfaithfulness." The Editor of the *Tablet* is a layman. One might think that a Vicar would be as well informed on theological matters as a layman. The Editor, however, has this advantage: the theology he learned does not change every week or two. It is the same yesterday, to-day and to to-morrow.

From an article by Archbishop Goodier, published in the *Month*, we find the following enlightening ideas quoted in the *London Universe* which may help the average reader to understand better the relations between the British in India and the natives: "Of all countries in the world none is more religious-minded," says the Archbishop, "than India. The Hindu at his shrine, the Mohammedan on the roadside, the Parsee before the setting sun, all alike display their belief in God and their dependence on Him. Whatever the vagaries of their Faith they have this in common: they do not believe that any man can be a true man who does not reverence God. Yet he has the Englishman generally before him, ignoring God at every turn, acting as if he considered himself something superior on that account, violat-

ing every instinct of the Indian, lowering himself in every Indian's eyes, and often enough only confirming the impression by his conduct." The Archbishop then tells of an English Catholic officer, belonging to a Pathan regiment, who was asked by a Mohammedan orderly to be released from a religious fast which was then going on, since his work was unusually heavy. The officer naturally told the orderly that he had no power to release or to bind, not being a member of the Mohammedan church. "Yes, but Sahib," replied the soldier, "you go to church and the other Sahibs don't. You reverence God, and the others don't. And my father told me that if I was ever in doubt about anything, I was to consult you." It is clear that if anything is to be done with the people of India in the future it will not be done through irreligion and indifference; only deeply religious teachers will be able to influence these millions of people.

The Hearst papers of Chicago have become almost hysterical over the efforts of the School Board to cut down on the educational expenditures of that city. The fact that the Board is endeavoring to wipe out an ever-increasing deficit by relieving the already overburdened taxpayer from supporting certain non-essential school activities does not seem to concern the Hearst editors at all. The future manhood and womanhood of the nation is to suffer an irreparable loss, it seems, if the children of Chicago do not have their bands, their elaborate athletic programs, etc. This sudden concern for the future of our children is a strange rôle for Hearst editors to play. We recollect that only a few weeks ago when the public spirited people of California were endeavoring to remove the special tax imposed upon those who wish to give their children a religious education, it was the activity of the Hearst papers which helped to

defeat that proposed legislation. If one were to draw conclusions from these Hearst newspaper activities, it would be that bands and athletic programs are essential to the proper training of youth but religion is not. A fitting suggestion perhaps to this over-night Champion of children would run something like this: the greatest contribution which the Hearst papers can make, not only to the children of Chicago but to the children of the nation as well, would be to exercise a much more rigid censorship over the material which goes into their own columns.

The headmaster of Eton College, visiting the United States not long ago, said this: "We base our education in England rather squarely on the theory that discipline is a necessary and a good thing." Of course. Just as walking, the shoulders straight, the head up, is a good thing. Discipline is not a theory of thinking; it is a necessary condition of reasonable living. In schools, factories, homes, villages, towns,—wherever people meet, move, have duties toward one another—discipline must hedge them about to keep them in orderly relationships. You have only to look in at a schoolroom where the supervising Miss cannot govern, to see the effects of undiscipline; or into a home where the mother does not stamp her "yes," her "no" in indelible ink. Of course, discipline is a necessary and a good thing. You have bedlam without it.

Dr. Randolph, pastor of the Grace Methodist Episcopal church, Newport News, Va., writes a letter to the *Baltimore Sun* from which we quote this concluding paragraph:

For some illogical reason Americans seem to regard the religious persecution in Spain and Mexico as an assertion of modernity over Medievalism, whereas they regard the persecution of Jews in Germany as a throwback to Medievalism. As a matter of fact both Germany's treatment of the Jew and Spain's and

Mexico's treatment of the Roman Catholic clergy are phenomena which go back far beyond the Middle Ages to some elemental perversity in human nature which is not limited to any age or any clime.

And the Central Conference of American Rabbis passed this resolution at their annual convention:

We stand firmly on the principle that no political philosophy, and certainly not that of liberalism, dare lend itself to the suppression of a free and unhampered religious worship. Believing that every individual has the right to worship God according to the dictates of his conscience, we desire to put ourselves on record as deploring the disabilities to which the religious agencies of the Catholic Church have been subjected in recent years in some quarters.

Persecutions of Jews and Catholics continue more or less. Jewish persecution less; Catholic persecution more, or anyhow not less. Jews unite, meet, protest. They are not backward about coming forward. Catholics to date have not made any general, impressive protest.

Mr. J. Donald Adams, reviewing two books that treat of one hundred years of feminism, seems to arrive at the conclusion that women have lost more than they have gained by their participation in politics. "The cardinal sin of the feminist doctrine," he says, "is that it overlooks completely the natural polarity which is at the root of the differences between man and woman. The feminists have been intent upon making women able to do everything that a man can do, without reckoning the psychological cost. There is a cost because there are fundamental differences between the mental and emotional functioning of men and women. The feminine mentality is naturally bound up with feeling, whereas that of man rests more directly upon reason. Women's mental processes cling to what is concrete; men venture much more readily into the abstract. If anybody doubts the truth of this assertion let him search his memory for the name of one woman who has achieved

fame in metaphysics. The point is not that woman's brain is inferior to man's but merely that it works in a different way. He would be a rash philosopher who would maintain that the American woman of to-day is a happier person than her grandmother was at the same age, in spite of the fact that the earlier woman had frequently a hard lot." This is interesting in as far as it is an attempt to judge feminism by its effects. Many will not agree with it. Others will undoubtedly agree with the writer in his contention that the success of the women's movement may, in the long run, prove a tragedy to the race.

Bishop John McNulty of Nottingham, England, speaking recently at the diocesan Eucharistic Congress in his See city, said of the Anglo-Catholic Mass, "It is no more the Mass than the Passion Play at Oberammergau is Calvary. . . . It looks like the Mass. It is realistic, you may say; but it is not real." Very High Church people in England and here will not be pleased hearing this. They will consider the language arrogant and unconciliatory. The statement of a truth seems harsh when the truth asserted disqualifies claimants, nullifies claims. When our Saviour said that He was the Son of God, that He forgave sins, that men to live must eat of His Flesh and drink of His Blood, there were rumblings of dissent. Truth is not less true because people find the expression of it a "hard saying."

Sir Eric Drummond, noted English Catholic, has been sent as ambassador extraordinary to Italy to succeed Sir Ronald Graham. This, in dispatches, is suggested as a striking honor to the Catholic Church. It should be noted, however, that Sir Eric is a staunch Englishman, and a staunch Englishman, who is a Catholic, will serve His Majesty's Government very acceptably in a Catholic country. If Sir Eric is chosen be-

cause he is a Catholic, the choice is contingent on the circumstance that he will prove an able and a trusted servant. A Catholic representing the home government in a Catholic country will understand better, and very likely approach with more finesse, certain vexing questions that may arise. We do not select our ambassadors so carefully. A man has done mightily for the Party; is able to support the office, which is as expensive as—sometimes—a wife. And so he is named and confirmed.

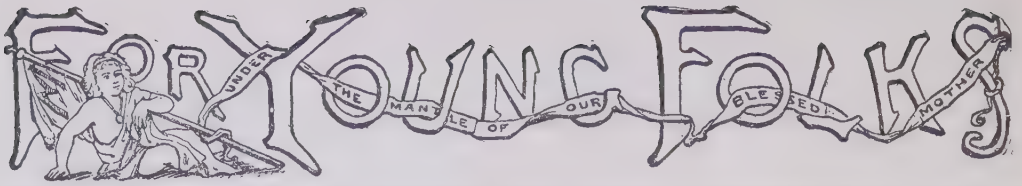
A divorce is now granted with as much certainty and much more speed than a passport to visit continental Europe. And people are grown so used to the grant, they cease to comment. Thirty years ago had the son of a President of the United States secured a divorce, surrendering thereby his title to husband and father, the country would gasp. If a day or so later he married another young Miss more to his liking at the moment, the circumstance would not fall short of a country-wide scandal. Now it is just one more news item. This is not written in criticism of the young man's parents who at the moment occupy the White House. They can hardly be held responsible for the young man whose speed from divorce to marriage comes close to Hollywood's best record. It is written to indicate the paganish morality of a people whose God used to be the Lord.

The *Chicago Tribune* carried this item in its personal column recently which must have caused readers to rub eyes: "Thanks be to the Most Sacred Heart of Jesus for favors received.—M. K." You will happen upon the unexpected sometimes; realities out of setting: nuns at a circus; a movie actress the mother of five children; a parish priest begging people not to contribute in the collection. The item of thanks in the personal column must have rubbed

eyes too, like its readers. It had a strange assortment of companionship: "Mabel is forgiven, she may come home"; and others of even more dubious orientation. The little item gave out its sweetness all the same. A bit of heaven where was so much of earth.

Catholic Action of the South, official paper of the archdiocese of New Orleans, in a formal statement declares, that if civic action of fair-minded, logical citizens will unite with Catholic Action, the problem of keeping open Catholic schools can be solved. The solution suggested, is for the State to issue warrants of tuition payment to parents, leaving the selection of the school to the parents. That could be done easily and profitably for the State and for the Catholic schools. The great difficulty will be to find fair-minded, logical, calculating citizens on this question. You will find them so in the detail of fixing a railroad strike or saving the waters of the Mississippi from defilement. Giving aid to Catholic schools, which some people still hold as an article of faith, is inimical to Old Glory—finding fair-minded, logical, calculating citizens to see this problem of economics in this logical way will not be so easy as it seems.

Ambassador Daniels shows some change of heart. Speaking at an American Independence Day celebration in Mexico City, he held this truth of a 1933 declaration to be self-evident: "That the possession of liberty must include the unrestricted right of freedom of thought, freedom of speech, freedom of the press, freedom of worship." We trust the present Mexican Government will happen upon Mr. Daniels' Declaration. It will serve to deflate somewhat that mental expansion which may have resulted from Mr. Daniels' previous blanket approval of Mexican present-day evidences of progress.



The Friendly Tree.

BY MARY MABEL WIRRIES.

THERE'S a queer old tree on the avenue,
Hunch-backed, and crooked as it can be.
It talks to me when I walk along,
And when I'm past, it waves at me.
I love it best, though it looks so queer.
The trees that are straight, and tall, and high,
Don't even notice a child like me—
They just keep looking at the sky.
But the nice old, crooked, homely tree
Bends down low. It's my *friendly* tree.
I whisper to it, when I go by,
"I'm awfully glad you wave at me."

—♦♦—
Tim.*

—
BY JAMES A. REID.
—

V.—AN ENEMY.

"NOW, Tim," said Officer Sheehan, "don't you worry. Of course it will be an easy matter to find your Uncle Jack and Aunt Anna, even though they have moved."

"Yes, Sir."

"In the meantime, you're going to see New York. I telephoned for my oldest boy, John, to come with the machine. While you're out seeing things, we'll find your uncle and aunt."

"Yes, Sir, and thank you, Sir."

"Oh, there's John now. Come."

Following Officer Sheehan, Tim went out to the street.

"This is Tim O'Mara, Jack, from my home town in Ireland. He's just landed."

"Welcome to New York, Tim," said Jack, shaking hands warmly.

That greeting won Tim's heart.

"Why, you're like some of the fellows at home," said Tim.

John laughed. "So you've got some villains over there, too?"

"Sure," answered Tim, "lots. But, some aren't as bad as the others."

That sight-seeing tour of New York was not exactly exciting for Tim, though it was extremely interesting.

"First, Tim," said John, "we're going to see New York from the sky."

"From the sky?" questioned Tim.

"Yes, we'll go up to the top of the tallest building, and from there get a good view of the whole city."

"Oh, I see," responded Tim.

"No, you don't see, Tim, not until you get up to the top floor."

From that giant skyscraper Tim saw New York. The early morning fog had lifted and a bright sun was shining. Tim was silent, while John pointed out the various high places of interest.

The view of the city from the ground followed. John was a good guide. About three o'clock the sight-seeing tour was over and they were on the way back to Officer Sheehan's home.

"Now, wait here a few minutes, Tim, while I take the machine to the garage," John said.

"I'll do that," Tim agreed.

Standing there and dreaming about the various places and things of interest that he had seen during the late morning and early afternoon, Tim did not notice a swaggering youngster approach.

"Hello, you!" said the stranger.

"Hello!" answered Tim.

"Got a bit of brogue, you have," went

* SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.—Tim O'Mara, a young Irish boy, sails to New York but misses his aunt at the dock. Sir Charles Bruce also sailed on the same boat, and was assisted by young Tim in carrying his suitcases. He was in search of his son, Edwin, who had become a Catholic and had been cut

on the stranger. "What are you doing around here?"

"I'm waiting for some one."

"You are, are you?"

"I am."

"Where do you live?"

"Ireland."

"Oh, you do, do you?" the stranger said with a great deal of sarcasm. "Now, don't try to get funny with me."

Tim was puzzled, said nothing, and started to walk away.

"You stay here till I'm finished with you."

"I don't understand what you mean," replied Tim.

"You'll get what I mean." Suddenly the stranger pushed Tim's head back with the palm of his hand. Tim lost his balance, but managed to keep his feet.

Ignorance is bliss sometimes. At other times it invites disaster. Terry Brogan, known to all as a bully, was rushing into trouble with amazing speed, though he did not know it. Unfortunately, there was no one to warn him of his danger.

Another quick push and Tim went sprawling on the ground. As he quickly arose he thought of a promise he had made to his mother some few months previously.

An English lad, well-built, about sixteen years of age, had come to visit some relatives in Ireland. Arguments had arisen between this boy and the boys of Cloughbarry. One day the arguments, perhaps it would be better to say the insults, reached a climax.

"Irish Catholics!" Bert Elmar, the English boy, sneered.

"We are," replied Tim, who had become spokesman for the others; "and proud of it."

off by his family. Sir Charles becoming ill on the boat was hurried to a hospital, while Tim addressed himself to a traffic policeman, and was taken to the police station until his aunt could be found. He entertained his friend, Officer Dan Sheehan, and his fellow officers with songs and a few Irish steps.

"A lot of ignorant Papists."

"'Papists' we may be," responded Tim, "but not renegades."

"Well, one good renegade can beat one good Papist any day." There was not much courage in that insult, for Bert was at least two years older than any of the boys he was addressing.

"That we can settle right now," quietly answered Tim.

Bert, for all his swagger and insulting ways, was no coward; Tim, goaded and taunted by the insults to his religion and his people, was ready for a decisive battle. Yet, there was one thing in Tim's attack that made that fight all the more bitter. More than once he had proved that he was not a master of himself. Now his anger was strong. Each blow, and he took quite a number, raised it to a higher pitch; and, come what may, once his anger rose, he was intensely stubborn.

Tim's friends will tell you how he fought and overcame Bert Elmar. A solid blow to the stomach had hurt Bert; a blow that in fact seemed for a while to have really injured him. Bert had tried to sneak away, using his pain as an excuse, but finally offered a half-sneering apology.

"Your anger again, Tim," his mother said to him when he reached home.

He was silent.

"I'll have to speak to your Father."

"I don't care; tell him."

"So you've got to the point where you give back chat to your mother?"

Tim said nothing, waiting. Then, proving how serious was his rage and making clear also that it had not died out, he exclaimed heatedly, "He called us 'Ignorant Irish' and 'Papists.'"

"He doesn't know any better."

"Well, the next time he won't be so quick to insult."

"It's an honor to be Irish, Tim, and it's a blessing to be a Catholic. You should have explained that. If he refused to listen to reason, why—"

"Why—"

"Promise me, Tim, that you'll fight yourself and your anger. I'm proud of you, very proud of you in all else. So, I wouldn't want you to fall into the hands of your enemy."

"My enemy?"

"Anger."

There was a long pause.

"Promise me, Tim, that you'll do all in your power not to lose your temper."

Tim remained silent for a long time.

"I promise, Mother."

"That means that you'll hold your tongue."

"It does."

Now Terry had reminded Tim of his promise. A fierce battle was being fought in Tim's heart, and, what Terry had thought to be cowardice was Tim's anxiety to avoid a fight. But, a couple of quick slaps on his face did not help him to reach the decision that he would liked to have made.

"I don't want to fight," he said, using his hands to protect himself from further blows.

"Yellow, are you? How do you like that?" Terry said, hitting him again.

Coolly and deliberately Tim decided what to do. He would protect himself. A couple of well-aimed blows roused his anger. Now he was quickly dancing in and out, hitting hard and fast, but taking as much as he gave. He became fighting mad. Catching Terry off guard, he sent one quick punch to the stomach, much like the solid blow he had hit Bert Elmar. The wonder is that the policeman, who, like prosperity, was just around the corner, did not hear Terry's yell of pain. At least, if that policeman had been normally alert, he should have seen the rush of boys to the scene of the encounter. Back and forth the blows went, and it would take no seasoned judge to determine that, although Terry was superior to his adversary, he was being severely punished. But, the moun-

tain air of Ireland and the simple, frugal meals of home had kept Tim in condition. Terry was rapidly losing ground.

"Mr. Officer!" an excited and breathless woman shouted to the policeman just around the corner, "there's a small boy around there killing a big boy, named Terry."

"Madam, you mean a big boy, Terry, is killing a small boy?"

"No, a small boy is killing a big boy, Terry."

But, the policeman seemed to be in no hurry, as he started for the scene of action. "It can't be true," he said to himself; "and, if it is true, how can I keep away from it? Terry needs it, if he's getting it."

He was almost at the corner as he spoke. Then, wheeling around suddenly he saw an automobile parked in front of a fire plug. The woman who had told him about the fight had crossed the street and turned the corner.

"Thank goodness," the policeman said, rushing toward the place where the automobile was parked.

"What do you mean parking your machine here?" he shouted to a man, who was coming out of a store.

"Honest, Officer, I never saw it."

"Tell that to the judge; here's your ticket." Then, in a whisper, "You've done me a favor, my friend. Now move your machine up from that fire plug. After that, you come back and argue with me for a few seconds."

The puzzled owner of the machine did as he was told.

"You see," explained the policeman, "there's a young tough down there getting a beating. He needs it. I didn't want to stop him from receiving it. Say something so that I can kill some more time."

"Thanks, Officer," the man said, smiling.

"Don't smile; look serious. Now, I'll motion you away; and as soon as you

get out of sight, tear up that ticket."

"Thanks, Officer, every cent counts with me."

By the time the policeman got to the scene of the fight, the crowd had almost dispersed. "What's the trouble?" he asked a man standing nearby.

"From what I hear, it was a war that will end wars. I heard, Mr. Officer, that it was a glorious and a bloody affray."

"Yes?"

"A little fellow gave a big fellow, named Terry, 'something,' a walloping."

The policeman kept a serious face.

"I hope it's the making of Terry," he mused, as he walked on down the street swinging his mace merrily.

John Sheehan was back by that time.

"What happened?" he exclaimed.

Tim told him.

"Do you mean to say that Terry quit by running away?"

"He did," answered Tim.

"Shake."

Tim winced hard as Jack grasped his hand.

"Let me look at that hand. Move your fingers. I don't think there are any bones broken, though. But, we'll fix it up when we get home. I was foolish to leave you there alone."

They walked in silence for a few steps. Tim's hand was paining. Then, like a flash, his mind was back in Ireland, to the day of his fight with Bert Elmar. Barney O'Leary was telling a story.

"Not all the English are like Bert Elmar, Tim. I was an orderly for one of the finest men that ever walked God's earth, and he was both English and Protestant. Why, I remember that morning at the Marne. The battle was furious, as furious as any I had ever seen or been in. There was no telling what the day would bring, much less how many of us would be living to talk about it. How any of us came out alive, or at least unwounded, is a miracle, no less.

"Father Murphy, our chaplain, wanted to get up front to some of our men, who had been cut off from us, to give them Holy Communion.

"I wouldn't risk it, if I were you, Chaplain,' our Captain said.

"Do you think there's any chance of reaching them safely?" questioned Father Murphy; 'it means so much to them.'

"A thousand to one chance. Look for yourself. How could you ever get through?"

"I have looked. I know it's extremely hazardous. But, I'm going. Those men need me.'

"It was early dawn when he started. The shells were falling. The patter of machine guns was distinct. He was going into danger, no doubt about that. If he came back alive, he would be lucky; if he came back unwounded, it would be a miracle. We could see him crawl slowly from shell hole to shell hole. But, he hadn't gone fifty yards, when it was evident he had been hit. As soon as it was certain what had happened, our Captain without a second's hesitation was out of the dug-out. He, too, crawled slowly. Our hearts were in our mouths. We watched with alarm the progress he was making, for each move brought him closer to danger and perhaps death. After a long time, so it seemed, we saw him reach Father Murphy. But, how could he possibly get him back? Yet, get him back, he did, and we learned to our sorrow that Father Murphy's leg had been shattered by some shrapnel. At that, he was lucky it was no worse.

"Chaplain,' our Captain asked, 'er, er, would it be at all permissible under the circumstances for me to carry Communion to those men?'

"Father Murphy was thunderstruck by the question. He didn't answer.

"I know,' our Captain went on, 'how Catholics respect the Blessed Sacrament. I've seen it often on the battle-

field—up in front and behind the lines.’

“Still, Father Murphy was silent.

“‘Under these circumstances, if I carried Communion to those men, wouldn’t it be all right for them to give It to themselves? I know it was done farther North.’

“‘I can’t let you go, Captain; the risk is too great,’ responded Father Murphy, ‘I can’t let you go,—I can’t, I can’t.’

“‘Is it all right for me to carry Communion to those men out there who are facing death at any second?’

“‘Yes, it would be all right.’

“‘Then, I’m going,’ our Captain said simply and sincerely.

“‘May God guide you back and forth,’ Father Murphy prayed for him. ‘Now, you men, on your knees for your Captain’s safety.’

“How he ever got to the men, we do not know. We do know, however, that he did, and that he came back safe. Is it any wonder that we love him? Oh, Tim, Bert Elmar is only one Englishman, and a poor type at that. Captain Bruce, our Captain, was indeed another Christopher, another bearer of Christ.”

And then suddenly something happened to Tim’s memory. It seemed that the fight with Terry and the paining hand had somehow awakened his memory. Barney O’Leary’s story flashed through his mind in a second. He wanted to scream with excitement. “So that’s where I heard that name Bruce before?” he said to himself.

When Jack and Tim reached the home of Officer Sheehan, he was standing at the door.

“Mr. Sheehan,” said Tim at once, “I’m sorry.”

“For what?” One look at Tim showed him.

“Tim works fast, Dad,” John replied with a smile. “He’s been in this country for about six hours, and he’s already won a fight.”

Tim lowered his head. “I’m sorry,

Mr. Sheehan, but I don’t think it was all my fault. I didn’t want to fight; I promised the mother I wouldn’t.”

“So that’s the kind of boy you are?”

Tim’s head went still lower.

“I’m sorry, Mr. Sheehan.”

“All he did, Dad, was to stand up against one Terry Brogan, giving him the beating of his life.”

Officer Sheehan whistled.

“Terry Brogan,” John continued, “found out that ignorance is not bliss, that bullies rush in where heroes fear to tread, and, no doubt, his days of bullying are over. He can’t take it; or, perhaps more correctly, he took too much.”

“There, there, Tim; it’s quite all right. Forget it. But, remember that promise to your dear mother,” Officer Sheehan advised.

“Yes, Sir.”

“While you and Jack were out driving, Tim, I finally located your Aunt Anna.”

“Oh, did you, Mr. Sheehan?”

“She, however, was not at home. They said she would call me on the telephone as soon as she came in.”

It was perhaps fifteen minutes later that the telephone call came.

“This is Dan Sheehan speaking. Oh, yes, Mrs. O’Mara, Tim’s here. Now you must let me keep him for supper. He’s from my home town in Ireland, you know. Thanks very much. We’ll get him over to you early this evening.” Then to Tim, “It’s your Aunt Anna: say ‘Hello’ to her.”

“Hello, Aunt Anna. Yes, I’m fine. The Mother’s fine. We’re all fine. Oh, yes, Mr. Sheehan’s very nice. All right, Aunt Anna, I’ll be over early this evening, as Mr. Sheehan said. Good-bye.”

(To be continued.)

THE six unfailing and best cosmetics are truth for the lips; prayer for the voice; compassion for the eyes; charity for the hands; uprightness for the figure; for the heart—love.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—Teachers using the "Cathedral Basic Readers" will welcome the announcement that "Teacher's Guidebook for the Cathedral Basic Readers, Book Four" has been published by the Scott, Foresman and Company. Even those unfamiliar with this series of Readers will find this guidebook extremely helpful.

—Elmer Adler, president of the Pynson Printers, is arranging an exhibition for the College Art Association, entitled "The Making of a Book." For the present this display may be seen in New York in the exhibition rooms of the Pynson Printers. Later on, however, the College Art Association will show this exhibit in various colleges and universities throughout the country.

—Part Three of "The Monasteries of the Wadi 'n Natrun; The Architecture and Archaeology," published by the *Metropolitan Museum of Art*, is a very important contribution to the study of Coptic architecture. The author takes up the various monasteries individually, treats of their topography, their site, and something of their histories from the Fourth Century on.

—In his foreword to the handbook of the Anglo-Catholic Congress and Oxford Movement Centenary celebrations, Lord Halifax mentions a rather lengthy correspondence between his uncle and Cardinal Newman that would be almost invaluable for a thorough understanding of the Oxford Movement. While the letters written to Newman are still in his possession he regrets to say that the Cardinal's replies have been destroyed.

—In "Animal War Heroes," by Peter Shaw Baker, one will find stories of dogs, horses, cats, etc., who underwent all the hardships of war for the sake of man, their friend. Were not these stories so well authenticated some of them, no doubt, would seem to be almost beyond belief. There is the story, for instance, of a certain dog, who, left inconsolable by the departure of his master with his regiment, disappeared from London, and after nobody

knows what adventures or by what strange, winding paths, appeared in a front-line trench near Armentières where his master was stationed at the time. The Macmillan Co.

—François Mauriac, the distinguished Catholic novelist, has, at the early age of forty-eight, been declared a member of the French Academy. He fills the place left vacant by the death of M. Brieux, the dramatist, and it is a noteworthy fact that in his election he received 28 of the 31 votes cast. Mauriac is usually considered by his own countrymen to be the foremost fiction writer of the day in modern France.

—Each new book on Damien of Molokai is but further proof of the ever-living place he has in the hearts of mankind. He has already been the subject of innumerable volumes, so that it would seem that nothing which is not now of public knowledge can be said of him. Yet, though the facts of his life and character are generally known, deeper analysis and more skilful interpretation can be made, and actually has been made, of those facts in "Father Damien," by Piers Compton (Herder; \$1.25). This biography of Damien is fresh, vigorous, and beautifully written. The author's style alone would make the book worth reading. But, he has more to offer than exquisite English. He has an understanding heart for the commonplace as well as the heroic, bringing to each a sympathetic attitude and a just judgment.

—There are to be found in the narrative of the New Testament the fundamental principles of Christian life; principles which hold the solution of the old human problems that have beset men and women of the world in every age. There are there, too, the living examples of men and women who have met the difficulties of life and overcome them in a way that all may emulate. The Reverend J. A. McClorey, S. J., in a new volume of sermons, "Figures in the Drama of Salvation" (The Herder Book Company. \$1.50 net), has made a study of the leading characters of the

Gospels—Mary, Joseph, John the Baptist, Magdalen, Peter, Paul, John the Evangelist, Thomas, Judas, Caiaphas, Pilate and Herod—and has pointed out the virtues or vices which have made their lives a success or a failure. In the course of these studies Father McClorey touches on many points of apologetics, on moral and social life, and on economic problems that are disturbing the world of to-day. It is a volume that will have many suggestions for the preacher, and will make admirable spiritual reading for the Religious or layman.

—An indispensable volume for priests and Religious who may not have the *Acta Apostolicae Sedis* at their elbows, is Dr. Stanislaus Woywod's "Canonical Decisions of the Holy See" (Joseph F. Wagner, Inc. \$3). Many difficulties and doubts as to the precise meaning of terms and their applications in the New Code have arisen and been cleared up by decisions from the various Congregations, and from *Motu Proprios* of the Holy Father. These Dr. Woywod has gathered into a serviceable manual carefully and extensively indexed so as to be of easy and ready use. There are assembled in this volume:

(1) All of the Responsiones issued by the Pontifical Committee for the Authentic Interpretation of the Code;

(2) All the Responsiones of the Sacred Congregations on Canonical Matters concerning which the final decision rested with them;

(3) All the *Motu Proprios*, Decrees and Instructions of the Holy Father or the Sacred Congregations whereby the legislation of the Code is put into practice;

(4) All the decisions of the Sacred Penitentiary or Sacred Rota in so far as these decisions elucidated the legislation of the Code.

The Canons affected by the decisions, and cross references to other canons are printed in heavy type. A number of the larger documents are printed as Appendices so as not to interrupt the sequence of the canons. These decisions, it must be remembered, have become practically a part of the Code and should be at hand to make clear the latest authentic interpretations of a large number of the canons.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The silent influence of good books cannot be overestimated. By means of them we can invite into our own homes the great spiritual teachers of all times.

In the list below there may be just the book that you need for your own use or as a gift to a friend.

Send us the titles you select and the purchase price, plus 15c for postage, and we will have the books mailed to you at once.

- "Saint Anselm." Joseph Clayton, F. R. Hist. S. \$1.75.
- "The Doctrinal Mission and Apostolate of St. Thérèse of Lisieux: The Priesthood. Rev. Benedict Williamson. Two Vols. \$1.25 a volume.
- "Educational Lectures." Peter C. Yorke. \$1.50. Edward Fitzpatrick. \$2.
- "The Church Surprising." Penrose Fry. \$1.25.
- "The Forgotten God." Most Rev. Francis C. Kelly, D. D. \$1.50.
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Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Sister M. Josita, Sisters of St. Joseph; Sister Mary Fidelis, Sisters of Providence.

Mrs. J. E. Fitzgerald, Mrs. G. A. Billingshusst, Mr. Henry Bairley, Mr. John Gurries, Mr. Michael Fradiska, Mrs. Kate Byrnes, Ann Carey Casserlie, Mr. Richard Dorsey, Mr. Harold A. Monday, Mr. Arthur V. Hillyard, Mrs. Mary Marco, Mrs. Catherine Lehn, Mr. John McKenzie, Mrs. William Collins, Mrs. Mary Doran, Mr. John Grant, Mrs. Josephine Gade, Miss A. E. Larkin, Mr. John Francis Healy, Mr. Thomas Acton and Mr. Clarence J. Heeney.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indulgence.)

What Others Say . . .



"I have prayed for this day," said a woman to Mrs. Mary T. Waggaman a short time before the latter's death, "so that I could thank you personally for the many happy hours you gave my children through your books and the many hours of anxiety you spared me because I knew the souls and minds of my children were safe and with God while reading your books."



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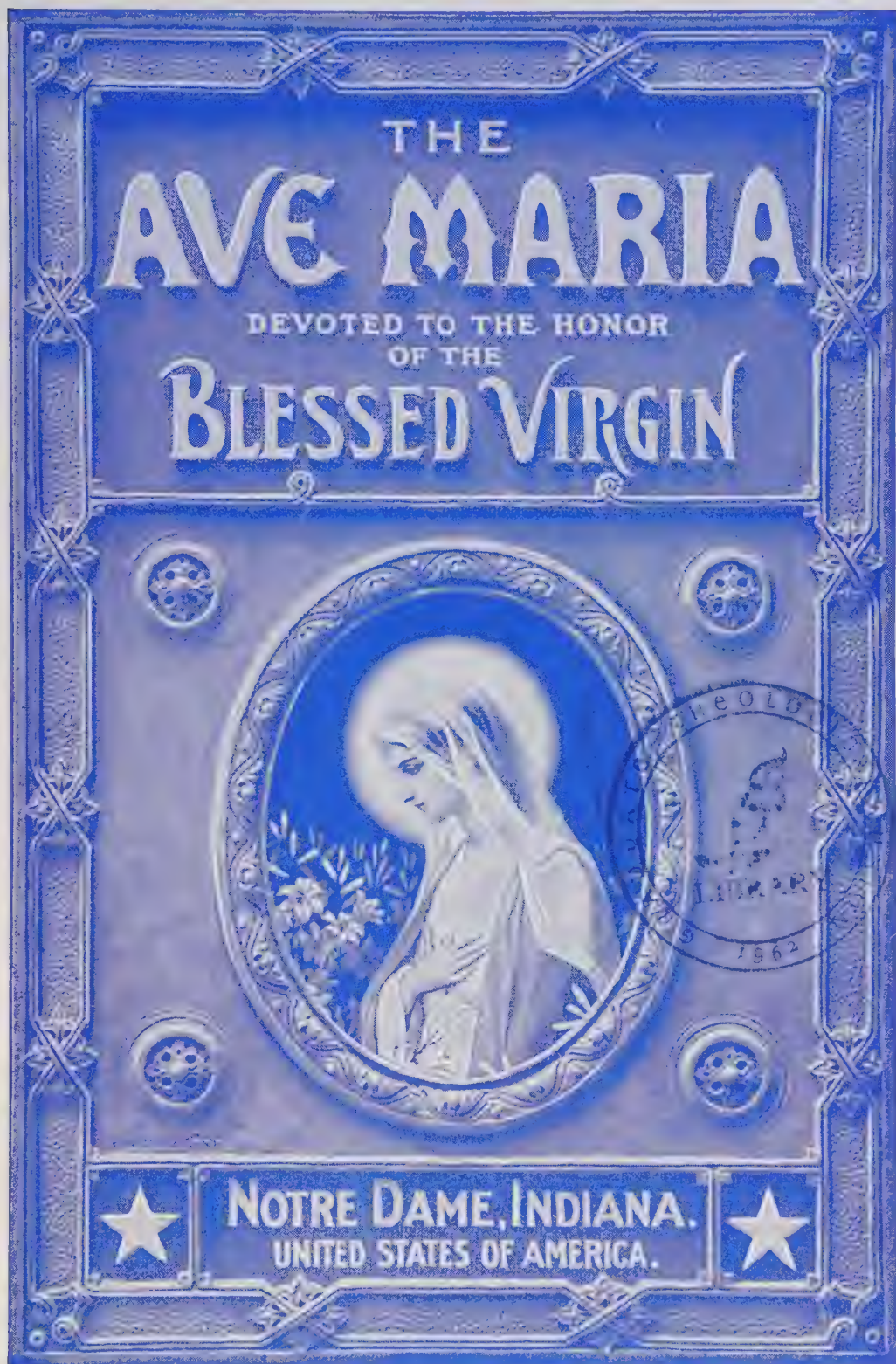
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CALENDAR OF THE WEEK

AUGUST.

SATURDAY, 19.—St. John Eudes, Confessor.
SUNDAY, 20.—Eleventh after Pentecost. St. Bernard, Abbot.
MONDAY, 21.—St. Jane Frances de Chantal, Widow.
TUESDAY, 22.—St. Timothy and Comp's, Martyrs.
WEDNESDAY, 23.—St. Philip Benizi, Confessor.
THURSDAY, 24.—St. Bartholomew, Apostle.
FRIDAY, 25.—St. Louis, King of France.
SATURDAY, 26.—St. Zephyrin, Pope and Martyr.

Blessed is the man that heareth me and that watcheth daily at my gates.—PROVERBS viii, 34.



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No. 8.

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The Call.

BY ELEANOR ALLETTA CHAFFEE.

YOUR feet are bruised and weary, traveller;
Beyond the next high hill you cannot see.
No one but I can heal the hurt, the pain—
Come unto Me.

Your strength is broken on the steep incline;
Mine is the will that spans eternity,
Yet offers man the everlasting arms—
Come unto Me.

Your heart, besieged by fear, cries out for aid:
Enter the door that makes the pilgrim free.
Upon My hands is sealed in scars My word—
Come unto Me.

Swords and Plowshares.

BY STANLEY B. JAMES.

IT cannot be without relevance to the present crisis in human affairs that the Catholic Church is identified with the city which was once the capital of the Caesars. Christ's conquest of Rome was the conquest of the greatest military empire the world has known. As the glory of imperialism waned that of the Kingdom whose symbol is the Cross grew. It was not now the triumphs of victorious generals in whose train marched manacled captives that were celebrated in Roman streets, but those of the emissaries of peace, telling of distant lands which had submitted to the Crucified. It was not that wars ceased; for many

centuries to come fighting was still to be the chief occupation of men. But there now existed an Institution which relied ultimately on its spiritual authority. The State henceforth must carry on its activities under the shadow of One, visibly enthroned on earth, who had said, "Put up thy sword." Physical force was no longer the supreme arbiter. And this fact wrought slowly on the minds of men, changing their ideals and endowing the peacemaker with a new attraction.

Though the Church could not forbid war, it could and did do something to harness its passions to objects more worthy of attainment. The Crusades canalized the fighting spirit in an endeavor to win back the Holy Places. Kings were taught to employ their swords in a Cause larger than that of their own selfish ambitions. Nations which had been engaged in conflict with one another now combined against the common enemy of the Faith, and the foundations of a united Europe were laid in bloodshed in honor of the Incarnation. The Church which accomplished that is still in our midst, and its methods have not changed. To it more than to any other agency we may look for a solution of our present troubles. Let us see how it may be supposed to apply the principle adopted in the case of the Crusades to the altered circumstances under which we find ourselves to-day.

In the first place it must be clearly understood that the Church is not desirous of quenching the fighting spirit.

With Oriental passivity it has nothing in common. Against Quietism it has pronounced with unswerving consistency. We must clearly distinguish between its attitude and that of Quakerism. We are dealing, let us remember, with an Institution which delights to be known as the Church Militant. It is an aggressive force compelled by its *charta* to undertake world-conquest, and unable therefore to adopt a passive attitude with regard to wrong. The outcome of its activities may be to engender strife, to cast fire on the earth, but so the Truth be proclaimed, the consequences, in this respect, are not its care.

Its policy has never been to "let sleeping dogs lie." The faithful are brought under an authority which enlists them for the warfare against evil, and are associated together, under this authority, in a Cause which lifts them out of their narrow, individual ambitions and inspires them with an unselfish enthusiasm. In many respects, indeed, the Church's ideals are nearer those of militarism than to the ideals of our contemporary industrial and commercial society. There was in the older type of society which perpetuated the institutions of feudalism a nobility which has been lost under the régime of the plutocratic bourgeoisie. The money-interest ignores the State which, at least, unites men on behalf of the public welfare. The money-lords have no such disinterested motive as the citizen and soldier. They and those who serve them are governed only by individual and material interests. This is the reason for the greater honor which is paid the soldier in comparison with that allowed the merchant-prince.

Ruskin discusses the difference in "Unto This Last," and states the matter clearly. "And the essential reason for such a preference," he says, "will be found to lie in the fact that the merchant is presumed to act always selfishly. His work may be very necessary

to the community; but the motive of it is understood to be wholly personal. The merchant's first object in all his dealings must be (the public believe) to get as much for himself and leave as little to his neighbor (or customer) as possible. Enforcing this upon him, by political statute, as the necessary principle of his action; recommending it to him on all occasions, and themselves reciprocally adopting it, proclaiming vociferously, for law of the universe, that a buyer's function is to cheapen, and a seller's to cheat,—the public, nevertheless, involuntarily condemn the man of commerce for his compliance with their own statement, and stamp him forever as belonging to an inferior grade of personality."

Things have improved since Ruskin's day, or at least it may be said that the methods pursued by commerce are not so crudely self-interested. Nevertheless, the old traditions still attach to this section of the community. So that Christopher Dawson, in his latest book, "Enquiries," is justified in saying: "The fact remains that the typical leaders of bourgeois society do not arouse the same respect as that which is felt for the corresponding figures in the old *régime*. We instinctively feel that there is something honorable about a king, a noble, or a knight, which the banker, the stockbroker or the democratic politician does not possess. A king may be a bad king, but our very condemnation of him is a tribute to the prestige of his office. Nobody speaks of a bad bourgeois; the Socialist may indeed call him a bloody bourgeois, but that has nothing to do with his personal vices or virtues.

"This distrust of the bourgeois is no modern phenomenon. It has its roots in a much older tradition than Socialism. . . . While the temporal power was in the hands of the kings and nobles and the spiritual power was in the hands of the Church, the bourgeoisie, the Third

Estate, occupied a position of privileged inferiority which allowed them to amass wealth and to develop considerable intellectual culture and freedom of thought without acquiring direct responsibility or power. . . . This, I think, is the fundamental reason for the unpopularity and lack of prestige of bourgeois civilization. It lacks the vital human relationship which the older order with all its faults never denied. To the bourgeois politician the electorate is an accidental collection of voters; to the bourgeois industrialist his employees are an accidental collection of wage earners. The king and the priest, on the other hand, were united to their people by a bond of organic solidarity. They were not individuals standing over against other individuals, but parts of a common social organism and representative of a common spiritual order."

We are justified, therefore, in saying that the Church, in many respects, is more closely allied with this older form of society than it is with the self-seeking individualism of later times. It is no blind conservative prejudice, nor is it simply snobbishness which declares a preference for the soldier or the noble over the merchant and the manufacturer, but is based on truths which the Catholic Church itself recognizes and preaches.

But, as Catholics, we cannot be content with advocating, what would be clearly an impossibility, a return to feudal conditions. Least of all is the world inclined at the present time to view with favor a proposal to restore militarism to its former importance. But what we can do, and what we must do if the world is to be lifted out of the materialistic morass into which it has fallen, is to *bring military ideals to bear upon our commercial and industrial life.*

It may be well to give a concrete instance of the working of this principle in actual affairs. We shall then more clearly understand how the method of

canalizing the fighting spirit (that method which the Church adopted in the Middle Ages) may be applied in our own times. It should not surprise us that the best example to be found occurs in the most Catholic country in the world.

At the conclusion of the War, Italy was exhausted by the effort that she had made, and was further handicapped by the activity of subversive influences which undermined authority and brought discord and bloodshed into civic affairs. But the War had roused a new patriotic fervor. The Liberal *régime* inaugurated by Garibaldi, Mazzini and Cavour had, indeed, united the country, but had never won the heart of the common people or touched the imagination of those working on the land. But now there spread through all classes a new conception of Italy's destiny. It was Mussolini's great achievement to utilize this force, created in the first case on the battlefield, and to employ it in the great work of building up the nation's material prosperity. There is a sense in which it may be said that he militarized not only the public services, but also those private activities which previously had been left to look after themselves in accordance with the *laissez-faire* policy then current.

The best example of this is the great Battle of the Wheat which the Dictator inaugurated in order to make his country economically independent. The name given this movement is indicative of the spirit in which he approached the problem. Instead of appealing to the cupidity of financiers, manufacturers and landowners, he appealed to the patriotism of the whole country, and the appeal was couched in military terms. That which the rural population was to undertake was a great "battle." It would demand the same type of heroism, the same disinterested devotion to the common cause as does war. This is typical. The attempt has been made to

put commerce and industry on a new footing, to substitute for the old, selfish motive one which calls into play the enthusiasm of the patriot.

It is not our purpose here to follow out in detail the character or the results of this policy, nor can we commend it in all its features. But the point to be noted is that a leading European country, saturated with Catholicism, is endeavoring to apply war-passions to creative work, and thus, at one and the same time, give new employment to those destructive forces which have run in military channels, and inspire what have been regarded as ignoble callings with a more generous spirit.

The teaching which Ruskin gave an incredulous world in the Nineteenth Century has been adopted. The system which governed craftsmen and merchants in the Middle Ages, a system which aimed at safeguarding the honor of the crafts and professions rather than at securing increased monetary reward, has been adapted to modern needs. There could not be a better description of the motives of the guilds than those which Ruskin laid down as necessary in modern commerce. "Observe," he said, "the merchant's function . . . is to provide for the nation. It is no more his function to get profit for himself out of that provision than it is a clergyman's function to get his stipend. This stipend is a due and necessary adjunct, but not the object of his life, if he be a true clergyman, any more than his fee (or honorarium) is the object of life to a true physician. Neither is his fee the object of life to a true merchant. All three, if true men, have a work to be done irrespective of fee—to be done even at any cost, or for quite the contrary of fee."

It is because Communism has attempted to remedy the chaos and individualism of bourgeois society that it has "caught on." In the book already quoted, Christopher Dawson says:

"Bolshevism at least replaces the spiritual anarchy of bourgeois society by a rigid order, and substitutes for the doubt and scepticism of an irresponsible intelligentsia the certitude of an absolute authority embodied in social institutions. . . . The lesson of Bolshevism is that any philosophy is better than no philosophy, and that a régime, which possesses a principle of authority, however misconceived it may be, will be stronger than a system that rests on the shifting basis of private interests and private opinions."

But Bolshevism is a hard and rigid system. Instead of employing the initiative and enthusiasm of the individual, it tends to destroy them and to weld all into an indistinguishable mass. But it can be defeated only by achieving in a better way the task it has set itself. Society must be organized and inspired for the work which hitherto has been left to mercenary motives. The glamor which has surrounded the sword must be transferred to the plowshare and to all those features we have associated with the humble labor of producing and distributing society's material supplies. This is, in effect, the sacramental idea; for it makes common things the vehicle of the spirit. The heroism of the soldier, the zeal of the patriot, the devotion of the saint must invade and transform those callings which, in the past, have been regarded as the special preserves of Mammon. This is the New Crusade.



IF while one is praying, he regards and considers the fact that he is conversing with God more attentively than the words he utters, he is making vocal and mental prayer at once, which may be of much advantage to him. But if he does not consider with whom he is speaking, or what he is saying, it may be thought certain that, however much he may move his lips, he prays very little.—*St. Teresa.*

The Bog.

BY PATRICK J. CARROLL, C. S. C.

XXXIII.

FOLLOWING the truce a lengthy correspondence was carried on between the British Prime Minister and Mr. Eamon de Valera. This correspondence brought about conversations and conferences that led to the signing of a Treaty which eventually established the Irish Free State Government.

In the interval everybody waited. Nano's patients were discharged, the hospital closed. Alice, subdued now, talked over with her the hard, great days.

"I was loved by the bravest of them—that's honor enough for anyone." And the tears Alice did not try to hold back came freely.

Mike Enright wanted the Republic for which he fought and was skeptical about the conversations at Downing Street. The last Sunday in August he drove to Kilbeg, specifically to see Conway, who still remained with the old Downey couple,—and waited. He, too, was concerned for the future. It was shortly after three when Mike drove in. The two men smoked cigarettes and exchanged views in Conway's room.

"They'll try to make us a patch in the Empire—see if they don't!" Mike said.

"Very likely."

"And then what?"

"We'll have to wait and see."

"We want to be whole cloth—no patch," Enright declared.

"Yes, if 'tis the will of the Irish people—and if the fight is against the Empire."

"I tell you it must be fought out—no matter against whom—for a republic."

"You mean, if some accept the terms of whatever Treaty they make and others insist on a republic, Ireland must fight it out with herself?" Conway asked.

"Those who set out for a republic will continue to fight for it."

"I'm quite ready to do that, Mike. Only I want to be sure I'm not killing my own people."

"Those not for the republic are against it. You know the text well enough."

"That doesn't follow. Might not an Irishman take what he gets and make ready for something better?"

"Listen, Conway,—if I don't get what I set out for, what I've dreamed of all my life, I'll begin over."

"And likely be fighting men who fought with you these years past—good Irishmen too!"

"They needn't fight me."

"They may have to, if you fight them."

"What're you going to do?" Enright asked bluntly.

"To tell the truth, Mike, I've avoided asking myself just that question. This I'm certain of: if there's a new fight against the old enemy I'll be in. If there's to be the old-age quarrel of Irish against Irish, I think I'll be a looker-on; and very likely I'll be sorry we've fallen into the old habit. You know—the divided house."

"I'll fight it out against whoever is cold to a republic."

"A man might be warm to a republic, Mike, and at the same time might not want to shoot comrades in the questionable hope of getting one."

"I'm sorry—but I must fight it out, John."

Conway reached into the lower drawer of the little desk before which he sat and brought out a revolver. It had lain there since the night following the truce.

"In that case, Mike, take this with you. I won't need it—to kill comrades. I don't think Pearse would want me to. If there's a new fight against the old neighbor, I'll ask it back. If not, keep it. Only I hope you won't use it against the comrades of yesterday."

There was a pause. Mike took up the revolver and turned it in his hands. His hands trembled. He shook his head, handed it back.

"I've always followed you, Conway. You seem to have a power over me. You've been right so often, I wonder are you right now?"

"Davey Byrne would rest better knowing this is not aimed at an old comrade." Conway purposely recalled the name.

"God knows I don't know which way to turn!"

"Well, Mike, why turn—yet?"

"I'll think it over, but I make no promises. Remember that!"

When Enright was gone Conway sat thinking. Would there be a new fight within the house between members of the household? If symbols and realities of Union were left after the strangers departed would old Irish jealousies, mad factionalism, be ascendant again? Or would the members of the household adjust their troubles and work together to secure in its fulness the freedom for which they fought so long, so hard? He smoked several cigarettes as he speculated. Giving due weight to the household's past, the household would fight it out. And yet the new day might have brought lessons to the younger men. Conway was not sure. It was a toss-up.

He had personal cares. His school teaching at Kilbeg was over. He could return to it, but had other plans. He would not stay forever buried in a country school. A position had been offered him in Dublin, where he would come in contact with men of his kind and work upon themes of his liking. He wondered would that position be available in the uncertain times ahead.

And there was Nano. He could not hurry her—she had just lost her brother. He had promised himself to see her father, subdued now. He would get his consent, and Mrs. Byrne's con-

sent, of course. It was the decent thing. There would be no talk of fortune or settlement—he could not associate "settlements" with Nano. He wanted her for herself. Perhaps he would see Hugh Byrne to-morrow; to-morrow evening likely. He felt Byrne would be reasonable.

Hugh Byrne at the moment was observing the new roofs of the stables and cow houses still unfinished. Then he returned to his home where Mary Boylan waited to take Nano for a drive. She had run down from Rathdrum to give her an outing. That river drive to Askeaton was wonderful, and they would pick up Alice on the way.

"I'm going out for a bit," The Bog said to Nano and her mother. In the old days he would not have stooped to give any such information.

"Can't I take you, Mr. Byrne?" Mary asked.

"Thank you, no. I like to walk."

He went out the lane to the road, where he had gone thousands of times in thousands of moods. The cut wheat in the south garden was well stooked, he noted approvingly; and the potato stalks were turning brown in the north garden. That was in season, as was proper.

"If Davey were alive"—no he mustn't think of Davey. The wife had warned him not to think of Davey, but to pray for him. Thinking of Davey unfitted him for anything. It was such a calm Sunday afternoon. No one in the fields, not a soul upon the road. The school on the hill was as deserted as a tomb—no boys about. No laughter, no shouts. It was peaceful everywhere. No sign of soldier or policeman. And that wood backed up against the skyline at this side of Cahermoyle looked like a cloud of irregular fringes from where The Bog walked.

On south a little; then through that small yard before Downeys' small house. Yes, Mr. Conway was home, Mrs.

Downey told him. The one-time school teacher came out, and was too experienced to show surprise.

"How are you, Mr. Byrne? Come, have a seat."

He led The Bog to his room and set him in the chair Mike Enright had occupied a short while before.

"I suppose you're surprised to see me?" Hugh Byrne smiled.

"I'm glad to see you, Mr. Byrne."

Conway said this so heartily, The Bog was glad he came. He had thought of postponing the visit.

"Well now, I thought it my duty to come—to settle some matters."

"Yes?"

"'Tis no secret, of course, you and Nano want to get married."

Conway laughed.

"That's good, direct speech and no beating about the bush, Mr. Byrne."

"Yes, I'm rough; always was—have never got over it."

Conway was touched by this simple humility.

"You're not now and never were rough, Mr. Byrne. You've been outspoken sometimes—that's all."

"Well, anyhow, I'm quite happy if ye decide ye want each other—and herself is too. The place over there belongs to ye—and all that goes with it. I'm satisfied. God bless ye!"

He rose to go, but Conway detained him.

"What you've said makes me happy of course, Mr. Byrne. Only—and I don't want you to be hurt—I want Nano, not the farm or what goes with it. I think I can take care of her and make her contented out of the little I have. Please don't be offended."

"I'm not offended at all, man. Only ye two are all I have; and, as I'm not going to give the place back to the landlord, with whom I had the devil's own time agreeing upon a purchase price, you might as well take it when the time comes."

"But I'm not a farmer; and I'm going to live in Dublin."

"I know. At the same time, the girl will want to come back sometimes to see the place; and maybe you'll want to come with her. Or ye can rent it, if ye like. Ye'll both want to see her mother anyhow. And maybe ye'll want to see a strange man who lost a son he never—"

He stopped and sobbed. That won him another son.

"Mr. Byrne, Nano and I will leave the decision to you. What you wish, we wish. For myself, I can't take Nano's place; but I'll try to take Davey's."

"And I'll treat you," he said brokenly, "better than I ever treated him."

He left soon after and went home. The girls returned later, and Alice and Mary Boylan stayed for tea. As they sat around the table The Bog grew reminiscent. He gave little sketches of eight priests he remembered who were parish priests at Kilbeg.

"Father Downey was a tall man and made himself taller on account of his high hat. He was pleasant and carried his hat in his hand when he walked the roads; and he would shout into the garden—'This is great growing weather.' Father MacCarthy was strict, and never liked cross-roads' dancing. Father O'Shea was a good preacher—but mostly too long. Father Curtin fixed up the chapel fine; and Father Grady liked horses about as well as his office book. There were others—and now Father Healy. I never knew him so well till lately. But he told me two days ago that his mother fed him on the milk of rebellion. He took to his nourishment very well, I think."

And much else, some of which was sad; but most of it kept the girls in a general flow of laughter. Mary Boylan took Alice to Rathdrum to spend Sunday night with her.

"Alice," Mary said as they journeyed south, "I never knew The Bog was so human."

"Nor anybody else. He's a new man since Davey's death."

Mary switched to another theme—Davey's death was too recent.

Later Hugh Byrne asked his wife and Nano to go out with him to the bog. The walk would do them good. He went between them, Nano holding on to his arm. What a restful, peaceful August night! The stars had already assembled; points of light in silver or gold. Cows rested contentedly; and the sheep knew their owner so well they did not leap up and hurry off at his approach.

"I was out to see John Conway," he observed as they crossed that wide field leading to the submerged peat land.

"And you never told us!" Nano said.

"It was only a while ago I saw him; a while ago—just. And it hasn't been my way to tell you things, has it?"

"No—that's a fact."

"I suppose you had a nice visit?" Mrs. Byrne suggested.

"We had—we had a very nice visit entirely."

"What was it all about, Dad?"

"I think I'll let Conway himself tell you that, Nan. He'll want to. And 'twill give ye something to talk about."

By then they stood at field's edge—just where it drops to meet the bog. That put all further thought of Conway out of Hugh Byrne's mind. There it was below them—mysterious, unchanged, untamed. Rushes fringed the deep, brackish pools; an occasional bird shot quickly up or down, and disappeared. Fireflies shone as gold spots and went out; crickets were noisy in the dried reeds; invisible locusts were vocal in that lone tree just where the field bends. Nano watched it all quietly. Her mother watched too.

"There she's below us, and for all my plans I've never tamed her! It wasn't to be, I suppose. 'Tis sometimes that way. We plan, plan, plan—and something happens so our plans are broken. But I

tell ye I've some consolation anyway. The priest explained it to me in a way that was wonderful. He said to me: 'Hugh, if Davey had lived he might have tamed The Bog's bog. But if by his death he has tamed The Bog himself, isn't that a thousand times better?' "

A Sunday Special returning to Limerick from the west whistled near Ballingrane. A long, thin cry that faded out as a curve.

"Isn't it, Nano?"

She drew closer, looked at him, nodded.

"Isn't it?" He turned to his wife. She was always so peaceful. She set her hand upon his arm quietly, tenderly.

"Yes, dear, 'tis."

Below them was spread the bog—deep, sullen, untamed. Davey living might have tamed it—The Bog's bog. Davey's dying tamed The Bog himself.

(The End)

The Catholic Women's League.

BY MAURICE V. REIDY.

THE Catholic Women's League of Great Britain is the embodiment of an idea first propounded by Miss Margaret Fletcher in the year 1906, "that an Association of Catholic Women must be formed, if Catholic principles are to find expression and have due weight in English social and national life."

There were not wanting in England at the time of the formation of the Catholic Women's League various bodies of Catholic women, many of which did signal and self-sacrificing work for the Church, and that, too, in the days when prejudice was still strong in the land, and a bitter fight had to be waged against bigoted and, at times, unscrupulous enemies. The Twentieth Century, however, brought new and vital problems to the Church in England, and to meet these, it was necessary to unite the scattered energies of the Catholic

women of the country to form an organization strong in its numbers, powerful in its unity and disciplined strength; an organization so constituted as to eliminate all over-lapping, that can bend all its energies to the work in hand, whether parochial, diocesan or national; an organization in short which can, when occasion requires, rise to any crisis which may confront it.

The Catholic Women's League within a few years after its inauguration became a part, and a live part, of the international women's movement. It was one of the eleven national women's leagues which were represented at the Brussels Congress in 1906, and out of which subsequently developed the International Union of Catholic Women's Leagues.

The young organization had made steady progress up to 1914. New branches had been formed, study circles and debating societies started, international relations developed and cultivated, affiliations formed with vigilance, rescue and educational societies, and with the National Union of Women Workers the National Social Guild was launched. Settlements established in working-class districts, infant welfare work was taken in hand, and a Union of Catholic Mothers—now such a powerful off-shoot of the League—was initiated. Good progress was being made along all lines when the War broke out in August, 1914. One of the most remarkable instances of the adaptability of the Catholic Women's League was the manner in which, without sacrificing any of its vital peace-time activities, it rose to the abnormal conditions created by the World War.

The War, which somewhat disturbed the normal peace-time activities of the organization, gave it, nevertheless, an opportunity of proving what valuable work can be capably performed by a disciplined band of Catholic women all over the country. Within a short period

after the outbreak of hostilities the League equipped and sent out to Belgium a fully trained corps of hospital nurses, followed very shortly afterwards by another corps which was sent to Paris, two points at which such nurses were sorely needed at the time. The League also began to give effective help to the Red Cross, to which a constant supply of trained nurses and assistants were supplied.

The influx of huge numbers of Belgian refugees, mostly Catholics, into England in the early days of the war was an occasion on which the members of the Catholic Women's League justified the existence of their organization by the invaluable help they rendered. Understanding the spiritual as well as the material needs of the Belgians, they placed them in the most favorable surroundings, procured Belgian priests to minister to them in the churches, and Belgian nuns to teach their children in the schools. The best appreciation of the services they rendered was the desire expressed by the late Cardinal Mercier that a similar women's organization should be established in Belgium.

To give in detail the whole of the work accomplished by the League during the war would be impossible within the limited space of a short article, but a few of its activities may be mentioned to show how widely its influence extended. Hostels, clubs, recreation centres, infant welfare centres, after-care committees, thrift schemes, were started. A Girl's Guide Movement was formed, as well as a junior section of the league itself. With the co-operation of the Catholic Women's Movement on the Continent, it was found possible to safeguard young women emigrants and immigrants. Scholarships were endowed, a Loan Fund initiated, and special Belgian hostels for working girls under Belgian matrons and staffs, were launched. Huts were established and equipped for the benefit of conva-

lescent soldiers, and for Catholic girls working in munition factories. When the Armistice came there were thirty-five huts and hostels maintained by the Catholic Women's League, on whose war work the Military Authorities expressed their high satisfaction.

The spiritual needs of those to whom the League catered so admirably were of course not neglected. Immediately after the outbreak of the war, the headquarters of the organization circularized its members to form a rota to obtain intercessory prayer amongst groups of the Branch members. This appeal was promptly responded to, and perseveringly maintained to the end. The Information Bureau of the League did signal service in tracing of prisoners of war, and in obtaining employment for those who sought its aid.

The Catholic Women's League has a notable record of public service. They have interviewed, circularized, questioned and even heckled parliamentary candidates; they send deputations to ministers; they keep a vigilant eye on the conduct of those who seek their suffrages for municipal honors. What even one active, zealous Catholic woman on local bodies can do to influence overwhelming non-Catholic majorities has been seen in many instances where Catholic women members of the local Boards have performed wonders by their energy and sincerity. Possibly one of the finest features of the organization is the enthusiasm of the individual members. They feel that they are each a part of a great host of Catholic women, that they must individually do their utmost to uphold the fine tradition built up by the organization in which they are enrolled, and with this spirit they go in quietly but confidently, and do the work that comes to their hand.

The League branch in a district where Catholics are few in number and far from church or school, helps the local priest by teaching as Catechists,

or by organizing transit facilities to convey their poorer fellow Catholics to church. In the industrial centres of the North of England, where the Catholic population is large, the splendid work of the organization is seen at its best. It is in such industrial centres, where it is most wanted, that the Union of Catholic Mothers is at its greatest strength. The increasing influence for good of this host of Catholic mothers, now over nine thousand in number, is one of the most hopeful and promising signs of the Catholic Women's Movement in Great Britain.

Archbishop Williams of Birmingham, speaking in May, 1933, of the organization of Catholic Men's societies, recommended the Catholic Women's League as a model to be followed in this respect. Catholic organizations, like all other human organizations, sometimes cool after the heat and fervor of their early days. Their machinery at times gets a bit rusty, and in some cases hinders rather than helps the forward movement which must ever be maintained. After a quarter of a century the Catholic Women's League is as fresh and virile as it was in its early days. Every year is a re-birth of enthusiasm and practical development. Its motto, "Charity, Work, Loyalty," is at once realizable, practical and sublime. Adherence to all that these words imply has enabled the movement to advance from strength to strength.

The Catholic Women's League Magazine is the official organ of the movement, keeping the various branches up and down the country in touch with each other's activities. Besides this there is a quarterly review, *The Catholic Women's Outlook*, formerly edited by Miss Margaret Fletcher, the foundress, the contents of any number of which will stand comparison with the best secular journals. A very neat booklet, giving the history of the Catholic Women's League, from its foundation up to the

year 1932, has recently been issued from the headquarters of the organization in London. The reading of this booklet prompts the reflection that nothing is impossible to enthusiasm, hard work and common sense. It should be read by everyone interested in Catholic organization. We have seen in our own days—in Russia, in Mexico and in Spain—small but active majorities who have imposed their will on the people, who have seized the reins of power, and who use that power for Godless propaganda.

The foundress of the Catholic Women's League, and the small band of devoted and hard-working women gathered round her in 1906, could meet in a fair-sized room without over-crowding. The organization they launched so modestly at that time has developed into a mighty host of Catholic women, who calmly confront the massed forces of anti-Christian propaganda, and who go forth confidently to give them battle; who are strong in Charity, zealous and self-sacrificing in work, and loyal to all things of good repute.

To Peter d'Orgueval.

BY ISABEL MCLENNAN MCMEEKIN.

UNHERALDED you made the sacrifice
 And chose to serve your stricken fellow-men;
 Unknown you paid the martyr's gallant price,
 And lived within the leper's lowly den.
 Upon the field of honor you had won
 Your silver spurs in battle's disarray,
 And yet you left the glory of the fair world's
 sun
 And turned aside from fame and proud display.
 Above your head the awful shadow swung,
 Now it has fallen, yet you raise your eyes
 And see beyond the Figure on a dark tree hung
 The open gates of pearl-bright Paradise;
 Beyond Gethsemane a star-swept trail,
 And in your lifted hands the Holy Grail.

Carolina Abdicates.

BY ESTHER W. NEILL.

VIII.—MARIE ANTOINETTE LEADS ON.

EDUARD had insisted with growing impatience that the two trained nurses be dismissed.

"I'm tired of looking at them, Miss Carrie, and I am sure they are tired of looking at me. Why do you keep them on, when I'm well enough to roam the woods half the day?"

"I'm just a victim to fear," she answered; "I was afraid you were over-taxing your strength and that you might have a relapse. It isn't easy to pick up competent nurses, when we live so far from a hospital. These came all the way from Raleigh, and I thought you had grown used to seeing them about."

"That's the trouble, Miss Carrie, I've grown durn sick of seeing them about. Give them something extra in the way of a bonus, and I'll pay them to get out."

She did not like to oppose him in such a reasonable request, so she obeyed his orders that same afternoon, but, after the nurses had packed their uniforms and departed with their generous checks, it was plain to be seen that Carolina felt an added sense of responsibility that she had been reluctant to assume. She watched his diet with scrupulous care, she guarded him against the sudden breezes that sprang up in the mountains; she seemed to be hovering always over him with blankets and wraps, fearful that the variable weather would bring on some pulmonary trouble that would result fatally now that he had no powers of resistance.

But, when she saw that her solicitude worried him, she pretended that her anxious fears were centered upon Marie Antoinette.

"The child should not sit out here in this strong wind, Eduard; take her into

the library; there's an open fire burning there. I'm sure she would enjoy a game of dominoes."

But when Marie Antoinette was absent, it was not so easy to control him.

"It's all nonsense to keep me in out of the rain, Miss Carrie; I'll agree to put on a rain coat and some galoshes, if you insist, but don't try to keep me in. I'm as nervous as a hunting dog. I've got to go out and walk somewhere. Rain and thunder and lightning just suit my present state of mind. I've got the blue devils. I've got to get out."

She put forth all her old remembered arts to hold him to her side, to make him feel content. She discussed politics and international affairs with a keen intelligence and an inside knowledge that quickened his interest and led him to read and study the foreign periodicals to which she had purposely subscribed. She had a gay, effervescent sense of humor that had charmed many men before him, while her ancient reminiscences and current neighborhood gossip were so colored by her own personality that they never failed to amuse him. There was a freshness and vitality about her that cancelled the years between them, and his daring disrespect for her, so softened by his genuine affection, was an attitude that pleased her, for no one had ever presumed to assume such tactics before.

They had always met as equals. She recognized in him her own youthful fearlessness. She did not believe this trumped-up story of his dread that she would coerce him into an arranged marriage. He had never been afraid of her. He had followed his own mad impulses, and then tried to think up some plausible excuse later. As long as he remained away from her, she had been able to harden her heart against him, but this unexpected return, this pitiful, prolonged illness, had roused her to a magnanimous expenditure of effort that

caused her to wonder at herself when she had the time to consider her newly acquired humility, her haunting doubts of her own ability to measure up to her grandson's present needs; for with all her strategic tact and worldly wisdom she sometimes blundered in approaching him.

"The Tivertons are giving a party," she said one day. "Here is the invitation. You remember the Tiverton girls? They have grown to be quite pretty. Don't you remember them?"

"Vaguely," he answered. "If that invitation is intended for me tear it up, Miss Carrie. Dead men don't go to parties."

"But, the Tivertons have been friends of the family for generations," she reminded him; "Colonel Tiverton was in my father's command during the Civil War. You've got to show them some politeness, Eduard."

"Then, write to them, Miss Carrie, and tell them I can't be resurrected."

"I'm sorry you feel that way," she said. "Alice Tiverton is a good tennis player. I believe she won two or three cups when she was at college. You used to be quite enthusiastic over tennis. I was thinking you might have the court fixed up. The rambler roses on the back stops have grown so wild they should be trimmed away. Don't you think you could talk to the gardener about the way you would like them trimmed?"

"No, I couldn't, Miss Carrie," he said wearily. "I couldn't play tennis if I tried, and I wouldn't if I could. Alice Tiverton would object to a ghost as a partner. I seem to remember her as a fat, freckled little girl with a terrible amount of excess energy. If she has grown up, I know I couldn't stand her. Write to her and tell her I'll always be too sick to go to parties."

"But you are getting stronger every day, Eduard. Are you always going to live like a hermit?"

"Hermits don't have lovely ladies like you to amuse them," he said with a touch of his old lightness; "I have been sitting here lost in admiration of your industry. I don't believe I ever saw you busy with fancywork before. What in the world are you making?" he added, seeking to distract her from further social suggestions.

She looked down at the heap of worsted in her lap. "I have always hated fancywork," she said, "but I began this as a relief to my nerves when you were so sick. I could not read; I did not want to go out and leave you. I started to knit a sock for the curé, but it has widened out into such a shapeless thing I think I'll turn it into a cape for the cook."

He smiled faintly. "You always were an opportunist," he said; "you can always twist and turn things to suit your fancy. But I beg of you not to order me out of my shell. Let me rest for a while longer, Miss Carrie. Parties, tennis, Tiverton girls, make me too tired even to think of getting well. I'm depending on Marie Antoinette to preserve my sanity."

Carolina realized that in spite of her tireless exertions to lighten these leisure hours, Marie Antoinette's visits continued to be the brightest part of his day, and fearful lest they be interrupted, she directed that only half a dozen eggs be given to the child at a time, so that she would have to come every afternoon to keep up the supply for the curé and herself. Eduard had ordered her to eat four raw ones a day, and he had shown her how to make them palatable. Taking her to the big sunny kitchen, and getting out a yellow bowl and the swiftest of egg beaters, he had whipped the whites until they could stand alone, and then, stirring the yolks with a bit of sugar and vanilla for flavoring, he dropped them slowly into the snowy froth, and piling the mixture into a

thin-stemmed goblet he presented it to Marie Antoinette on a pie plate which he called his "silver salver."

"The punch for your Royal Highness is now prepared," he said with a low, obsequious bow.

Old Mammy Chloe, terrifying in her girth and blackness, who had been the presiding genie of the kitchen ever since Eduard was a baby, watched this performance with smiling approbation.

"My Lawd! Mistah Neddy, you act just like you useter. Ain't you ever gwine to grow up? Maybe you would like some cookies out of that thar cookie jar?"

"Cookies!" he exclaimed. "Of course, Mam' Chloe, I had almost forgotten your hidden treasure, the cookie jar. Dive in, Marie Antoinette, and see if you can find a gingerbread man to help you to swallow the punch."

"Why, the punch is beautiful," she said, holding the goblet by its long stem and surveying it critically; "it looks just like the eggnog that Tante Felicé served on Christmas Day, and it tastes very good, though it has no rum or whiskey in it."

"Whiskey!" Eduard exclaimed with mock severity. "Don't tell me you like whiskey, Marie Antoinette? I may find you some day in a moonshiner's cabin as tipsy as a lord."

The child put down her empty glass and wiped the yellow streak off her lips with the back of her grimy hand. "Why did lords get tipsy?" she asked.

"Well, now, I have never had a close acquaintance with lords," he answered; "but I suppose they are not unlike the rest of us. Seek oblivion sometimes, weary with the company of dukes and duchesses, fed up on dinner parties, want an irresponsible evening. I can understand it. But, the trouble is you have to wake up next morning. This waking up, Marie Antoinette, makes a man wonder if it is at all worth while."

"I like to wake up," she said, biting into another cookie with her sharp white teeth. "The birds singing wake me every morning. Birds did not sing in town. And the sun shines so red in my window that the branches of the pine tree look black instead of green, when I lie in bed and watch the shadows on my wall. Something pleasant happens almost every day. Don't you think that something nice happens every day?"

"Well, I wasn't so sure until you mentioned it."

"But, it does," she insisted, as she presented him with another cookie. "Something pleasant is always happening here, and yesterday something very pleasant happened at home. Our big collie had four new puppies. I put them all in a basket to bring them up here to show you, but they were so heavy I could not carry them."

"Of course not," and it was plain to be seen that he was touched by her thoughtful effort. "Four puppies would be a great weight to carry so far."

"But I thought you would like to see them. Don't you like fat little puppies?"

"Of course. I've always adored puppies."

"Then, do you think you could come and see them? I thought we might ride down." She hesitated to make such a bold suggestion. "I would be so pleased if I could ride to the village on that beautiful gray horse I rode yesterday. I know that some of the boys and girls down there would just die of envy if they saw me on that horse. They would just die."

He smiled as he lifted her down from the table where she had been enthroned.

"What a bloodthirsty idea," he said. "How many would you like to kill?"

"You are so funny," she said laughing. "You are always so funny."

"You have said that many times

before," he reminded her. "I am feeling far from funny, Marie Antoinette, I am a ranting tragedian, only I'm afraid to rant. You see, my grandmother might hear me."

"Are you afraid of your grandmother?"

"I think I had better be."

"Were you afraid when you were little?"

"No, when I grew up."

"I think she is very kind," the child said reassuringly; "I think she is very good. She is going to get one of the servants to darn my stockings."

"Darn your stockings!" he exclaimed. "Why, I thought you loved holes?"

"I did until yesterday."

"And what happened yesterday?"

She did not answer him at once, her voice trembled and tears filled her eyes. "Raoul and Celeste Maluvev made faces at me when I went to the post office to get my uncle's letters. I heard them whispering behind the mail sacks. They said I looked like—a beggar."

"Well, that settles it," he said, and he was surprised at his own indignation. "We will get one of the grooms to saddle our horses and we'll ride to the village this very day. We'll ride up and down and round about like a stage procession, so Celeste and Raoul will be sure to see us, and I hope they die on the spot."

"Die?" she repeated in some dismay.

"Didn't you say they would die of envy, if they saw you on a horse. To tell the truth I am so angry with them I don't care how they die."

She smiled, now knowing that he was talking nonsense, but feeling that she had enlisted a sympathetic champion. "I shall tell them the next time I see them that I have my First Communion dress packed away in my trunk to wear on Sundays, I cannot wear it every day."

"Don't you tell them anything," he

interrupted, pleased with his own conscious vexation; "I wouldn't speak to the little brutes. Can't they understand that a child with no mother has to tear her clothes? We'll buy some new stockings at the village store. That's another reason for riding down there at once. To kill Celeste and Raoul and to hunt up some stockings."

"But I haven't any money."

"Well, I have a little."

"But—but I couldn't let you buy them—"

"And why not?"

"Because—then—then I might seem like a real beggar."

"What a foolish reason. I'm going to give them to you for a birthday present."

"But, it isn't my birthday."

"What difference does that make? I'll give them to you to make up for the present I did not send you last year."

She was bewildered by this reasoning. "I—I am afraid my mother would not like it," she said.

"Your mother?"

"Why, yes. Of course my mother is dead, but I feel somehow that she is quite near me. She was a saint, you know, so good, so holy, and I am sure she likes you very much."

He was moved by this affectionate ghostly assurance. "Then I am certain that she would not mind my giving you a birthday present," he said convincingly. "You see it's only civil to remember people's birthdays. I'll expect you to remember mine."

"And when does it come?" she asked with eager interest.

"On the twenty-ninth of February," he answered promptly; "I never thought it was quite a fair deal to be born in leap year for the twenty-ninth only comes once in four years. But, if you don't remember it, Marie Antoinette, I don't know what I'll think of you."

"It's a long way off," she said regret-

fully. "I'll be nearly grown up when it comes."

"Four years!" he repeated. "I'll agree that four years is a longish time to wait for a birthday. Since mine is so far away we will have to turn our attention to yours. Let us go to the stables and get busy. Good-bye, Mam' Chloe, your cookies are the best in the world. Why did you hold out on me when I was sick? Why didn't you send me up some on my tray?"

Mam' Chloe took her ponderous hands out of the dough she had been kneading. "I didn't have nothin' to say to those flighty trained nurses, Mistah Ned. They wouldn't give you nothin' but gruel when you were out of your haid. I nebba did take no stock in this new-fangled nussin'—starvin' a man when he's out of his haid."

"Well, I've come back to my head now," he said reassuringly patting her fat shoulder. "If you had nursed me, Mam' Chloe, I'm sure I wouldn't have wandered so far. You would have held me down. Your weight alone would have held me from skyrocketting in the clouds, for even the most imaginative could not think of you as flighty."

"I don't aim to be nothin' but fat," she said resignedly; "I reckon you ain't seen no lean cooks, Mistah Ned. Dar ain't no cooks dat knows dar business, dat stays lean."

"That's so," agreed Marie Antoinette with feminine tact. "The cook at the Rendezvous Café weighed three hundred. Mam' Chloe is right. No cooks stay thin."

"Then we ought to turn you into a cook at once," he said tenderly. "What about you, Marie Antoinette, would you agree to put on three hundred pounds, if we left you in the kitchen? Come, let's waddle to the stables and talk about it. I want to saddle my own horse to-day. I always saddled Conrad when he was a colt. He wouldn't let a stable

boy come near him. I want to see if he remembers me."

Carolina, from an upper window heard them laughing as they hurried through the box-bordered garden to the stable-yard and she remained standing behind the concealing curtains until she saw them mount and ride away. Marie Antoinette in her ragged sweater and short skirt, astride the tall grey mare, was a forlorn little figure, but she held her reins high, and her face was radiant with joy as she followed Eduard's lead through the scrolled iron gateway.

Carolina saw them turn in the direction of the village, and she was conscious of such a sense of relief that it seemed to produce a physical weakness. She groped her way to the chaise lounge by the bed and resting there she murmured some vague prayer of gratitude. She felt that Eduard had passed the crisis of his despairing grief. Marie Antoinette was leading him back to normal life, back to his old friends who would welcome him with warmth and unspoken sympathy, back to the tranquillizing atmosphere of the village where he had always found so many interests to claim his attention. For if she were the reigning sovereign, she had appointed him her minister of state, and, even in his boyhood, she had consulted him as to her plans for the welfare of her subjects. It had seemed to him a diverting game at first, but as he grew older he realized that her purpose was to establish his authority. The colony was her kingdom, she wanted her grandson to claim succession, and though he had always teased her about the presumption of her power, she had impressed him with a sense of responsibility towards many of the villagers who still lived as her tenants on her wide-reaching estate.

But the problem that faced Carolina at present had nothing to do with the

demands of her cottagers or the upkeep of her property; her mind was fixed upon rescuing Marie Antoinette permanently from Tante Felicé's tyrannical guardianship. She must hold the child until Eduard's stability of health was assured, and she must repay her in some way for the incalculable good she had already accomplished.

(To be continued.)

A Thirteenth Century Book of Etiquette.

BY S. F. DARWIN FOX.

IT is not a very large or important, but, from certain points of view, it is decidedly an interesting and often an amusing, branch of literature, classed under the head of "Books of Etiquette." An impression will be found to exist, even among those who in any way have given a thought to the matter, that we are chiefly indebted for the creation of such manuals to the polite and artificial period of powder and patches, periwigs and red heels; and, if not exactly to the very refined person of Lord Chesterfield, certainly to a century not dating farther back than the days of that punctilious monarch, Louis Quatorze. It smacks, therefore, almost of some literary hoax to hear from a worthy monk of the Thirteenth Century the strikingly familiar, almost stereotyped, admonition that when dining with friends we are on no account to speak with our mouth full, or loll with our elbows on the table, or eat hurriedly, or—a point which, by implication, it may be observed, ought to carry with it at least some satisfaction to those simple souls, who still believe in human progress—that we are not, openly at any rate, to pick our teeth with our fingers.

There can, however, be no doubt of the authenticity of Fra Bonvesin's "Fifty Courtesies of the Table," a

Thirteenth Century MS. which at present exists among the many treasures of the Ambrosian Library at Milan, until recently presided over by Mgr. Achille Ratti, now gloriously reigning as the Pope-King Pius XI.

Before approaching the purely social aspect of this interesting manuscript (a production in verse), the work, it should be noticed, has so far only attracted the attention of the few philological specialists to whom it is known as one of the earliest creations of purely Italian literature. Hallam, for instance, in his "Literary History of the Middle Ages," makes no reference to the work.

Bruce-Whyte, in his "Study of the Romance Languages," published in French some fifty years since, devotes a few paragraphs to the MS. He, however, in many points incorrectly interpreted the crabbed writing and strange orthography of Fra Bonvesin. More recently the MS., which to the Italians possesses, it can be understood, no small interest, has been examined and transcribed with minute care, and published at length by Biondelli in his *Studi Linguistici*.

Known, therefore, only to a few specialists, and, to our knowledge, never as yet "Englished" (as our old writers put it), there may be some interest in examining these fifty rhymed maxims or "courtesies" which, over six hundred years ago, Fra Bonvesin cautioned his readers to lay to heart when "dining out"; maxims, it will be observed, worthy of quite as much attention in the present day as they were in those distant centuries to which the much-vaunted "sweetness and light" of our modern megalopolitan culture, and the kindred amenities of "After-Christian" Democracy, would have seemed a hellish combination of Barbarism and Bedlam.

The little we know of Fra Bonvesin

of Riva shows him to have been a monastic schoolmaster with a marked turn for letters. To the students of early Italian literature, a local chronicle, as also a canticle to the Madonna, both penned by the pious monk, are known; but it is round his *De Quinquaginta Curialitatibus ad Mensam* that centres the chief interest connected with a writer who may be termed the Chesterfield of the Thirteenth Century. And here it may be remarked that quite as warmly as that worthy nobleman does the Milanese monk impress on his readers the necessity of being refined and well-bred, as we see by his very first verse, in which one is admonished, before eating to wash one's hands, and wash them gracefully:

Se tu sporzi a la man

Adornamente la sporze, guarda no sij villan.

"Do not," we are next told, "be in too great a hurry to take your seat at table before being invited; if you should find your place occupied do not make any disturbance about the matter, but politely yield." Once seated, one is above all warned not to neglect to say grace. "It is to the extreme gluttonous and vile, and showing great contempt of the Lord, to think of eating before having asked His blessing." Grace said, one is enjoined to sit decently at table, not with the legs crossed, nor elbows on the board.

"Do not," one is next recommended, "fill your mouth too full; the glutton who fills his mouth will not be able to reply when spoken to." One is further advised, when eating to speak little, because in talking, one's food is apt to drop or be spluttered. "When thirsty, swallow your food before drinking." "Do not dirty the cup in drinking; take it with both hands firmly, so as not to spill the wine." "If not wishing to drink, and your neighbor has dirtied the cup, wipe it before passing it on."

The fourteenth "Courtesy" is a

shrewd one; to beware of taking too much wine, even if it be good; "for he offends trebly that does so; against his body and his soul, while the wine he consumes is wasted." If anyone arrives during the meal, one is advised not to rise but continue eating.

The sixteenth "Courtesy" is noteworthy in its recommendation to those taking soup not to "swallow the spoons" while they are further admonished, if conscious of this bad habit, to correct themselves as soon as possible, as also of the breach of good manners in eating noisily. "If you should sneeze or cough, cover your mouth, and above all turn away from the table."

Good manners, one is told, demand that one should partake, however little, of whatever is offered; if, that is (the *proviso* is made), one is in good health. Do not, one is urged, criticize the food, or say; "this is badly cooked or too salt." Attend to your own plate, and not to that of others. Do not mix together on your plate all sorts of viands, meat and eggs; "it may," thoughtfully adds the writer, "disgust your neighbor." "Do not eat coarsely or vulgarly; and if you have to share your bread with anyone, cut it neatly if you do not wish to be ill-bred (*bruto*)."

"Do not soak your bread in your wine," for, remarks Fra Bonvesin (for the first time asserting his own personality), "if anyone should dine with me and thus fish up his victuals, I should not like it." The twenty-fourth "Courtesy" is a recommendation to avoid placing either your knife or spoon between your own plate and that of your neighbor. If with ladies, one is told to carve first for them; "to them the men should do honor." "Always remember if a friend is dining with one, to help him to the choicest parts." "Do not, however, press your friend too warmly to eat or drink, but receive him well and give him good cheer."

"When dining with any great man, cease eating while he is drinking, and do not drink at the same time as he; when sitting next to a Bishop" (bishops being thus alone mentioned, we are led to suppose were, even at this early date, distinguished for their social affability) "do not, however, drink till he drinks, nor rise till he rises."

"When eating" (with *homini cognoscenti*, adds the writer) "do not pick your teeth with your fingers"—Fra Bonvesin once again coming forward to express his personal disgust at the habit. "Do not," one is further admonished, "lick your fingers, which is very ugly and ill-bred, for fingers which are greasy are not clean, but dirty." The advice seems once again to be given not to speak with the mouth full, as one cannot under such circumstances do anything but stutter.

"Do not," one is advised, "tell at the table doleful tales, nor eat with a morose or melancholy air, but take care your words are cheery" (*comfortare*). "When at the table avoid wrangling and noisy disputes; but if anyone should transgress in this manner, pass it over till later—do not make a disturbance." "If you feel unwell at table, repress any expression of pain, and do not show suffering which would inconvenience those at table." "If you happen to see anything in the food that is disagreeable, do not refer to it."

"In handling your bowl or plate at table, place your thumb only on the edge." "Do not bring with you to the table too many knives and spoons, there is a mean"—in other words, Horace's *Est modus in rebus*. "If your bowl or plate is taken away to be refilled, do not send up your spoon with it." This injunction, it will be seen, carries with it the (by some) hotly disputed question whether, in sending up one's plate for what is understood as "a second helping," the knife and fork should be

retained in the hand, or accompany the plate. "To all these matters," adds the judicious writer, "pay attention."

"In eating do not put too much upon your spoon at one time, for not only will you thus give much embarrassment to your stomach, but you will, by eating too quickly, offend those sitting near." "If your friend is with you at table, be cheerful and continue to eat while he eats, even if you should have had enough before he has finished: he might otherwise, out of shame, stop before his hunger was satisfied."

Closely connected with this admirable piece of advice, applicable to all time, the succeeding admonition is interesting as illustrative of the customs of a period before electro-plate was to be found in every flat or tenement, when each guest carried at his girdle his own serving-knife, an indispensable piece of finery, generally as highly decorated as the owner's taste and means could afford. "When eating with others," remarks Fra Bonvesin, who has now reached his forty-eighth "Courtesy," "do not sheath your knife before everyone else at table has done the same." The penultimate admonition is most fitting. "When you have eaten, praise Jesus Christ for receiving His blessing; ungrateful indeed is he who neglects this duty." Fiftieth and last "Courtesy": "Wash well your hands, and drink good wine."

Having thus rapidly glanced at the fifty recommendations of the excellent Fra Bonvesin, there remains one point to which attention should be drawn as not uninteresting. It is a feature worthy of remark that the writer's admonitions are clearly not addressed to what the theatrical Irishman is given to speaking of as "the height of the quality." Fra Bonvesin's "Courtesies" are not written for the Knightly or Patrician section of the society of his time, which

had its own favorite songsters and troubadours who reflected its own peculiar tastes and tendencies. On the other hand it is clear that Fra Bonvesin does not address the vulgar herd, which could scarcely have profited much by his good advice. The Lombard monk plainly addresses himself to that "Middle-Class" which we see slowly emerging into separate life with the Thirteenth Century. Something of the refinement of the castle-hall was slowly influencing the *Bourgeoisie*, which till now can scarcely be said to have been recognized, but which from this time is to inaugurate an epoch of social upheaval and progressive anarchy (as Auguste Comte alone among non-Catholic sociologists, had the honesty to see and the courage to point out)—an epoch not yet ended.

A Noble Act.

SIR RICHARD BURTON was dead, and his widow needed money. The MS. of "The Scented Garden" lay before her. The author had prepared it in a purely scientific spirit (as his devoted wife firmly believed); and had spent long years of labor upon it, declaring it the greatest of his many works. Lady Burton was offered \$30,000 for the MS.; and to most persons, perhaps every guinea of this handsome sum would have been an argument for its scientific value. But the work was grossly immoral, and the owner knew this. We will let her tell in her own words how the temptation was met:

"I said to myself, 'Out of fifteen hundred men, fifteen will probably read this in the spirit of science in which it is written; the other fourteen hundred and eighty-five will read it for filth's sake, and pass it on to their friends, and the harm done may be incalculable.' . . . I sat down before the fire after dark, to consult my own heart, my own head.

How I wanted a mother! My head told me that sin is the only rolling stone that gathers moss. . . . I laid the MS. on the ground before me—two large volumes. Still my thoughts were: Was it sacrilege? It was his *magnum opus*,—his last work, that he was so proud of, that he was to have finished on the awful morrow—that never came! Will he rise up in his grave and curse me or bless me? The thought will haunt me to death. But Sadi and El Shaykh El Nafzawih (authors of the original Arabic work of which 'The Scented Garden' was a translation), who were pagans, begged pardon of God, and prayed not to be cast into hell fire for having written it; and implored their friends to pray for them to the Lord that He would have mercy on them. And then I said, 'Not only not for six thousand guineas, but not for six million guineas will I risk it.' Sorrowfully, reverently, and in fear and trembling, I burnt sheet after sheet until the whole was consumed."

There are worldly-wise people who would say that Lady Burton did a foolish thing, and possibly some theologian could be found who would have allowed her to accept the money, arguing that if "The Scented Garden" were not read in a scientific spirit, it would be no fault of Lady Burton's; that the work would probably be translated by another hand, anyway; that the price of the MS. was a positive need, and the result apprehended from its publication only an accidental evil; and so forth and so on. However, plain, practical Christians will hold that Lady Burton performed a noble act.



TO-MORROW never becomes to-day, nor does presently become now. Through this evil custom of saying "to-morrow," "presently," each "to-day" and each "now," when present, brings forth a new "to-morrow" and another "presently."—*The Spiritual Combat*.

High Costs and Schools.

BY P. J. C.

RED schoolhouses no longer symbolize primary education. It has moved into many-mansioned secular temples wherein its young votaries are ministered to by a well-paid priestly caste that exacts every material addition to express the rounded ritual for conferring the sacrament of mundane knowledge.

Leaving figures for facts, educational people have come to think of learning and culture in terms of comforts, conveniences, fads; new, expensive helps to learning, not learning itself. Thinking high and living lowly is a lost slogan. The plan of primary education is no longer identified as the simpler provisions of Government for boys and girls to secure the sound beginnings of knowledge and culture. Of late, school systems have been responding to every call of insistent human nature. Needs unthought of hitherto have been created by educational specialists to be satisfied at the expense of taxpayers: nurseries and nurses, fosterage and foster-mothers, gymnasiums and gymnastic instructors, bands and band masters, glee halls and gleemen, social hours and social matrons, head specialists and football instructors, swimming pools and swimmers, playgrounds and play teachers, neurologists and inhibitionists. You may think of more. The specialists, however, have been at it a long time, and you will find it not easy to discover a new world.

We have muddled children with a multitude of class subjects; have made them artificial and loud and conceited by pandering to imaginary needs; have helped them to be aristocratic and demanding by ministering to comforts which make dull and pale the simpler joys of childhood. The American grade school system should retreat to an earlier time when school children were self-serving.

Our educational advance along all lines has been toward an aristocratic pauperism. The State has assumed a fathering and a mothering relationship over homes and families. People who have profited from many-laned, devious, perplexing school systems are loath to see the cutting away of routed areas which will cut them away too. Naturally.

It is one of the mistakes—one of several—of persons who work in education, to act as if a signpost of direction must be set up at every turn, a crier placed before every door to force the seeker to become a finder. The work of getting an education should be in part adventure. We need guides, but we can be over-guided. Reaching for something, handed out, as it were, over a counter, assorted and valued, is not seeking and finding. It is taking and keeping.

Mind works best when it is undistracted by comforts that soften physical living. This is a dogma of thinkers, ancient and recent. It may be thought that all this suggests sending children to school unfed, poorly clothed and shod; that they must beg or borrow school books in order to gather in elementary learning. There is ample space, however, for modification which stops far short of the hard way of the traditional "poor scholar." Free school-supplies, books, transport, libraries, games, rest rooms, dispensaries, and so on indefinitely, might be omitted or curtailed, and the school boy and girl would yet be far from the lowly station of a seeker in rags.

Perhaps it all comes as a result of easy, prosperous, moneyed years. People do not feel the pinch of giving when they abound. So communities in local pride built palatial schools; equipped them with the "last word" in every material addition; manned them with specialists, who designed educational fashions and fitted them to children. Likely our diminished bank balances will put an end somewhat to scholastic fashions in our schools.

Notes and Remarks.

Here is a study in ups and downs: Senator Heflin gone, forgotten; Clarence True Wilson, Bishop Cannon, Jr.—you remember the Bishop—doing a fade-out with Prohibition. Great days, were they not, their kingly days! Bishop Cannon assaulting and capturing the strongholds of Democracy in the South; Senator Heflin making Roman holidays in the Senate. They are gone, those days. And then Alfred E. Smith. Denied the Presidency of the United States for reasons given in whispers, he was not thrown down by a defeat which will always be remembered as the Black Plague of our political annals. He stood, an upright column, amid the ruins of his hopes. He kept his dignity, his self-respect, his soul. He did not use the dagger to end it all. He lost—and won. The University of Notre Dame bestowed her Lætare Medal that black year on the man who was called everything from an ignominy to secret enemy of the public schools.

Later—this year—the University of Harvard robed him in her scholastic garments, called off in classic phrases the services of the *Miles Felix*, presented him with her symbols of academic renown. Mr. Alfred E. Smith teaches the young men of this nation—who sadly need the lessoning—that a man may lose and yet win. Faith, honor, self-respect, honesty—these things belong to us intimately. The taking from us by secret pacts and assurances the presidency of the United States cannot take these away. They belong to the substance of us. Bishop Cannon, Clarence True Wilson, Senator Heflin, Senator Moses—file them side by side. They kept, or helped to keep, a man who came from New York's sidewalks out of the nation's First House where, very likely, he would have made a record equal to the nation's best chiefs. If doing that be—as has been asserted—the great

harvest of their lives, then Bishop Cannon, Clarence True Wilson, Senator Moses, Senator Heflin are welcome to their sheaves.

A Chicago woman, Methodist for a century, has become a Catholic. She is Miss Levina Tarbell, born in Chicago, May 25, 1833. Some time ago she was received into the Faith in St. Ambrose Church in her native city by Father Thomas J. Reed. A hundred years a Methodist, and then turning Catholic! Methodists will not like that. One church is as good as another, they will remind her. Why not stay where she was? Even assuming that one church might be as good as another, it may happen that a person will like the One. At any rate, that is what Miss Tarbell seems to think.

One thing that everybody appears to like about President Roosevelt and Postmaster-General Farley is the neighborly way in which they have interested themselves in our problems. They do not sit away off in the distance like so many shadows talking to us about problems which we do not understand through the medium of some commission or other, the membership of which we know little about. Whenever the occasion warrants, President Roosevelt and Postmaster Farley talk to us themselves in language which we can all understand upon the problems which happen to be threatening us at the moment. A good example of that personal direction is the warning which Postmaster-General Farley recently sent out against the high pressure artists who are at present flooding the mails with promises of inside tips on the market. Of course, the "get-rich-quick" scheme is sure to have its appeal at any time, but the danger is particularly grave right now when these fakers can build up such an attractive and convincing picture of what can be done by getting in on certain low-priced stocks and presumably

riding them to a fortune. Postmaster Farley wants to know the names of these sharpers so that their activities can be properly checked. Therefore, he requests anyone who has been victimized, or even dishonestly solicited, to send their complaints to him personally or to the Federal Trade Commission at Washington. A little activity from either of these sources will soon put an end to those deceptive and often criminal activities which are continually being carried on behind the protective secrecy of our First Class mail service.

Here is a bit of drama. A native of the Kenya Colony, Africa, became impaled on the horn of a rhinoceros, and hung therefrom dying. It all happened at the end of a day's hunting. The huge beast, weak from bullet wounds, lay on the ground, dead to all appearances. The native hunters, who should have known better, went too near. The rhinoceros, not as dead as he seemed, leaped up, charged and bored his horn through one of the hunters; then fell back, really dead this time. A missionary Father, fearing the unfortunate native would be dead before he could be freed from the horn, baptized him where he hung impaled. It would seem in this case as if death were the door to conversion. At all events we may interpret it so.

Governor Murray of Oklahoma is nothing if not frank in his opinions. That frankness has repeatedly gotten him into what might be called boiling water, yet he still continues to say what he thinks on all questions of importance and in spite of all opposition. Nor has that persistency hurt his reputation. We may not always agree with Governor Murray; but it is something in these days when an officeholder, in spite of all party pressure, says what he has to say or does what he has to do without straining his opinions or actions through the sieve of political expediency.

We are thinking now of those dishonest and unpatriotic politicians who before elections gum-shoe around looking for Catholic votes on the grounds that they themselves happen to be Catholics, and then when in office refuse even to consider the possibility of any Catholic appointments because of the very same reason. Contrast the chameleon-like attitude of these despicable creatures with the honest and straight-forward expression of Governor Murray on the question of private schools, an opinion by the way which will not add to his vote-getting qualities at the next election. Here is what he says:

If there were only the tax-supported State schools, the people would head straight for atheism and would lose all sight of God. We must have religious schools. Religion is the foundation of the greatness of every nation. It gives men patriotism, integrity, morality and honesty. History shows that no nation can survive without it, and you will find Godlessness in the ruins of every nation that once was great. We would have nothing to fear in the present crisis if we would become more religious.

Catholics seldom inquire about the religious affiliations of those with whom they do business. Nor should they. Ordinarily, unless for some special reason, goods should be purchased in the field of open competition on the basis of quality and price and the customer's need. There are occasions, however, when Catholics have a right to deny certain individuals the privilege of even soliciting their business. One such case came to our attention the other day. The Midland Chemical Laboratories of Dubuque, Iowa, manufacture soap and other cleansing compounds which they sell to Catholic institutions, even going so far as to reserve space for exhibits at the conventions of the Catholic Hospital Association of the United States and Canada. At the same time, according to the *Western Watchman*, the president of that company, Mr. L. O. Hill-yard, is describing himself on business

stationery as one of the sponsors of what he calls the "Rutherford educational program." If the directors and stockholders of the Midland Chemical Laboratories are satisfied to allow their two-sided president to continue his present activities, they are free to do so. They can hardly object, however, if Catholic buyers refuse in the future to purchase the goods of an organization, part of the profits of which go into financing the activities of an anti-Catholic campaign.

Officers in command of two Restoration Camps—Camps No. 1 and No. 21,—in the vicinity of Copake Falls, N. Y., provide trucks to take the Catholic workers to Mass every Sunday in Copake Falls. Confessions are heard before Mass, and many of the young men receive Holy Communion every Sunday morning. Check this to the credit of the Commanders. There is concern felt in many quarters about the moral strain on young men away from home, beyond direct parental control. The fact is, there seems less danger to youthful morals when youth works for a daily wage than when youth is stretched out like a lizard below a warm sun on a sandy beach watching waves and lake-side nymphs.

Another distinguished convert from Protestantism, who was recently received into the Church by Father Ronald Knox, is Mr. Arnold Lunn, a well-known and widely-read English author. Mr. Lunn, it appears, made a valiant struggle to hold his ground before finally submitting to the Church. He wrote one book, "Roman Converts," in which he tried to prove that men like Newman, Knox and Chesterton joined the Catholic Church for temperamental reasons rather than through logical conviction. This volume was hailed by many of his co-religionists as a great triumph against the Church of Rome.

It will be interesting to know what these men will now have to say since their one-time hero has added his name to the list of Roman converts. Some time ago Mr. Lunn carried on a correspondence with Father Knox regarding the claims of the Catholic Church, and these letters were published later under the title "Difficulties." In the Introduction he says: "My efforts to entangle him (Father Knox) in a mating net have failed; the Roman Bishop has not yet been forked by the Protestant Knight." Stanley James, writing in the *London Catholic Times*, says: "Humanly speaking, Mr. Lunn's conversion is due to his perception of the reasonableness of the Catholic position, and he is probably one of those whose intellectual conversion has preceded their actual reception by some time. Like Dr. Orchard, he seems to have conceded most of the essential points without taking the practical step to which such concessions pointed."

Bishop Thomas J. Toolen, of Mobile, Ala., projected a new kind of "drive" recently. It was not a money drive of which we had many before banks declared extended holidays. Bishop Toolen's drive was for lost sheep—"the fallen-aways"; those absent, not accounted for. It was an intensive search seemingly. Incomplete reports indicate 1,481 families visited, numbering 5,745 members. Net results to date: 275 baptized, 800 odd received the Sacraments; more than 100 marriages validated. And during the past year 600 converts were received into the Church in the diocese of Mobile. This is surely Apostolic work. To pursue and bring back those sheep that have strayed, to welcome in those that have never been folded, is carrying out the mandate, following the example of the Good Shepherd. We do not know how high Bishop Toolen's rating on the subject of ecclesiastical architecture; whether his churches have naves, apses, chancels,

and so on; or whether he is content with walls, a roof and worshippers. At any rate, his pursuit of strays is inspiring; the results of the pursuit gratifying. He may not have apses and naves in most of his churches. He seems to want people and gets them. Which was what we started out to say, but got lost in the chancel. Or was it in the apse?

Mlle. Simone Suprin, former French actress, is reported from Paris to be in Trinidad nursing lepers as a Dominican nun. Another Frenchwoman of stage fame, Mlle. Suzanne Delorme, has joined the Dominicans also, and is now in the convent of Pancier, Switzerland, the prioress of which is the widow of the French actor, Paul Adam. Mlle. Simone Suprin showed no grandeur in her card asking for admission. "I would pass my life in the most humble occupations; sweep the convent, if you will do me the honor of admitting me for the salvation of artists." In Trinidad, among her lepers, she prays for her fellow players of the theatre. Mlle. Suprin is called Sister Elizabeth; Mlle. Delorme has as her religious name, Sister Thérèse of the Sacred Heart. This is written to indicate that not all the roads out of Hollywood lead to Reno.

Mr. James E. Armstrong, Alumni Secretary of the Alumni Association, University of Notre Dame, calls attention to a Note in THE AVE MARIA which quoted Mr. Walter Winchell's strictures on the picture, "Another Language," in which Miss Helen Hayes had a feature part. Mr. Armstrong saw the picture, and assures THE AVE MARIA there was no scene in which Miss Hayes appeared as a "semi-nude," as suggested by Mr. Winchell. In compiling Notes and Remarks, we do not have the time or facilities for the deep-sea soundings of scientific research. Undoubtedly some of our sources are false or faulty. We are sorry when they are. In this

case we are glad the wells were poisoned, preferring to be wrong rather than that Miss Hayes had stepped down from her ideal. We are pleased also to learn that Mr. Armstrong is a close reader of THE AVE MARIA and drops in to view the better pictures. If he had not read his AVE MARIA, had not seen "Another Language," Miss Hayes might be thought of less highly by our readers. Than which nothing is further from our intent. Mr. Armstrong has corrected us suavely—as he can. We feel like erring again just to hear from him. *Felix culpa.*

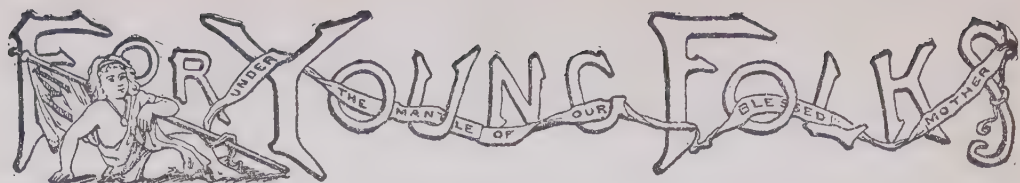
England has not only baseball; it has an "All Catholic" baseball team. The "All Catholic," composed of members of St. Oswald's (Liverpool) branch of the Catholic Young Men's Society, has not been beaten to date, and is to play in the final for the Lancashire Baseball Cup. It is a hopeful sign of better relations with the Empire, this adoption of our professional, highly expensive sport by the people of Great Britain. Our representatives at this, and especially at future London conferences, may escape from the hot and stuffy atmosphere of the Council Chamber and go to the London baseball park. Perhaps over popcorn and lemon soda, while watching London play Liverpool for first place, they may induce English and French representatives to pay what they owe, and not to think less of us.

Not the least of the lessons taught by the recent feat of General Balbo's fleet of silver-winged aeroplanes is the fact that we have by no means corralled the mechanical brains of the world. And that, in spite of the marvellous displays now on exhibit at the Century of Progress. A further evidence of Italian participation in such genius comes to us by way of a news item from Vatican City which tells of a new water-power plant which has been installed there under the supervision of Count

Franco Ratti, nephew of His Holiness and President of the Central Council of Vatican City. The plant, which provides water both for irrigation and for extinguishing fires, is said to be the most perfect in Europe if not in the whole world. Apparently the Italian character is broad enough to sustain a mechanical genius of a high order without in any way interfering with that musical genius for which the nation is so justly famed.

Fathers and mothers held a meeting in Puebla, Mexico, to discuss plans for combating the projected instruction in sexual matters in public schools and colleges. One of the students addressed the meeting, and declared that the State was using this means to uproot modesty and honesty from students who do not distinguish between vice and knowledge. Another student said the teachers are not capable of teaching the subject because they themselves are not moral. This country and Mexico and certain other countries, need a lessoning on purity, not on sex. There should be one lecture. The subject—"Blessed are the clean of heart."

Catholic societies drowned out by waves of protest a "bathing beauty contest" in Pittsburgh. It was to be the prime—not to say primatial—attraction of the August 7 picnic. The gadders and the morons and the suburban beauty fanciers and the young swains were invited to attend and contribute admiration and unattached change. Then the committee in charge announced that the parade of mermaids was called off. The mermaids may attend, but must appear in their usual clothes. We congratulate the Catholic societies of Pittsburgh for heading off the parade. We need just that kind of Catholic Action all summer long, to keep promoters from making a living on girls who seem wanting in the modest sense. And perhaps in every other kind of sense.



The Cow.

BY R. B. L.

I SAW the cow and heard her "moo"
But couldn't tell which horn she blew,
Because there's no smoke with her note
As with the whistle of a boat;
But I've been told that cows can blow
Notes high, or medium, or low,
Depending on the horn they use
To give inflection to their "moos."
I wish the cow would let us know
Which horn that she intends to blow,
So when we're in the field at play
We wouldn't take her right of way.

Tim.

BY JAMES A. REID.

VI.—CLOUGHBARRY.

TIM thoroughly enjoyed his evening with the Sheehans, that is with Officer Sheehan and his son John. The rest of the family was spending a day on a picnic. There were ten in the Sheehan family, five of them being orphans to whom Officer Sheehan, out of the abundance of his heart and meagre salary, had given a home. This high charity was known only locally and never talked about, for the children made one happy family.

Naturally, Tim was asked question after question about the old home town. "Yes," said Mr. Sheehan, "all those I knew seem to have gone." His tone was one of regret.

"Except Father Downey," put in Tim.

"Except Father Downey. And that reminds me, he must be eighty-five to ninety now; and," this with a smile, "he died some sixty years ago."

"He did?" questioned John in a surprised tone.

"He did. As a young priest, just ordained, he came to Cloughbarry. He was delicate, got cold, and a number of times he was reported dead. Why, even if he did get over the attack of pneumonia, so everybody thought, he could not live long. But—"

"Please, Mr. Sheehan, they talk about that yet," Tim interrupted.

"Sure, the way to live to a ripe old age is to get some incurable disease and take care of it faithfully."

Tim and John laughed.

"Father Downey built that church at Cloughbarry—rather, Pat Shields did."

"They tell some sort of story about the building of that church, Mr. Sheehan," Tim suggested.

"It's been years since I thought about it," Mr. Sheehan replied. "Now, let me think a minute." He was buried in thought for several minutes. "Oh, yes, I think I've got it, or at least enough to try to tell it. Maybe you know it better than I do, Tim?"

"No, Sir, I'm sure I don't. I never could understand it all."

"Well, Cloughbarry had an old, tumbled-down shack of a church, and there was nothing pretty about it as there is something pretty about that tumbled-down shack in Athlone. Father Downey wanted a new church; but, everybody was poor. There was no money, and for that matter no men to do the work, at least that type of work. Everybody was working hard for even a poor living. But Father Downey was no dreamer, though many said that he went to the other world when he had been sick, and the rare vision was still upon him, so that he lived both in heaven and on earth. Be that as it may,

when he wanted something, he put his trust in prayer, and no one ever heard of his being refused.

"True, the church could have been patched up to last another couple of years, but Father Downey had decided to call on the power of prayer for a new church, so he told his people one Sunday morning at Mass, when the rain was seeping through the roof and the early spring winds were playing their cold pranks through the windows. There was a light in his eyes as he talked and a note of fervor in his voice. He seemed to see the new church close by the cemetery, some yards away. Your grandmother is buried there, Jack; Tim has seen her grave."

"It is a beautiful grave, Mr. Sheehan, with the wild roses, and the tender grass always green."

"The third day after the people had begun a novena for the new church, a stranger came to town. The rumor quickly flew around that this stranger was a man of wealth. He was supposedly a wealthy American, who years before, had gone from Ireland to America, making his fortune, and now had come back to the land of his birth to die with the sweet comfort of old friends and happy scenes. Like the tales in some storybooks, he was seeking his relatives, who, in spite of his old clothes, must welcome him warmly and thereby gain his fortune.

"When Pat heard the story, he laughed long and loud, yet with a sort of chuckling quietness that was as cheerful as the dawn of a happy morning, when the dew is on the grass, the birds singing, and all the world is joyously thanking God for all His benefits, though the times be hard and there is a touch of sorrow in the heart. Of course, Pat denied that he was a millionaire. That only increased the interest of the people in him. They were sure that he was still playing his part and playing it well, and that when he in his own

good time cared to reveal his wealth, there would be such wondrous gifts for all who had been good to him in his rags that want would never again darken their doors, or creep into their rooms, or snatch the crumbs from a bare table. When Pat begged for a bite to eat, be it ever so little, and asked for a place to sleep, even though in a barn, there was a rush of kindly hands to give him something to eat and to find him a place to sleep. The reward would be worth the trouble."

"And was he rich?" asked John.

"It was the hard time Pat had in convincing all the people that he was in truth what he said he was—a poor man wandering about to find work and food. He was ready to be on his way, when he found that wolves had already for some time been haunting the doors of nearly everybody in Cloughbarry. The day of his going was the eighth day of the novena. He changed his mind that day. Father Downey had seen him passing and spoke to him.

"'So my people have been fooled by your supposed wealth?' Father Downey could search a man's heart like no other priest in Ireland. Sure, there was no need, so some said, of telling him your sins in confession, for he knew them as though he were reading them from a bit of paper. In that one look, Father Downey was certain that Pat answered truthfully, when he said,

"'I am a poor man, Father, and have been these many years. Times are hard back where I came from—near Newcastle, as if to answer a question that had not been asked. It was not that I tasted poverty. The last of my sons—six in all—has gone to America, and the old place is a mere memory of sorrows. I turned my face from it, thinking I might find in some place the solace that comes to him who would have a song in his heart and a merry jest on his lips and a prayer for sorrows that change into joy.'"

"Father Downey was a practical dreamer. 'What type of work would you want?'"

"I am a true child of necessity, Father; I have tried my hands at different types of work, and it matters not what the day brings as long as I can live with the little that is enough for me."

"I want to build a church here, Pat, and you have been sent to do it."

"Pat looked at Father Downey with wondering eyes, but he seemed to see something that he understood, for he quickly answered, 'My feet have never wandered from my old home; now my last son has gone and I become restless. Here I am and when do we start?'"

"My people are poor," said Father Downey.

"And kind," replied Pat.

"Kindness cannot build churches, though prayer can."

"With the help of hard work, but it will be a joy to work for the Lord, for never a day have I been sick, or hungry, or thirsty."

"Sure, it was not long until the people said that Pat also had one foot in heaven and the other on earth. He was something of a dreamer of Father Downey's type, but he was also an amazingly steady worker."

"Stone for the new church was to be found on a hill close by. The labor of cutting it into such shape as would be suitable and handy was not altogether Pat's. True, he had a way of cutting that reminded one of Michael Angelo fashioning an old piece of marble into a beautiful statue. But Pat was more than a mere stonecutter. He was a teacher as well, and a teacher who made others happy to be taught. Soon all the men in Cloughbarry—in those days there were scarcely one hundred and fifty families—all the men would gather at the quarry of an evening, or some of them would come in an idle hour or two, sometimes more, of a day to help Pat cut the stone and carry

it to the site of the new church. The work was slow, but it was kept perfect under Pat's master hand. Slab by slab the stone went into place; like the building of a Medieval cathedral that took many years in rising to its majestic grandeur, the little church at Cloughbarry rose slowly.

"Now all the time Pat was singing, and every day new voices joined in his minstrel songs and sacred hymns, as fast as the words and music could be learned. Those were joyous days on the hill near the quarry, and still more happy down at its foot where the church was rising stone on stone."

"Pat had, indeed, brought riches to Cloughbarry; such riches that no one could have imagined. But there was one trouble to all the people: the windows and the altars and the statues, must not their beauty match the loveliness of the church itself? If the outside attracted the eye and held it rapt with attention, how much more should the interior be a tabernacle from front to back, and from side to side. The people were worried. Pat sang as usual as he worked, and his songs were merry. Father Downey, whose heart was one of love, and whose lips had never uttered an unkind word, for he walked with saints, was quietly serene and happy. He had a way of knowing about future things, and his confidence that God would take care of His new home was unshaken. The people saw, but only partially understood that prayer can make dreams come true. If they sorrowed in what was still to be done, and what they hoped would be done well, they worked hard, and realized that they loved the new church with a holy affection, for it had been the work of their hands."

"It was the eldest son of Pat's that made possible the fitting up of the church. Perhaps he did not mean that the money was to be so used, for how was he to know that in being a dutiful

son, his rainy-day fund for his father would be gladly sacrificed, and the rainy day would take care of itself. It was a large sum Pat's son had sent; large in those days, of course. Yet not so large when one remembers that America had smiled honestly on the labors of this faithful child of Erin.

"Five years the church was in building; and the old thought that he who serves God best serves himself best was even materially true in this case. The men had become finished stonecutters, and the stone found a ready market far and wide; they had also become expert masons and carpenters of no mean ability; they were masters of many trades. Hard times had gone to other doors.

"The day the church was opened, the Bishop came. When he saw the beauty of it all, he gasped with astonishment. For once, he who had a silvery tongue from which eloquence flowed with a charm that was truly inspiring, for once he could find no words to express what his eyes saw. He came for a day, but he stayed for a week. By the Sunday Mass, he found his tongue, and what he said was from the heart. 'I do not know what to say. This is the priceless gem of your labor. In all the world I doubt that there is another church—this is a tabernacle—that harbors the Living God with such beauty. In these modern days I did not believe that so matchless a work of art could rise to the skies. It is the most prayerful church that I have ever been in.'

"He said much beside, praising the people for their work of love and sacrifice, and it was sweet music to them to hear the place they loved given the glory it really deserved. Father Downey's face during the sermon was as always: sweet with quiet peace, though there was color upon it, for the spring sun was filtering through the stained-glass windows. Pat was lost in prayer, down under the choir loft.

"The windows with Celtic designs, the small marble altars, the oak pews, the new organ,—everything was an artist's dream come true. And the Mass that day was sung by the congregation with a gusto that angels would not have to lean down from heaven to hear.

"And that's the true story of the church at Cloughbarry," Mr. Sheehan concluded.

"It sounds unfinished, Dad."

"It does."

"Isn't there more, Mr. Sheehan?"

"There is."

"Go on, Dad, and hurry."

"What is to follow may sound like fiction. I don't know, I never heard. It may be true, it may be false. Fact or fiction, true or false, I'll tell the rest, if you want."

"Tell us, Mr. Sheehan, please."

"Yes, Dad, do."

"It was not long until a story grew up that Pat had a heart of gold. Then, it was remembered that he had sung thousands of times when he was working on the church. The people soon began to talk, and even openly, about Pat's mantle of song and cloak of gold. They believed that the church would ever be blessed; that some day another, or perhaps two others, would come to take Pat's place; that his mantle of song would in a great way fall on some one whose voice would capture the world; and that his heart of gold would come to some one who would be known for his great charity."

"Has that some one ever come, Dad?"

"I never heard. Did you, Tim?"

"No, Sir."

"There used to be a thrush's nest outside the church," continued Officer Sheehan, "I almost forgot that."

"Oh, please, Mr. Sheehan, a thrush's nest is still there, and they say it will sing, or other thrushes will sing, as long as the church is there; and it still looks like new," said Tim.

"It isn't clear yet, Dad."

"Like some prophecies. We don't see them clearly till they are explained. But, Pat's mantle of song and heart of gold will fall—where, when, we know not."

"But, what became of Pat?" questioned John.

"The story does not say. Do they know in Cloughbarry, Tim?"

"They say he must have been a saint, that's all." Then Officer Sheehan whistled.

"My, it's getting late, Tim! Quick, Jack, the machine."

The trip across town was rapidly made. Tim saw something of the great city by night. They reached Jersey City, and had no trouble in finding the O'Mara home. Tim rang the doorbell, Officer Sheehan and John keeping in the background. Aunt Anna herself came to the door.

"I'm Tim, Aunt Anna."

"Welcome," she said kindly, in a voice made even more kindly by sorrow—"and a thousand welcomes," as she took him in her arms and kissed him.

"Why, you're just like the mother," he exclaimed, wondering why there were tears in her eyes.

"Thank you, Tim, for that gracious little speech."

"Oh, Aunt Anna, this is Mr. Sheehan," pointing to him hiding in the shadows of the porch.

"Thank you, Mr. Sheehan, for being so kind to Tim."

"You can thank Tim, Mrs. O'Mara, for giving me one of the happiest days I have ever spent in Ireland since I came to this country."

"This is his son, John, Aunt Anna."

"I am happy to meet you," she said. "Won't you all come in?"

"We must be getting home," Mr. Sheehan answered. "But, with your permission, we'll be wanting Tim to visit us."

"He shall that at any time you want or he so desires."

"Thank you, Mr. Sheehan, thank you

a thousand times; and you, too, Jack."

"Good night."

"Good night."

Then Tim went in to meet the rest of the family. They greeted him with such wholesome smiles and made him feel so much at home, that he little dreamed of the failure that had fallen heavily upon them. Far into the night they sat, talking about the home across the sea. They were having an armchair visit to Ireland and enjoying it thoroughly. The smiles, the simplicity, the vivaciousness of Tim won their hearts at once. Was it Providence who had sent him to gladden their sorrowed lives?

Far into the night, too, a man was walking the deserted streets.

There was a sound of a clock striking one. The man walked on, his silent footsteps making no noise on the pavements. His eyes searched all about. Officer Sheehan, whose beat hours were during the day, was seeing that all was well. So he had done for many years. Night and day he protected those who were entrusted to him by law and, as he knew, by God. They were all his children; he loved them; and he lived for their welfare. "I couldn't go to sleep at night," he once said to another policeman, and he had said the same at home, "until I satisfy myself that all's well."

"Hello, Uncle Dan!"

"Hello, Mike!"

"All's well?"

"All's well."

"Good night."

"Good morning, Uncle Dan," Mike said, laughing.

"Well, good morning." Then, by way of a question: "Should I say my night prayers or morning prayers when I get home?"

"Both."

Was it that Pat Shield's mantle of song was to fall on Tim; and his cloak of gold on Officer Sheehan? Or had it already fallen?

(To be continued.)

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—The Oxford University Press announces for September "Patmore: A Study of Poetry," by Mr. Frederick Page. The book is based not only on the published verse, but also on the poet's hitherto unstudied notebooks.

—The New York Public Library has recently received a set of eleven copies of George Washington's biography in Dutch, published in Holland in 1805. Hendrik de Leeuw, author of "Cross Roads of the Java Sea" is the donor.

—A new and scholarly life of St. Albert the Great, by Father Hieronymus Wilms, published in Munich, in 1929, has recently been translated into English by Adrian English and Philip Hereford. The translators have added to their edition a number of notes and appendices. Published by Burns and Oates.

—Harvey O'Connor states in his latest work "Mellon's Millions," recently published by the John Day Company, that as late as the third year of the depression, industrial and banking interests owned by the Mellon family totalled \$2,492,290,443, and that the income from these investments amounted to sixty millions, making the Mellon fortune the largest in the United States.

—G. P. Putnam's Sons will publish in September "The South Sea Bubble," by Viscount Erleigh. The purpose of this volume is to remind the economists and statesmen, who are exceedingly upset over the affairs of the present day, that the world has survived similar financial orgies in other days, and will, without doubt, come out of the present panic chastened and more thoughtful.

—The recent auction of Lord Rosebery's library, which brought the substantial sum of thirty-six thousand odd pounds, seems to many book lovers to mark the end of the slump in the book business. Despite the fact that the dollar had lost much of its purchasing power, the choicest volumes in the collection were bought by Americans. Among the books were a fine series of Gray, first

editions, including the "Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eaton College," as well as books inscribed by Keats, Boswell, Byron, Pope, Richardson, Swift, Wicherly, and Christopher Wren. Dr. A. S. Rosenbach, who bought the First Folio of Shakespeare for more than fourteen thousand pounds, described the work as one of the twenty perfect First Folios in existence.

—"To write properly about Dante," says Signor Papini, in his latest work, "Dante Vivo," "one should be a Catholic, a Florentine and an artist." He then proceeds to give an appreciation of Dante, the man, of which work the *New York Times* says: "Signor Papini seems to take a ghoulish pleasure in reminding us of all Dante's spiritual shortcomings, so grave, indeed, as to awaken misgivings in his mind whether Dante is not even now in a place of punishment (a whole chapter is devoted to the question, 'Where is he now?'); that he was a headstrong, lecherous, envious man, overproud, a coward, forever complaining; that he was guilty of sacrilege in almost deifying a mortal woman, almost a heretic in siding with the condemned Joachim of Flores, and that he may even be suspected of practising the black art."

—"Bernadette, Child of Mary," by the Rev. Lawrence McReavy, M. A., a portrait rather than a biography, is a living, true and complete picture of the character of Bernadette Soubirous. The thousand and one questions which Catholics in general might ask about her are answered in this book. "What about her childhood? how did she think and speak about the apparitions? did she like to talk about them? was she a good Religious? what were her outstanding virtues? did she have any faults? did her Superiors hold that she was an exceptional member of the Community, and treat her as such? what did the other Religious think of her? how did she conduct herself when meeting dignitaries of Church and State?" One could multiply the questions endlessly, and yet find the answer to each

and every one in this study of Bernadette's character. We recommend the book unreservedly, for it is a worthy and informing contribution to the many books already written about this blessed child of the Mother of God. Publisher, Herder. Price, \$1.25.

—The "Secret Story of the Oxford Movement," published by Messrs. Skeffington, has these illuminating verses regarding the Revised Prayer Book which was rejected by Parliament: The Evangelicals speak:

A put-back-the-clock new Book,
A bring-in-the-Jesuit Book,
A plainly papistical, grossly sophistical,
Most anti-scriptural Book.

The "Anglos" speak:

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And now the Bishops speak:

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Our most diplomatical, anti-fanatical,
Protestant-Catholic Book.

—Too often one exceptional accomplishment of a man shadows his other notable attainments. That such may not be true of that remarkable leader of Catholic action in the Nineteenth Century, who is known to all the world as the founder of the St. Vincent de Paul Society, the Rev. H. L. Hughes, B. A., has written a thorough and enlightening biography, "Frederick Ozanam" (Herder; price, \$1.25). The tremendous influence for good which Frederick Ozanam has had on the world was due no doubt to his enthusiastic genius for work, backed by a brilliant mind. Fortunately his zeal, like that of St. Paul's, was exercised for God and fellowmen; happily also, while championing the cause of the Church, he was not unmindful of personal sanctity. He was indeed, as the historian Guizot states, "A man of letters of the first rank, a sincere and humble Christian, a true friend of Science and a doughty champion of Faith." But, he was far more. He was unmistakably great in any work he took up. This Father Hughes brings out well and justly in his study of Ozanam's varied talents and many achievements.

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Obituary.

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Reverend Michael Drain, Diocese of Portland.

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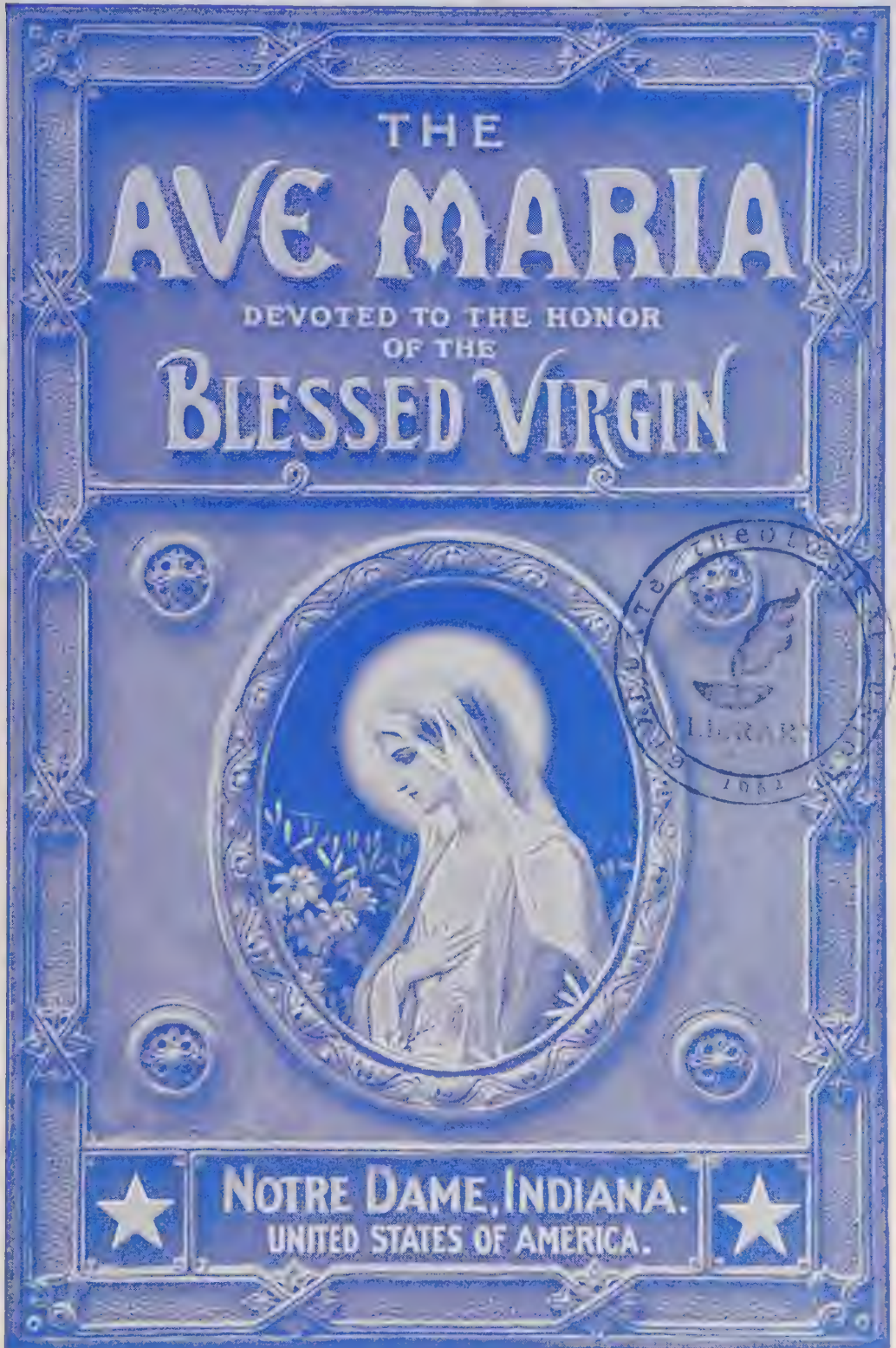
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CALENDAR OF THE WEEK

SEPTEMBER.

SATURDAY, 2.—St. Stephen, King of Hungary.
 SUNDAY, 3.—Thirteenth after Pentecost. St. Serapia, V. M.
 MONDAY, 4.—St. Rose of Viterbo, Virgin.
 TUESDAY, 5.—St. Lawrence Justinian, Bishop.
 WEDNESDAY, 6.—St. Antoninus, Martyr.
 THURSDAY, 7.—St. Regina, V. M. St. Cloud, Confessor.
 FRIDAY, 8.—Nativity of the Blessed Virgin.
 SATURDAY, 9.—St. Peter Claver, Apostle of Negroes.

Blessed is the man that heareth me and that watcheth daily at my gates.—PROVERBS viii, 34.



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HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, 1, 48.

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No. 10.

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Words for an Altar.

BY ELEANOR ALLETTA CHAFFEE.

THE wounded bird flies to thy breast,
Mary, spirit sweet:
To thy heart that heart is pressed;
What was so sure, so fleet
Is broken on the wind, the tide.
Mary, hear the cry
Where is left no scorn, no pride,
Whose prayer is but a sigh.
The wounded bird lies on thy breast;
Mary, who art kind,
Sorrow and fear are soothed to rest;
Thy smile his peace hath signed.

Our Century of Progress.

BY FLORENCE GILMORE.

CHICAGO is inviting the whole world to commemorate with her the marvellous progress which she has made during the past century; and at the same time to glory in the triumphs achieved by art, science and industry during the same feverish, eventful and all-too-often unhappy years.

Of us, Catholics, it is the thankful boast that in our own country, as in many a far-distant land, the years between 1833 and 1933 have been indeed a century of growth. The Church, little more than a mustard seed here a hundred years ago, has become a mighty tree, in spite of Know-Nothingism, the A. P. A. fever, and the Klu-Klux Klan;

although the immigrants who have enormously swelled our numbers have been almost without exception poor and often ill-instructed; despite the fact that wealth and success have wrecked the faith of many, and thousands more have been lost to the Fold in church-less country places.

Strangely enough, 1833 saw, not only the incorporation of the city of Chicago, but also the birth of the Church there. In May of that year, the first resident priest was sent to the straggling village on the shores of Lake Michigan.

Long before, the way had been slowly and laboriously paved for this beginning. The first white men who are known to have visited what is now Chicago were Fathers Marquette and Joliet. This happened in 1673. The following year Father Marquette offered the Holy Sacrifice there: Chicago's first Mass. Other missionaries—Jesuits, Franciscans and members of the Foreign Mission Society of Paris—came and went to minister to the Indians of the neighborhood and to chance white men. Then, once again and for long years, all was silence. France's power in the New World had been broken, and the Protestant English colonies were not only far away but intent upon other interests.

Some years after the close of the Revolutionary War, the United States Government acquired from the Pottawattomie Indians a small tract of land at the mouth of the Chicago River, and built there a military post which was called

Fort Dearborn. Soon travelling missionaries found their way to the spot as of old; but the Catholics were not satisfied with this. Illinois belonged to the diocese of Bardstown; and in 1833, they sent a petition to Right Reverend Joseph Rosati, Bishop of St. Louis and Vicar-general of Bardstown, asking for a priest of their own. In response, Father St. Cyr, young and newly ordained, was sent as pastor to the Catholics "inhabiting the town commonly called Chicago." The entire population then numbered about two hundred, of whom one hundred and twenty-eight were French Canadians and converted Pottawattomie Indians.

Father St. Cyr's first care was to improvise a chapel; but a permanent church was needed. A member of his flock offered to sell a lot to the congregation for two hundred dollars; but the price was higher than the poor Catholics could pay for ground alone. Soon, at a cost of four hundred dollars, a frame church was built on an unclaimed bit of ground, with the hope that when it was placed on the market the parishioners would be able to buy it. It was offered for sale only after Chicago's phenomenal growth had made a beginning, and the price asked was ten thousand dollars. The only possible solution was to move the church to a cheaper and less desirable lot.

In 1837 a second priest was sent to Chicago; but it was quickly evident that two resident priests were more than the Catholics could support, so Father St. Cyr returned to St. Louis. Some years later Chicago was made the seat of a bishopric; parish schools were opened, more and more of them; academies and a university were founded; orphanages and hospitals were soon caring for scores and then for hundreds. The diocese became an archdiocese; and still it grew, becoming one of the most populous in the world. At last, it was

supremely honored as host to our Eucharistic King.

The handful of Catholics who formed Father St. Cyr's flock are now represented by well over a million; his one parish by upwards of two hundred and fifty. There are in Chicago two Catholic universities, three colleges for women, thirty-six high schools, twenty hospitals, orphanages, day nurseries, social centers, and charitable organizations of every kind. A century of progress seldom equalled in the long and glorious history of the Church! And meanwhile, through the length and breadth of the land, the story was being repeated, with differences of detail but the same sort of dénouement.

A century ago St. Louis had for seven years been the seat of a bishopric—a bishopric which comprised all the northern part of the Louisiana Purchase, including Arkansas. It had already a struggling school under the direction of the Religious of the Sacred Heart; four Sisters of Charity had just come to open the widely known Mullanphy hospital; a Jesuit novitiate had been opened at Florissant, and was under the direction of Father Charles van Quickenborn, who not only acted as novice master, but was pastor of the village and head of a school for Indian boys. History is silent as to how he used his leisure hours.

It was in 1834 that what is now known as the "Old Cathedral" was consecrated; a beautiful church to this day. A diocesan census, taken five years later, showed a Catholic population of 31,500; ten years ago St. Louis' Catholics numbered 425,600; figures which speak for themselves. God has builded His house on the banks of His mighty river.

In Cincinnati, a hundred years ago, an ordinance forbade the erection of a Catholic church within city limits. Bishop Flaget of Bardstown, who had jurisdiction over Ohio as well as sev-

eral other States, on his first visit to Cincinnati, celebrated Mass in a private home, but strongly urged the erection of a church. Money being scarce, help was secured from the East to buy ground at Vine and Liberty Streets, outside the boundaries of the corporation. Logs cut in Kentucky were rafted to Cincinnati, and carted by oxen to the lot; and in 1822 a small, unadorned church was built.

Soon afterward Edward Fenwick was named first Bishop of Cincinnati; a bishopric rich in one church in the city's suburbs and a make-shift episcopal residence at a long distance from it. When the unfair ordinance regarding Catholic churches was withdrawn the little cathedral was placed on rollers and drawn by oxen to a site adjoining the present church of St. Francis Xavier on Sycamore Street. Bishop Fenwick having received the gift of a printing press, *The Catholic Telegraph*, one of the oldest Catholic papers in the United States, sent forth its first edition in 1831.

The zealous Bishop's flock was widely scattered throughout an almost roadless country; and he travelled much, afoot, on horseback, and by stage. An epidemic of cholera, in 1832, made his work still more laborious; and worn by fatigue, he fell victim to the plague, and died after a short illness.

His successor, Bishop Purcell, was consecrated in 1833, and reached his diocese to find there only one church—the small cathedral. Four Sisters of Charity were in charge of an orphanage and school. Such was his heritage. When he died, fifty years later, Cincinnati had been the seat of an archbishopric for upwards of thirty years; and in the city alone there were thirty odd churches and 85,000 Catholics. The succeeding years have seen a steady if a less spectacular growth. Sturdy pioneers like Bishop Fenwick cast the seed which

thousands now reap with joyfulness.

The whole world knows how large and vigorous is the Church in New York. In 1833 its bishop was a Frenchman, John Dubois, who had been a fellow student of Robespierre, had been one of the emigré priests of the French Revolution, and was destined soon to have the privilege of ordaining the Venerable John Nepomucene Neumann, who became Bishop of Philadelphia, and may be the first of our saints. When he was consecrated there were slightly more than 20,000 Catholics in New York City; two or three churches there and a few in other parts of the diocese. All were served by the Bishop and ten or twelve priests. In 1832 an epidemic of cholera swept over the city. Three thousand persons, many of them Catholics, died between July and October.

As for Boston, for many years after the foundation of the city, it boasted that there was not one Papist in or near it. In 1732—two hundred years ago—the *Weekly Rehearsal* carried this alarming news item: "We hear that Mass has been performed in Boston this winter by an Irish priest among some Catholics of his own nation, of whom it is not doubted that we have a considerable number among us." For many years after this, to the days of the Revolutionary War, when Washington himself put a stop to it, on every fifth of November the city regaled itself with a procession in which the Pope and the devil were featured as boon companions. It was held to commemorate the Gunpowder Plot.

At the time that Chicago received its first resident priest Boston had been the seat of a bishopric for twenty-four years, and Benedict Joseph Fenwick, a Jesuit, the second bishop, had been installed seven years before. When he reached his diocese, in 1825, he found one priest in Boston and one in Maine—no more than that in his vast territory.

Besides a modest cathedral he had but three churches.

Nothing daunted, Bishop Fenwick opened a seminary in his own house, prepared five young men for the priesthood, and ordained them about the time that Father St. Cyr was welcomed in Chicago. He opened a school in the basement of the cathedral, in which classes were taught by his theological students and a mulatto from the West Indies. In 1829 a Catholic paper was started. Its principal object was the defense of the Faith in a community where it was subjected to constant attack. During his twenty years in Boston, Bishop Fenwick accomplished wonders in firmly establishing the Church for the ever-growing number of Catholics, planting seed whose fruit may be seen to-day. Puritan Boston has become a stronghold of Catholicity, the seat of an archbishopric with a Cardinal at its head—such has been its century of progress.

Far to the South, New Orleans was old in 1833—old, but not exactly flourishing. It had seen the famed discoverers and pioneers, De Soto, Iberville and La Salle. It had known French and Spanish as well as American rule. Almost entirely French for many a year, after the Revolutionary War, people of Irish descent began to pour into the city. Englishmen and Germans, too, went there; and soon the atmosphere of the place was transformed. By 1830, New Orleans ranked in importance immediately after New York, Philadelphia and Boston, and was the greatest sugar and cotton market in the world. A church for English-speaking people became a necessity, the chapel in the Ursulines' convent and the old French Cathedral, which is still a familiar landmark, being the only places of worship within the city. So, in 1833, a site was acquired and a fine church, St. Patrick's, was built.

The year, 1833, was one of sickness and death in the ordinarily gay southern city. Both cholera and yellow fever raged, and the slender ranks of the priesthood suffered cruelly when several of their band fell victims to their zeal in ministering to the plague-stricken. Bishop de Neckere, who had been head of the diocese for only a few years, was in poor health at the time and had gone to a convent at Convent, Louisiana, with the hope of growing stronger. When the epidemic broke out he at once returned to New Orleans, and worked indefatigably among the sick until he himself was stricken. After an illness of ten days he died.

In November of that direful year, although the epidemic still raged, a band of Sisters of Charity set out from Emmitsburg, Maryland, to take charge of the Charity Hospital at New Orleans. That they were heroic did not occur to them.

Certainly, the century has brought almost unbelievable progress to the Church in this country. Her children have doubled and trebled; so have the numbers of her churches, her schools, her charitable organizations: facts which call for deep thankfulness to the Giver of all good gifts, who has been so lavish in His generosity to this, a country discovered by a Catholic, explored by Catholics, and developed and upheld and fought for by Catholics to a far greater extent than is realized by unthinking or prejudiced non-Catholics.

It is a sad weakness in us, after all, that the thought of a man's death hallows him anew to us; as if life were not sacred, too,—as if it were comparatively a light thing to fail in love and reverence to the brother who has to climb the whole toilsome steep with us, and all our tears and tenderness were due to the one who is spared that hard journey.—*George Eliot.*

Carolina Abdicates.*

BY ESTHER W. NEILL.

X.—EDUARD GOES SHOPPING.

MARIE ANTOINETTE'S challenging need for a champion and her sudden desire for holeless stockings had caused Eduard to forget for the moment his reiterated objections to visiting the village.

He had watched his own case with sufficient professional interest to know that as his body regained some of its lost vigor, he was gradually returning to a more normal state of mind. Since death had passed him by, he must summon the courage to live. He could not remain forever self-excommunicated from all society. In some unconscious way Marie Antoinette's insistent optimism, her refusal to dwell on her past troubles or disabilities, and her compelling belief in his own desire for recovery had roused his youthful sporting instinct. He found himself recalling the advice of his old football coach that he had trained under at college, "The whole of life is a game. Play fair. No lying down on the job until the end. Buck up; buck up. Even in defeat you've got to buck up—smiling."

"Smiling? Could he ever smile? "Buck up," that is what he had refused to do. He had acted like a cowardly soul lost in the immensity of his sorrow. Now that he could reason with some ration-

ality, he knew that he had been exaggerating his neighbors' interest in his personal affairs. To the outside world his experience was commonplace in its frequency. How often the story of the faithless wife had been repeated in the history of the ages. Other men had endured the same humiliating grief before him. He must "buck up" like Marie Antoinette, and accept the healing influences of his present environment.

In a short time his friends, busy with their own marital problems, would forget his brief and broken marriage. Even now he knew that he could trust them to respect his reticence. He could depend upon these old neighbors not to hurt him by being unpleasantly inquisitive. If he could contrive to assume an attitude of callous resignation to the inevitable, he would be spared the pity from which he wished to escape. This first trip to the village would test his power to "buck up." He could not continue to live always in the isolation of a sick-room. To his own surprise he found himself silently acknowledging his gratitude to Marie Antoinette for so sensibly coaxing him from his selfish seclusion.

The day was perfect with sunlight and color, the sky intensely blue and cloudless, the woods glowing with autumnal flame, while the tall pines, shadowing the roadway, had scattered such deep deposits of needles that the horses'

* SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.—Carolina, who after losing her husband and son, and her grandchild had been threatened with yellow fever, left New Orleans and established a colony in her native State of North Carolina. Her grandson went to New York to study medicine and married without asking his grandmother's consent. She cast him off. Later, when his wife deserted him he returned home, and for weeks lay seriously ill. Then appeared Marie Antoinette, the niece of the village Curé. Her simplicity and her cheery wholesomeness seemed to wake him up. Marie

Antoinette had a "spot" on her lung, and Dr. Grogé determined to cure her as she, he thought, had brought him back to life. Marie had told him that two of the village children had taunted her because she was poor. This angered Eduard, who decided to ride into town with Marie Antoinette, and make the children "drop dead with envy." In the meantime Carolina had gone to the Curé and insisted that Marie Antoinette must not return to her cruel Tante Felicé, but should remain in the mountains indefinitely. This she asked wholly in the interest of her grandson Eduard.

hoofs were silenced by this fragrant surfacing. Marie Antoinette, riding so happily by Eduard's side, gossiped gaily of the trifling happenings of the village.

"You must stop and look at Mathilde Alençon's garden," she was saying. "She has planted two rows of dahlias on either side of the fence. I think she must be crazy to plant some of the dahlias on the outside, because everyone who passes that way tramples them down."

Eduard took off his visored cap to cool his forehead, and breathed in the fresh mountain air with a new sense of well-being. "All of us are a little crazy, Marie Antoinette," he said. "If you ask me, I think we are all a little crazy."

"Oh, no," she protested, "I do not think you are crazy, Mr. Eduard."

"You don't know me, Marie Antoinette," he smiled; "you really can't guess how crazy I have been. Pull your reins a little tighter; keep your feet in the stirrups. We are getting into the village, and you must hold yourself like a proud peacock. We may meet Raoul and Celeste any minute. Do you suppose, if they fall dead, it will be my duty to get off my horse and resuscitate them?"

"I don't know what that big word means," she answered curiously, as if he was propounding some sort of humorous conundrum. "I really wouldn't want them to die you know," she added charitably. "I like their mother; she has been very kind to me."

"And what has she done?" he asked with some interest.

"She gave me five cents to put on the collection plate one Sunday. Phil Alençon, who passes the plate, never stops at my seat when he goes down the aisle. I suppose he knows I have nothing, so it was pleasant to hold out my hand and surprise him."

He looked pityingly down upon the small, shabby figure on the tall horse beside him. "Phil Alençon is another crazy one," he said with conviction, "he should bow to you as he passes; he

should bow so low that his silly head should bump the floor, because you have so much."

She stared up at him and almost dropped her reins in her bewilderment. "Why—why, I haven't anything," she said. "And it would be foolish for Uncle François to give me money to put in the collection plate because he would just have the trouble of counting it all over again."

"Counting money is supposed to be a joyful job, Marie Antoinette," he said, trying to hold his prancing horse down to the slow gait of the gentle mare that the child was riding. "Most people would consider it a most joyful job. But, you have lots of things more important than money. You are very rich with happiness and cheer, youth and health. You're getting fat, Marie Antoinette. As a patient you have given me complete satisfaction."

"I'm glad I'm well again," she said; "I guess the spot on my lung has faded away, but it makes me sorry, too, for I may have to go home. I would like to stay here forever. I would rather live with Uncle François than go back to Tante Felicé."

"Go back!" he exclaimed. "You'll never go back—we'll see to that. She will never get you again; you may be sure of that. Tante Felicé is another crazy one; too crazy to know that she is cruel—that's the best I can say about her."

The child pulled excitedly on her reins bringing her horse almost to a stand still. "Do you really think she will let me stay?" she asked eagerly. "Who will tell her that I would like to stay?"

"I'll write to her."

"When?"

"As soon as I can get off a letter."

"But—but she doesn't know you."

"I'll introduce myself."

"But how?"

"I'll tell her I am the most powerful doctor of all time, a wizard, a maker of

magic, a producer of thunder, lightning, hail and brimstone, casting evil spirits on all those who do not obey me."

"She wouldn't believe you," she said with a regretful shake of her head; "Tante Felicé does not like fairy stories. She wouldn't believe in charms and—curses."

"I said nothing about cursing, Marie Antoinette," and he attempted a note of reproof in his tone; "but since you suggest it, I may adopt such ungentlemanly methods if all other means should fail us. I think I might enjoy cursing Tante Felicé. There is safety in distance; New Orleans is a long way from here. If what you tell me about the family exchequer is true, she cannot afford to come and get you, for railroad fare is quite expensive."

"Perhaps not," she said with a sigh of relief. "I hope she cannot come, and then I'll stay here forever."

The conversation came to an abrupt end, for they had reached the village store by this time, and the proprietor, Louis Le Page, sitting in tranquil ease on an upturned strawberry crate, on his small front porch waiting for customers, rose in some excitement when he saw them approaching. Eduard's coming had always been heralded in the village with more joy than even Madam Grogé's appearance. He was the lord of the manor, the heir to a fabulous fortune, but he was affable, kindly, pleasantly democratic, while his grandmother was an imperious monarch, questioning even the business methods of her harried subjects.

"*Bon jour*, Monsieur Eduard," cried the fat little man, holding the reins of Eduard's horse to allow this promising customer to dismount. "I am delighted to see you looking so well and strong. You gave us all a fright coming home from New York to die. The city is no place for young men to live—such dirt, such dust, such cold. This is wonderful weather we are having. Some frost in

the mountains, but here in the valley the roses are still in bloom. I suppose there is snow and ice in New York. What a place to live! Who should want to live there? It is worse than New Orleans; such bustle, such confusion, such crowds. I went there once to see about buying some furniture and lawn mowers and wall paper, wholesale. It was too much for me. I felt like a lost dog, not knowing which way to go. Such tall buildings shutting out God's sunlight, such caverns for car tracks, such dangerous bridges for the elevated. I was glad to find myself safe at home again. Ah, Nettie, let me help you down also. Since when did you take up horseback riding? Monsieur Eduard is most kind to teach a little girl like you to ride a horse."

"She's been my head nurse," said Eduard quickly, for the storekeeper's tone was too patronizing to suit him. "She's been coming every day to bring me things—the best things I ever ate. Now I want to try and return some of her kindness by buying a few birthday presents. I am a little late in remembering her birthday, but you know when a man's sick he forgets a lot of important things. Have you any birthday presents to suit a young lady? I guess we'll go in and look around a bit; it's a long time since I looked around. I think we want some stockings, and if you have any riding breeches, I think Marie would prefer them to a skirt, and a worsted sweater might not be a bad idea. We would also like some candy; I remember you used to keep lollipops on sticks; I think we would like to have a few to suck on the way home."

The storekeeper laughed appreciatively, showing his toothless gums as he opened the screen door and followed his customers in.

"Ah, yes, I remember the lollipops. You used to buy them when you were a little boy; dogs and cats and steam engines made of clear, wholesome candy.

They do not make them any more, but I have boxes of fresh caramels and peppermints. Perhaps they will do as well. He opened his glass show case and brought out several beribboned boxes, handling them with a certain reverence, since they were his most expensive sweets.

Eduard placed them in a row, so that Marie Antoinette could examine them with greater ease. "Come, choose the one you like the best for your birthday party," he said.

"My birthday party!"

"Why, yes; I intend to have a party when I get home. That box with the pink ribbon is full of fruits and nuts, and the one with the red ribbon is full of chocolates. Suppose we take them both, since I plainly see you cannot decide between them. And now, Louey, show us some stockings. They are the most important item we came to buy."

Marie Antoinette found this wholesale shopping a delightful experience. She had never before conceived of such prodigal expenditures. Eduard bought a dozen pairs of stockings. Lifting her up on the counter, close to a cloudy jar of pickles, he measured her worn shoe, so that he would make no mistake as to size. He also insisted on her accepting a bright blue sweater and a baggy pair of khaki trousers, explaining that skirts had no place on the long hikes that they would take together, as soon as they were both strong enough to climb through the brambles that guarded a distant mountain lake where large, wary trout abounded.

After all these practical purchases he looked around for something more ornamental. A small mirror, set in a framework of shells, attracted his attention. He lifted it from the high, dusty shelf, and he asked Marie Antoinette's opinion of it as a present for his grandmother, and when she pronounced it "beautiful" he bought it without inquiring the price.

Marie Antoinette tried to conceal her astonishment as she witnessed this reckless shopping orgy. It was all so different from the frugal transactions she had seen in the past. Tante Felicé had always prided herself on her ability to bargain. The child's innate sense of justice had often been outraged by her thrifty relative's merciless haggling over prices with the poor hucksters and fish mongers who came to her door.

But, Mr. Eduard's methods seemed altogether too careless to be commended. A dozen pairs of stockings, two boxes of candy, a new fishing rod when he already had three at home, a tin box for fish that he might never catch, a reed basket for their picnic lunches; this last led her to remonstrate timidly. She reminded him that Madam Grogé had more baskets than they could ever use, hanging on hooks in the pantry. He explained that this particular basket had a double lid which made it seem desirable, since they could carry sandwiches in one compartment for themselves and food for the fish in the other. "It will save us from choking on fish hooks," he said.

After this dire prophetic argument, she felt that she could offer no further protest, and she was awed into silence by the storekeeper's volubility as he hurried from counter to counter recommending his varied goods.

Eduard seemed to be enjoying this first outing after his long weeks of inactivity, and he bought a strange assortment of unnecessary objects: a pen wiper with a small china dog on top, a Japanese box full of pencils, a musical powder box, a bottle of perfume, a pair of hip rubber boots for wading in streams, a long-handled fork for cooking over an open fire, a small camp outfit that collapsed conveniently into a knapsack.

"We'll sort these things out when we get home, Marie Antoinette," he said. "Perhaps some of them will do for

Christmas presents. Wrap them up, Louey. I guess that's all we need to-day."

He took out his purse and throwing some greenbacks on the cracked show case, he paid the large bill and pocketed the change without counting it. Marie jumped down from the counter where she had remained all this time in close proximity to the pickle jar. She did not know how to express her gratitude for Eduard's unprecedented liberality.

A dozen pairs of silk stockings! She felt that his masculine ignorance of feminine needs had led him to these dizzy heights of extravagance. Tante Felicé had never dreamed of buying her more than one pair at a time, advising her to rinse them out in the earthen basin in her room and to dry them on her towel rack over night. She would write to Tante Felicé and tell her of the munificent gift, or, perhaps, on second thought, it would be wiser not to write. Tante Felicé might suggest that she send a half dozen pairs home to relieve the stocking situation there. She felt that she did not want to share this unbelievable birthday present with her cousins from whom she had been so glad to escape. They were quarrelsome children, and they had teased and bullied her and constantly reminded her that she was crowding them to discomfort by her presence. But now that she had parted with them forever, now that Mr. Eduard had assured her that she would never go back, she could view them more tolerantly. Perhaps, if Tante Felicé should demand a division of the gift, she might be induced to part with three or four pair, as a sort of tributary offering to explain her permanent absence.

When Eduard's large number of purchases had been tied into one package and the smaller objects packed into the double-lidded basket, he had to return to the store to buy a strap to fasten the big bundle to his saddle. Marie Antoinette, regretfully expressing her own

helplessness to aid him in loading a horse, sat down on the empty berry crate and waited patiently for his return. She had artfully contrived to keep the storekeeper from wrapping one of the boxes of candy. Now she unfastened the big bow of red ribbon and lifting the lid she sampled the tempting chocolates within. Some children, just released from the parish school, came running down the dusty street and paused when they saw the two sleek horses tied to the old hitching post in front of the store. Marie Antoinette, half dazed by her bewildering acquisition of riches, wished to proclaim her possessions, and she beckoned to them to come and sit on the porch and share in her birthday feast. Some of them she knew but slightly, but their friendship was promptly augmented by the size of the ornate flowered box and her generous disbursement of its contents.

When Eduard again appeared, followed this time by the storekeeper who was apologizing for his lack of thought in not insisting on personally delivering the goods, he found her surrounded by an attentive group of boys and girls, including Raoul and Celeste, who seemed happily oblivious of their former insulting criticisms, while Marie Antoinette graciously ignored her memory of them. The birthday present, so ample in its possibilities, placed her in a supreme privileged class. For the time being at least she was immune from all accusations of indigence. Raoul and Celeste were the grateful victims of her ungrudging beneficence. It seemed to her a more desirable revenge than having them fall dead at her feet. In a few minutes, when she shut the box before their hopeful eyes, and rode away with Mr. Eduard, like a princess in a fairy book, they would see for themselves how they had misinterpreted her present position in the world. From the back of the high-stepping horse she would wave them a friendly adieu, and if, by any

chance they should die of envy as she had predicted, she would not suffer remorse, since she had made her peace with them and fed them on her chocolates.

Eduard, quickly taking in the whole situation, played up to the occasion with some of his old boyish mischief. "Louey says he will send your box of stockings to the rectory," he said in a loud tone, and he led her horse to one end of the porch and lifted her into the saddle. "My grandmother told me to bring you to dinner, but you haven't got time to go home and dress. Those rough togs of yours are the things to wear in these mountains. I wouldn't dream of dressing up while you are here. Why, hello, Raoul, hello, Celeste, I believe you have forgotten me. I used to play with you when you were babies. Jump up on the steps out of the way; this horse of mine is a bit skittish; I wouldn't want to run over you. Marie Antoinette knows how to ride—you just watch her and see how well she rides."

Marie Antoinette was not quite aware of the premeditated purpose of Eduard's loud-toned remarks, but she found all his statements so consoling that she leaned over and presented Celeste and Raoul with more chocolates wrapped in silver paper—two that she had been reserving for herself because they seemed preserved by the glittering tin foil for special consumption. But she was so exultant at her own good fortune that she could not resist some sacrificial impulse to compensate them as they stood on the rickety steps of the store watching her in silent wonder as she rode away.

(To be continued.)

It is safe to say that the invocation of Mary, under the title of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart, will be one of the most beautiful ears in the sheaf of honor offered by our age to the holy Mother of God.—*Cardinal Pie.*

Garden Celestial.

BY THERESE CARR DRANAGAN.

IF I could have a garden, I would take
 Red roses and frail snowdrops white and small,
 And then I'd have a sombre wild-thorn brake
 To crown a little hill and form a wall.
 I'd have a grapevine near a patch of wheat
 With chalice lilies for their bordering,
 A shady tree (a cloistered cool retreat)
 Wherein God's feathered choristers might sing.
 I'd plant moon blossoms and star daisies too,
 And dawn flowers fair to greet each sunny
 day—
 With azure—the shade of heaven's blue
 To aptly serve should skies be dim and gray.
 I'd have a sun-dial there to mark Life's hours,
 And rustic seats about the emerald sod,
 And then I'd place this sign above the flowers:
 "Pause ye to rest, and here commune with God."

Sunday Mass.

BY JAMES A. MAGNER, PH. D., S. T. D.

ONE of the most important questions which religious leaders are called upon to consider in these days is that of the observance of Sunday. The strength of a religious body may be judged with accuracy from its church attendance on Sunday, and the general trends in religious culture can be gauged pretty well from what people do with the rest of the day. It is sometimes maintained that Catholics, like non-Catholics, can keep their faith without considering the Sunday precept as a matter of conscience. Apart from the denial of ecclesiastical authority which this point of view entails, deliberate absence from Mass is bound to result in the same loss of faith as that which non-Catholics experience when they begin to take lightly the obligation of attending their church services.

In outlining the creation of the universe, God assigned His various works

to six days or periods so that He might lay particular stress on the consecration of the seventh to divine worship. "And He blessed the seventh day, and sanctified it: because in it He had rested from all His work which God created and made." Through definite commands of God, the Jews built an elaborate ritual about the ceremonies of their Sabbath. From fear lest the day be desecrated by worldly affairs, the officials of the Synagogue added rules of such strictness that Christ was obliged to rebuke them. In the early Church, during the days of the Apostles, the observance of the Lord's Day was changed from Sabbath to Sunday. The ritual of the Mass gradually lengthened into a ceremony of three hours, until Pope Gregory I. (540-604) shortened it to one hour. The rest of the day was spent, whenever possible, in pious meditation and prayer. In the early Middle Ages, the Church, to prevent the exploitation of the peasants by the nobility, forbade all unnecessary commercial and manual labor on Sundays and holydays of obligation.

In modern times two extremes have arisen to distort the meaning of the Sunday. One has been the Pharisaical trend of Puritanism. The Blue Laws of New England during the Colonial period hedged the day about with such ridiculous statutes as forbidding a man to kiss his wife on Sunday. Certain religious sects still concentrate their best efforts against baseball, fishing, dancing of any description, and moving pictures on Sunday. There are some people who would prefer any disgrace to that of being found playing cards on Sunday.

The other extreme is a shameful disregard of the Sunday spirit. Flagrant examples of this can be found even in Catholic countries, a warning of the abuses we can drift into unless we are on our guard. In some places, Sunday serves as a market day. Booths are set up on the square in front of the church,

with everything from shoe laces to dresses and vegetables for sale. As soon as the people issue from Mass, they are deluged with the cries of hawkers vending their wares. Sunday is sometimes selected for doing the laundry. The women of the village assemble at the river's side or around the city reservoir to wash their soiled linen and discuss local scandal on the day which the Lord intended to be consecrated for Himself.

The danger which we face in the United States is the tendency to consider Sunday merely as a day of rest and recreation. Nearly half our population has no religious affiliation whatsoever. For most of them Sunday means nothing more than a late sleep, a good breakfast, one or two Sunday newspapers, and a ride into the country, or a day in the park. They have lost sight of the fact that Sunday is the Lord's day. For an increasing number of Catholics, Mass is an unpleasant function to be telescoped into as short a period as possible, so as to be able to give the rest of the day to unconfined enjoyment. Particularly in our large parishes, the priests are under the necessity of grinding out, as it were, a Mass for every hour. The people rush in at the latest moment possible, sit impatiently during the sermon, remain distracted during the service, and make their exit as speedily as possible at the conclusion.

One-half hour to an hour a week is not too much to devote to a thoughtful worship of God. Sunday Mass and careful preparation for it deserve the earnest consideration of every Catholic. Any piece of work which requires concentration demands a certain amount of thought and planning before it is begun. A priest who wishes to give a good sermon cannot trust himself to appear before the people without having organized his ideas in some fashion. A person who wishes to keep his mind on

his prayer for at least a minute is obliged to put his mind on the thought of God before he begins. A salesman must have his arguments drawn up before he approaches a customer. A traveller has to pack his valises and determine at least his general route before he can undertake the journey. How many Catholics make a really serious effort, while approaching Mass, to sober their thoughts with the recollection that they are about to enter the house of God and witness the reality of Christ's sacrifice upon the Cross? How many consecrate the Mass to a special intention and plan in advance their method of hearing Mass, the sacred considerations they will allow to pass through their minds, and the things they will pray for?

The difficulty with many persons is that they do not give themselves ample time to prepare and reach the church at the proper hour. Everything is left to the last minute. They oversleep or they attempt to do household tasks that should be left for another day. They meet old friends on the way to church, and feel that they have discharged their duty if they arrive at Mass "before the book is moved." Pastors everywhere are faced with the devastating scandal of a large part of their congregations' arriving only in time for the Gospel. If those coming late are held in the vestibule until the announcements have been read, they feel abused. If they are allowed to track through the aisles while the announcements are being read or the sermon delivered, the rest of the congregation complains of the disturbance.

In some communities the source of this abuse can be traced to the general practice of coming late for all functions, ecclesiastical or social. If a dinner party is scheduled for seven o'clock, the guests begin to arrive at eight. A dance which has been announced for nine o'clock does not get under way

until eleven. Theatres which advertise their productions for eight-fifteen cannot raise their curtains until nine or after. Some people are still under the delusion that the proper thing to do is to make a striking entrance by arriving late. A habit of this kind gains momentum. Others do not care to wait for tardy guests, and they also begin to delay their coming. As a rule, Catholics do not wish to appear conspicuous at devotional functions. Nevertheless, they carry the habit of delay into their church attendance, and because Mass cannot be delayed, they arrive late.

An aggravating error which serves to justify this practice in the minds of many persons is the idea that Mass is heard and the Sunday obligation is fulfilled substantially if one arrives before the Gospel and does not leave until the Communion has been completed. It is true that the essential action of the Mass is contained between the Consecration and the Communion. A person who has witnessed this much on a week day can say that he has heard Mass. The obligation of Sunday Mass, however, extends not merely to the sacrificial elements but to the complete Mass, from beginning to end. A person who arrives late on Sunday may argue with himself whether his negligence makes him guilty of mortal or venial sin and to what degree; but the fact remains that he has not fulfilled his whole obligation.

It is easy to recall that but a few years ago Catholics in rural districts often had to drive from ten to twenty miles to go to church. Many had to rise as early as two-thirty in the morning, harness their horses, and drive through sleet and snow. They did it gladly, and they arrived in time. In these days we have automobiles and excellent roads, street cars, well-heated churches, and every convenience of science. Most Catholics live within walking distance of the church. In the large cities Masses

begin at six in the morning and continue on the hour until twelve. There is no legitimate excuse; nevertheless, many people leave their homes at the minute Mass is beginning. They rush to church, from force of habit rather than from a sense of devotion. They return home a few minutes later with none of the spiritual peace and comfort that their religion should give, and wonder why their Faith means so little to them.

Another source of perennial difficulty is the question of hearing the Sunday sermon. Some persons, with a keen sense of distinction between mortal sin and sin which skirts the borderline on the venial side, manage to arrive at Mass just after the sermon. Many others listen to it only with their powers of critical analysis sharpened to the last degree. It is idle to deny that many sermons could stand indefinite improvement. The speaking voice of the preacher, his enunciation, his approach to the subject, the lack of reality and maturity in his concepts, might be a source of discussion Sunday after Sunday. Even the best preachers nod from time to time. Nevertheless, no sermon is so poor that it contains no thoughts worthy of spiritual reflection. It is very easy to fall into a sceptical and cynical spirit towards all religious functions. Unless one watches his own tendencies in this regard, approaching the Sunday sermon with docility, a sympathetic attitude, and a mind active to seize upon the truths that the preacher proposes, he will find himself imperceptibly falling into a spirit of shallow mockery and spiritual sterility.

The fruitfulness of the Sunday Mass and sermon depends largely upon one's mental approach. If a person regards the Sunday service as a privileged half-hour or hour of retreat from the world and a communion with God, he will have placed himself in the presence of God, oriented his mind, and directed his intentions to a spiritual purpose even

before he has entered the church. He will have decided upon the questions of conscience, the plans of life, the requests for divine mercy and assistance that he needs to place before God. Moreover, he will have decided upon a definite method of assisting at the Mass.

The ideal method is to have a missal, which can be furnished by any Catholic bookseller, and to say the Mass with the priest. Some persons prefer to use a prayerbook with devotional sentiments suited to their needs. Others feel more secure with their rosary beads. The mere passive presence at Mass, with a mind racked by distractions, is inexcusable and argues only a lack of mental vigor and organization.

A valuable help to spiritual development and appreciation is the habit of pious or, at least, serious reading of a religious character. It is extremely regrettable that the end of Mass should mean for many persons the end of all thoughts of God on Sunday; and that at least the same amount of time should not be devoted to spiritually elevating books and periodicals as the average family gives to the Sunday newspapers.

Catholics are often accused of neglecting the Holy Scriptures; and to a large extent this accusation is justified. Every Catholic home should have a Catholic Bible. Sunday would be the logical time to open it and to read at least some part of the New Testament. It is the inspired word of God, the legacy of the Apostles, the story of the Church's foundation. There is no lack of other Catholic books, which are decidedly worth-while and attractive. Nourishment is always necessary for growth. A Catholic who wishes to deepen his faith and grow in the understanding and love of God and things of the spirit cannot afford to ignore the need of Catholic reading.

In the face of an increasing materialism, of more open attacks on morality, and an alarming defection of faith,

Catholics must be brought to a more intense love for the Mass. Its history, mystical and sacrificial character, the infinite graces that flow from it, the sacred character of the house of God due to Christ's real presence, the gravity of the Church's laws regarding Sunday Mass, the consciousness of a personal need for the weekly Mass as a period of union with God, and of the consecrated character of the entire Sunday, are subjects worthy of meditation for every Catholic. A person who approaches Sunday Mass in a frivolous spirit, who comes late habitually, arouses himself to the effort only with great difficulty, and begins to miss Mass without grave reason is a prospective loss to the Church. A Catholic who makes the most of Sunday Mass lays up a treasury of strength not only for the week, but for eternity.

The Smile of Father O'Shea.

BY WILLIAM ALLEN PAGE.

FATHER O'SHEA sat in the sunlight in his garden, and smiled in his sleep.

Now, it was not strange that there should be a smile on the jovial face of Father O'Shea. His was a genial nature born of smiles. It was not strange that there should be a smile on his face even as he slept; for his dreams were as gentle as his soul. But a passer-by glancing into the garden would have noticed an appealingness in that smile that would have at once arrested his attention. It was such a smile as one might find on the face of a babe in repose. It was a smile of guilelessness, serene trust, and peaceful content, that illumined his features like a halo.

If one were to look superficially for the reason of this unconscious smile he might have ascribed it indirectly to the breakfast the priest had just eaten. Certainly the smile had been developing

while he was still at the table; and yet, this hypothesis would have been obviously inadequate, for his breakfast, while satisfying and well prepared, had been simple in its fare and not unlike the breakfasts he was accustomed to have on the other six mornings of the week.

No; one would have to look further. It was more probable that the source of the smile could be traced to his early Mass that morning. Although this had been the occasion of nothing more extraordinary than two persons kneeling together at the Communion rail: one a youth, with the seriousness of age strengthening upon his face; and the other, a little gray-haired woman with the glow of renewed youth in her eyes. But the smile, if traced assiduously to its inception, could be found engendering somewhere in the curious events of the preceding night.

On the day before, immediately after his Mass, there came into his sacristy a little old lady with a tired face, carrying in her black-gloved hands a prayer-book and rosary.

"Father," she said, "to-day I have completed the nine First Fridays again. I have made them now for nine years—Father,—a novena of nine years!"

"God bless you," said Father O'Shea.

"It's been long, Father, and not always easy, but I've offered it all to God—all for the same intention. You do think my prayer will be answered, Father?"

"Of that you may be certain," replied Father O'Shea comfortingly. "Not a single prayer is lost. Every prayer we make is answered at some time, in some way, at God's own pleasure."

"It's been so very long, Father; and yet I can't believe he's dead. Oh, Father! I want to find my boy. I want to see him again before I die."

"You will; you will," said Father O'Shea with conviction. "Your prayers have not been in vain."

"Sometimes," she said a little wearily

as she turned to leave; "it has seemed discouraging, but I've hoped, Father. I've just prayed all the harder and trusted in God."

"My good woman," said Father O'Shea reverently, "your faith is a monument of beauty before the face of God." And he walked with her to the door of the sacristy and watched her moving slowly down the aisle of the church until she passed through the front door out into the morning.

He knew the story very well of this little woman who had reared a large family of six boys and two girls, and some had died, and some had married, and all had scattered, leaving her alone after her husband had died; and of the hope that burned unquenchable in her breast—that her youngest son who was lost would be found, and that God would restore him to her again.

Nearly a score of years before, this little woman lay dying, and Father O'Shea had anointed her. Around her bedside were gathered her sorrowing family. All save Tommy, the youngest of her children, a lad of thirteen who crouched sobbing in a chair in a corner of the room, his heart crushed in unbearable grief. Her children all loved her in their various ways, but between this widowed mother and her youngest child there was an attachment that amounted to devotion. To be left alone without his mother! The wretched thought shook Tommy with anguish. His spirit was too small to contain so much sorrow. It overflowed with pain and bitterness. Why didn't God make his mother well? He had begged Him with all his heart and tears. Uncomforted, he huddled now in his chair until he heard the doctor's fatal words, "She's dying." Then he screamed aloud, and, strangling with tears, he ran from the house, never to come back again. No one had heeded his absence at first. There were other things to demand their attention. They concluded he was hiding

away, heart-broken, and would soon show up again. But when the next day had passed, and the next, and he did not return, an excited search was made. But whether the efforts of the police were lacking in thoroughness, or whether because he had got too long a start, he was never located; and in God's own will the little mother did not die, but recovered, to live on and to yearn for her "baby," and pray through the years for his return.

On the night of this First Friday, Father O'Shea, after his prolonged devotions, had retired late to bed and wondered why he seemed unable to fall asleep. This was rare to him, for usually, after his exacting duties of the day, he was prepared to receive sleep with open arms. But to-night he lay sleepless, and wondered. Perhaps he had been thinking too much about the little woman and her nine years' novena of faith. He seemed unable to put her out of his mind. He lay thinking for a long time. From a distant part of the house he heard a clock striking the hour of midnight. What was keeping him awake? He tried saying his rosary over again. Perhaps this would help to absorb his thoughts until sleep should come upon him unawares.

He paused suddenly intent. Some one was moving about in the room downstairs. Surely he did not imagine it. He was not mistaken. A burglar had broken into his house.

Softly Father O'Shea arose from his bed, his rosary still in his hand. He stood for a moment in the pool of moonlight that spilled over the window sill. Clad only in his nightshirt, and with his feet bare upon the floor, Father O'Shea shivered. The window was open and the night air was chill. Step by step, slowly, quietly, he felt his way down the carpeted stairs until he reached the hall below. The sounds were coming from the back of the house. The burglar was in the kitchen.

Father O'Shea, firm and swift in his action, pressed the electric switch and simultaneously swung open the kitchen door. Flinching in the sudden glare of light, a startled man cowered against the wall. Father O'Shea stared keenly at the trespasser. He was a young man, apparently not yet thirty years old. He was not ill-featured, though the worse for not being freshly shaved, and he was dressed in a plain dark suit. A prolonged moment Father O'Shea scrutinized the youth, and then he did a very strange thing.

There were many strange things connected with that night. It was strange that Father O'Shea, for probably the first time in his life, could not sleep. It was even more strange that Father O'Shea should find a burglar attempting to rob his house. It was certainly most strange for Father O'Shea to be standing barefoot in his nightshirt in his kitchen in the small hours of the morning. But not the least strange of all was the strange behavior of Father O'Shea, who now advanced toward the burglar, his face beaming with geniality and with his hand outstretched in friendly greeting.

"Welcome, Tommy, lad," he said cordially. The young man straightened up and studied the old man with mingled surprise and alarm.

"Fear not," said the priest assuringly. "It's no one more formidable than your old pastor, Father O'Shea."

As a light of recognition spread upon his face the young man took the priest's hand feebly, and lowered his head in shame. Then, still holding the youth's hand tightly in his own, Father O'Shea led him through the hall into the library. They sat down facing each other. The incongruity of the situation, the odd appearance of Father O'Shea, produced a humorous effect that caused the intruder to laugh embarrassedly; and Father O'Shea laughed with him.

"I didn't know you at first, dressed in

your—your—without your Roman collar," the burglar offered apologetically.

"No," agreed Father O'Shea, "it is not my custom to dress in this manner. But, then," he added slyly, "it is not the manner in which my visitors are accustomed to make their calls."

"I didn't come here to—to rob, exactly. I only wanted to get something to eat. I've led sort of a careless life since I was a boy, but, believe it or not, Father, this is the first time I've acted as a thief."

"Tis obvious," said Father O'Shea, "for only an extreme novice would pick out a priest's house to rob. It's almost like breaking into a poorhouse."

"I didn't know it was your place. This town has changed during all these years. You had a different house then."

"Yes," remarked Father O'Shea. "There has been a great change, but not so much in you, my lad. Your features haven't altered a great deal. And, anyhow, I could have recognized you by that gesture of rubbing your hand over your ear when you're confused or embarrassed. 'Twas the same when you were my small altar boy. What is your story?" he suggested gently.

Then the young man spoke somewhat self-consciously.

"Well, I knocked about here and there, working at anything until the War came. Then I enlisted and fought over there. Towards the end I was gassed and my lungs were affected pretty bad. Most of the time since then I have been in a camp for the White Plague, trying to get back my health. A few months ago I was discharged from the hospital." He paused, and then went on nervously. "I haven't been able to find steady work since. I was kicked off a freight train coming through this town last evening. I haven't eaten in two days, and I was driven to steal. I—I don't know why I came here," he finished dejectedly.

"I do," said Father O'Shea softly,

"God sent you here. Furthermore, I shall see that you get work."

"But, I won't stay," blurted the young man vehemently. "I wouldn't stay in this town after—after that day my mother died."

"Tommy," observed Father O'Shea kindly, "you're not a bad boy, but you are an impulsive lad. On an impulse you ran away from home; on an impulse you become a house-breaker. Now on an impulse you want to leave here—for why?—and also for where? And not so much as stopping to speak a word to your mother who's waiting here for you, and even now is watching for you in her dreams."

"Mother! But she—but I thought she was dead!" gasped the astounded youth.

"She is not dead but liveth," said Father O'Shea, his voice a bit husky; but whether because he was unused to sitting in the night air in undress attire, or whether because—well, just because of his absurdly soft heart, doesn't really matter.

"Come," he said, "I will hear your confession and you will go to Communion at my seven o'clock Mass. You will find your saintly old mother at the altar rail, there where she's been each morning, these many long years."

Father O'Shea having finished his breakfast came out into his garden and seated himself in his low wicker chair. The morning was bright with sunlight, and the tender air redolent with perfume from the profusion of summer blooms around him. A humming bird darted in and out of the morning-glory blossoms, butterflies drifted lazily on the billows of air, and house flies buzzed with increasing noise about the kitchen door. But, oblivious to all, Father O'Shea sat in the sunlight in his garden, and smiled in his sleep.



Charles Waterton.

BY ANNETTE S. DRISCOLL.

(Conclusion.)

WATERTON returned to England in 1825, and the same year published his volume, "Wanderings in South America, the Northwest of the United States and the Antilles." Sidney Smith wrote a laudatory article about it for the *Edinburgh Review*, though some would-be scientists tried to discredit it. The injustice of this was keenly felt by Waterton who thus replied to his critics: "I am fully aware that certain statements in the 'Wanderings' have procured me the honor of being thought nearly connected with the Münchhausen family. If those who have called my veracity in question would only have the manliness to meet me and point out any passage in the book which they consider contradictory or false, I would no longer complain of unfair treatment; and then may the 'Wanderings' be trodden under foot and be forgotten forever."

The gauntlet thus thrown down was never picked up. But the Squire would sometimes invite one whom he considered to be but an honest blunderer to Walton Hall and "gently banter him out of his error, with liberal quotations from the classics. A specimen of the creature in question, preserved with the exquisite skill of which Waterton alone at that time held the secret, would clinch the matter."

But he seems to have been more sensitive about another criticism. Having heard that he had been called "the eccentric Waterton," he would pause in his eager talk about his birds, and demand to know if he was eccentric. Answering his own question he would declare: "I am the most ordinary, the most commonplace of men. It would be impossible for me to do an eccentric thing, so ordinary am I. But come, let

"THERE are men whose friends are more to be pitied than their enemies."

us forget this fellow." And after removing his shoes he would climb nimbly to the top of some lofty tree. Was he eccentric?

One of his biographers says: "It was perhaps eccentric to have a strong religious faith and live up to it. It was eccentric, as Thackeray says, 'to dine on a crust, live as chastely as a hermit, and give his all to the poor.' It was eccentric to come into a large estate as a young man, and to have lived to extreme old age without having wasted an hour or a shilling. It was eccentric to give bountifully and never allow his name to appear on a subscription-list. It was eccentric to be saturated with the love of nature; . . . it was eccentric to be ever childlike but never childish."

It is these little touches that show us the lovable nature of the great naturalist. No doubt many would consider his mode of life eccentric. After he succeeded to Walton Hall he lived there most of his life, spending Christmas, however, at Stonyhurst. He had a great dislike to sleep in a bed which had been occupied by other people, so he slept on the floor of an uncarpeted room, wrapped in a blanket, with a piece of oak for a pillow. He went to the chapel at midnight to pray, going back again to bed. He rose at three A. M., lit his fire, and lay down for half an hour while it was burning up, dressed and went to the chapel from four to five. Then he read a chapter in the life of St. Francis Xavier, and one in Don Quixote, both in Spanish, wrote letters or stuffed birds till breakfast time, at eight. He spent much of the day in his park, sometimes at the top of a tree with a copy of Horace in his pocket.

Indoors he always wore an old-fashioned, swallow-tailed coat. His house was built in the Eighteenth Century on an island of a lake about thirty acres, surrounded by a wooded park of about 290 acres, which he made a bird sanc-

tuary by enclosing it with an immense wall, nine feet high, at a cost of ten thousand pounds. No guns were allowed to be fired there. In 1865, on the lake in view of one window were 1640 wild ducks, 30 coots and 28 Canada geese. He arranged a portion of the Park for picnics, and threw it open from May to September to schools and associations.

He made many trips to the forests of South America and Africa, returning with many valuable and rare specimens. In intervals between these journeys he visited various parts of Europe. In 1829 he was married to the daughter of his dearest friend, Charles Edmonstone, thus becoming, as he said, "the happiest man in the world." Anne Edmonstone is said to have been loveliness itself, with a mind "worthy of its frame."

His happiness, alas! was of brief duration. Shortly after giving birth to a son, little more than a year after their marriage, the lovely wife died. For a week afterwards Waterton spoke to no one, and though he gradually yielded to the consolations of religion, he never sufficiently recovered to talk about her. Over the mantelpiece of his sitting room, he hung a picture of St. Catherine of Alexandria, which was thought to resemble her, and often sat with his eyes fixed upon it.

From the time of her death he made no more excursions into the tropics, deeming it his duty to stay at home with his son. At his earnest request his two sisters-in-law came to live with him, and they accompanied him and the boy in excursions on the Continent. Two of these visits are described in the sequel to his autobiography. One relates the privilege that they enjoyed in witnessing the miracle of the liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius, of which he says that "everything else in the shape of adventure appears trivial and of no account." "I here state in the

most unqualified manner my firm conviction that the liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius is a miracle beyond the shadow of a doubt. Were I to conceal this my conviction from the public eye, I should question the soundness of both my head and heart, and charge my pen with arrant cowardice. Nothing in the whole course of my life has struck me so forcibly as this occurrence."

Another interesting story he relates thus: "While in Rome, in 1817, I fell in with my old friend and schoolfellow, Captain Jones. Many a tree we had climbed together in the last century, and as our nerves were in excellent condition, we mounted to the top of St. Peter's, ascended the cross, and then climbed thirteen feet higher, where we reached the point of the conductor and left our gloves on it. After this we visited the castle of St. Angelo, and contrived to get on to the head of the guardian angel, where we stood on one leg."

It appears that the Pope ordered the immediate removal of the gloves, as they made the lightning conductor useless. No one else daring to make the climb, Waterton was obliged to go after them. Regarding this episode, the *Times*' writer says: "Here we may appropriately take leave of the Squire, standing on one leg on the head of the angel. Who that has grown to love him can hereafter pass the Castello without thinking of that spare figure poised so perilously over the city which embodied for him a loyalty superior even to ornithology and the British uniform? The memory of his great heart and noble, whimsical nature will live on in the hearts of some of his countrymen."

He takes occasion in one of his essays to describe his entrance into Rome barefoot. He speaks of the matter as of no consequence except to correct a story which gave him credit for what was in no way meritorious. Together with a

friend he left Baccano at four in the morning to go on foot to Rome. Having traversed the forests of Guiana barefooted fifteen years before, he took it for granted that he could do the same on the pavements of Rome. In attempting this he so badly lacerated his foot that it was two months before he could walk on it. He relates the story because it had been spread abroad that his walking twenty miles barefoot was to show his respect and reverence for the sacred capital of the Christian world. "Would that my motive had been as pure as represented!" he exclaims, "but unfortunately I had no other motives than those of easy walking and of self-enjoyment."

"Wanderings" was reprinted several times and still holds high rank among books on Natural History. Its chapters were written in the forests, at the time of his actual experiences, which gave them complete accuracy and vividness. As has been said, it abounds with quotations from the classics, which was a custom more common then than now. The book contains minute instructions about preserving and stuffing animals in a more perfect and natural manner than had been known before. We get a splendid idea of his extreme conscientiousness in the conclusion to one of these chapters: "If by this means you should be enabled to procure specimens from foreign parts in better preservation than usual, so that the naturalist may have it in his power to give a more perfect description of them than has hitherto been the case; should they cause any unknown species to be brought into public view and thus add a little more to the pages of natural history, it will please me much. But should they unfortunately tend to cause a wanton expense of life; should they tempt you to shoot the pretty songster warbling near your door, or destroy the mother as she is sitting on the nest

to warm the little ones, or kill the father as he is bringing a mouthful of food for their support, oh, then, deep indeed will be the regret that I ever wrote them!"

His remarks about the vulture, commonly considered a pest, throw a different light on the question. Stating that it never attacks any living animal but waits until the dead body has begun to pollute the atmosphere, he concludes that "a kind Providence has conferred a blessing on hot countries in giving them the vulture; He has ordered it to consume that which, if left to dissolve in putrefaction, would infect the air and produce a pestilence." Some governments recognize this fact, and protect the vulture. He had a marvellous collection of living and stuffed curiosities in his home at Walton Hall, which, after his death, was preserved at Alston House, Lancashire.

His cousin, Norman Moore, the author of his "Life," had an intimate acquaintance with him, and an unbounded admiration for his character. In summing up his estimate of Waterton's personal traits, he emphasizes his unbounded courage, strict adherence to conscience, his charity, and above all his humility. His disposition was pleasant, even playful at times, his manner cheerful and fascinating.

In May, 1865, Mr. Moore was staying at Walton Hall, and Waterton asked him, whenever he was up at midnight to go to his room for a chat after the latter's visit to the chapel. He went one evening, and they talked nearly an hour about birds. The next morning, after breakfast, they went with a carpenter to finish some bridges at the far end of the Park. Starting to return, the Squire caught his foot in a bramble and was thrown heavily upon a log. With great difficulty he reached home and summoned a doctor. He seemed better next day, but fully recognized his condition as dangerous. In

spite of great pain he remained cheerful, smiling gently, and, like his ancestor, Sir Thomas More, made little jokes. Like this ancestor, he had lived each day as if it were to be his last, and when the end came it found him ready.

The priest came at midnight and Waterton got ready to die. "He pulled himself upright without help, sat in the middle of the sofa, and gave his blessing to his assembled family. He received all the sacraments of the dying, repeating all the responses, St. Bernard's hymn in English and the first two verses of the 'Dies Irae.' The end was now at hand. He died at two twenty-seven, May 27, 1865. The window was open. The sky was beginning to grow gray. A few rooks had cawed, the swallows were twittering, the land-rail was craking from the ox-close, and a favorite cock, which he used to call his morning gun, leaped out from some hollies and gave his accustomed crow. The ear of his master was deaf to the call. He had obeyed a sublimer summons, and had woke up to the glories of the eternal world."

He was buried on his eightieth birthday, beneath the cross which he had erected so many years before. The funeral procession up the lake was headed by a boat containing the Bishop of Beverly and fourteen priests, chanting the Office of the Dead, as they rowed. Reaching the end of the lake, the body was interred under the cross, with the epitaph:

ORATE PRO ANIMA CAROLI WATERTON,
CUJUS FESSA HANC CRUCEM
SEPELIUNTER OSSA.



NEVER have we so great a motive for consolation, as when we find ourselves weighed down with afflictions and tribulations, for it is then that we become like unto Christ our Lord; and this resemblance is the real countersign of our predestination.—*St. Vincent de Paul.*

Depth and Obscurity.

BY P. J. C.

LOOKING into black, brackish water, a child draws back and whispers in awe—"How deep!" To a grown person the blackness is less awesome. The depths are not deep, and what the child sees as profundity is obscurity due to foreign substances in the water.

Certain writers, speakers, are said to think their thoughts in far depths because we cannot see into them. Their language, which we identify in the metaphor as water, is obscure, involved, turgid. We cannot see through it—to thought.

Depth can be transparent if a speaker or writer be schooled in lucid thinking, in the discipline of finding words for ideas, in the craftsmanship of assembling sentences into orderly movement. The point of view is quite too common to consider a man shallow because you understand what he says; profound because you look down through his language and see darkness. The purpose of language is to convey thought from one head to another. No head thinks thoughts so heavy as cannot be hooked to the surface by a word. Thought is vague, scattered, vagrant, until it is surrounded by language. When we declare we cannot express what we wish to say, it is a confession that our thoughts are wild horses uncaptured; fish swimming in the river. "Would that my tongue could utter the thoughts that arise in me," is Tennyson's well-known sigh of frustration.

Obscure thinking is generally inadequate, incomplete thinking. We do not pursue far enough to capture ideas in a frame of words, for every idea has its word or words. Thinking is boxing ideas into symbols in our own minds. Language is the ordered, audible, visible procession of thoughts so apprehended.

Depth, it need not be said, is something quite different from obscurity. The two words are confused to this extent, that people sometimes excuse obscurity on the plea of profundity. Cardinal Newman is deep and serious. You will not say the resonant sentences, the marshalled paragraphs leave you in any doubt as to what Cardinal Newman means. Thought in his case is a complete ownership, checked and tabulated in the orderly ranks of competent expression. By contrast, you finish a paragraph by Mr. Gladstone and you are apprehensive; you do not know what the statesman means. You reread and remain apprehensive. It is said Mr. Gladstone wrote language to obscure thought.

Thought and expression are spoken of as distinct realities. And so they are in discussion. In fact, however, they go together. When we think we express. An idea is in a name as a soul is in a body. When we possess an idea we possess it as a word. If we have not secured it in language it is nebulous, seen vaguely, held insecurely.

It need hardly be indicated that there is depth in certain subjects of discussion just as there is depth in certain wells. Only depths of thought are relative. A scientist, a philosopher, a physician speaking in the language of his pursuit will seem profound, whereas he is merely technical. What seems deep is not deep at all. It is not understood—in the sense that a foreign language with which we are not familiar is not understood. There is inherent depth in a subject which the master of thinking and expressing clarifies so we see into its remoter soundings. In theology, physical science, philosophy, we find ample illustration of this. It is the work of the accurate thinker, the careful writer to make the profound, not less profound, but more clear. Thinking is illumination. Expression projects that illumination for the enlightenment of others.

Notes and Remarks.

Whatever significance others may attach to a recent cure at Lourdes which has been recorded in many of the English Catholic papers, those suffering from rheumatoid arthritis will in all probability count it as a real miracle that cannot be accounted for by shock or suggestion. A Miss Nellie Brennan who for the last eight years was so crippled with arthritis that she could just creep around with the aid of crutches, was, through the kindness of a friend who sacrificed her own burning desire to go to Lourdes that Miss Brennan might take her place, permitted to take part in a pilgrimage. After having been taken to the baths several times with no apparent result, on her last journey she suddenly handed over her crutches to Father Bracelin of Kelso, and walked from the Grotto without any help. The same day she ascended the flight of stairs leading to the Basilica, and the next day went for a two-mile walk. The case is well authenticated and was made the theme of Archbishop Macdonald's sermon when he addressed the pilgrims on the eve of their departure. How much of this girl's cure was due to the sacrifice of her kind friend, whose name is not even mentioned in the account, we have no means of knowing. Her reward, however, is much greater than any satisfaction that might come to her from seeing her name emblazoned in the daily papers.

Miss Sarah Padden, Catholic actress, is credited with planting the good seed of "President's Day" which is to expand into fuller flowering April 30th next. And each April 30th thereafter. We hesitate to congratulate Miss Padden. Think of all the potential "Days"—not to mention the "Days" we have—which may expand from this good seed! Vice-President's Day likely. Then every Sen-

ator may be given one; and every Congressman; and their wives; and Cabinet Members; and the Brain Trusts; and the Lobbyists; and all the Secretaries; and First Class Postmasters. You see what the good seed may grow to. Moreover, Bishop Cannon, Jr., Clarence True Wilson, Senator Heflin may be honored by a Yesterday. "Bishop Cannon's Yesterday," it will be called. If all the Great are given special days, we are going to have a day shortage.

In a recent issue of the *Catholic News* two news stories are quoted from the same page of a New York daily which may revive hope in those who were beginning to lose faith in humanity. The first tells of a ruling by Supreme Court Justice Taylor in White Plains denying a separation to a woman who brought suit against her husband because of a dispute with her mother-in-law. The justice characterized the friction between the women as "just a short-lived spat," and declared that a general family squabble was not grounds for separation. "Persons who enter the marriage relation," said the judge, "take each other for better or worse. Each is bound to put up with the weaknesses and infirmities of the other and to bear the other's petulance and incompatibility. It is not the policy of the law to grant divorces for trivial causes." If more judges were to take this point of view married couples would not be running to the divorce courts after every little family quarrel, and our Hollywood stars would not be seeking separation on the ridiculous ground that it is necessary to preserve their art. Sacrifice is the foundation of every happy marriage, and no one should enter into wedlock who is not prepared to make sacrifices. The second story is a quotation from Joe Weber, the noted comedian of the team of Weber and Fields. Said he to a reporter on his sixty-sixth birthday: "At sixty-

six I am happy to say I have been married thirty-seven years to the same woman, Lilian Weber, and she is one woman out of a million. When you get a good one, well—you get a good one." And he added that Mrs. Weber's maid has served her for twenty-nine years. To read the daily papers one would suppose that there were no such happy marriages, and yet there are many thousands of them. As soon as they cease to be our civilization will be at an end.



People whose vision extends no farther than the material revelations of the microscope and the telescope, will probably see nothing outside of a purely chance happening in the incident recorded below. To those of us, however, who are accustomed to see God's Providence revealing itself under the surface of our every-day lives, there is more than a little evidence to prove that He who loves little children was watching over them in a special way during the recent California disturbances. Anyway, here is the story as it comes to us in *The Tidings*:

The first tremor caused the ringing of the bell in the tower of Los Angeles' Orphan Asylum thereby giving the signal for the children to assemble for prayers at the Shrine of Our Lady of Lourdes on the orphanage grounds. A few seconds afterwards a shower of bricks fell from the exterior walls and the tower itself crashed to the ground. The ringing of the bell therefore saved the lives of many of the 160 children in the home.



We note that nuns get their share of high honors in scholastic competition. Thus Sister Ambrosina McConnin was given a grade of 96.6 in a test for the nurse certificate; the highest in an entry list of 400 candidates, as announced by the Ohio State Medical Board. Sister Ambrosina comes from Brooklyn, N. Y., and belongs to the Order of the Sisters of the Poor of St. Francis. Before entering religious life

she was trained as a nurse in St. Peter's Hospital, Brooklyn, where they keep an eye on the technique, it seems. We saw this item in the wide-awake *Brooklyn Tablet*, which, very properly, sees to it that the light which shines out of Brooklyn nuns is not hidden under a bushel. Moreover, a religious Sister of the Sacred Heart of Roehampton, England, won the Chancellor's English Essay Prize on the subject—"English Coffee Houses of the Eighteenth Century." Some time ago we recorded an essay prize by an English nun, and at the moment cannot recall whether it is the same Chancellor's prize for the same English Coffee Houses by the same nun. We note this to head off a letter telling us we are repeaters—should this be a repetition.



So much was promised by American propagandists when the Mexican revolution was launched that many of our people have actually accepted those promises as performances. It is rather interesting, therefore, now that ample time for fulfilment has passed, to read the reactions of former President Plutarco Elias Calles, the very man who originally made those pledges of progress to the world. Not only does an admission of failure come from ex-President Calles himself, but it is recorded by none other than Ezequiel Padillo, former President of the Mexican Congress and special prosecutor of the young man who was convicted and executed for the assassination of President-elect Alvaro Obregon. Speaking of his first message to the Mexican Congress in 1925, Calles is reported by Padillo to have said:

Eight years after that message I am everything but satisfied with what has been accomplished. I believe that we have seen our strongest and most constructive proposals defeated and postponed. In the first place we lack the necessary human material. The men whose business it was to carry out this enormous enterprise may have failed. The farm

schools themselves, which on no pretext should have been allowed to be anything but successful, were a disaster up to the time of their transfer to the Department of Public Education. The reason is that the men placed in charge of such elevated functions had no love for the enterprise, no ability to understand it, no sufficient disinterestedness to manage it. In the second place we have lacked a coherent plan of action. We have labored without any co-ordination.

Rt. Rev. Msgr. Turquetil, O. M. I., has been well named "the Bishop of the Arctic." Dog sleds and frozen seas are as familiar to him as automobiles and well-paved highways to us. Nor is he at all antiquated in his methods. One of his most recent enterprises was to have built for himself a vessel somewhat on the order of Byrd's arctic ship to carry him through the Northern waters to his beloved Esquimaux. The "Pius XI.," as it is called, is a small but sturdy ship Nova Scotia built, and equipped with the most modern radio and electric facilities. Bishop Turquetil's efforts will be multiplied several times over by the addition of this gospel ship, and thousands of Esquimaux will hear the Word now who rarely heard it before. That is the missionary spirit as it should be, utilizing all of God's gifts to His honor and glory. May His Providence continue to guide this modern missionary Bishop over the dangerous expanses of his icy diocese!

Father Grech, Jesuit missionary in India, was baptizing converts some months ago. A young man stepped up to forbid the baptism of one of these converts—a young woman, his wife. "She is my wife and I do not wish her to be a Catholic." Just so, with a snap to it. Father Grech did not repel this young man for his brusque approach; did not prove to him by reason, tradition and the Scriptures that the young woman was within

her competence. And so on. No. He set about converting the young man himself; and did so after six months of tutoring in reading the catechism. The young husband read the small book over—once, twice, three times; then asked to be taken into the Fold. He was—receiving four Sacraments, one shortly after the other. He was baptized, received his First Communion, was remarried in the Church; and, since the Archbishop happened to be present, was confirmed. All in one day.

There are few more pitiable types than the intellectual snob. Because such persons have been allowed to stumble their way through a college career, they suddenly acquire a sort of lordly disdain for all the rest of the world, from the high school and grammar grades down. Nor can we entirely blame these deluded creatures. They have caught this disease from a certain type of educator who can see nothing more exalted in life than mental development and nothing more pitiable than the lack of it. It was just that attitude which riled one of the editorial writers of the *Chicago Daily Times* a short time ago when Dr. Frank Bohn repeated the periodic lamentation about what may happen to this country of ours if our college-bred women do not give us more children. Says the editorial writer:

We fail to become alarmed because the stock of Vassar, Wellesley and Smith may become extinct. We suspect that when any family or group becomes so much concerned about "culture," wealth or comfort that it fails to reproduce, Nature is up to her old evolutionary handiwork—making a better race by quietly eliminating overspecialization, selfishness or timidity.

The idea that the failure of any kind of aristocracy to reproduce itself, whether it be an aristocracy of valor, money or education, will prove a disaster to humanity, is based on the unexpressed notion that the aristocracy has a monopoly of desirable qualities. That is against experience and history. The history

of intelligence, bravery or money-making is that desirable qualities crop up everywhere on the map and in all social groups. There is a circulation of men and women possessing those qualities in an unusual degree to the top of the social ladder and of their descendants to the bottom again—if they have descendants. . . .

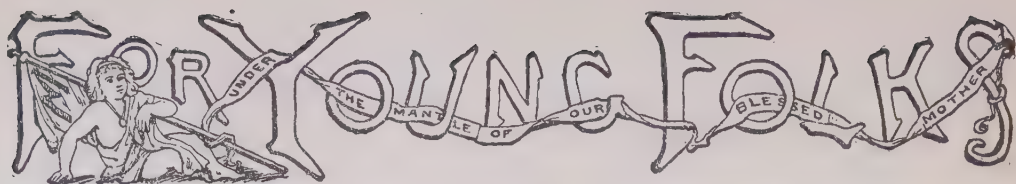
If any family or group is going short in the baby market, it is a good betting proposition that their extinction is not a racial disaster. It may be a blessing. Certainly there is no call for pity.

The *Chicago Times'* writer is absolutely correct. Mere mental development is not a guarantee of character and never will be. Neither is the lack of it a sign of inferiority. We have known "dock wallopers" and foundry hands who have lived lives of heroic virtue in spite of the fact that they have been addicted to double negatives and have never mastered even the A B C's of spelling. On the other hand we remember a questionnaire sent out to certain college girls a couple of years ago asking their views on certain aspects of marriage and life. A surprising number of answers were of such a nature as might have come from the derelicts of our city streets. All things considered, it would be better for the nation, perhaps, if we had less of what poses as education to-day and more of that old-fashioned virtue which is found so frequently under the somewhat clumsy exterior of our less learned citizenship.

Dr. Louis I. Dublin, third vice-president and statistician of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, and Bessie Bunzel, research assistant of the statistical bureau of the same company, have collaborated on a volume entitled "To Be or Not To Be—A study of Suicide." After pointing out that there are at least twenty-two thousand suicides in this country every year, the authors lay the cause of suicide to maladjustments, depressions, and morbid preoccupations which warp character, disintegrate per-

sonality, and make self-destruction seem the only escape from life's perplexities. And the remedy offered is this: "If suicide is the final answer of many who have failed, the way to avert this tragedy is obviously to develop constructive measures that will enable the generality of individuals to grow up more normally. By helping them to prevent and in some instances solve their personal, mental and emotional problems, real progress in cutting down the suicide rate will have been achieved." All of which seems to us vague and shadowy—something that one cannot get hold of. The real cure for suicide, we believe, is to teach people the Ten Commandments of God. Thou Shalt Not Kill is very explicit and simple. If people realized that their lives were given them by God, and that only He who gave them has a right to take them; if they understood that self-destruction is a mortal sin that merits eternal punishment, there would be less jumping from the top of buildings and fewer cases of people shooting themselves. When people are insane, of course, they are not accountable for their actions, but when persons in their right minds kill themselves because they have been jilted in love, or scolded by parents or humiliated by the loss of their fortunes, it bespeaks a lack of religion. Religious people do not kill themselves unless they lose their faith or their reason; and any book that attempts to point out a remedy for suicide and leaves out the teaching of religion, which is fundamental, will not be taken very seriously by thinking men.

Another anti-Catholic editor has discovered that you can't fool even some of the people all the time, particularly when you add a charge for the deception. The defunct publication was edited by Alma White and, ironically enough, was called "The Good Citizen."



Partnership.

BY KATHERINE EDELMAN.

A TINY ball
I set in earth,
A little seed
Has come to birth!
On slender stalk
Of vivid green
Above the sod
I see it lean.
It holds a promise
Out to me
Of lovely blooms
Through days to be.
My faith has been
Fulfilled indeed,
For life has come
From one small seed.
I have had partnership
With God
In bringing beauty
From the sod.

Tim.*

BY JAMES A. REID.

VIII.—TRAGEDY.

TIM commenced to read the booklet which Officer Krause had just handed him.

Extraordinary and mysterious things were happening in Mr. Bourne's home on Park Ridge. They had frightened Sam, Mr. Bourne's old and faithful Negro servant, so much that he had decided to quit his present employment. Naturally he had grown extremely nervous. His fear, however, was based on realities. Assuredly there were ample reasons for his disturbed state of mind.

As he entered Mr. Bourne's study that tragic spring evening, it was clear that he was on his guard, for quickly glancing about the room he searched with keen eyes every cranny of its space. A window shade at the window to the right of the room banged up with considerable noise. Sam was startled, turned hastily and peered for some seconds at the window before going to investigate. Then a center door closed violently. Sam jumped with excitement. A door to the left slammed and the lights went out. Sam seized a flashlight and directed its rays slowly around the room, trying to discover what lay behind these unusual events. He found nothing. Going back to the study table to finish his work, he spoke his thoughts.

"It's going on one year since Bill left home. Poor boy gone and no one knows where. No wonder his Ma died of a broken heart. And it isn't natural for his poor old Pa to go on living in a big house like this all alone. No, Sir, it is wrong, all wrong, I say. It isn't natural with all this falling of things, lights going out and on, and doors slamming. Old Pa should not live here alone. He hasn't fool sense."

"Speaking of me, Sam?" asked Mr. Bourne, who had entered the room unnoticed by Sam.

"I was, Sir," he answered, "but I didn't expect you all to hear, Sir."

"Perhaps, if I had fool sense, I wouldn't need you any more," he replied as he sat down at the study table and began to read, apparently paying no attention to Sam.

* SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.—Tim O'Mara left Ireland for America, and while running for the boat met Sir Charles Bruce who was in search for his son who had become

Meanwhile Sam had gone toward the door, but stopped just before leaving the room, turned hesitatingly, reached into his pocket and pulled out an envelope, and then went toward Mr. Bourne, holding the envelope with outstretched hand. He stood to the left and a little to the rear of the study table.

"What's this, Sam?" Mr. Bourne finally asked, seeing the envelope, but not making any motions to take it.

"My resignation, Sir."

"Resignation from what?"

"Resignation from work, Sir."

"Resignation from work?"

"Yes, Sir; I've quit."

"Why?"

"I don't like this position any more."

"Work too hard?"

"No, Sir."

"You're not satisfied here?"

"Yes and no."

"Not enough money?"

"No, Sir."

"Better position?"

"No, Sir."

"What, then? Usually a man quits his position when he is not satisfied, or isn't getting enough money, or can get a better place. What's the matter?"

"Ghosts, Sir."

"Ghosts?"

"Yes, ghosts."

"There are no such things," said Mr. Bourne, smiling.

"Well, things that act like ghosts anyway."

"Where?"

"In this house."

"When?"

"All the time—especially in the dark."

"Have you seen them or heard them?"

"Both. What makes these lights go out? What makes that curtain flop up? Why did those doors slam?"

"You're hearing things," Mr. Bourne said, scornfully.

"I saw them."

"Saw what?"

"I saw some one crawling around the house last evening. I watched from the dining-room window. I saw him sneak up the road toward Ronaldville; then he crept up the front lawn from tree to tree; he got on the porch; and I watched all the time. I was breathing so loud I could be heard in Ronaldville, eight miles away; and my old heart was a-pounding and a-pounding, I was so scared."

"What did you do? What did he do?"

"He raised the window to get in. I could see he had his grave clothes on, for he was in white. When he got in the window, I grabbed him. He pulled out of my grasp, yelling, 'Let me go; let me go.' And off he rushed down the side of the hill to the ocean."

"Why didn't you yell for help?"

"I lost my voice."

"That wasn't a ghost, Sam; that was a robber."

"Perhaps, Sir, but I went to a fortune teller—"

"They're all fakes and you're foolish to take any stock in them."

"Anyway," he said, 'Be on your guard; beware,' with a sneer.

"It cost fifty cents or a dollar to hear that?"

"To-day I dropped a fork, and that means a stranger's coming to this house."

"That's superstitious."

"I don't know. If you're hungry, you eat; if you're tired, you sleep; if you see a train coming, you get out of the way."

"Yes."

"Well, when I see something that

a Catholic and had been cast off by his father. Sir Charles took sick on the boat and was brought to a hospital in New York. Tim, not finding his Aunt at the dock, was taken in charge by Officer Krause and Daddy Dan

Sheehan. They found his Aunt finally, only to learn that his uncle, who had owned a bank, had lost everything through the crookedness of his partner. Tim, on hearing this, seeks out Officer Sheehan at the police station.

looks like a ghost, I say quit," Sam concluded, starting for the door. He turned on hearing the voice of Tom Neil, Mr. Bourne's nephew.

"Good evening, Uncle Joe."

"Good evening, Tom."

"Howdy, Sam."

"Good evening, Sir,"

"How are you this evening, Uncle Joe?"

"Never better."

"And you, Sam?"

"I'm worried, Sir."

"So; what's the matter?"

"Ghosts, Sir."

"We'll talk about that later, Sam, after I've seen Tom."

"Yes, Sir; all right, Sir; but, remember, I've quit, and if any more things like ghosts come to this house, I'm not working for you any more, and I won't try to catch them," Sam ended, closing the door noisily as he left the room.

"What's the ghost story, Uncle Joe?"

"Sam saw some one trying to break into the house and he says ghosts."

"What do you make out of it?"

"I'm not saying anything about that just now." He paused. Then, he said with great emotion, "Bill's coming home to-night."

"No!" equally excited.

"It looks that way."

"You've heard something, then?"

"Yes, a little; and now that he is coming back, as much as I have been yearning and longing to have him back, I feel the pain of his coming. I hate to pull back the curtains that hide the old scenes."

"Why do it?" asked Tom.

"Because the ninety and nine must take care of themselves until the lost sheep is found, even though it be only a wanderer into the fold."

"But, you've done all you could."

"All?" Mr. Bourne asked with doubt.

"Certainly. I shouldn't think that you have any doubts about that."

"Sometimes I wonder if I have. The

old doubt arises, and fight it down as I try, it leaves me weak and timid."

"Yet, it shouldn't," Tom suggested emphatically.

"Perhaps not. Still, isn't it a fact in life that our greatest pain is usually brought upon us by some one else? The criminal on the gallows is only a wretch who has broken another's heart who has loved him and showered him with kindness and favors, though he be an ungrateful dog. He goes out of life in a few seconds, but all the suffering and sorrow and pain are left to fall." He sighed.

"And when they do fall," Tom interrupted, "oh, the bitterness they bring."

"I have made enough to make me considered quite rich," Mr. Bourne continued. "Men envy my comfortable position. Oh, it's great to be rich, they say, not fully understanding. However, I would throw them all to the winds to-day, or sacrifice them without a moment's hesitation, if I could have the one thing I want."

"Bill!" Tom said, deeply thinking.

"Yes, Bill, with his name cleared. Even though he is an adopted son he is still very dear to me. Why did he disappear like a thief in the night? You grew up with him; you knew him at school and at college; you knew him. Why?" He paused for an answer.

"I don't know, I don't know." Tom shook his head sadly.

"How I did plan and dream about that boy's future. I had placed him among the stars; undoubtedly too high. But, like a candle that goes out at night, he was gone. Then came the wretched story about his gambling and forging of checks. Why didn't he come and ask me for money to square himself?"

"Never a word?"

"Not until to-day," replied Mr. Bourne, "as I told you."

"Then you have heard directly from him?" asked Tom with eagerness.

"Yes, to-day I received three short

notes from him. One in the early mail this morning, which read, 'Dad, I am on my way home.' A second note came in the noon mail, saying, 'I may rob your bank.' The third arrived late this afternoon, 'Dad, to-night at ten. Not by train.' "

"Kindly let me see those notes," Tom requested. He looked at them for a few minutes.

"What do you make of them?"

"All the postmarks are blurred," Tom replied.

"I tried a magnifying glass on them, but got nothing."

"Bill's coming to-night," said Tom, thinking seriously. "Sam saw—let's put the fact as it should be—a robber."

"Yes," Mr. Bourne said with an even voice; "and early this evening there was a call on the telephone for me. I didn't recognize the voice. I heard one sentence, 'Mr. Bourne, you are to be murdered at ten.' "

"No!" exclaimed Tom.

"Yes; and here I am waiting and wondering."

"It's got you frightened, naturally."

"No, it hasn't. No robber, or ghost, or unseen voice can frighten me."

"This couldn't be the work of Bill?"

"I don't think so. Should we allow ourselves, however, to be worried into unreasonable fear?"

"Certainly not," agreed Tom; "but are you prepared for anything that might happen?"

"Yes—" Mr. Bourne did not finish the sentence.

"Help! help!" Sam's excited voice broke suddenly in on them from outside the window.

Tom and Mr. Bourne rushed out of the room. They saw Sam running through the woods on a line parallel with the ocean. They followed him, that is, Tom did with all speed possible; Mr. Bourne was soon left far in the rear. Yet, he stayed close to the woods so that he might render any assistance,

if called on. After a considerable time, realizing how futile it would be to stand guard of nothing, he went back into the house. Quite a few minutes later, Tom came back.

"He got away?" asked Mr. Bourne.

"Yes; I chased him toward the ocean, hoping to get him out in the clear. He was too clever for that; he trailed and I suppose double-trailed through the woods, for he disappeared. Again, are you getting ready for what might happen to-night?"

"Yes, Doctor Smith is bringing me some powders to quiet my nerves. Three of the bank directors are due any minute. Detective Greenly is supposed to get the police together to watch the house. Had they been here on time that robber would not have escaped."

"Doctor Smith!" announced Sam, still breathing hard from his recent experience.

"Hello, Doctor, you brought the nerve powders?"

"Certainly, but why?"

"I'm afraid I might get excited to-night."

"Let me feel your pulse." He waited several seconds before giving his decision. "There is no excitement in the pulse. You're as cool as an iceberg. Foolish for you to take any powders."

"But, there's to be a murder to-night."

"Murder?" exclaimed the doctor.

"Yes," replied Tom for Mr. Bourne; "he received a mysterious telephone call, saying that he was to be murdered at ten."

"Well, he surely bears the bad news calmly."

"I want to be sensible; to go into a panic wouldn't be of any use."

"True. Take this, then," said the doctor, offering a powder. "Better use a little water."

"Sam!" called Mr. Bourne, "please bring a glass of water."

"A quarter of a glass will be enough," the doctor said so that Sam would

hear. "Too much water will spoil the effect."

Sam brought the water. He handed it to Mr. Bourne. The doctor poured the powder into the glass. Mr. Bourne, smiling as though it were all a huge bit of fun, quickly swallowed the nerve tonic. He had scarcely finished, when Sam announced the bank directors.

"Welcome, gentlemen!" said Mr. Bourne.

"Good evening, Mr. Bourne."

"We're having a real party to-night," Mr. Bourne added; "now don't get excited—I'm the victim."

"What do you mean?" asked one of the bank directors.

"Robbery to start, and the climax is murder."

"I still don't—"

He did not finish the sentence, for Detective Greenly stepped into the room. "Good evening, Sirs!" he exclaimed with a certain amount of decisiveness.

"Good evening," was the general answer.

"You have the police ready?" questioned Mr. Bourne.

"Yes, Sir," responded the detective.

"And you are totally prepared?"

"Yes, Sir. Who are all these men? No one here wants to rob you, or murder you?"

"Of course not," answered Mr. Bourne with some heat. "You know every one of them. That's my nephew, Tom; that's Doctor Smith; and these three are bank directors. You know them all."

"Well, we can't take any chances. But, I suppose they're all safe, let them stay."

"Oh, they're safe all right," confirmed Mr. Bourne.

"All right. Now give me that story again."

"Well, briefly, some one's trying to rob the house; secondly, Bill's coming home to-night; and third, I'm to be murdered at ten."

"There isn't anyone you suspect?"

Mr. Bourne had no time to answer, for an excited urchin ran into the room, shouting, "The bank's been robbed. I rushed all the way. I can't find the police."

"When did this happen?" Detective Greenly cried.

"Ten minutes ago."

"Which way did the robbers go?"

"Out this way toward Ronaldville."

"Sam, get my car ready quick!" yelled Mr. Bourne.

The electric lights suddenly went out. There was a shot. The thud of a body fallen to the floor. The room was in an uproar.

"Sam, get a light!" commanded Detective Greenly.

Sam came slowly into the room, flashing a small light. He turned it from side to side. Finally its beam fell on Mr. Bourne lying on the floor. Detective Greenly moved swiftly to the already inert form. He made a hasty examination.

"Why, this man has not only been shot," he shouted, "he has also been poisoned—his lips are all burned. Whose gun is that?" Then, he looked around at the others who were bent over the dead body. Another man had meanwhile entered the room. The dim light revealed his face.

"Bill!" exclaimed Tom with suppressed anger.

"I hold you all for murder," cried Detective Greenly.

At that moment Officer Krause looked at Tim, who, he saw, was very much absorbed in the story. "It takes a good story," said Officer Krause, "to calm the troubles of a boy. But, I wonder what makes him so blue?"

"Gee!" whispered Tim, "doesn't this beat all?"

(To be continued.)

THOSE who give scandal are responsible for scandal given.—*Grapheus.*

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—Two new books that will be welcomed by American readers are Booth Tarkington's new novel, "Presenting Lily Mars," published by Doubleday Doran and Company, and Irvin Cobb's mystery story, "Murder by Day," published by the Bobbs-Merrill Company.

—A new book by Mgr. Barnes, "The Martyrdom of St. Peter and St. Paul," reconsidering the circumstances of the Apostles' last years in Rome in the light of two new pieces of evidence, will be published by the Oxford University Press early in autumn.

—"The Redemption Play," by J. C. McMullen, in three acts, each of which could be staged separately, depicts the great moments of Our Lord's life: His birth and boyhood, His passion and death, and His resurrection and triumph. A deep spirit of reverence supplies the lack of dramatic intensity. Publisher, Baker Company, Boston.

—Dr. Louis Roule's "Fishes: Their Journeys and Migrations," has just been published by W. W. Norton & Company. William Beebe writes the Introduction. In this volume the author discusses such problems as why salmon fight their way up rapids and falls; and he has such an intimate knowledge of the ways of various fishes that his book has been chosen by the Scientific Book Club as its August selection.

—A photostatic copy of one of the earliest books written on the American Indian has been obtained by the Bureau of American Ethnology of the Smithsonian Institute. It consists of 80 printed pages, and 500 pages of manuscript. Dr. Charles H. Clark discovered it while working in the Vatican Library seeking material bearing on early American history. The author, Vasques de Espinosa, died in Seville, Spain, presumably while seeing the work through the press.

—Next month the Macmillan Company will publish an important book by Harvey Blodget, entitled "Making the Most of Your Income." This volume, we are told, will give a wealth of practical advice for the average man

regarding the spending of his salary in an economical way. Mr. Blodget has been a specialist in advertising and thrift development for the last twenty-five years, so that most of his opinions on thrift have been well tried out and are practical.

—From some recent book sales, it seems that the depression has not held book lovers from expending large sums for the treasures they covet. In a recent sale of Lord Rosebery's library we find the following sales: The first Folio of Shakespeare was bought for America by Dr. Rosenbach for £14,500; another was an "Endymion," inscribed by the author which brought £2,400. Of later date is a copy of Barrie's "Window in Thrums," presented to Lord Rosebery by the author, which was sold for £58.

—Mr. H. G. Wells describes his new book, which the Macmillan Company will issue next month, as a "speculative spree," and he entitles it "The Shape of Things to Come." Among the events forecasted in this volume are another and a final World War in 1940; an era of crime in 1945; the relaxation of the British Empire in 1950, and the disruption of the American Republic in 1968. We have more faith in Mr. Wells as a forecaster than as a writer of history, although few of us who witnessed the last World War can believe that another one is just a few years away.

—Next October The Harvard University Press will publish forty letters of Robert E. Lee, written to Martha Curtis Williams, which are said to reveal more of the human quality in Lee than any other works thus far published. This correspondence covers the period from 1844 to 1870, when General Lee was superintendent at West Point; when he was on duty at Baltimore, at Jefferson Barracks and Texas; and when he took part in the Mexican campaigns and the Civil War. The publishers tell us that these letters "abound in good humor and reveal his personal attitude toward secession, the outcome of the war, and the problem of reconstruction.

They give glimpses of the soldier and the citizen that aid much toward a better understanding of the man."

—An exceptionally thorough and exceedingly interesting history of America for high schools is Thomas Bonaventure Lawler's "Standard History of America" (Ginn and Company. \$1.40). It is a satisfying history from many points of view. It is well written,—a good narrative style that brings out clearly the various causes as they combine to produce the great movements in our country; it groups its story about great periods or eras, such as the "Era of Discovery," the "Great Explorers," The Colonial Period, etc. It has an exceptionally fine equipment of study aids which will be particularly valuable for one who must study without a teacher, and lastly it has an abundance of pictures and maps which add a vividness not to be found in the plain printed page. We are glad to recommend this volume to teachers in our Catholic schools.

—"The Crime of Cuba," by Carleton Beals, which has just been published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, lays much of the blame for Cuba's condition on American capitalists who have been shamefully exploiting that country. Says the author: "Cuba has progressively declined since independence. Its best government was that of Estrada Palma; its worst, that of Gerardo Machado. Except for a mint of American exploitation, Cuba has gone down hill ever more rapidly; indeed greed of profits has so undermined its institutions and industries that it has deteriorated even as a place to be exploited. The rapidity and degree of decline, however, bears direct relation to the influx of, and domination by, American capital. Cuba has been bled white. Every activity looking towards the benefit of the Cuban people, the building up of a sound and happy commonwealth, has withered at the roots." And he quotes a Cuban as saying: "We are bound by your dollars, by your bankers, by your politicians, by your Platt Amendment, by your greedy little politicians who pose as statesmen. Freedom? Our government, our President, is but a puppet of your dirty dollars."

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Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

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Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indulgence.)

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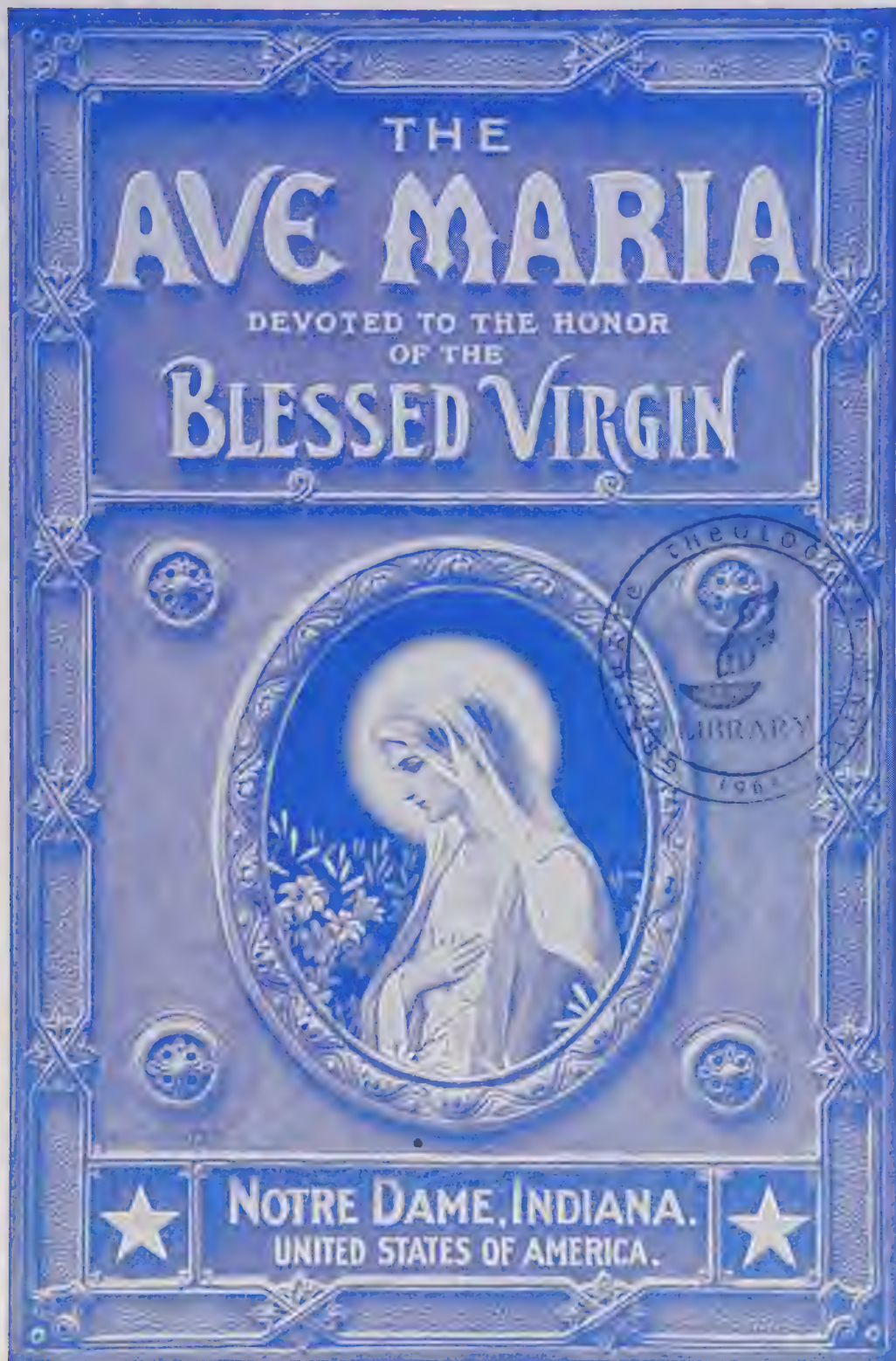
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CALENDAR OF THE WEEK

SEPTEMBER.

SATURDAY, 9.—St. Peter Claver, Apostle of Negroes.
 SUNDAY, 10.—Fourteenth after Pentecost. St. Nicholas of Tolentino, C.
 MONDAY, 11.—Sts. Protus and Hyacinth, Martyrs.
 TUESDAY, 12.—The Holy Name of Mary.
 WEDNESDAY, 13.—St. Eulogius, Bishop.
 THURSDAY, 14.—Exaltation of the Holy Cross.
 FRIDAY, 15.—Seven Dolors of the Blessed Virgin.
 SATURDAY, 16.—Sts. Cornelius and Cyprian, MM.

Blessed is the man that heareth me and that watcheth daily at my gates.—PROVERBS viii, 34.

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(Donatello)



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, 1, 48.

Vol. XXXVIII. (New Series.) NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, SEPTEMBER 9, 1933.

No. 11.

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September Birthday.

BY VERA MARIE TRACY.

THE world had turned golden to welcome
her coming,
Yet little it guessed of her sweet destiny,
And little it dreamed what 'twould mean to
be Mary—
This winsome wee darling on Ann's agéd knee.
The winds of September crooned over her cradle,
The stars of blue heaven looked down stead-
fastly,
But never a look nor a whisper betrayed her—
This starry-eyed baby, God's Sweetheart-to-be!
Full often they smiled at her quaint little graces,
But never, oh, never, did they guess that she
Would go down through the ages a Virgin
Beloved—
The Mother of Jesus, of them and of me!

Murillo's Tribute to Our Lady.

BY EDYTHE HELEN BROWNE.

BEHIND the great Spanish artist, known to the world as Esteban Murillo, lived the devout servant of Mary Immaculate, the man of piety eager to lay the richest fruits of his genius at her feet. He has painted no less than twenty Immaculate Conceptions, of which the gorgeous canvas in the Louvre is an acknowledged world masterpiece. His brush has translated the life of the Virgin Mary into scenes of loveliest setting and color. Even in subjects like the

Nativity and the Crucifixion, where Mary is but one of a group, Murillo always invests her with an emphatic charm and beauty that immediately arrest the attention of beholders, because he could never forego an opportunity to pay her homage. Our Lady's birthday on September 8, an early autumn feast of falling golden leaf and witching sunsets, recalls one of the artist's most important contributions to the series of works dedicated to his queen and patron, "The Birth of the Virgin," a beautiful canvas, six by eleven feet, now in the Paris Louvre.

Murillo painted the picture for the Seville Cathedral where it remained enthroned with other treasures of art in that noble edifice for a peaceful century. About 1760, when the insolent Marshal Soult thundered through Seville, the Chapter of the city, fearing the Marshal's despoiling hands, transferred "The Birth of the Virgin" and another Murillo, "The Flight into Egypt," to a place of hiding. But Marshal Soult kept his spies busy, and one of them informed him of the whereabouts of these two precious pieces of art. With bluff courtesy he asked the Chapter for the two Murillo's as a gift, hinting of armed methods to secure them if he were refused. His threat frightened the Chapter, and the pictures were added to his already vast collection. Some time after, escorting Colonel Gurwood through his gallery in his home in Paris, the Marshal paused before the "Birth," saying, "I very much

value *that* specimen as it saved the lives of two estimable persons," and in a whisper aside his aide-de-camp added, "He threatened to have both (members of the Chapter) shot on the spot unless they gave up the picture." In 1852, when the Marshal's collection was sold, Murillo's large group was bought in for 90,000 francs, and in 1858 Spain recovered her long-lost possession for 150,000 francs.

"The Birth of the Virgin" was a daring, original treatment of the subject, for Seventeenth Century Spain was still slave to a strict canon of Spanish art that almost always excluded women from a picture. Murillo not only chose a subject of womanly taste and concern, but the majority of the eighteen figures are of busy matrons in the happy act of ministering to newly-born Mary and good St. Anne; Joachim stands gently solicitous at the bedside of St. Anne, but he is secondarily cast in half shadow.

The painting is a crowded composition with eighteen full-length figures in animated gesture; yet Murillo has created such perfect balance that no one angle suffers. The infant is caressed by two angels, and four admiring serving-women group around a copped basin on the floor in which they intend to give the little Mary her first bath. To the right of the central figures, two laundress cherubs stand before a fireplace, tiny baby garments fluttering in their hands to dry. To the left two more angel servitors guard a hamper of linen, and one of them, a bit frivolous, fondles a dog. In the extreme left of the picture the happy St. Anne reclines in bed under a lustrous red canopy which lends that exotic Spanish color tone so marked in most of Murillo's work. Tender Joachim has been rather slighted by artists; hence it is gratifying to see him so lovingly modelled by Murillo. Although the artist represents him, one of a group of visitors come to pay courtesy to Mary, in somewhat dimmed outline

he is full of character and the proudest of the company gathered to rejoice on the occasion. Four pet cherubs, probably the best behaved in Paradise—rewarded with invitation to preside at Mary's birth,—float upon puffs of cloud just above the wee, favored daughter of Judea; the middle cherub gazing down seems to radiate sweetness almost like a little Jesus Son beholding His mother.

Most of Murillo's excellencies of style are to be found in this Louvre exhibit: his delicacy of brush, his magic distribution of light, his grace and tenderness of line, his fervor of conception known as his warm or *calido* style. Baby Mary is one of the most delicately drawn figures in all art, her tiny body perfectly modelled and proportioned. The slender form of St. Anne, too, is achieved by fine, subtle strokes rather than by a heavy laying on of pigment.

Murillo's Immaculate Conceptions established his reputation as an artist unusually sensitive to light in a picture. In the "Birth," St. Anne, in declining, mellow light, lends a touch of symbolism, for she was a matronly mother advanced in years when she gave birth. The golden light exploding around the four cherubs in glory is not merely decorative but actually dramatic, a theatrical from heaven itself. Murillo not only challenged criticism when he introduced women on his canvas, but dared to make them beautiful. The women of Seville were stimulated to high jealousy when "The Birth of the Virgin" was first shown fresh from the artist's studio, because the bare left arm of one of the matrons in the picture was so smoothly rounded and beautifully shaped and her countenance so vividly pink. The painting as a whole is a warm interpretation of the subject; one feels that Murillo loved every step of the labor creating it.

Our Lady has been the inspiration of all artists; few have honored her infancy as gracefully as the Spanish Murillo in his lovely "Birth of the Virgin."

Carolina Abdicates.

BY ESTHER W. NEILL.

XI.—THE VILLAGE.

AND so this first trip to the village which Eduard had postponed as an evil, whenever his grandmother had suggested it, proved a pleasant diversion from his prolonged rôle of invalidism. He felt oddly reinvigorated by his own success in achieving the cheerful demeanor of his boyhood, and without realizing it, he had found a certain comfort in his contact with fat old Louey Le Page, who was the reputed woman-hater of the county. As a young man the storekeeper had been too absorbed in his timid business ventures to risk the additional hazard of matrimony. As he grew older his feminine customers had not recommended themselves as a sex. Their multitudinous needs and their inherent desire for bargains had led him to lay in a heterogeneous stock that had become shopworn on his shelves.

Eduard's purchases to-day of pen-wipers, looking glasses and other odds and ends, that he had considered unsalable, had roused in the old man some latent dreams of expansion. The small back room where he cooked his bachelor meals and slept on a folding cot, might be utilized if a few more lavish and unquestioning customers like Eduard could be prevailed upon to patronize him with any fixed regularity. His zeal for salesmanship and his well-known aversion to women had assured Eduard that he was indifferent to all the sentimental gossip that buzzed about his crowded establishment. If he had heard, by any chance, Eduard's tragic story he would have attached little importance to it. From his cynical, calculating viewpoint, a runaway wife would seem a desirable type, a happy release from all financial and other fatal obligations.

On the way home Eduard was greeted by some of his old neighbors with the familiar friendliness that they had always shown him. Pictou, the village cobbler, his face wrinkled like a puckered persimmon, and his thin white beard straggling over the front of his leather apron, stood in the doorway of his little shop and beckoned to him to approach.

"Neddy, Neddy, my boy," he called out, "come here, I want to talk to you. I need something for my rheumatism. They tell me you're a doctor now; you ought to have found out a lot living in a hospital for two years; you ought to know of something that will keep my fingers supple. How am I going to keep on sewing shoes, if my fingers stiffen up like sticks? And here I am all alone in my old age—all alone."

Eduard and Marie Antoinette halted their horses at the low picket fence. "Hello, Pictou! You don't look a day older than when I went away. What do you mean by being all alone? Haven't you got your pretty daughter Alicia?"

The old man shook his head disconsolately. "Have you not heard that my daughter Alicia ran away and married a travelling man? It was worse than foolish, and Madam Grogé, your grandmother, had promised her a dower if she would stay at home and marry Joe Bangué."

"Joe Bangué! And why should my grandmother want her to marry somebody she did not want?" Eduard asked, feeling a sense of sympathy for the undutiful Alicia. "Who is this Joe Bangué? I don't seem to remember him."

"Ah, yes, you must remember Joe, Neddy. He is the son of my good friend the blacksmith who used to shoe your pony. Joe does not favor his father; he has a cross eye and is bowlegged from having rickets in his childhood, but he is steady in his habits. Never have I known him to take a drink of moonshine whiskey. He will get on; he is

sober, industrious, and he has an eye for business."

"Cross eyed? He must be blind if he has gone into the blacksmith's business."

"No, no, he has taken over his father's old shop and turned it into a garage. A long-headed lad with the thrift of all the Bangués; a faithful fellow who would have made a fine husband for my Alicia. I wish you would stop and see him. He ran a long splinter in his hand yesterday and he would not bandage it. I wish you would stop and look at it."

"Why doesn't he go to Dr. Savarin?"

"He will go to no one. Joe is obstinate. I could not make him go. He cares for nothing since my Alicia went away. If he dies, he does not care, but if he has to live without a hand that would be worse than death; he will be helpless. I told him this. He would not listen."

"I'll stop and take a look at him, then," said Eduard, and his face grew grave at the thought of this humble frustrated romance not unlike his own. "I'll see what I can do for him, but I'm the last man on earth to talk to him. I know all his symptoms too well. I'll go to the drug-store and send you up some liniment, Pictou; and if you'll come up to my house to-morrow, I've got a contraption there that will bake some of these pains out of you, make you feel like a two-year-old colt."

"That's mighty kind of you, Neddy," and the old man cracked his fingers testing their flexibility, "I'll be there. I'm mighty glad you've come back to us. The village ain't seemed natural with you away. I'm mighty glad you're going to stay. Dr. Savarin is getting old to be setting up with patients. Mountain women having babies in all kinds of unseasonable weather and calling the doctor at all hours to come trapesin' through the woods. I'm all for young blood, they've got the grit and strength to stand it. These mountain roads ain't safe at night in these here automobiles.

Somebody is going to get killed breaking themselves up against these rocks. A man ought to have sense and travel on horseback."

"Well, here we are following your advice," said Eduard cheerfully. "Marie Antoinette and I both on horseback, but it's slow travelling for these days, Pictou, and you don't practise what you preach. Seems to me the last time I was home you were speeding all around the country in Alicia's bucking flivver."

"That's so, that's so," admitted the old man good naturedly. "Joe Bangué gave Alicia that flivver and taught her to run it, but I reckon she was looking for something a little more stylish. There ain't any way of satisfying women. Don't you forget to stop and talk to Joe Bangué."

Joe Bangué, his bowlegs concealed by the body of an automobile, lay on his back tinkering with the complicated intestines of an engine. When he saw the two horses stopping at his gas pump, he crawled from his cramped position, and with his freckled face, grease smeared, he came forward, puzzled, to find out what service he could render horses in a garage.

"Good morning, Mr. Eduard," he said. "I am glad to see that you are well again. Good morning, Nettie. Horses want a drink of water—or something?"

"Hello, Joe." Eduard smiled down upon him. "Glad you haven't forgotten me. I've been away for a long time up in New York studying to be a doctor. I'm picking up a few patients on the way home this morning. Let me see that hand of yours. Old Pictou said you hurt it yesterday, and he ordered me to stop and take a look at it. Said you wouldn't do a thing for it."

Joe held out his red and swollen hand for this unexpected professional inspection. "It does hurt like the devil to-day," he reluctantly admitted.

Eduard threw his reins over the gas pump and jumped off his horse. "No

wonder! Splinter seems to be still there; we've got to get it out. You come on up to the drug-store with me. I won't keep you but a few minutes. Don't do to take any chances. No sense in suffering any more than you have to in this world. Troubles enough. Come on with me. Marie will wait here for a minute. That horse of hers is as steady as a rock. We'll get the splinter out and the place ought to be bandaged. Working around in all this grime and grease, it's got to be bandaged. You'll have an infected hand, if you don't look out, and that will be no joke, so come on to the drug-store with me."

Marie Antoinette, from her proud and blissful position on the back of the gentle horse, watched the ill-assorted pair as they crossed the dusty street and disappeared into the dimness of the drug-store, and she found herself appraising them from her youthful feminine view-point. She possessed a generous sense of loyalty, and ever since Alicia's sensational elopement in the bucking flivver with the persuasive travelling man, she had experienced a burning sense of righteous indignation for one who could abandon the devoted Joe without even a quarrelsome word of warning. True, his clear blue eyes were crossed, but he was not ugly. There were kindly wrinkles in his face, left there by hearty laughter, and he showed two rows of glistening white teeth when he smiled. It was so easy to minimize his defects, for a garage man does not often have the time or inclination to walk abroad. Driving cars for weddings and funerals and squatting on the floor of his shop trying to diagnose the persistent ailments in the anatomies of engines, his crooked legs did not seem to count.

It was cruel of Alicia to run away with a stranger and leave this friend of her childhood who had loved her always, to live alone in the red-and-yellow house that he had painted to match his

garage. The bright colors, displayed to attract the speeding tourist, seemed to accentuate Joe's longing for cheerful companionship. Marie Antoinette had heard many interesting versions of the romantic story from the gossips of the village, but she had never had an opportunity to draw any comparisons of her own until to-day. If the alluring travelling man was as tall and handsome and straight-legged as Mr. Eduard—even in his baggy riding breeches—then perhaps the wayward Alicia should not be judged too harshly. She might have some defence to offer, some legitimate excuse.

At lunch time Eduard had entertained Carolina with a detailed description of their adventurous morning, describing, with whimsical humor, how they had been diverted from their first murderous purpose by the purchase of stockings and chocolate drops, but he insisted that Marie Antoinette had not been deprived of a "sweet revenge," in spite of her virtuous forbearance. He was sure that he had heard Raoul and Celeste "choking" on the candy that had been heaped as coals of fire into their wide and gaping mouths. Le Page, the storekeeper, needed a whole set of false teeth. How could any man remain an optimist, if he could not satisfy a husky appetite by masticating his food with some comfort? The cobbler's little shop had a broken window. How could he keep his home warm and rid himself of rheumatism, if he had to sit in a draft all day? Joe Bangué's bowlegs should have been straightened when he was a baby, his cross eyes should have been operated on long ago. They were inexcusable disfigurements. No wonder the up-to-date Alicia had been discouraged when she realized that her lover had given no thought to such simple remedial measures.

"My Lord, Miss Carrie," he said helping himself to a third portion of curried chicken, "I thought they were all

subjects of your realm. Don't you take any responsibility? You ought to keep them physically fit. I don't like to see you falling down on your job."

Carolina, listening from behind the bulbous silver tea urn, was delighted at the change in him as she noted the bright color in his face, the sparkle in his eyes. Some of the buoyancy of his boyhood had returned to him. He was adopting the old teasing attitude toward her which she had always thoroughly enjoyed.

"I'm getting old," she said with a resignation that she rarely admitted. "It's time you stayed home, Eduard, and took charge of things—I'm getting old."

"Nonsense," he said. "The queen of the realm must never abdicate. I could not hold your job for five minutes. I wouldn't want to try. But, as a reigning sovereign, I must admit that many trifling affairs have escaped your vigilance. You have been too oblivious of the need of false teeth and the disfigurement of cross eyes. At the present moment you have concentrated your attention upon more weighty affairs—curbstones, Miss Carrie. I'd be the last to deny that they are not weighty. Are you thinking of buying a quarry or a marble yard? Last year it was electric lights and water-works. Some day we shall have to load your model village on a flat car and take it to all the exhibitions in the country, and Marie Antoinette and I will go along to sell copies of your interesting biography and explain that we once had the privilege of knowing Carolina the Colonizer."

She smiled a little sadly at his nonsense. "My colony is growing quite beyond me. There are not many of the old friends left. Jean Courtenay and I were talking the other night about how few of the old ones are left. Pictou was one of the stablemen on the plantation, he came with us to help with the

horses. Joe Bangué's father was one of the grooms. There were thirty-five in that first party; thirty-five of us flying from the terrors of yellow fever. I made Dr. Savarin come with us. I was afraid you would die on the way. He did not want to come. He told me he felt that he was sacrificing his professional reputation, leaving when there was danger of an epidemic, but I persuaded him that he could return as soon as you were safely here. You see you were the last of your name—the Count de Grogé—I could not let you die."

"Don't, Miss Carrie, please don't talk about titles," he implored her; "I hate 'em. I wouldn't hang on to one on a bet. I'm an American citizen, the French name is a nuisance. I'm not sure that I'm grateful to you for not letting me die. It would have saved us all a peck of trouble, if I had just passed out on that crazy trip."

The old look of weariness came back into his face, and as he pushed aside his plate and left the dining room, Carolina felt overwhelmed by that same hopeless sense of discouragement that she had endured ever since his illness. His merry mood at lunch had almost convinced her that he was emerging from the grief that had brought on this physical breakdown, but it was but a momentary lifting of the cloud that over-shadowed him. Why did he hold so tenaciously to a love that had proved so unworthy? Why could he not harbor a hatred, a healthy hatred, as Carolina herself would have done? This clinging to an ideal showed the girl's influence still dominated his life. What counter force could be utilized to nullify her power?

Carolina had tried in her own way to disillusion him, but her keen intuition told her that her abusive attacks had been resented. She must have recourse to strategy. The conversation at the lunch table about old Pictou's rheu-

matism and Joe Bangué's injured hand had given her an idea.

Carolina had no patience with habitual procrastinators. The conception of a plan led to prompt action. Since she needed Dr. Savarin's aid to carry out her scheme, she determined to go and call on him that same afternoon. His daily professional call on Eduard promised no privacy for her. She wanted to talk to him confidentially, away from the danger of all eavesdroppers, for Marie Antoinette, in all innocence, had a way of appearing suddenly in unexpected places, and, in her friendly interest, she was quite capable of listening in on all audible conversations and repeating all that she heard, for during Eduard's long convalescence, when she was the only admitted visitor, he had encouraged her to entertain him with all the small facts that she picked up about her neighbors. Her interpretation of the trifling quarrels and village scandals had amused him on those dragging days when he could find no solace in books.

Dr. Savarin's house had been the first one to be built in the village. It occupied a most desirable site on a tract of rising ground a short distance from Main Street. Broad, grey flagstones led from the iron gate to the wide gallery; flowering shrubs and a "maze" of box showed that the grounds had been carefully planned by some one with a knowledge of landscape gardening. Carolina herself had personally supervised the planting of the box which had been skilfully abstracted from her own hedges, grown too thick in the many years of her absence. In many other small ways she had tried to compensate the doctor for forcing him to accompany her in her terrified flight, for he had been most unwilling to turn his back upon his own stricken city; and when at last he had

been convinced that his professional knowledge was needed to guard the life of the infant Eduard, he had agreed to take the long journey with the understanding that he would return to New Orleans as soon as Carolina and her charges were safely settled. But an illness of his own prevented him from leaving as he had planned, and when he was well enough to travel the newspapers from home assured him that the threatened epidemic had been happily checked. It was then that Carolina, focusing all her powers of adulation, urged him to remain.

It was a flattering experience to have a beautiful widow, with whom he was half in love, plead her necessity so emotionally. Doctors were scarce in this part of the State; the mountain air was so dry, so balmy, so stimulating that she predicted, with prophetic foresight, that the place would be a Mecca for invalids in the years to come. She had talked so convincingly that she had flouted all the arguments that his youthful ambition had suggested. It was impossible to hold out against her eloquent importuning. Her presence alone seemed to be sufficient reason for remaining in the encircling mountains. He found himself dreaming of some connubial cave-man's shelter with a rock-bound entrance kept secret from the world. Carolina at this time was in her early forties, and her extraordinary beauty had matured but not lessened with the years.

Romance no longer entered into Carolina's plans, however. She wanted a doctor, in whom she had some faith, for herself and her grandson, and she rightfully reasoned that her money should secure proper medical attention for the members of her own household even admitting they were too numerous to be harbored under one roof. Though the acres her father had left her were not as wide-reaching as those of a French seignior, that she had read so much

about, she shared the feverish anxiety of those intrepid pioneers to draw inhabitants to the land of their adoption. She knew that she could not found a successful colony with only ignorant dependent servants. She must have some people of culture to encourage others to come. No professional man must be allowed to escape.

As the years went on, Dr. Savarin had not regretted the compulsory decision, or blamed Carolina for her interference with his youthful loyalty to his native State, for he had built up a practice of some size in the neighboring town, though he still kept his home in the village where he was considered an oracle of wisdom and of power. His familiar figure had become a precursor of life, as he passed through lowly doorways, for few babies were born in the village who did not utter their first feeble cries in his arms, and the dying clung to his strong, helpful hands, while sorrowing families, unacquainted with death, refused to acknowledge its presence until he had verified its certitude.

(To be continued.)

The Modern Dilemma.

BY JOHN J. O'CONNOR.

OUR outstanding men are in substantial agreement that something vital and precious has been lost in the vast, surging movement of change which began in the disastrous Sixteenth Century, with the Italian Renaissance and the German Reformation, and has about run its enervating and chaotic course.

The naturalistic principles of the New Learning and Luther's rebellion against all lawful authority (other contributing factors receiving due consideration) resulted, as every school-child knows, in the shameful destruction of the spiritual and cultural unity of Christendom.

Four centuries of unrestrained competitive enterprise and ruthless exploitation, of spiritual impoverishment, of social unrest and economic instability, of hostility towards Christianity, of revolt against the golden heritage of past ages, have inevitably brought us to the threshold of a counter-revolt, a positive reaction against the selfish, godless, secularist spirit that dominated this unique period of four hundred years in the world's history, and stamped them with the mark of material plenty for the few, and moral anarchy.

We are living in the twilight of the old discredited era. A new era, with immense possibilities for good and evil, stretches out before us. What new adjustments shall we be forced to make? Will youth fashion a brave new world? Or are we entering, as Oswald Spengler would have us believe, the last stage of a moribund and decadent civilization?

We do not subscribe to Spengler's fatalistic notion that we are passive spectators, "without hope, without rescue," witnessing the mighty tide of predestined events rushing downhill to an unavoidable doom. The future is what we make it. It is our birthright. It belongs to youth and to the young in spirit. If we have made serious mistakes, we can unmake them. If we have ideals, we can realize them. But we must first recognize the free will and Christian dignity of man and his responsibility as a member of society in our high-minded attempt to reconstruct the existing social order.

Much of the old enthusiastic faith in the forward march of progress and the power of science has disappeared. "We act under the dominion of old habits," wrote Renan, in the last century. Like all prophets of the materialistic millennium, he was among the first to suffer the cruel shock of disillusionment. "We are like those animals," he adds, in bitter complaint, "whom physiologists deprive

of their brain, and who continue none the less certain functions of life by virtue of an habitual response." A dreary, unchanging scepticism has replaced the old beliefs. Two centuries of rationalism have murdered reason. The recent spirit of excessive nationalism in Europe has become one of the greatest dangers that threaten our civilization.

Not one man in a million truly understands the ever-changing theories of the scientist. But somehow the idea has gone forth, and the masses have temporarily adopted it, that absolute principles are of no value. The man in the street has been taught to believe "that the new scientific knowledge is destined to oust both the Christian religion and the old literary and humanist culture from their traditional supremacy, and to become the foundation of a new world order that has nothing in common either materially or spiritually with anything that we have known hitherto."

He has been taught that the ancient verities must not be allowed to influence his impartial consideration of government, economics, art, literature, and religion. Everything, including the identity of contraries, may be true. Experimentation is the watch-word of the hour. We must experiment indefinitely. New discoveries, in the realm of positive science, are always indicated in terms of relativity and contingency. Each man is his own authority and the measure of all things. Each man, if he is wise, will withdraw into his own castle, and endure the essential irony of life with what stoicism he can muster.

Father Ronald Knox has analyzed the mass mind, the vulgar, intemperate, undisciplined and unthinking mind, the shallow receptacle into which has been poured, in ever-increasing quantities, the most recent scientific and ill-digested, technocratic jargon, the worship of

the machine, the decline of religion, the materialistic view of life, communistic propaganda, hostility towards Christianity, the spirit of doubt and despair. The self-appointed instructors of the masses have consistently denied man's spiritual needs. The acids of time and experience have clearly demonstrated the inherent falsity of their pagan, humanitarian philosophy, and the masses are becoming intensely weary of it. "The spirit of the time," writes Ortega, "being incapable of maintaining itself in equilibrium by its own unaided efforts, searches for some spar that will save it from the wreck, and examines its environment with the anxious and cringing look of a dog, hoping that it may find some one to help it."

What is the answer to our modern dilemma? Christopher Dawson is of the opinion that the return to religion may well be one of the dominant characteristics of the new era we are now entering. "The ordinary man has not consciously denied the Christian tradition," he observes. "He has simply lost sight of it in his concentration on material progress. His loss of faith is due not so much to a change of belief as to a change of attention—a turning away of the mind from spiritual to temporal things which causes a blunting of the spiritual perceptions and a darkening of the soul. We have attempted to combine a material organization of the world, more scientific and elaborate than any previous civilization has known, with a disregard of spiritual values and a denial of the need for spiritual order. The real significance of the present crisis is that it marks the breakdown of this attempt, a failure which every Christian must regard as the obvious and inevitable conclusion of a development that was inherently self-destructive. And the only way by which our civilization can recover its balance

and stability is by the restoration of the spiritual element that is no less essential to modern culture than it has been to the civilizations of the past."

It is not true that "all the idols are broken and there is nothing left for us to believe." It is impossible to break away from the old traditions. We cannot possibly destroy the foundations of our ancient culture and survive. We must, once again, turn our attention to spiritual values. A new creed is not needed because history is witness to the fact that every artificial, man-made religion has failed. The Christian faith of nineteen hundred years alone can successfully meet the challenge of our changing world and the spiritual needs of the new order. "The Catholic Church," wrote Newman, "has passed through the full cycle of changes in order to show that she is independent of them all. She has had trial of East and West, of monarchy and democracy, of peace and war, of times of darkness and times of philosophy, of old countries and young."

There can be no compromise with truth. There can be no surrender of authority. "It is a complete mistake," Mr. Dawson points out, "to think that we can bring religion up-to-date by making it conform to our wishes and to the dominant prejudice of the moment. If we feel that modern society is out of touch with science, we do not call on the scientist to change his view and to give us something more popular. We realize that we have got to give more thought and more work to science. In the same way the great cause of the decline of religion is that we have lost touch with it, either by abandoning religion altogether, or by contenting ourselves with a nominal outward profession that does not affect our daily life and our real interests. And the only way to bring religion into touch with the modern world is to give it the first place in our own thought and in

our own lives. If we wish to be scientific, we must submit to the authority of science, and sacrifice our easy acceptance of things as they seem to the severe discipline of the scientific method. And in the same way, if we wish to be religious we must submit to religious authority and accept the principles of the spiritual order. In the material world, man must conform to realities otherwise he will perish. And the same is true in the spiritual world. God comes first, not man. He is more real than the whole external universe. Man passes away, empires and civilizations rise and fall, the stars grow old; God remains."

All of us can aid in the great spiritual movement that will be the salvation of our own and future generations by living our Faith after the zealous manner of those early Christians who died for it. The scholar may serve God in his library, the architect may build, the preacher may attract large audiences, the lawyer may be the mouthpiece of justice; but we who play only a very minor part in the affairs of the world must become, in the daily routine of our lives, a gracious and unfailing invitation to all men to share in that more abundant life which is in Christ. Nothing can take the place of the daily example of Catholicity in action. Armed with that powerful force the reconstruction of our social order will be achieved—and maintained.

Sister Veronica Passes By.

BY CATHERINE JONES FRIER.

WHEN Reverend Mother appointed Sister Veronica one spring morning to do the convent shopping, one could not have told by the smile on the Sister's face that she was disappointed. By a clever bit of planning she had so arranged her usual work that she had foreseen an extra hour in the chapel. A line from the Epistle that morning had struck a

high note in her soul, and she was longing to meditate upon it to her heart's content. Well, there would be no time that day, so she quickly offered the sacrifice to Our Lady and departed for town. One of the older girls of the school accompanied her, and they set forth earnestly to match quilt pieces, to adjust a mistake in the dry goods bill, and to purchase various supplies for the convent.

Now Sister Veronica was very young, very small, and, although she was not at all aware of the fact, she was very beautiful. She exuded the freshness and the beauty of springtime. Happiness and peace melted together in her goodness. The loveliness of her face was the reflection of the loveliness of her soul.

Nothing eventful happened on the shopping tour. In fact, as a shopping tour, it was decidedly a failure. The especial "print" that Reverend Mother wanted matched for a quilt, which the Sisters were making for a wealthy matron, could not be matched. The last piece of it had been sold a few minutes before. The solid color which she also was to match didn't match at all when she saw it outside in the daylight, and it was already cut and bought. There were other blunders in her shopping, and worst of all she forgot to bring the charge slips needed in the bill adjustment, so the clerk in charge had to waste a solid half hour over the files. Yes, as a shopper, Sister Veronica was a hopeless failure. People had been so kind to her, too! First there was the street-car conductor. When she had handed him her car-fare he had refused it.

"Not from you, Sister," he said, with a trace of the Irish brogue, and had gallantly taken the fare from his own pocket.

"Thank you so much," she smiled back at him. "I shall remember you in my prayers." And lest she should forget she said three Hail Marys and a Mem-

orare for him as soon as she was seated.

The conductor gazing thoughtfully at the black veiled figure came to a sudden decision. "Patrick Callahan," he said to himself, "you'll be after making your Easter Duty this year like the Irishman you should be instead of the blasted haythen you've been lettin' yourself become!"

Of course, Sister Veronica didn't hear him, for it was the man's soul speaking only to himself, and she was busy saying the Hail Marys and the Memorare.

From across the aisle she felt a steady gaze upon her. Involuntarily she turned and saw a young man. Of course, she turned quickly away, rebuking herself for the giddiness of letting her attentions ramble in a public place. However, the man had seen deep into the clear peace and purity of her eyes. He closed his own for a moment in sudden shame.

"That party last night!" he exclaimed inwardly. "What a fool I've been to make companions of such people! I must drop them and stop dissipating before it ruins me completely."

Then there had been that poor man on the street who had so timidly asked for help. That frightened look of misery and humiliation on his face made the little Sister feel very sad, but she had smiled cheerfully as she gave him the saved car-fare.

"Don't be discouraged," she had said. "I'm sure conditions will improve soon and you will find work. I shall ask St. Anthony to find you a position."

The man had never heard of St. Anthony, but after Sister Veronica passed by he squared his shoulders and raised his head. A new lightness came into his step. He'd not give up! He'd keep on trying, and perhaps the little Sister was right—conditions would improve.

There had been, too, that pretty young girl in the stationery department

who'd been so nice in helping Sister select just the right quality of paper for the Reverend Mother. She'd looked so tired, too, poor girl, on her feet all day long!

"Thank you so much, dear," Sister had said, "for being so patient and helpful."

"It was a pleasure to help you, Sister," the girl had replied. "Perhaps you might remember me in your prayers to-night; I have an important decision to make."

"Indeed I shall, dear! Are you a Catholic?"

"Yes, Sister, but not a very good one, I'm afraid."

"Oh, now, I'm sure you are! Don't worry about the decision. Just close your eyes and ask Our Lady to make it for you."

About the time that evening when Sister Veronica was remembering the little sales girl in her prayers, that same girl stood bravely facing a man whom she unwisely loved.

"I can't marry you, Jack," she said. "I am a Catholic and I may not marry a divorced man. You must go and not see me any more."

"Nonsense," the man protested. "You had nearly made up your mind last night to forget all that! What foolishness for you to work so hard, day in and day out, when I can give you so much and make you happy! You're just tired to-night, darling. You'll think differently to-morrow."

"I am tired," she answered—"very tired! But I shall not think differently to-morrow and I shall not see you again."

After night prayers Reverend Mother called Sister Veronica to her office. With a twinkle of humor she kindly chided her daughter in Christ.

"Sister, Sister!" she laughed affectionately, "I'm afraid I selected a very poor shopper to-day."

Sister Veronica lowered her eyes humbly.

"I know, Reverend Mother! I am very, very sorry. I wasted the morning completely."

"Well, don't feel badly about it, child. You did the best you could. We will not worry about shopping so long as you remember that it was your St. Veronica who wiped the face of Jesus."

The little Sister was comforted, but still very humble. "I shall try to do better the next time," she said.

Dwelling Inland.

BY S. C. N.

THE salt must burn within my very blood,
Such thirsty longing have I for the sea!
Deep-pulsed, responsive to that rhythmed
flood,

Swift waves of joy surge in the heart of me.
How could content or comfort ever be
To fill my soul in any sea-less land,
Howe'er so lovely 'twere with lake and lea,
Since view of ocean doth my sight demand,
From rocky shore, or some far-stretching
golden strand!

I have a hunger that forever stirs,—
An old, old want Time cannot wear away—
For heathered hills, where gorse and golden
furze

Blend blossom odors with the briny bay;
For coves where I could lie the live-long day
To dream in soul-assuaging solitude;
For isolated crags where, drenched with spray,
I might, while buffeted by breakers rude,
Find courage fortified, and hope again renewed.

My homefast heart is haunted, even now,
By dreams of grey horizons; lonely deeps
Are desolate within me, thinking how
Tempestuous, the storm-lashed water leaps;
And tidal-like desire with sudden sweeps
Inundates me till every thought is drowned
Save that which, cherished, Mem'ry ever keeps
In calm or storm: the sea's mysterious sound,
That speaks of Power Omnipotent and peace
profound!

Our Lady, Help of Women.

BY DOROTHY BUNKER.

I SHOULD like to add the above invocation to the October Litanies! God knows we need your help to-day, dear Mother, because our trials are of a new and baffling kind, and though there is a growing feeling of confidence in our President's program, still the future is far from certain; for these are days when we women are facing things that never before entered our conception of life. There are those of us who have been used to the joy of perfect security in money matters, and now find ourselves at grip with the bare necessities; there are those of us used to the struggle of existence, but not to absolute, flat despair. We are all, high and low, oppressed at times with nameless fears. You, dear Lady, besides practising exalted virtues beyond our imitation, were the most adaptable human being ever placed in a series of apparently insurmountable difficulties,—your beautiful serenity in accepting unforeseen and soul-testing situations can well be the subject of our daily meditation now.

To begin with, from the instant of your conception, you had embraced God and His adorable attributes with an entire surrender absolutely beyond the comprehension of any creature. For years you gave yourself with joyousness to the Divine service,—in small things and in great, in menial tasks and the most sublime contemplation, every instant was consecrated to God with a fervor and intensity that would have destroyed life itself save for His sustaining power. You loved every creature, great and small, because it reflected the Father's care; above all—let us remember this now in our day of trial,—you loved the *strugglers*, those upon whose shoulder pressed most heavily the cross of pain, because for them the Redeemer was to come and make inter-

cession. And so for them *you* made intercession, for them you offered your tiring tasks, your prayer, your burning love.

One day, the High Priest called you to him. Perhaps it was in the Fall of the year when the leaves were dying, because Mary of Agreda tells us the Incarnation took place about six months after your marriage to St. Joseph.

"My child," we may imagine him saying, "your life among us has been most exemplary; we all love you as a daughter pleasing to the Heavenly Father, but now we feel the time has come to choose for you a husband who will cherish and protect you in the absence of your beloved parents. Let this not surprise or pain you: you have given your soul to God, and He knows best how to direct you through obedience."

We are told that you, dear Blessed Lady, accepted this frustration of your heart's most precious dream in perfect submission, though not without the bitterest pain. You, who had never given a thought to material things, beyond embracing joyously the poorest and most menial in life, were now called upon to live in the world, to care for a husband, to work with and for him. You did not know then that St. Joseph was to be to you a tower of strength in helping you fulfil your supreme destiny of Virgin and Mother. If we can picture to ourselves the most seraphic nun in the most austere and cloistered convent called upon to re-enter the world which she had once renounced for God's love, we have but the faintest idea of what it meant to you, dear Mary.

Six months later, another stupendous mystery! Secure in the knowledge that St. Joseph's ideal of life was inspired by God to help you fulfil yours, you were one day wrapped in the loftiest contemplation, when unto you appeared an Angel, announcing the will of the Most High. And now is opened up an-

other vista,—the heights of ecstatic joy, the depths of searing pain. Well did you know through your searching study of the Scriptures, through your infused wisdom, through your ardent union with the Blessed Trinity, that Christ the Saviour was to be a Man of Sorrows, that His Mother's soul would be pierced with grief, that you must make yourself one with sinners, even as He would become one with them. For God's love, for *our* love, you bowed your head,—you became the Mother of the Word. Perhaps one of us is called upon to bear a child in these perilous days. Oh, Mary, help all mothers now and forever!

There was a journey you took three months later, eager to serve and bless your kinswoman, Elizabeth, also with child. Which of us mothers would voluntarily choose such a journey at such a time,—a long trip over rough roads on a donkey's back, with no money laid up against the day that was to bring to you a Son, the King of kings! Yet with total abandonment to God's providence you set forth; you brought Heaven to the portals of Elizabeth's home, the Baby Baptist leaped with joy within his mother's womb; you comforted Zachary, stricken, but loving. You waited until the babe was born, that you might assist in every possible way, and then departed, leaving behind the sweet odor of charity and divine compassion.

And now the longed-for day is fast approaching when your darling Babe is to become present to you in the flesh, when you are to behold the tiny Face before which the angels kneel in supreme abandonment. What your poverty could do to serve Him you have done,—the little swaddling-clothes are ready, the blessed home is swept and fragrant with the priceless treasure of a Mother's love. Then St. Joseph came and told you of the Emperor's edict. What were your thoughts, dear Mother Mary? Not for

yourself, though at a time when the humblest woman feels that she can expect a little consideration, but for your Son,—the unborn Light and Glory of the world. You knew from the Scriptures that the Saviour was to be born in Bethlehem of Juda, but knowing things does not always make them easy. There was to be another journey, harder this time than the last, there was the mingling with strangers at a time when your heart longed to prostrate itself in complete forgetfulness of all save the Divine Infant.

We women, too, have now a journey along an unknown highway,—perhaps we have been forced out of our quiet Nazareth into the crowded Bethlehem, perhaps the cruelty of the present scheme of things has refused us a refuge, even as you, dear Mother, were refused a place to lay your head, so long ago. You were weary, you had no money to buy a shelter for the God of Hosts, you were saddened by men's indifference and blindness of heart. Yet you followed St. Joseph to the abandoned cave, and Jesus came and smiled into your face! None of us has been called upon for such total abandonment to God's providence,—no home, no food, a new-born Babe for which to care. And you, St. Joseph, must have been in exactly the position of many fathers to-day,—eager to serve your loved ones, forced to sit idle and see them want, because none rewarded, or even desired, the toil of your hands.

Perhaps this terrific upheaval of the economic situation will bring us to your feet, dear Mary. If you, God's best-loved daughter, knew not whence the next meal would come, whether dear St. Joseph would be successful in earning or begging a small mite for you and the sweet Babe, or whether some kindly woman would look into the cave, perhaps hunting a lost sheep, and seeing your want, would provide for it, why should we be unduly upset over what

is happening to us and to the world? But we must stay close to you, so close that reaching out your hand, you will always find us there!

On the flight into Egypt, there was added to the old question of poverty, to which you and St. Joseph must now have been well-accustomed, fear for the safety of the Babe. You knew that God's providence was about you in every turn of events, yet what mother's heart would not be torn when her baby's life is threatened by powerful and heartless men! How you wept over the ingratitude of men, over the inclemency of the elements created by God, and yet allowed to cause Him pain, over the hazards of the future, foretold by Simeon. Yet we may well imagine that the Flight was not accomplished without joy, that there were many happy interludes when you sang and Jesus smiled and the radiant spirits crowded close to shut you Blessed Three into a world of celestial peace.

Cannot we mothers and fathers try to enter for a time each day into that realm of peace, to give our cares for our beloved children into more powerful and beneficent hands than ours and so secure for them a blessing greater than financial security? It is tragically hard to see what we have built up for their dear sakes destroyed, to feel that in treading ways of uncertainty ourselves we will have no spirit left with which to help them face their battles, and yet, who knows? Out of our weakness may come strength for them; they may come closer to God through their inability to rely solely upon us.

Dear Lady, you must have let Jesus rely upon Himself at an early age, because at twelve He had cared for Himself three nights and days; He had braved the taunts of His elders and taught them many things. And His loving heart had not forgotten you for a moment, dear Mother Mary, although it seems He had. He had shown you that

although He will always be an obedient and tender Son, His days of dependence were over, that His mission had begun. From this, in our day of trial, we can learn to let our children grow up as fast as consistent with their years, and let them face responsibility. This lesson will come better from us than from the world. Only we must guard against letting them see that we are worried or harassed; let us act courageously, light-heartedly, and make a high adventure of an otherwise sorry mess.

There is another fear lurking in our hearts to-day that requires extraordinary courage and confidence in God to overcome,—it is that in the overturning of the existing economic values, there may be revolution and even bloodshed before the time of peace. But you, dear Mother, have met and conquered this before us; for you, the whole world was overthrown, the forces of good and evil met in the most titanic struggle that ever has or ever will be waged, when a gibbet was erected on Calvary's height, when you, with a full knowledge of all that that meant to you, the Mother of Jesus, stood at the foot of the Cross. As we think of that Day, we breathe a prayer in our hearts that no soldier of the imperial Caesar touched you roughly, that no high priest jeered at you, that no one of the crowd who had just cried out, "Crucify Him," extended their hate to you, all-pure and blessed. But how can we know? Of this we are sure, that from that day on, the lives of you and all His faithful followers were in the balance.

How joyously you would have shed your blood for Him! It was not asked of you. What *was* asked of you was to be courageous in the midst of the agitated Apostles, to cheer their trembling hearts, to give them and all the Disciples the tremendous force of your prayer, your love, your charity. We are told that you helped to prepare food for

them when they were in hiding, that you directed their activities, and succored them in every need. It is sweet to read that even as you had woven for your Son His seamless robe, so you did likewise for dear St. Peter and the heads of the Church.

Dear Lady, may we women of to-day give our men the help and solace of our love! They are frustrated through no fault of their own; their pride is hurt, their self-confidence shattered. Let us not fail them now, but stand shoulder to shoulder with them, even as you did with Jesus, unto the end!



A Flemish Mystic—Jean Ruysbroeck.

BY ELLA BAKER.

THE all-powerful and wise Creator has never ceased to shower down His gifts on the human race and to invite all to know and love Him. As not the least of these gifts, but rather as among the most precious, must be reckoned the personalities of certain men and women whose holiness is above the ordinary, and whom the Divine Wisdom has created so that by their prayers and merits they may intercede for the world. If the world had not possessed them it would long since have deserved to be destroyed by the just judgment of God.

It is thus that at a time when charity was daily diminishing and vice growing in the hearts of men, God raised up a man after His own heart, a man whose life we are now attempting to sketch in a few words—the Venerable Jean Ruysbroeck, in whom Our Lord deigned to work such wonders that he could justly be numbered among the most illustrious saints. Indeed, as we have heard from the lips of those who lived in intimacy with him, the child was scarcely seven days old when, while being washed by his nurse in a basin, he stood up by himself without any support other than the special grace of God

(A similar incident is related of Blessed Pope Nicholas). This remarkable occurrence could not fail to have a mysterious signification, for, as events were to prove, it showed that as the child by Divine grace remained standing in the basin above the laws of nature, so, supported by the same supernatural power, he would be raised by contemplation to the Divine Vision. His writings alone prove to what heights he reached in the course of his life.

On his eleventh birthday by the inspiration of the Holy Spirit he left his mother who loved him dearly, and went to live with a relative, a venerable Canon. The latter received him with kindness and sent him to the schools to learn his letters. Having studied for four years, the pious child, in imitation of St. Benedict, resolved to spend his time henceforth in acquiring divine knowledge rather than human science, which leads to pride and the desire for worldly honor. He acted thus through the guidance of the Holy Ghost, who from his early youth was preparing in his heart a temple worthy of God. Although he had scarcely had time to acquire a solid foundation of grammar, yet in future he showed himself possessed of such great knowledge that he surpassed not only the philosophers but also many theologians. Moreover, a decisive argument in favor of his supernatural learning is the fact that not only was he fully instructed in all branches of human knowledge, but also in many things which he could only have known by the help of God.

Nevertheless, the young saint, progressing wonderfully before God and men, could not hide himself from his mother. She came to Brussels to see him, but as she could not keep him with her and enjoy his society, she entered a convent of nuns in the hope of sometimes profiting by his instructions and his presence. But when every day she heard fresh accounts of her son's holy

life she no longer pined for his corporal presence, and rejoiced more in his holy life than in the pleasure she would have had in his company. This is not astonishing since the Holy Spirit unites such hearts even though they be corporally separated.

After his mother's death her pious son did not cease to pray daily for her to God. As she still needed help she appeared frequently to him, and in a grief-stricken voice asked him how long it would be before he became a priest. But as soon as the day of his ordination arrived and he was able to say his first Mass, at the close she appeared to him and informed him that she was freed from her sufferings.

As long as Ruysbroeck lived in the world as a secular priest he endeavored to follow Jesus Christ in the path of humility, and to model his life on that of his Master. He had so little care for himself and the things of the world that those around him ignored his holiness and thought nothing of him. It happened, therefore, that once while he was passing through the streets of Brussels, his mind occupied with heavenly things, two seculars noticed the simplicity of his manner and attire, and one of them said: "Would to God I were gifted with holiness such as that of this priest!" To which the other replied: "For all the gold in the world I would not be in his place, for I should not have a single day's happiness!" The saint overhearing this remark said within himself: "Ah! you little know what sweetness is given to those who taste the spirit of God."

He lived in the world until the age of sixty, giving the example of a most holy life. At this great age although he had already attained perfection and had written many excellent books, he entered the monastery of Valverde together with a few companions, there to give himself up entirely to divine contemplation, for he realized that peace and soli-

tude are necessary to lucidity of mind and the purity of divine contemplation. In this retreat of Valverde his youth was renewed like the eagle's, and he began to contemplate the splendor of God with such clearness as very few attain to even in that kind of life. His writings bear witness to this, for in them are to be found things worthy of the admiration of the most profound theologians.

Now it happened that as the renown of Father Jean Ruysbroeck was spread afar—for the beauty of his writings and the goodness of his life made him famous,—this holy reputation reached the ears of Gerard le Grand, who was himself leading a life full of virtue in a monastery at Deventer. Desirous of seeing the holy man he set off for Valverde with a companion. Father Ruysbroeck, now Prior of the monastery, went to meet him and called him by his name although he had never seen the other before. Gerard remained some days in the monastery and complimented Ruysbroeck on his wonderful writings. To these words the humble man replied: "Master Gerard, you can be sure that I have never written a single word without the inspiration of the Holy Spirit and in the sweet presence of the Blessed Trinity."

While at Valverde, Gerard, surprised at the extraordinary trust in God shown by Ruysbroeck, which to his mind seemed almost presumptuous, tried to inspire in the holy man a fear of judgment and of hell. But Ruysbroeck, filled more and more with the love of God, replied: "Master Gerard, be assured that my soul is prepared to bear all that God wishes, either death or life, and even the pains of hell. I desire nothing except to be always ready to do the Will of God."

We must not pass over in silence what is related of his manner of writing his books. It is said that when he felt himself filled with the grace of God he

would retire into the solitude of the forest, and there he would write down whatever the Holy Spirit inspired him to say. And although sometimes he would abstain from writing for several weeks because he felt no impulse from the Holy Spirit, yet when he returned again to his writing, although he remembered no more what he had previously written, he would take up the theme at the point where he had left off, and the chapters would be linked together as perfectly as though he had written all in one day with great concentration of mind.

One day when, according to his habit, he was sitting under a tree in the forest, he was so filled with the sweetness of the Divine Presence that he forgot all else and remained absent longer than usual. The Brothers, anxious about their Prior, sought him everywhere. As he was not to be found in the monastery they went out into the vast forest. At last one Brother discovered the holy man seated under a tree, surrounded with a brilliant light as though the tree were in flames. The Brother drew near and saw his Prior so inflamed with the Divine Presence that the light within him seemed to set on fire the whole tree.

The renown of his writings and of his holy life now drew many well-known people to visit him to ask his advice and help. To all, without premeditation, he was able to give such excellent counsel that it would appear as though he had known them all his life. Among them was a certain Doctor of Theology of the Order of St. Dominic, by name Jean Thaulère, who was celebrated for his learning and holy life. Ruysbroeck directed and helped him in his life of contemplation, for although Thaulère had the greater knowledge of scholastic theology, Ruysbroeck knew more of mystical theology and contemplation. This is not surprising when we consider that Thaulère only gave himself up to contemplation at the age of fifty,

whereas Ruysbroeck consecrated himself to this life from his earliest youth, being prepared for it by a singular grace of the Holy Ghost, and persevering in it until the age of eighty-eight, and making wonderful progress in it every day.

One day two clerics from Paris came to visit the holy man, anxious to hear from his lips words which would help them to love God better. He answered them in these words: "You are as holy as you wish to be." The two young men did not understand his meaning and went away greatly disappointed, and informed the brethren what their Prior had said. The Brothers then took the two young men back to the holy Prior and begged him to explain his words. This he did, saying: "Have I not told you the truth, dear friends, in saying you are as holy as you wish to be? For I reason thus. Your holiness indeed is as great as your good will. Therefore, consider for yourselves how far your good will extends, and you will know the measure of your sanctity, for everyone is saintly according to the strength of will of his soul." When they had heard these words the two young men retired, deeply edified.

The saintly man practised everywhere the virtue of humility, and although he was so given up to contemplation—a life which would seem to require peace and calm—he never dispensed himself from all manner of manual work. In spite of his great age it was he who undertook the most arduous and disagreeable tasks. He would also help the gardeners, and although sometimes he was rather a hindrance than a help, as he would dig up the good roots with the weeds, yet by his diligence and humility he was an example to all.

In spite of all this exterior work he was so attentive to interior recollection that no occupation could distract him. This holy Father received this grace from God that in action as in solitude,

whenever he wished, he could enter into contemplation. He used to say to his Brothers that it was less difficult for him to raise his mind to God by contemplation than to raise his hand to his head.

His Brothers can bear witness to the great compassion of this great friend of Christ. All experienced the consolation of his presence. Indeed, the grace of God shone in his countenance, modesty in his words, piety in his actions, humility in his gestures; his whole being, in fact, reflected the solidity of his virtue. He was abstemious in his food, simple in his clothing, patient in everything, and compassionate to all.

Not only to human beings did he show kindness, but also to animals. In winter the Brothers would say to him: "Father, it is snowing, what is to become of the birds?" And the good Father, anxious about the poor birds, would do all in his power to provide food for the sparrows.

The enemy of mankind, considering the great holiness of this man and how many souls he won for God by his teaching, his writings and his good example, endeavored to upset his work by various annoyances and temptations, sometimes appearing to him under the form of a toad or other such animal. When the Brothers asked him whether he feared the presence of the terrible enemy, the holy man replied that he was not at all afraid, but that he was sometimes saddened at the thought that this evil being whom God detested should approach so near to him.

One day when he had given permission for various offices of the dead to be said altogether on the same day instead of on different days, as had hitherto been the custom, God, who never allows the slightest imperfection in His friends to remain unpunished, allowed the demons to insult and torment him, although he had given this permission without thinking, for the

Brothers had insisted and the holy Prior had been much occupied with other thoughts.

Yet though he had to suffer much from the attacks of demons, he was also favored with consolations and divine visitations, for Our Lord often appeared to him and bestowed on him many gifts and graces. In particular one day Our Lord in company with Our Lady and many saints came to visit him. Besides the great joy and consolation which then flooded his soul at this divine condescension, Our Lord also permitted him to hear these words: "Thou art my beloved son of adoption in whom I am well pleased." Our Lord then embraced him, and turning to His Mother and to the saints who surrounded, said: "This is a son after My own heart." From these occurrences we can gather how great was the merit of one to whom God Himself bore witness in such a manner.

In his books Ruysbroeck often recalls the love of Almighty God in leaving us His holy Son in the Blessed Sacrament. He had a great love of the Holy Eucharist, and therefore he never omitted saying Mass even when he was nearly eighty years of age. One day when he had reached the Canon of the Mass he felt within himself such abundance of grace and sweetness that his senses failed him, so that he could hardly continue. The server being ignorant that this was caused by excess of divine love, was much alarmed. This happened frequently to the holy man.

Towards the end of his life he was so visibly sustained at the altar by grace alone that the server informed the Prefect of his supposed weakness, and the latter forbade him to continue to celebrate Mass. To this the holy man replied: "I implore you, do not forbid me on account of this, for what seems to be the result of old age is in reality only the natural effect of the presence of Divine grace. This time Our Lord

said to me: 'Thou art Mine and I am all thine.' "

When he had reached his eightieth year he gradually began to lose his strength, and as he had been previously warned by his mother in a vision of the date and hour of his death, he prepared himself for this with great devotion. He kept his soul, therefore, in peace and joy, saying: "My soul thirsts after God," and other like expressions of love. When the day of his death drew nigh he asked to be taken from the Prefect's room to the Brothers' Infirmary. There after a fortnight of fever and weakness he gave up his soul to God. His Brothers assisted him in his last moments and saw the joy on his countenance as he breathed his last on December 2, 1381, in the eighty-eighth year of his age. His Brothers buried him with great devotion; and although they said the usual prayers for the repose of his soul, they were confident that he was with God, and rather able to help them with his prayers before the Throne.

The night after his death as the doctor who had attended him and who was also one of his greatest friends, was watching beside the body, he saw in a vision the holy Prior clothed as for Mass, going towards the altar surrounded by such great light and glory that words could not express it. This vision showed both his affection for his friend and also the graces he had received when celebrating Mass.

About five years after his burial his body was found intact, even the vestments in which he had been buried were neither soiled nor worn. The Bishop of Cambrai, therefore, gave orders that the body should be exposed for three days in the monastery enclosure, so that all who wished could see this great miracle. There emanated from the holy body a sweet odor, as though it had been but recently embalmed with precious spices. To these facts not

only the Brothers of the monastery can bear witness, but also many seculars who came to see and kiss the body.

After a Triduum the body was transferred to another sepulchre in the church by order of the Bishop of Cambrai. This was done with great ceremony, great numbers of people being present. There it rests until the day when, at the call of God, it will rise and be united to his blessed soul, to reign happily with Christ in Heaven, and to enjoy the vision of the All-powerful God whom he loved above all in this life, and to whom alone belongs all honor and praise forever and ever.

❖❖❖ A Poet's Unselfishness.

Béranger, the lyric poet, was sometimes called the French Burns, sometimes the "poet of the people," and often given even the proud title of the real "King of France." Among his characteristics a love of independence was prominent; and although often, in his varied career, very poor, he would never accept a pecuniary kindness from any one.

He went one day to see General Sebastiani, who was on his death-bed. "Oh, my dear old friend," said the dying General, "I want to do something for you! I cannot die in peace if I leave you so wretchedly poor. My children are provided for. Listen: In that desk are my savings—two hundred thousand francs. Let us divide them. It is your old friend, an old soldier, who asks this; and I swear on my Cross (referring to the Cross of Honor which he had won) that no one shall ever know of the pleasure you will have given me in accepting this trifling present."

History does not tell us what became of the General's francs, put away so carefully in his desk; but Béranger did not accept them. He gently and firmly refused them, in spite of the entreaties of his friend.

The Talebearer.

BY P. J. C.

LIGHTBEARER, truthbearer, gift-bearer. The first suggests a man with a torch; the second, a man with a book; the third, the Magi, camel-mounted, weighted with gifts, pursuing their star.

Prefix *tale* to *bearer*, and you think of a smooth, listening, secretive somebody who hears and retains the unwise, unguarded words you speak—critical, censorious, harsh words perhaps—and returns them to the person of whom they were spoken.

A talebearer may be a distributor of small talk, little human quarrels, mistakes, misunderstandings in a neighborhood. Then he—or more often she—is referred to as a gossip. In our thinking, anyhow, a gossip is a tongueish person that talks, talks without purpose, law or government; a wind that blows from everywhere at all hours without direction, without violence.

There enters into the substance of the talebearer certain elements of the busybody—a word turned out of its natural current. For a busybody should mean just that—a person busy about his own spiritual and temporal affairs. Whereas the word means some one occupied with the affairs of others in which he should not have any act or part. A meddler is a much more exact word; one who interferes, and generally harmfully, in the business of other people; business outside his concern and beyond his competence.

A talebearer should mean a bearer of tales. In the basic meaning of the word that seems not a bad occupation. A bearer of wood, news, water, books, and so on, is not avoided, omitted from invitation lists, cast out of doors just because he carries and distributes these things. A tale is not bad *per se*; we need

not by any law of necessity check it as evil, any more than water, wood, cheese, cabbage may be so checked. A tale is good, fair, bad. It helps or it injures; makes or unmakes. If one were to carry a story of helpfulness and mercy by one man in favor of a spent, fallen, human brother, would not the story be a tale, the bearer thereof a talebearer? In etymology? Yes. In the warm, living speech of people—No.

In the speech of people a talebearer is tabulated as one who maliciously spreads unsavory items about some one. He casts, captures, hurries off and distributes his carp. Hardly can you think of any ugly expression of human nature more universally despised than this midnight posting in the Lion's mouth of the evil men do. Always it is done with the formula of caution, "Don't mention my name." There is no thought here of serious evils which if propagated might mean disaster. We do not let men or women race into an abyss if we can stop them. If the best way to stop them is to report them to those who have the authority and the means to signal them off, it would be criminal to withhold information. Decent people everywhere do that. They are not talebearers.

Certain questions should be put before we give secret evidence via the mouth of the Lion. Can we do directly and helpfully what we are minded to do secretly? And hardly may we answer no to this before trying. Are we reasonably sure of the evidence? Is our motive the correction of one; and possibly the betterment of several?

If the thing we report is serious enough to be reported, we should not request to be kept out of the hearing. The accused has a right to be heard. To make a condition that you be not called into court as a witness is cowardly.

We despise talebearers. Very properly. One most effective way to kill their trade is to say, to do nothing which helps their trade.

Notes and Remarks.

By the death of the Reverend Dr. Herman J. Heuser, the Church in America has lost a saintly priest, and a distinguished editor and writer. Always a student, living his life in the academic atmosphere of Overbrook Seminary, and shunning as far as possible association with the world, Dr. Heuser by the work of his pen was a leader and guide to thousands of priests in America, and through his correspondence was in touch with many of the highest ecclesiastics in Rome and with the professors of the leading universities and seminaries in the world. He founded the *Ecclesiastical Review* in 1889, which, under his scholarly editorship, became the outstanding review for the clergy in the English-speaking world. It was always in the forefront in the application of the principles of Catholic theology to modern problems as they arose, and it became a forum for the discussion of such problems by the clergy of this and other countries. It was Dr. Heuser who discovered Canon Sheehan to the American public, and his encouragement and support that brought so many delightful novels from that kindly author's pen. Besides his work as teacher and editor, Dr. Heuser found time to write a number of interesting volumes, all of which breathe the spirit of a devout priest, a distinguished scholar, and a sensitive artist. We ask the fervent prayers of our readers for the repose of his soul.

Something new in the business world is a picture-lending library for the circulation of original paintings by artists of distinction. A person may visit this "library," select three or four pictures that strike his fancy, and for a certain sum of money, depending on the pictures he selects, he may hang these paintings in his home for a period of three months. At the end of that time

he may choose others, so that his home becomes a sort of private art gallery where he may study for months at a time the best work of modern artists. This is an excellent idea. Besides being of cultural value to the borrower of the pictures, it will be a means, in this time of depression, of furnishing artists with some ready money, and there is always the prospect that those who borrow a picture may fall in love with it, and end by buying it outright. One wonders why such a scheme was never thought of before. This is, perhaps, one of the many good things that has come out of the depression. The College Art Association on East Fifty-seventh Street, New York, has this project now in hand.

One reason why Catholics are so respectful of Church pronouncements, even outside of the field of "faith and morals," is the calm, almost cold, judgment which ordinarily precedes such pronouncements. In fact, those outsiders who condemn her so-called superstitions most loudly become quite as enthusiastic over her good sense, once they get close enough to see her as she really is. One of the most striking illustrations of that good sense, of course, is the indifference with which the Church authorities at Lourdes throw all naturally explainable cures out of the classification of the miraculous. Indeed so guarded is she in her decisions that even such cases as seemed at one time patently miraculous are immediately re-examined and re-labelled if necessary upon the observation of later evidence pointing ever so slightly to the contrary. Recently, for example, such a reversal was made in the case of Madame Pedron-Bled of Paris. Although her cure was originally passed upon by neutral medical authorities as being unexplainable under any known natural cause, later developments projected a doubt as to the validity of that decision. Accordingly a second and more detailed

examination was made, with the result that in the records to-day Madame Pedron-Bled's cure stands in black and white as positively "not exceeding the forces of nature," and therefore not miraculous. There was no particular need for this re-examination and re-statement outside of the interests of truth. No great harm would have resulted if this one classification among thousands had been allowed to stand as originally adjudicated, or if it had been labelled without additional examination as doubtful. That is not the traditional attitude of the Church, however. As soon as the slightest suspicion as to the validity of the original classification arose, an entirely new investigation was started in spite of the additional trouble and expense involved. With such a passion for truth back of her pronouncements, no wonder that Catholics have got into the habit of entrusting themselves with so much confidence to the various recommendations of their Church.

In these days of unemployment when so many people are getting scarcely enough to eat, it would make one want to join the reforestation army to look at the menu of Uncle Sam's Civilian Conservation Corps which now amounts to three hundred thousand souls. The War Department statistician in order to show how the healthful outdoor work in the forests is developing the appetites of men in the corps has set down the following figures. Each month the workers consume 1,125,000 pounds of bacon, 5,625,000 pounds of beef, 9,000,000 eggs, 1,125,000 pounds of coffee, 6,750,000 pounds of flour, and 2,250,000 pounds of pork. We are told also that in a recent flapjack census at the Vermillion Camp at Missoula, Montana, two hundred men ate 2200 hot cakes at one breakfast. Apparently there is no indigestion among men who eat nine million eggs in a month, nor are any of these

men concerned about a balanced diet containing all the vitamins. What they want is a sufficient quantity of food to fill the great void that hard work has created, and they are not squeamish about the number of calories they may receive.



The five-year plan of the Soviet government seems to have worked out to its logical conclusion. Communistic Russia has abandoned the system of capitalism; she has forbidden the earning of personal fortunes; she has even driven religion out of her schools so that her people may be guided by "truth" rather than "superstition"—and with what result? The daily papers are informing us that five million people are starving to death in the Ukraine, North Caucasus, and the Lower Volga; that mothers are actually killing and eating their own children, having been driven mad through hunger; and that the government officials, instead of letting the world know the conditions which exist, and endeavoring to procure food for the starving people, through the charity of other nations, are giving word to foreign reporters that everything is bright and rosy. Newspaper men are forbidden to visit the stricken districts; a strict censorship is exercised over every word of news that is sent to foreign papers, so that it is almost impossible to arrive at the real condition of things. Cardinal Innitzer, however, received a secret appeal from the famine victims, and he gave out word to the press that the number of starving Russians is in the millions, despite what the Russian government says to the contrary. It is almost impossible to conceive of human beings so heartless that they would prefer to see millions of their fellowmen starve rather than admit that they have failed in their undertaking. It is madness for men to believe that they can do away with God, and religion, and human justice, and

still survive. If the Creator were to withdraw His hand from us; to stop His sunshine and rain and the multiplication of the wheat which feeds the multitude, all mankind would perish from the earth. Russia is reaping the reward of her works.

Now that the flare for fancy names has abated, the children of the future will have somewhat more of a chance to travel through life unhampered by some of the impossible appellations which have been in vogue for the past decade. Fortunately, the practice was mostly a fad and never really got a foothold in sincerely religious families. It is consoling to know that in spite of capricious parents and relatives the ten most popular baptismal names in the United States continue to be John, William, James, Charles, George, Thomas, Henry, Robert, Joseph, Edward, and in that order. At least, so says one whose experiments have carried him through an imposing number of telephone and city directories.

In Sandwich, England, the other day, a Congregationalist minister made the remark, in talking to his flock, that there was nothing un-Christian in taking a glass of beer, and his congregation arose like a combination Anti-Saloon League and Bishop Cannon Society, and forced the pastor to resign from his parish. One sometimes wonders what kind of religion is taught in a church where the minister has to ask himself after every sentence he writes, "Is there anything in that sentence that could possibly offend any of the members of my congregation?" And yet that is precisely what hundreds of ministers have to do if they wish to hold their positions. A pastor ought to ask himself, "Is what I have written true? Is it the pure doctrine of Christ?" And if it is, he should not fear to speak it even

though his whole congregation disliked it. That is what the Catholic priest does. He has no fear of losing his place if his sermon condemning birth control as an immoral and unnatural practice brings a blush to the cheeks of his richest parishioner. But the Protestant minister must be careful or he may lose his means of livelihood. Is it any wonder that this minister who was forced to resign said in his farewell sermon: "What the average church seems to want to-day in the pulpit is a sort of tame parrot to twitter pretty platitudes."

It is estimated by Adolph E. Meyer, writing in *Social Science*, that at least fifty million dollars are collected every year by charity swindlers, known to the legitimate welfare workers as "gyppers," "sharpshooters," or "charity racketeers." There is no scheme, apparently, that these crooks have not tried. One of the most successful of their number was a New York woman who garbed herself as a Catholic nun and appealed for funds for the needy Catholics of New York; another sold bundles of lead pencils, the proceeds from which were to go to disabled veterans. A man in an Eastern city purchased over a million handkerchiefs, and, with the aid of a telephone directory, sent them through the mail. Three handkerchiefs were sent in each letter, and the person was asked to send in a dollar. The money was to be used for crippled children who were unable to obtain proper surgical attention. By the time the authorities became aware of the racket, the man had received over seventy thousand dollars through the mails in the form of donations. It is unwise to give to any charitable cause, perhaps, unless we know something about it personally. Much of the money and food given out during the depression is said to have gone to professional beggars who make a business of collecting from every

quarter, while really deserving people had scarcely enough to eat because they were timid and retiring. There is perhaps no meaner business in the world than swindling people in the name of charity. A highwayman is honorable in comparison with a "charity racketeer." It is to be hoped that judges and juries before whom these crooks appear will treat them according to their deserts.



During the dark days of the depression we received several letters from the Sisters of Charity in China telling us of the sufferings of their poor, and asking the help of THE AVE MARIA readers who had been so generous in the past; but knowing the distress of so many of our own people, and not a few of our subscribers, we hesitated to press the case. Now that there seems to be a turn for the better in our own country, we commend again to those who may be able to assist, the poor, the deserted, and the lepers of China, so many of whom are cared for by the Sisters of Charity at the cost of heroic sacrifice. We shall be glad to forward any donations to these missions from our readers. One of the Sisters asks for any "old or shop-worn articles of piety that may have been cast aside for new ones, such as holy pictures, tarnished medals or broken rosaries." All of these can be made useful for the poor. If any of our readers have such articles to dispose of they may send them to our office to be forwarded, or address them directly to Sister Gabrielle, The Catholic Mission, Tongshan, K. M. A., Chihli, North China.

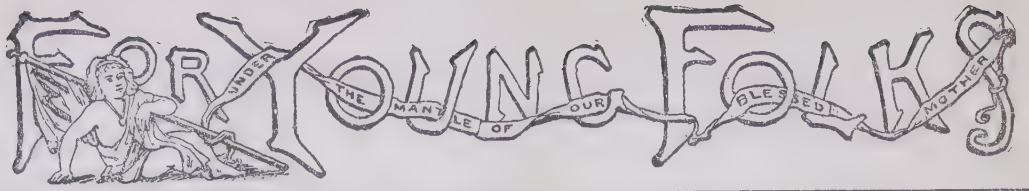


Many people have found it difficult to work themselves into a fury over conditions in Germany when so little fuss was made about the persecutions that have been going on in Mexico, Russia and Spain. The inhuman treatment of any people should not be tolerated by civilized human beings, but it is hard to

understand why those who could sit placidly by while Russia and Mexico were treating their people like brute beasts, should become so aroused when Germany began to persecute certain of her citizens. Fairness demands that rich and poor, Jew and Gentile, Protestant and Catholic, be treated with equal justice. The persecution in Russia has been anti-religious; the persecution in Mexico and Spain anti-Catholic; the persecution in Germany anti-Jewish. If the world is to be on fire about the last it should be no less indignant about the others. Sir Charles Petrie says in the *English Review*: "Far too much attention has been concentrated on the excesses of the recent revolution in Germany, and far too little on its constructive side. Revolutions are messy affairs, but in contrast with those in Russia, France and Spain, the Nazi assumption of power was peaceful in the extreme. This may not be saying much, but it is necessary to declare quite bluntly that those who hail, for instance, the Spanish revolution, with its senseless records of bloodshed, its wholesale confiscations and political imprisonments, and its open and ruthless attacks on religion, as a liberal movement, and at the same time condemn recent events in Germany as a vile tyranny are either knaves or fools." These are strong words, but there is certainly something of truth in them.



According to the National Advisory Committee in Illiteracy there are more than 4,000,000 persons in the United States who can neither read nor write. We have our own opinions about how many of these illiterates are driving automobiles. Add to that handicap the gradually mounting sales of auto radios, and what chance has a modest traffic sign in its efforts to guard human life by the silent message of the printed word?



Boy Singing.

BY BERT COOKSLEY.

LITTLE he worries and little he knows
Whither the road shall lead him,
Whither the lifelong travel goes
And if it shall bless or bleed him.

Warm is the sun and the lilac's cup,
Sweetly the southwind's lagging,
Back of the shed there's a lonely pup
That waits with his tail a-wagging;

Fat are the blue plums overhead,
Heavy the peach bough's swaying,
And half a mile from the pasture shed
Are grey trout lazy-straying.

What matter the way the road must trend,
The burdens its travel is bringing—
So long as he follows it to the end
And finishes up a-singing!

Tim.

BY JAMES A. REID.

IX.—WHO'S GUILTY.

AFTER a few seconds' pause, Tim went on reading the mysterious case which Officer Sheehan had solved.

Three nights later Tom, the nephew of Mr. Bourne, was seated at the table in the latter's study. He was intently gazing into space, his eyes fixed on something afar off. The lines on his forehead, the droop of his lips and the whiteness of his face showed clearly that he was suffering keenly. A knock on the door awakened him from his worried reverie.

"Come in!"

Doctor Smith came into the room. He seemed to be deeply troubled also. Neither offered a greeting. Evidently

they had met each other since the fatal night of the murder. Plainly they had quarrelled. Not having been invited to have a seat, Doctor Smith continued to stand, and all the while kept his eyes on Tom.

"Well," began the doctor, clearing his throat, "there's no use to go on with the quarrel."

"I know there isn't," answered Tom sharply, "but I don't hear any suggestions as to what to do."

"Great Scot! lose that temper of yours; rather don't lose it, hang on to it."

"If you know how to do it—lose your own."

"There you go again. We're not getting anywhere."

"I know we're not," very sullenly.

"Let's state the facts," suggested the doctor, "and see if we can't figure them out?"

"First, Sam's ghost," started Tom.

"Yes, Sam's ghost," repeated the doctor.

"Then, Bill's letters."

"Right, the letters."

"The robbery, the murder, and Bill's appearance."

"Those are the facts we must keep in mind to prove our innocence."

"Oh, we'll prove it all right," Tom said with great heat; "I'm not going to jail, I tell you that."

"And I'm not going to suffer for this crime, even though I did give Mr. Bourne poison."

"Well, what are you going to do about it?" asked Tom, sneeringly.

"Let's consider the facts in order. There must be some connection between them. First, who is Sam's ghost?"

"For the thousandth time in answer to your foolish question—I don't know."

"Well, who might he be?" shouted the doctor, returning anger for anger.

"He's the man who committed the murder."

"That sounds reasonable; it's a good alibi."

"Now that we have alibied that so easily," said Tom with considerable scorn, "who robbed the bank?"

"Some one else."

"Well, Doctor, if some one asks you what you're going to do the rest of your life, you tell them, that, provided you don't go to prison, you're going to stick to this case, for you've got a life job."

"And, if some one should ask you, you three-year-old thinker, why—"

"Oh, Doctor, don't you understand? We've got to face facts not dreams. Here we are accused of murder; we're already under indictment; our trial has been set for an early date. And you are satisfied with a silly, idiotic alibi."

"Silly and idiotic it may be, but I haven't heard you offer any ideas."

"We're accused of murder," Tom continued; "you for giving poison to Mr. Bourne; I, for shooting him. We're partners in crime; we planned this together; it is downright conspiracy."

"Yes, that's the charge, we're partners in crime—"

"Well, I'm mighty glad I heard that confession," interrupted Bill, who had stepped into the room without being noticed.

"Unless we can prove our innocence by placing the crime on some one else."

"So that's the plan, is it?" asked Bill. "Who might the guilty party be?"

"You!" said Tom, without hesitation.

"Why pick on me?"

"Your character is against you."

"Well, this beats anything I've struck. You just confess to the need of an alibi and now you talk about character."

"You asked for my opinion," answered Tom.

"Yes, and now we've got to have the show down."

"You left home as a forger, with gambling debts unpaid,—a true coward to your finger tips. Moreover, I know your reputation since you left home. Oh, if the Colorado hills could talk, they would tell of your reckless gambling and your first murder, though you hushed it up."

"That story's a lie and you know it."

"It's not a lie!" shouted Tom.

"I never killed a man in my life, but you swallow that lie, or you get the same treatment as Dad."

"You might as well suffer for your two crimes as one."

"Swallow that lie, apologize," yelled Bill, walking toward Tom in a threatening attitude.

"I won't, it isn't a lie."

"Wait a minute," interposed the doctor, who had remained silent during the verbal quarrel. "From whom did you get that story?" addressing Tom.

"I got it from one who knows."

"I didn't ask you if he knew or not; I put a direct question to you—from whom did you get that story?"

"Well, if you must know—"

"Mister Bill," said Sam, coming into the room, "you're wanted on the long-distance telephone."

Bill hesitated for a second before responding to Sam's message. Then he spoke, "I'm going for a few seconds, but I'll be back—you can bet on that."

"And you'll find me here," answered Tom, "you can bet that."

Bill had scarcely left the room, when Detective Greenly rushed in.

"Just the two I wanted to see," he said with his usual rapid and sharp tone.

"I'm glad you came," replied the doctor.

"I'm sorry," put in Tom, "for I had a little matter to settle with Bill first."

"Glad or sorry, I'm here."

"Detective Greenly," asked Doctor Smith, "what is the motive of these crimes?"

"Money, of course," was the prompt answer.

"Of course. But, why the murder?"

"Money again."

"Who's guilty?"

"That's what I don't see clearly."

"Tom and I?" questioned the doctor.

"Yes, Tom and you."

"Or Bill and some one else?" added Tom.

"Yes, Bill and some one else."

"That's as far as you got?" inquired the doctor, heatedly.

"That's as far as I got."

"Well, Greenly," said Doctor Smith extremely sarcastic, "if some one asks you what you're going to do for the rest of your life, you tell them that you're going to work on this case, for you've struck a life job."

"Is that so? Where did you come from the night of the murder?"

"From home, here."

"Did anyone see you leaving home or coming here?"

"Well, no," was the hesitating reply, "I don't believe anyone did. There was no one at home at the time, and the streets were deserted, a slight rain falling."

"Where did you come from?" the detective questioned Tom.

"I was upstairs reading until I came to this room."

"Anyone see you?"

"No one, except Mr. Bourne."

"How about Sam?"

"He did not see me until I came to this room."

"That makes the case pretty strong against you two."

"Why?" asked Tom.

"No alibi."

"Why should I want to rob my Uncle?"

"And why should I want to murder Mr. Bourne?"

"I don't know, but I don't have to know—all I want to prove is that you did."

"No, you don't know and you don't have to know," supplied the doctor, most sneeringly, "but you certainly have to prove that we did; and you haven't brains enough to play a game of checkers."

"Money, you say," began Tom, "was the reason why Uncle Joe was murdered? But who was to get the money?"

"That's easy. Mr. Bourne's will was made to you, so the common belief is. You hear that Bill is coming home. Fearing a change in the will, you rush to murder."

"And I get paid rich for helping," added the doctor. "Oh, you're a fool."

"Perhaps, but you asked me to clear up this mystery—"

"If making mistakes will help, and drawing wrong conclusions will settle it," interrupted the doctor, "then you should have finished the case before the murder happened."

"Is that so? Why—"

"You haven't heard my opinion about this whole affair," asserted Tom.

"Let's have it."

"Doctor Smith and I are guilty?"

"Yes."

"Or Bill and some one else?"

"Yes."

"Or some one who is not now under suspicion?"

"Some one? You mean one person alone?"

"Yes," answered Tom, calmly.

"Oh, one person couldn't do this."

"One person could."

"He might plan it alone, but he couldn't carry it out alone."

"And carry it out alone."

"How? It's impossible."

"Get everybody scared about the supposed ghost."

"Go on."

"Rob the bank and rush here in—"

"Absolutely impossible."

"Rush here in a machine and then murder Mr. Bourne."

There was a long pause. "Do you

know," exclaimed Detective Greenly, "what you say has some sense to it. Why, that places the guilt squarely on Bill's shoulders. I knew this case would not baffle me. No big case ever has. Why, I've solved many affairs that were much deeper than this."

"So you actually believe that Bill is guilty?" asked Doctor Smith.

"Of course he's guilty. Why, this case is all settled. Bill goes to jail, or—"

"Not quite so fast, not quite so fast," Bill exclaimed, stepping into the room.

"Surrender, in the name of the Law!" cried Detective Greenly dramatically.

"Doctor Smith," Bill said in a quiet tone, "here on this paper is the name of the man who falsely accused me of being a gambler and a forger; the name of a man who maliciously accused me of murder while I was in Colorado; the name of the man who is a relative of ours, though very few people knew how close. To him under certain conditions Dad's fortune would go."

Bill stopped and looked at each one in the room. Then he handed the slip of paper to Doctor Smith.

"Give me that paper, in the name of the Law!" shouted Detective Greenly, attempting to snatch it.

"Doctor Smith, what is the name on that paper?" Bill requested.

"The name is—"

Tim had come in his reading to the middle of a page. There in fine print he saw the following: "The solution of this mystery is on the next page. To enjoy this story thoroughly, do not cut the next pages until you yourself have figured out who is guilty."

Tim sat there, staring into space. His elbows were on his knees; his head between his hands; the story rested at his side. He was so absorbed in thought, that he did not see the passing machines; nor did he hear the tooting of horns and the clanking of street-car bells. Hundreds of persons were pass-

ing within a few feet of him, but they might as well have been on the streets of London in an early morning fog for all the attention Tim paid to them. He was studying a problem, keenly and wholly interested.

"Even if I do guess right, I'm sure I'd be wrong," he said to himself finally.

"Finished?" It was Officer Krause just off duty, speaking.

"Not quite," answered Tim, his face showing how serious he was with thought.

"As we walk along," suggested Officer Krause, "you can talk what you think. Who's guilty?"

"I haven't the slightest idea."

"Try to figure it all out."

"I might as well try to fly."

"It is not as hard as all that."

"If I were in Ireland I'd say—"

"What?"

"But in America it couldn't be, I'd—"

"What couldn't be?"

"What I'm thinking."

"Tell me."

"It might not be fair."

"Fair or not, it's your opinion."

"And I don't like to give it."

"Why?"

"It might offend, and I don't want to do that."

"I don't see how it would offend anybody."

"Well, and you'll excuse, Mr. Krause, for saying it, but in Ireland—" Tim stopped, hesitating. "In Ireland, it would be like a Black and Tan."

"Meaning?"

"Detective Greenly, I think, might have been guilty."

"Why?"

"Well, he's like some of the Black and Tans they talk about over there."

"So you think Detective Greenly is guilty?"

"Yes, Mr. Krause, and you'll pardon me for saying it, for American policemen—"

Officer Krause looked strongly at

Tim. Then catching the thought even before Tim expressed it, he finished the sentence, "American policemen are not like the Black and Tans?"

"No, Sir!" with decided emphasis.

"Cut the pages, Tim, and go on with the story, I'll be out of this store in a few seconds."

There on the sidewalk of New York City, Tim finished the story.

(To be continued.)

The Soldier-Saint.

After winter appears to have set in there comes a delightful season, when Nature smiles, the winds are soft, and summer seems to have returned. In fair Acadia this was called by the peasants the Summer of All Saints on account of its nearness to that festival; but we term it the Indian Summer.

"The summer is gone!" cried brave Miles Standish to the Indians when the first snow came.

"No," they said, "The Good Spirit will send another summer." And a few days proved the truth of their words.

The French called this mild, smoky, quiet period the Summer of St. Martin; for autumn lingers long in the south of France; and St. Martin's Day, which falls upon the 11th of November, finds the flowers still in bloom and the air balmy.

Little Martin, the future soldier-saint, was the son of a Roman tribune. He was a Hungarian by birth. There never was a gentler boy; yet, much against his own inclination, he became a soldier. For several years he wielded a sword; then he laid it aside for the sword of the spirit, and quietly withdrew into the wilderness. We fancy it must have been a trial to him when, called by those who knew his worth, he emerged to become Bishop of Tours—and such a bishop! In time he converted the whole diocese, and everywhere pagan temples were swept away in

order to give place to Christian churches.

Every Catholic child knows the story of St. Martin and the beggar: how the saint, while yet a soldier, divided his cloak with one stroke of his sword, giving the better half to a poor man whom he found shivering in the cold.

We may speak here of the derivation of the word "chaplain." The cloak, or *chapé*, was preserved by a miracle; and the place in which it was kept was called a *chappelle*, and its custodian a *chapelain*, or chaplain. In the hottest fights this precious relic was borne aloft, until at last a dispute, which continued sixty years, concerning one of the sleeves, ended, sad to say, in the destruction of the entire garment.

One of the strangest legends extant is told of the soldier-saint. It is said that while bishop he set out to visit Rome; and, having no horse, started on foot. On the way he met Satan, who jeered at him on account of his manner of travelling. At that Satan himself became changed to a mule, which St. Martin mounted and pursued his journey. Whenever the mule made slow progress, the Bishop made the Sign of the Cross and the animal would hurry his pace. Finally Satan said:

Signa te Signa: temere me tangis et angis;
Roma tibi subito motibus ibit amor.

Translated, this runs thus: "Cross, cross thyself. Thou plaguest and vexest me without necessity; for, owing to my exertions, thou wilt soon reach Rome, the object of thy wishes."

You will observe that the Latin lines read the same backward and forward, forming a very good instance of the strange thing we call a palindrome.

St. Martin has always been a favorite in England; and in London alone there are seven churches dedicated to him.

The Church celebrates not only the day of St. Martin's death, but also that of the transference of his relics to the cathedral of Tours.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—Among the forthcoming books of autumn are, "War Memories of David Lloyd George" in two volumes, published by Little, Brown and Company; "Letters of Grover Cleveland," edited by Allan Nevins, from Houghton Mifflin Company; and "John Henry Newman," by J. Elliot Ross. Published by W. W. Norton and Company.

—"A Day with Our Mother" is a Pageant-Drama in three acts. It is particularly fitted for May entertainments or for Grammar School graduations. Published by the Catholic Dramatic Movement, Milwaukee, Wis. Price, 50 cents; 10 copies, \$3.50. Royalty: Members of the Catholic Dramatic Guild, \$5; others, \$10.

—"Cantate Domino" is a book of hymns compiled by a teacher of Gregorian Chant in conformity with the Motu Proprio of Pius X. Its contents of 102 selections should make it possible for harassed choir directors to meet almost any exigency of city or mission church. Compiled and edited by V. G. L. Distributed by J. Fisher and Bro. Organ Score, \$2; vocal part, 60c.

—The Thomas Baker Company of London has reprinted "The Seven Words," by Cardinal Bellarmine. This classic treatment of the Seven Last Words of Our Lord should be welcome to all Catholics. The work of a thorough scriptural scholar as well as a saint, the preacher and the devout reader will find it a treasury of instruction and holy thought. St. Robert first gives a literal explanation of the words and then a discussion of the fruits to be gained from meditation upon them.

—"The Carillon," by Frank Percival Price, published by the Oxford University Press, London, is probably the last word on a subject that has recently become of special interest due to the installation of these bells in numerous churches in this country and Europe. The book is well documented. It gives complete lists of all existing and past carillons, and an extensive bibliography of the entire

subject. Thirty-eight full-page plates add to the beauty as well as to the scientific completeness of this work. Nothing that might be of interest to students of this subject has been omitted. Mr. Price is the first graduate outside of Europe to receive the diploma of the Mechlin Carillon School. He is at present Carillonneur to the Canadian Government at the "Peace Tower," Ottawa.

—Mr. E. F. Benson, in his recent book "King Edward VIII.," published by Longmans, attempts to show that in spite of the failings of this monarch he still stands out in history as a great king, one that his own country and the world might well be proud of. The work is truly an appreciation, although the author does not fail to point out the actions of the king that were open to criticism, while the vivid style and the wealth of anecdote make Edward a living character of flesh and blood that we recognize as our fellowman.

—A writer in *The American Mercury* criticizes the "awful English of England." In going to London by a road from the north, he says, one finds the "o" of the common people round as far as Dr. Johnson's Lichfield. After Lichfield it becomes oval. At Daventry the tea-shop waiters call a scone a "scown." At Dunstable "o" is plainly "aow." At St. Albans, twenty miles below Bow Bells, even farm laborers speak a violent Cockney. Here is a handful of delicacies, some of them perhaps better registered by the ear than by any system of phonetics: At a movie I see a tramp crawl into a box car. A young man behind me says to his girl, "E's an aowbow." An actress on the screen says: "I jest kean't go through wuth ut; I jest kean't." The voice behind says: "I daown't mawnd the blinkin' slang; it's the neyesal tweng I cawn't stick."

—*The New York Times* recalls that when Marconi was given an honorary degree last year by the University of Cambridge, the Public Orator strained the capacities of the Latin language to express praise of the won-

ders of wireless and radio. What pleasure people take, said he, in the "miraculo symphoniae ab aethere vibratae!" What would our fathers say of voices coming over the immensity of space "sine chorda"? Once, said the Orator, I was sitting in a house at "Monte Claro, Novae Caesareae"—which being translated means Montclair, New Jersey. There I heard Herbert Hoover make an address on the Pacific Coast accepting the nomination for the Presidency. But that speech, alas was "non ita festivam," or, as Americans would say, "not so hot." He goes on to speak about the "camporum infinitorum Canadensium," where in the wildly scattered homes, once lonely and forsaken, singing voices now come out of the sky, or voices preaching the Gospel.

—Undoubtedly one of the most interesting and readable volumes in commemoration of the centenary of the Oxford Movement is Mr. Shane Leslie's "The Oxford Movement" (The Bruce Publishing Company). The history is given well-spiced with humor and delightful paradox. We cannot believe the serious Anglo-Catholic will relish this treatment, but he cannot fail to realize that there is in it, growing out of what reads like choice ecclesiastical gossip, a real picture of the times and a thorough understanding of the causes for the development and failure of the movement. One finds here real pictures of the great leader, Newman, of Pusey, Keble, Hurrell Froude, Manning, and even Gladstone. The Tracts for the Times were certainly only for those times. How few have ever read them all! Newman "was amused hearing that a great scholar used them to rest his mind from the excitement of the Greek Subjunctive." And yet they caused a ferment in the Church of England, the greatest since the days of the Puritans. There is a fine chapter on the "Oxford Movement in Architecture" which discusses the work of Pugin; a chapter on the Movement in Ireland, and one on its effects upon the Literature of the period. If one had no interest in reading about the Oxford Movement, we believe he would enjoy this volume as a piece of literature, full of thumb-nail sketches of once distinguished men. Price, \$2.

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Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

The Very Reverend Herman J. Heuser, Archdiocese of Philadelphia.

Sister Mary Adelle, Sisters of Notre Dame; Sister Francis Joseph, Sisters of St. Joseph; and Sister Mary Alexis, Sisters of Mercy.

Mr. Manus J. Gallagher, Catherine M. Chisholm, Mrs. Osite Le Blanc, Miss Clare Thurston, Miss B. C. O'Malley, Mrs. Kate Burke, Mrs. Winifred Sullivan, Mrs. John H. Burns, Mr. Charles Russell, Miss Elizabeth Kelly, Mr. William Moore, and Mr. Charles Becker.

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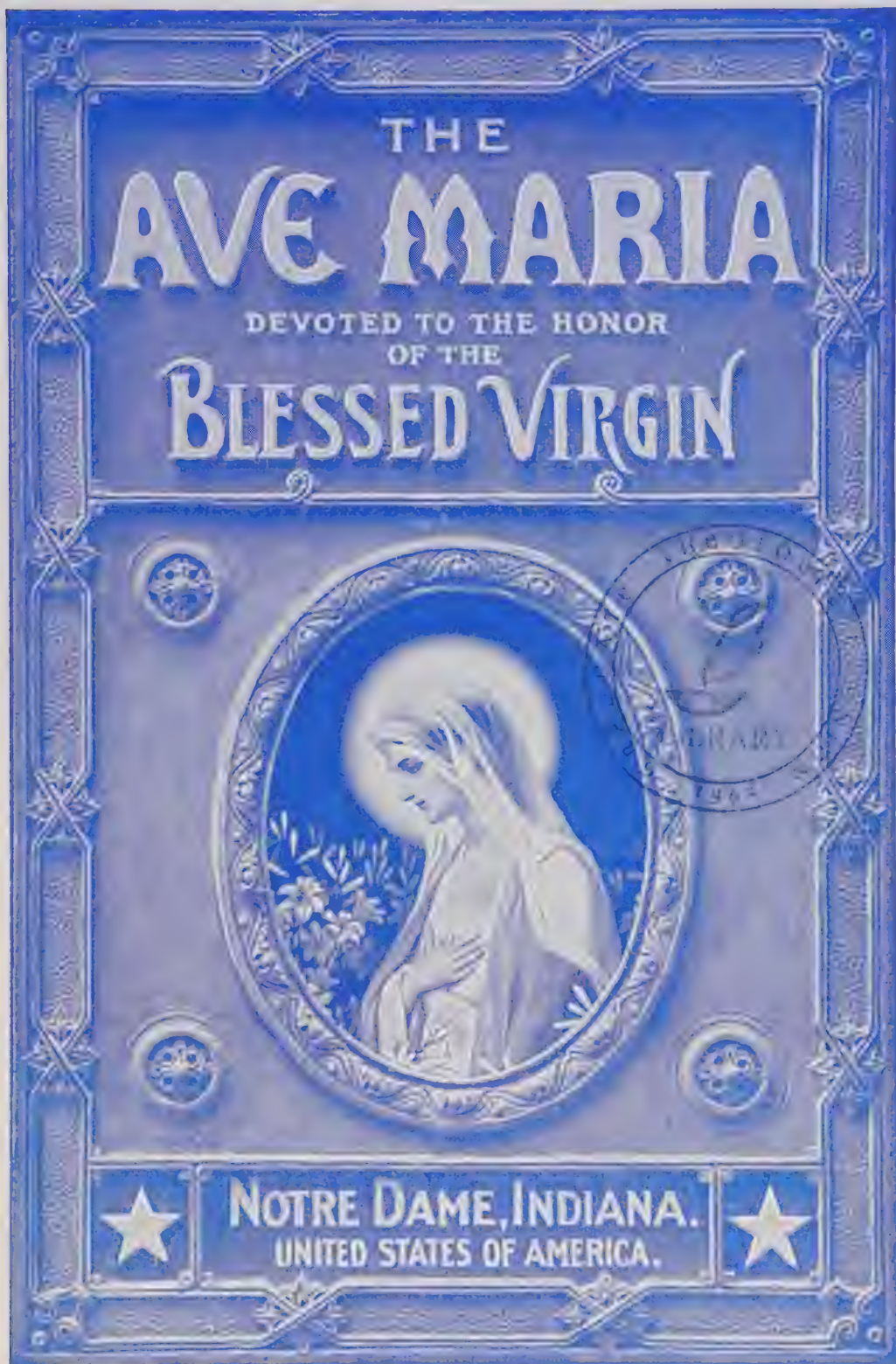
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CALENDAR OF THE WEEK

SEPTEMBER.

SATURDAY, 16.—Sts. Cornelius and Cyprian, MM.
SUNDAY, 17.—Fifteenth after Pentecost. Stigmata of St. Francis of Assisi.
MONDAY, 18.—St. Joseph of Cupertino, Confessor.
TUESDAY, 19.—Sts. Januarius and Comp's, MM.
WEDNESDAY, 20.—Ember Day. *Fast.* St. Eustace, M.
THURSDAY, 21.—St. Matthew, Apostle.
FRIDAY, 22.—Ember Day. *Fast.* St. Thomas of Villanova, B. C.
SATURDAY, 23.—Ember Day. *Fast.* St. Linus, P. M.

Blessed is the man that heareth me and that watcheth daily at my gates.—PROVERBS, viii, 34.



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through the mists; but no one who has travelled
leisurely through Catholic Germany—where prayers
for the dead are offered up unceasingly, where
purgatory chapels are almost indispensable adjuncts
of parish churches, and representations of purgatory
are part of every wayside shrine—can fail to be
aroused from this un-Catholic apathy—*Introduction.*

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HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, 1, 48.

Vol. XXXVIII. (New Series.) NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, SEPTEMBER 16, 1933.

No. 12.

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Wings.

BY SISTER M. GENOVEVA, C. S. C.

A ROSE-LEAF for a feast, the sparkling dew
For wine, the caterpillar lived content
Until the rose a perfumed message sent
That brought the butterfly. And as it flew
A thing of fragile loveliness, it knew
A longing for the life that it was meant
To live. What though long hours in darkness
spent

Must pass, if they at length with wings indue.

And so it is with thee, His favored one
Who has but glimpsed the beauty of the King.
And wouldst thou then the pain and darkness
shun

Since these alone close to His Heart can bring?
There is no soul that soars to higher things
But knows the pain that is the price of wings.

La Belle Dame de Beauraing.

BY MARIE LOUISE REDMOND.

THE first ripple of the "affaire Beauraing" was set in motion on Tuesday evening, November 29, 1932, towards 6:30 o'clock. Shortly after that hour, five children of two highly respectable families living in the town, rushed homeward from the Convent of the Religious of the Christian Doctrine, situated on the outskirts of the little town (they had gone there at that hour to fetch the youngest of their number who was a half-boarder at the Convent), with the astonishing news that

they had seen a Beautiful Lady (*une Belle Dame*) standing in, or rather above, the garden of the Convent, near the grotto and statue of Our Lady of Lourdes. Their Beautiful Lady was not an exact duplicate of the statue in appearance, however. They described her figure as being rather small, about five feet in our measurements, dressed in a white robe with glimmers of blue, and festoons about her feet. They described her face as very beautiful and very youthful. Her hands were joined. On her right arm she carried a rosary, partly hidden in the folds of her robe. Rays of light as brilliant as those of the sun surrounded her.

The two Degeimbre children told their tale in awed but enthusiastic fashion. The three little Voisins did the same. Madame Degeimbre and Madame Voisin were sincerely and equally shocked. Of what use to bring up one's children sanely, sensibly, wisely, religiously, if they are to be carried away by such nonsensical imaginings? Is the Degeimbre family to be laughed at?

Similar questions were being asked and left significantly unanswered in the Voisin household, while, undoubtedly, the presumable heads of the two families, the worthy Monsieur Degeimbre and the no less worthy Monsieur Voisin found arguments to reinforce Madame their children's Mother, when she grew breathless. The children, subdued but unconvinced, ate their suppers and went to bed.

The next day the Superior of the

Convent, Reverend Mother Théophile, heard the tale from the children. All had seen the Vision distinctly and affirmed it with profound conviction. Their voices trembled and their eyes expressed fear as well as joy. Eleven-year-old Albert Voisin above all, kept on repeating, "*Si, si, Révérende Mère, je l'ai bien vue!*" (Indeed, yes, Reverend Mother, I saw her clearly!)

In European countries a Superior of a Convent is a person who expects and receives the honor demanded by so exalted a position. Mother Théophile, amiable and kind, but wise, firm, and full of that invaluable common sense, asserted her authority.

"*C'est une sottise!*" said she briefly and emphatically, adding that the children had dreamed or imagined all these happenings, and it was time to put an end to them before discredit had come upon the Convent. A strict command to speak of the affair no more, and in future to keep away from the garden, followed. The children listened with eyes modestly on the ground and a low-toned, "Yes, Reverend Mother," expressed their acquiescence. Then they made their respective bow and curtsy and backed themselves noiselessly from the room, while the busy and relieved Reverend Mother turned her attention to more important matters.

Conceive, then, the amazed displeasure of this vigilant Mother Théophile when she realizes that evening after evening, the five children, whose names are, Andrée Degeimbre, aged fourteen; Gilberte Degeimbre, nine years old; Fernande Voisin, oldest of the group, fifteen; Gilberte Voisin, thirteen; and Albert Voisin, eleven years old, are coming, in spite of her commands to the contrary, to the garden, and, according to their persistent story, witnessing the same vision of the Beautiful Lady who must be, they think in awed delight, the Holy Virgin.

The next morning, the intended re-

proof was administered, and Mother Théophile emphatically assured the culprits, "For my part, I am completely assured of the unreality of these tales. You see very well that it could not be the Virgin whom you have seen since you have disobeyed in returning to the garden after school hours. The Blessed Mother would not reward disobedience by such a favor."

"Reverend Mother Superior, I was permitted to go there by my parents," respectfully replied little Gilberte Voisin.

This remark changed the situation. In Belgium, at least, the rights of parents are still deferred to. Their permission, in this case, countermanded the contrary order on the part of Mother Théophile who contented herself with the purchase of two watch dogs, while she inwardly shivered at the thought of the ridicule certain to be heaped upon the name of the Blessed Virgin and upon her own Convent because of this wild tale so rapidly spreading in every direction. That fact, perhaps, and the entreaties of the children, altered the parents' point of view, or at least caused them to give a reluctant consent to these evening visits. After a day or so, they themselves accompanied their children, as the feet of the latter seemed irresistibly drawn towards the spot that had brought them such strange experiences. Other people soon gathered there and awaited the children's arrival. When they came, all drew respectfully back to let them pass. Day after day, or rather, evening after evening, the phenomena witnessed were the same. After a few moments, the bystanders beheld the children, in the grip of an overwhelming emotion, fall upon their knees and recite in concert, an *Ave Maria*. Often, a dozen or more times their voices rang out in the indescribable tone which all witnesses of these scenes agree in saying was almost their most amazing feature. At the first sound of the *Je vous salue, Marie*, an irresisti-

ble force seemed to compel the mass of watchers to fall into a tense, overpowering silence.

Monsieur Gaston Robert, an eminent Belgian poet and prose writer, has written a most interesting little volume entitled, "Le Miracle de Beauraing; Récit d'un Témoin," in which he speaks feelingly of the effect of the prayers of the *voyants* (those who have seen), as the favored children are called. He says: "There are no words which can reproduce to the hearing the tone of this *Ave*, unless it might be those in which break forth some powerful drama of the heart. Vainly one tries to define it. It is poured forth under the pressure of an admiring and confident love, before which the truth of the Apparition becomes a certainty."

Monsieur Robert admits, at the beginning of his little book, that he came "as a sceptic," to Beauraing. In his book he does not limit himself entirely to his subject, or perhaps his subject extends itself to embrace many experiences and thoughts of his career.

One has the suspicion that the reader is expected to remember that Monsieur is not only very sincere and very frank but always a very great artist. I doubt if he ever forgets it himself, and perhaps that fact takes away a little from the simplicity of his narrative. He gives us his impressions of many things and many people, including the account of his visit to Lourdes with the laudable object of enjoying a little peace and of acting as *brancardier*, or stretcher-bearer, to the most afflicted of the sick there gathered (*les grands malades*). After a wait of several hours, he is coolly informed that he is not of sufficient importance to be permitted this honorable task. The insult still rankles!

Also, Monsieur Robert pays his compliments to the journalists of the yellow type, chiefly hailing from Brussels, who have endeavored to disseminate the report that these apparitions are a

conspiracy between the Religious, the parents of the children and the *voyants* themselves. To what end is not divulged. The doctors and professors and psychologists and psychiatrists who invade Beauraing for the purposes of scientific investigation are sharers in Monsieur Robert's caustic humor which takes a fillip also at the freethinkers who refuse a like freedom of thought to others, and at the people "to whom the very idea of the supernatural is the inspiration of lucubrations of a presumably humorous character."

He admits that his own religion had "thickened" through the course of years, and inevitable contact with the cruelties, brutalities, injustices and hypocrisies of earth which, indeed, must always be an ever-present agony to any sensitive and noble soul. In spite of all this, Monsieur Robert tells us that on the evening of his visit to the scene of the apparitions, after listening to the prayer of the children, witnessing the devotion of the immense concourse surrounding him on every side who fell utterly silent as the children began to pray ("I have never in my life," he confides, "been in communion with such a silence."), "the truth, disengaged from this scene and seizing upon me, dominated my thought, and, without transition, I passed from utter and entire incredulity to the liveliest Faith."

In the two brochures ("Que Se Passe-T-Il A Beauraing?" and "Les Dernières Apparitions de Beauraing"), written by Doctor Maistriaux, we have a diverse but not conflicting point of view. He, too, has been an eyewitness of these events, and not on one or two occasions but on practically every evening of the time (from Nov. 29 to Jan. 3, 1933) that the apparitions continued. On almost every evening during these several weeks similar phenomena were observed. Occasionally the children's vigil was in vain. Their soul-stirring *Je vous salue, Marie*, was not

heard. Occasionally, also, the Beautiful Lady appeared to them twice in one evening, at 6:30 or 7 o'clock, and again at 9 or 9:30.

Doctor Maistriaux is a fervent Catholic, but he keeps his fervor and all other biographical details in the background. He writes as a scientist and physician, seeking only the truth of these strange occurrences, and applying every test known to medical science, including the daily interrogatory of each child separately after the evening happenings. He gives a detailed account of many of these interrogations, which are very minute and which are conducted not only by himself as chief questioner, but by the dozens and even hundreds of eminent medical men, whether general practitioners or psychologists, psychiatrists, or other wielders of strange modern shibboleths, or eminent professors from Louvain and other famous universities. They are of every shade of thought, of every shade of belief or unbelief. It is amazing to me that these children still remain in good health after undergoing such nerve-racking ordeals.

Not only has it been hard for the children but also for the Religious of the Convent and the parents and relatives of the *voyants* as well. The parents, according to Doctor Maistriaux, have shown admirable fortitude and patience in very trying circumstances. Scarcely a day passed during the time that the thirty-three apparitions (for that was their number) were taking place without seeing their homes besieged by sightseers, curiosity seekers, or sincerely pious souls longing to come even vicariously into touch with the supernatural, and all possessed by the desire to see, to touch, to embrace the *voyants*, and to inspect the *ménage* of each family. In many cases money was offered and many times various amounts were sent to the homes of the children concerned. But, in every instance, it

was politely but firmly refused or returned.

Beauraing, in the Diocese of Namur, is, so Doctor Maistriaux informs us, a little town of some two thousand souls, mainly of the bourgeoisie. The man or woman of French extraction, no matter how many generations of his race have lived and died in America, finds it difficult to endure the aspersions that it is the fashion not only of the Russian Communist but of the thriftless American to cast upon a class of people who are almost invariably God-fearing, honest, hard-working, self-respecting; a class where the son is proud to follow his father's profession or business, where the women make wise, devoted, religious mothers; a class that never spends more than it earns and that invariably pays its debts.

In the matter of these apparitions, the Belgian bishops have, up to the present, made no pronouncement, and, from the beginning, forbade the clergy to take any active part. They were at liberty, like the rest of the world, to participate as onlookers, if they wished. It was thus that the daily interrogations and the places reserved for the *voyants* each evening, as well as other details, came to be taken in hand by Doctor Maistriaux who, according to Monsieur Robert, managed everything *à merveille*.

Doctor Maistriaux' medical conclusion seems to be: "Up to the present, no scientific or medical explanation has given me full satisfaction. Exactly the contrary! The progress of events upsets every hypothesis, however well founded. Neither collective hallucination, illusion nor auto-suggestion could completely resist the searching examination made of the individuals, the facts, and the circumstances."

A charming touch that Monsieur Robert adds to his own descriptions is almost suggestive of St. Francis of Assisi. "The Virgin returned every

evening for more than a month, and all during this time the weather was like the return of spring. Never, in actual winter, had the air been so soft or the light so clear. Houses and lawns were bathed in the exquisite light of an unlooked-for renewal, and the trees, divested of their green crowns, were astonished to feel the birds hopping joyously among their branches. Everybody was amazed to see rose bushes burst into bloom and a tuft of pink lilac peep forth from its bush in the angle of an old wall."

In regard to the children themselves, both Monsieur Robert and Doctor Maistriaux agree in describing them as very much like other children, and not in the least visionary in type or character. The Doctor says of them, "No vanity, no pride, no pretense, no manifestation of the importance that they might lay claim to, is displayed by them. In spite of all that they are subjected to, their replies are never marked by impatience or nervous irritability. It is said that they are fonder of prayer than formerly, but they are very far from affecting solemn and ultra pious airs. They all agree in a great detestation of crowds, and desire nothing but peace and quiet while believing firmly and invincibly in the truth of their visions."

Encouraged by the continued return of their Beautiful Lady, the children on several occasions, ventured to address her. They declare that she smiled in reply and spoke to them in a tone of marvellous sweetness. Our Lady's words to them are briefly summarized by Doctor Maistriaux at the end of his second little booklet.

"What does the Beautiful Lady wish?"

She replied to the children: "*That you may be very good.*"

Again Her question: "*Is it true that you will be very good?*"

Again: "*Come on the day of the Immaculate Conception!*"

It is estimated that there were at least twelve thousand people, from far and near, present at the favored scene on that feast. The little town was congested with automobiles and equipages of every description.

Another time the word was, "*Pray, pray very much!*" Again the Blessed Virgin stated she desired "*A chapel.*" On other occasions, the treasured words were, "*I am the Mother of God, the Queen of Heaven. Pray always!*"

Then, one day came her promise, greater and more consoling, surely, than for temporal miracles, "*I will convert sinners.*" And how Mother-like these queries:

"*Do you love my Son?*" "*Do you love me?*" And how compelling the conclusion, "*Then sacrifice yourself for me.*"

Doctor Maistriaux finds in these several words a special message and encouragement for the people of Belgium; above all, for the youth of his country who have so generously taken hold of all the activities sponsored under the general title Catholic Action. He asks, "Is it unreasonable to hope that she has chosen as chief witness to a Religious Renaissance our own country which was the first to put its name in the annals of Catholic Action?"

The third of January, 1933, which the children had been told would bring each a special message, came and with it a hundred doctors of every variety and a multitude of twenty-five thousand pilgrims. It brought to the five children who were kneeling on the ground in fervent prayer, the sad word "*Adieu!*" but also, the comforting little particular word which each received.

Then their Beautiful Lady disappeared from sight. A renewal of faith, a conversion of sinners! What greater favors could Our Lady bestow?

A recent letter from a devoted and authoritative correspondent in Belgium reaches me at these words. It speaks of the immense renewal of Faith and devo-

tion in every part of the country, and also, an even more surprising fact, that "the apparitions of Our Lady still continue; the latest being to a man suffering from Potts' Disease (tuberculosis of the spine). When the children were asked if they were not jealous of the favor shown to him, they replied, "No, we are well content that Our Lady should have appeared to a *man*, because people were beginning not to believe us."

They were recently asked for what particular intention they said a second Rosary every evening near the grotto where Our Lady had appeared. And their reply was simply, "For no intention at all. For the Blessed Virgin herself only (*toute seule*)."

The letter ends with the assertion, for which the writer possesses facts, I am sure, "Our Lady of Beauraing is working continual miracles."

Our Lady is certainly favoring the Belgians, for the same news has already come from Banneux, in the neighboring diocese of Liège.

Although most, if not all, of the apparitions of Beauraing preceded those of Banneux, it seems to me they are a preparing of the ground, a revival of the spirit of faith and of prayer in the great mass of ordinary people and the afflicted and the poor who constitute the majority of all populations. Their needs are best known to and best understood by that Holy Virgin of the Poor who deigned to appear before the eyes of a good little simple child in her little remote hamlet where neither cinema nor illustrated journal nor daily paper penetrated, to bring the news of Beauraing, and where the people were too poor to journey forth.

Surely Notre Dame de Banneux is graciously willing to have for her neighbor the Beautiful Lady of Beauraing!

AIM high in life, but not so high that you cannot hit anything.

"The Conscience of Giannino."

BY GABRIEL FRANCIS POWERS.

THE boys had been playing tennis, but it grew so warm that they were glad to stroll down to the shady bank where the stream confined the slope at the foot of the garden, and to rest there in the intimate seclusion of the woodland spot. The August day was so still that the leaves scarcely stirred upon the branches overhead; the very water flowed slowly and soundless, and only the indefatigable crickets, the mid-summer *cicale*, clamored in chorus their prognostications of continued heat. A lazy butterfly dawdled by, toppling over in the tepid air, wing wheeling after wing.

The eldest boy lay full length upon the sod; the second sat upright, his hands clasping his knees; the third, being restless, tossed bits of stick and wisps of grass into the moving current. They were all lads in their teens; one already in long trousers, English flannels which he cherished; one, the youngest, in cool white linen; the middle boy wearing a cassock, his first cassock, which he had donned four months ago. Holiday time for them all. But the middle boy was acting as companion and tutor to these two others who were nobly born, yet far behind him in scholarship. A frog, bouncing out of the unseen and settling himself upon a stone in mid-stream, provoked the trio to laughter.

The youngest boy sprang forward. "Oh, you beauty in the yellow vest! I've got to have you!" He leaned far out over the water, clinging to a shrub for support, but the frog hopped away to a further stone. After him went the boy.

"I say, Clemente," shouted the elder brother, "come out of that! You're getting all wet."

"Come back, Clemente," repeated the mentor in black, "you will slip and fall!"

But the pursuer laughed and went on gallantly. In another moment he slipped and went in above the knees.

"There, I told you," roared his brother. "And you've splashed me, too! Come out of it, Clemente, or I'll come down and pound you!"

The face of the tutor had grown stern.

"Clemente, you are very disobedient. Come out of the water immediately! You are all wet, and the Signora Contessa will be very angry."

Then he realized that he was losing his temper and controlled himself. An expression of delicate irony replaced the frown.

"And, really, for the sake of a frog, it hardly seems worth while!"

The boy in the stream looked into the smiling face, puzzled.

"I'll come out because you tell me," he answered sullenly, "but not because Giuseppe tells me."

"Little ass," commented the elder brother. "Don't you know that I shall always be your senior, and Giannino's, too, for that matter?"

"Giannino is your teacher as he is mine. You can't come it over him. You may be bigger but he knows a heap more than you do even now. And when he is ordained he's going to be our chaplain, so you have to respect him. Mother said so."

A dark, silent flush stole over the face of the boy in the cassock.

"That's a long way off," he answered demurely, "and Giuseppe doesn't have to respect me now."

"Oh, but I do," the boy in flannels protested, "I do have to, and I do respect you, Giannino. You know more than we do, and you are ever so much better than we are. Mother says we should take example from you."

Again the boy in the neat collar and cassock blushed.

"She only says that because she is kind; not because I deserve it."

"She says it because it's true. Mother always tells the truth. She's not like Clemente."

"Or like Master Giuseppe, who thinks himself so superior."

The seminarian laughed: "Come, come! Hammer and tongs! Everybody must speak the truth,—everybody! And it's time for us to go in and get at our Latin."

"O Giannino! It's so hot. I can't do Latin to-day."

"Nor I," groaned the little fellow. "And it isn't fair in vacation time either."

"But, we do it every day, so why not to-day? And the Signora Contessa wishes it."

"Well, I'm not going to study with the thermometer at fever heat."

"Nor I, you may believe."

"But, dear boys, I am just here to help you with your Latin and Greek, and if you don't want to study, then I may as well go home."

"No, Giannino, never. You must never go home. You must stay with us always," and the soft voice of Clemente echoed: "Always," imploringly.

"That must depend on you." He drew his watch, a new bright watch of silver, their mother's gift the day he donned cleric's dress. "Two minutes to eleven! We can't do it unless we run. I'll race you to it!" He was away like an arrow in the direction of the villa, and they started after him full tilt.

"Stop! Stop, Giannino! Wait for us!"

"No fair! You started two yards ahead of us."

"We've got to be there," he answered without turning his head.

The Countess, from her morning-room, heard the stampede upon the

stairs and looked up in alarm. Then she glanced at the clock, and bent again, smiling, over her embroidery. She had understood. They were going to study: and their happy voices laughed in glee!

"He really is wonderful," she murmured. "I knew it was going to be good for them, but I didn't realize how good. He never raises his voice, and yet they follow him like lambs."

Clemente, considerably out of breath, was turning over the leaves of his Caesar with zest.

"Here it is—one second—I'll find it directly. If we are very, very good, will you stay with us always, Giannino?"

"Stupid! Don't you know he has to go back to the Seminary in October? How can he stay with us then?"

"No talking, please, during study hour."

But at luncheon the discussion was renewed. Giannino was to promise them that he would stay with them every minute that he did not spend at the Seminary. He was not even to go home to see his parents; they were to come and see him here. Giannino observed that he *must* go home sometime.

"Well, for one day then," granted Clemente.

"No, for two days," sentenced Giuseppe.

Their mother intervened. "You must not be selfish, boys. Of course Giannino wants to go home sometimes. You would, wouldn't you, if you were away ten months of the year? It's very kind of him to spend his holidays with you, and you ought to appreciate it, and be on your very best behavior all the time."

But, Clemente had not said his last word yet. "When he is our chaplain he will be here always."

Again the faint, painful red passed over the face of the seminarian, but he did not lift his eyes.

"We hope so," the Countess said gently. "But, I don't think Giannino is going to like boys who are lazy, and sometimes rude, and who squabble all the time. So you had better try to improve, both of you."

That night there was a clear, brilliant moonlight, and one boy lay upon his bed, thinking. His room was on the top floor, not on the floor occupied by the family, but it was a spacious comfortable room, although very simply furnished. Yet, he could not sleep. The window was wide open and he could see from his pillow the superb distance of sweeping plain beneath the hills far away, and the nearer splendor of great trees bathed in glancing silver, and the garden paths silver-white in purity. Voices were haunting him, saying all kinds of different things, but somehow, even the kindest tortured him. And strangely enough it was the voice of little Clemente that had gone deepest into his heart. "You will not go away from us? You will stay with us, Giannino?" And then the calm sureness of the final declaration: "When he is our chaplain he will stay with us always." And the mother's voice! How many times he had heard it ring in his ears since she had uttered those few words: "We hope so."

Of course he knew that, for that special purpose, she had undertaken to defray the expense of his education. She had talked it over with his father and mother when the boy was old enough to enter the Seminary, for as to his vocation there had never been any question about it: from the time he was a young child he had declared that he was going to be a priest, and he never wavered or hesitated. His parents were very poor, and the little fellow had to walk a great distance, in the winter often through deep snow, and with only a bit of dry bread for his midday meal, to the only school in the vicinity. But,

he had a joyous disposition and he whiled the long way with singing. Many persons in the humble scattered cottages knew the voice of the little boy who passed singing, singing high and clear, hymns in honor of Our Lady. It was when he finished grammar school that the Countess took him under her protection. His intelligence, his piety, his shy and charming manner delighted her. She told his parents that she would take entire charge of him, and that, once he was ordained, she would ask the Bishop to give him to her as chaplain and librarian. Giannino knew all this.

More than once his father had reminded him gravely: "Son, you must be very grateful to that lady, and study well, for you could never have been a priest except for her."

The son venerated the ground upon which his benefactress trod. Every day he recited numerous prayers for her intentions, and when she invited him to spend the summer vacation with her sons, he was almost overcome at her condescension. He arrived, lonely and frightened, with his small fibre valise secured with a bit of thin cord, but she had come out into the hall, divinely kind, to greet him, and he was never able to be afraid of her again. His awe remained, and he rarely spoke in her presence. As to the Count, the handsome, red-bearded man at the head of the table, he nodded once, the first day, in the direction of the cleric, and immediately forgot his existence. But, not so my lady; not so the boys. Giannino was remembering it all.

He had been here two weeks now, and the spot seemed to him little short of paradise. A beautiful house with a lovely chapel in it, a library that was a revelation, and a garden from which you could pass directly to the fields and woods. Lessons were rather trying sometimes, but he loved the classics,

and his pupils were devoted to him in spite of certain shortcomings, which he had learned that he must meet with patience. This was the spot where a kind fate seemed to have pre-ordained that his life was to unfold, in circumstances of peculiar advantage. But there was something else. Another Voice which he had been hearing for a good while now, and which did not seem to be calling him in the same direction as the earthly voices indicated. As a child he had not known much about the foreign Missions, but of late, from everywhere, they seemed to be beckoning him. Some of the best of his companions were burning with the desire to carry the Gospel into fields afar, and he himself, in the midst of the refinements and luxury which surrounded him, felt—with an altogether new potency—the wish "to endure hardships for Christ."

Just before leaving the Seminary he had heard a sermon by a bronzed bearded missionary Father who mentioned just how many men his Congregation had lost in the far islands where they were stationed. "Four splendid young priests," he said. "Three died of fever; and one of hunger."

Giannino, in the dusk of the chapel, bowed his head and wept. He wanted, then and there, to go out and offer himself to the speaker, to take the place of the man who had died of hunger, but his Prefect would not let him go. Giannino had a special deep wish of his own, and it was "China." "*China!*"—the very name filled him with rapture. And Clemente, and Giuseppe, and my lady said: "You must stay with us always."

The moonlight was extraordinarily pure and bright, and the boy could not sleep. What was he to do? He had never realized so clearly before that in training him his noble protectors had a definite purpose in view: he was being

trained for their household. And he knew in his heart that he could never be their chaplain and librarian. His limits were the ends of the earth. He must tell my lady. It would not be fair to allow her to educate him under a misconception. And suppose she withdrew her support? Not only he could not be a missionary, but he could not be a priest at all. The boy knew that night some taste of the agony of Gethsemane. But, through it all, a pulsating force hammered against his consciousness: "Do what is right; do what is right, and leave the rest to God." He rose, and in his bare feet, stole over to the window and knelt down. A slight breeze had arisen, a mere breath that scarcely stirred the leaves, but he felt it upon his brow. Overhead was an immensity of heavens, fathomless in depth, a miracle world of shining stars. All cares, all fears of earth, seemed small and puny. The boy clasped his hands and rested, almost in sight of a Face which his uplifted eyes sought to discern across the transcendent purity of night and space.

With the morning, anxiety re-awakened, and terror, stark terror because of the words he felt that he must speak that day. He served Mass in the chapel and the Countess noted, as she had often noted before, the singular piety and reverence with which he did it, the angelic expression of the young face as he moved about the altar. Then breakfast in the pleasant room with the long window opening upon the garden. Giuseppe growled that he had not been able to sleep for the heat. Clemente had found the night cool. Giannino was silent. One wished to play tennis, one wished to fish. And still Giannino was silent. The boys observed it.

"Why don't you say what you want to do, Giannino? And why are you pale this morning? Don't you feel well?"

His smile was rather pale, too, but it

lighted his face with an expression of sweetness.

"Yes, I am well. I will do whatever you like."

"The gardener's boy says he caught two trout early this morning in the stream below the woods. I don't know if it's true, but we might try."

So the morning passed, and at Giannino's heart was a dread and fear that made him shiver in the warmth of the August day. As the boys crossed the hall on their way to study, he deliberately held back to whisper to the butler: "Would you kindly ask the Signora Contessa if I may see her for a moment this afternoon, at her convenience?" Then he drew a long breath, and rushed after his charges. There could be no drawing back now. It was settled, and he must speak. But the terror and the cold remained.

The Signora Contessa was somewhat perturbed and worried, because she apprehended some trouble concerning her sons. Giuseppe was at an age when even his father occasionally found him difficult, and Clemente could be exceedingly annoying if he got some particular idea into his head. But, in spite of her anxiety she was charming as usual, and at table she devoted her attention to a neighboring gentleman who had come in unexpectedly at lunch time. He had spent many years abroad, upon political and diplomatic missions, and only recently, being advanced in age, retired to his country estate. His conversation was so interesting that even the boys listened attentively, and in deferential silence. But when they retired for their siesta, their mother sent at once for the tutor to come to her in her sitting-room, while she left her guest busy with the daily papers in the adjoining reception-room.

She was struck with the boy's appearance when he presented himself before her. He was very pale, which

distressed her, and she observed that he was trembling, although he seemed to have perfect command of himself.

"Dear Giannino! What is the matter? Has anything happened? Do tell me!"

"No, Madam, nothing has happened. Nothing."

"Then, why are you shaking like that? Do sit down, child. You know I told you that you are always to come to me when anything is troubling you. Have those boys of mine been tormenting you?"

He smiled then, involuntarily. "No, ma'am. They are very good. It is not that. But I have to say something to you that I fear will displease you. And yet I must say it."

"Somebody else has annoyed and vexed you?"

"No, my lady, everybody is very kind. It is—it is—that I am afraid I shall not be able to be your chaplain."

"Indeed?" The shade of surprise, the inflection of annoyance, did not escape the boy. "May I ask why not?"

"Madam, I want to be a missionary. I want to go to China."

She was silent a long moment, and the boy gazed with mute, imploring eyes into her face. He did not know what she was thinking, only he saw that she was thinking. Of all people in the world she was the one he would least have wished to offend, to wound; and he feared that he had done both.

"I am sorry, my lady. I was afraid it would displease you. But I felt that it would be right to tell you, because, perhaps you would not wish to go on helping me, if I am not to be your chaplain."

He was laying bare his inmost soul, painfully, with great anguish, and the woman sensed that the hour was tragic for them both. For her, too, the sorrow was great. This had been a cherished plan, a dream. He was to have been

beside her sons always as a genius for good, as a guiding angel. But, in the midst of her pain a new consciousness of his worth, of his distinctness as a personality, stole in upon her, and she wished suddenly, intensely, if the thing had been possible, that one of her own sons had been making this declaration for conscience' sake.

"How old are you, Giannino?"

"Fourteen now, ma'am. Fifteen on my next birthday, the twenty-sixth of September. It will be a good many years before I can be ordained."

"You might even change your mind."

"I do not think I shall change my mind about the missions, my lady. And I shall never change my mind about being a priest."

"Then I suppose we must make up our minds to bid you farewell?"

He was not sure what she meant, but his eyes flew wide open and fixed upon her face in questioning dread. Was she going to abandon him? He could never be a priest, if she did. She saw the silent appeal, the look almost of despair.

"I mean, of course, if you persist in being a missionary. China is very far away. For the rest, Giannino, for the present, you could still spend the holidays with us, could you not? And you need not worry about the Seminary. I shall attend to that as usual. Whatever you do, wherever you go, afterwards, I shall have been giving a priest to the Church of God; and that is honor enough for me."

The boy had been standing before her very straight, very brave, now his lips suddenly quivered and the tears brimmed into his eyes. He took her hand and kissed it, as he had been taught to do when he was a little child, then drew himself up and looked into her face again, a man.

"I shall never forget this, my lady. I shall be grateful to you as long as I live."

She nodded slightly, without answering, and he saw that her eyes, too, were full of tears. Then, with an effort: "You may go, Giannino," she said.

He had scarcely disappeared out of one door, when, from the other, the tall, stalwart figure of the diplomat appeared. "May I come in, Anna Maria? My dear, I hope you remembered that I was in the next room, for I heard every word you said. I was born an eavesdropper. But, what a very remarkable youth!"

"Is he not? To tell the truth, I had forgotten you were there. But, I am glad you heard what he said."

"I could not believe my ears. He is offered a position in your household, a most honorable position, with his future assured, and he doesn't want it. He wants to go and starve as a missionary in China. It's really incredible."

"Yes. And he was so afraid I was going to be displeased, poor child, that he was trembling like a leaf. You know, I think, it must have taken enormous courage for him to tell me."

"I have no doubt. A boy like that! As I understand it, you are educating him, paying his expenses?"

"I can well afford to do it. But, that was just the point. He felt obliged to tell me; although I could see he was convinced that I was going to drop him just as soon as I knew."

"He ought to be put in an urn of gold and kept in it. A slip of a boy in a cassock, and he possesses one of the rarest things to be found anywhere in the world to-day; you hear what I say, my dear, and I mean it, anywhere in the world—a conscience."

"He also possesses one of the things I am most anxious *my* sons should possess, and that is character."

"What a shame he will not stay with you! Do you suppose one could bribe him, lure him, compass him about?"

The woman laughed outright. "You do not know him. I can see from here the knitting of his brows: the indigna-

tion of his eyes. No, we must simply bow to the inevitable, and let him be a missionary as he wishes. I am sure he will do a lot of good wherever he may be."

"He has no conception whatsoever of what he is bargaining for, if he really persists in going to China. I could tell him a thing or two about it. But, it would probably be wasted breath. On the other hand, there is a law that works out in a way exceedingly consoling to the onlooker. You put a man of value under a pile of mere fellow-humans, and, somehow or other, he comes inevitably to the top. It is one of the most comforting facts I have been able to observe in a long and rather varied career. How did you discover your little tutor?"

"To tell the truth, I did not discover him. He is the grandson of an old and very faithful attendant, and I have known him from his birth."

"What did you say his name was, my dear?"

"Bonzano—Giovanni Bonzano. His people at home call him Giannino."

Flowers in a Hospital Room.

BY ARTHUR WALLACE PEACH.

IN the still white room, austere and bare,
Their fragrance fills the quiet air;
On pain's tense lips their beauty lays
The healing touch of one who prays.

Though grief and suffering must be
A part of life's great mystery,
These flowers are symbols we can take
Close to our hearts for love's own sake.

Their presence proves that love is near,
And mercy silencing all fear,
And kindness with its gentleness,
And pity with its tenderness.

They prove that He whom death thought slain,
First in the brotherhood of pain,
Lives still to bring His peace to men,
To lift worn hearts to joy again!

Six Days in the Eternal City.

BY J. F. SCHOLFIELD.

NO Christian can feel essentially a stranger in the capital of Christendom. His knowledge may be very imperfect, his historical and artistic training almost nil, his Italian barely enough to enable him to find his way about, yet the *buon cristiano*, which in the language of the people means neither more nor less than a practising Catholic, knows that he has the right of a citizen—more than that, of a child of the family—as he treads the streets and squares of Rome and adores at her immemorial shrines. Every Holy Year, whether occurring in the ordinary cycle, or, like the present observance, brings to the “threshold of the Apostles” uncounted multitudes who come to give thanks, to show their loyalty, to receive the innumerable blessings granted at such a season, and above all the Plenary Indulgence which is the special gift and privilege which has always been the outstanding characteristic of these years of “Jubilee.”

The outline of the establishment, and the general character, of these sacred observances are known to the majority of Catholics who follow current-ecclesiastical events. The celebrated Pope Boniface VIII. was the first to proclaim a Holy Year with Plenary Indulgence, in the form which now for more than six centuries has been familiar to the Faithful. But there seems reason to think that something of the kind, though not in the present developed shape, had been known in earlier days. The story of the old man from Savoy, aged one hundred and seven, who came to Rome among the pilgrims of 1300, and related that his father had brought him to Rome a century before to gain the indulgence, which was granted once in every hundred years, is at least interesting, has apparent historical support,

and points to a gradual development, at first popular, then formally sanctioned and reduced to beneficial order and rule by the Supreme Pontiff. The ceremony of opening the Holy Door, as to which a floating tradition was current in Rome was solemnly performed by Alexander VI. on the Christmas Eve of 1499, and has since formed the initial solemnity of the Holy Year. It seems probable that some such ceremony, however, existed in earlier times (So Fr. Thurston, S. J.).

It was obvious that Boniface VIII's intention of making the Jubilee only a centenary observance would, in view of the ordinary span of human life, make its special favors and blessings impossible of attainment for the overwhelming majority of Christian people. It was almost inevitable that the Faithful should ask for greater frequency, and towards the middle of the Fourteenth Century Pope Clement VI. decreed that the Jubilee should take place every fifty years. The precedent of the Mosaic Law (Leviticus, xxv, 10), which provided that every fiftieth year was to be one of joy and general remission of debt and servitude, would naturally point to this. It is possible that the *Ludi Sæculares*, familiar to classical readers through Horace's well-known *Carmen Sæculare*, may have had some indirect effect in the first arrangement as to the hundredth year. In accordance with the new rule, 1350 became a Holy Year, but in honor of the thirty-three years of Our Lord's life on earth, that period was adopted by Martin V. in accordance with a decree of Urban VI. The great Renaissance Pope, Nicholas V., however, returned to the former rule, while Paul II. ordained that a Jubilee should be celebrated every twenty-five years, which has been the arrangement adhered to since that time. Owing to political and religious disturbances the Jubilees of 1800, 1850, and 1875, were omitted, but otherwise they have been

observed regularly since that proclaimed for 1475 by Paul II.

There have been, of course, many Jubilees proclaimed for various purposes, beyond what we may call the "ordinary" Holy Years, the present observance being one of these extraordinary occasions. No wonder that our Holy Father, now happily reigning, has decreed such exceptional honor to this year as "a general extraordinary jubilee in the fullest sense, at the close of the Nineteenth Century of our Redemption."

A flying visit to the Eternal City is a new experience to many of us, who have spent weeks and even months, long since, within her sacred walls. The generosity and kindness of a friend's invitation made this possible during June for the present writer, and it may be that the outline of "Six Days in Rome," as spent by an old pilgrim, may possess a slight interest, and perhaps even provide a little encouragement for those whose engagements and circumstances do not permit a longer sojourn.

Rome has changed in various ways—chiefly for the better, beyond all question. To those who knew the City in the pontificates of Leo XIII. and Pius X., it is wonderful to notice the increase on all sides of what we might call external Christianity. From a purely material standpoint there has been striking improvement in civic order, but the general devotion of the people, the crowds at the churches who assist at the Holy Sacrifice and receive the Sacraments is arresting beyond description. Both sexes, all ages, every condition of life, is continually represented. This is not only the result of the Holy Year; it was scarcely less observable (though of necessity the numbers were not so immense) several years ago. By that time the deplorable period of Italian, and not least of Roman, misgovernment had passed. At the beginning of the century the Syndie (i. e., Mayor) of Rome, and

the city authorities, represented a complete contradiction to all the noble and sacred traditions of the religious capital of the world. For thirty years the Vicar of Christ had been a prisoner in his own house, while, by a divinely-ordained paradox, his spiritual sway was constantly extending its blessing to more and more millions of souls, in almost every quarter of the world.

The Jew Nathan, regarded as an apostate from his own religious tradition, and a bitter enemy of the Faith of Christ, while politically ranked as a communist, was the Roman Syndie, and his supporters were men of his own character. So far as these men could accomplish their aims, the Church was depressed, weakened, and insulted. Clergy and Religious could not count on common politeness in the streets. The absence of men in the churches (unless at a very early hour—a significant proof of what "public opinion" was in those days), and at great ecclesiastical functions, was painfully noticeable even to a stranger. Now all this is changed, and though the Vatican City is all that the Supreme Pontiff now holds as King—smallest in size but immeasurably greatest in dignity of all the kingdoms of the world—Rome has won back its immemorial character because her Religion is no longer insulted and depressed. There are a few *tempi protestanti*, for the use of foreigners, and a great Synagogue, but Rome herself is, as she has ever been since the Church came forth from the Catacombs, Catholic, and therefore Papal, to the core.

When only a few days can be given to the pilgrimage it becomes important to go by a direct route, not necessarily the most interesting. The familiar way by Paris and Modane was therefore taken in this case. Other experiences of long ago made one look back with affection to the longer route by Basle, Lucerne, Milan and Florence. And even, years before that, to the old

diligence of forty years ago which took passengers from Austria over the Stelvio Pass, now as then (we believe) the highest road in Europe for vehicular traffic, to Como.

One day at Rome was devoted to the preliminary visit to the *limina apostolorum*, and search after more than one friend in the city. The following morning the serious business of the pilgrimage was entered on, the necessary approach to the Sacraments having been duly accomplished. While the four basilicas may be visited in any order, and the three visits to each paid on one day or otherwise at convenience, it is practically the universal use to begin at the Vatican Basilica, which at first, with St. Paul's-outside-the-Walls, was the only one where a certain number of visits were of obligation in order to gain the Indulgence. In 1350 St. John Lateran, the Pope's Cathedral, "Mother and Head of all the churches in the city and in the world," was added, and St. Mary Major at the following Jubilee. This arrangement still stands. Three visits, with certain appointed prayers, which can of course be supplemented as each pilgrim's devotion may suggest, are obligatory at each of the great churches, but as already stated these can be made in accordance with individual desire. In this Holy Year the devotions of precept are: (1) five Our Fathers, Hail Marys, and Glorias before the Most Holy Sacrament, adding a sixth for the Pope's intention; (2) three recitations of the Creed, with the familiar ejaculation: "We adore Thee O Christ and we bless Thee, because by Thy holy Cross Thou hast redeemed the world," or a similar prayer, recited once before the crucifix; (3) seven Hail Marys before Our Lady's Altar, or a picture of her, recalling her sorrows, and adding once the verse from the *Stabat Mater*: "*Sancta Mater istud agas, Crucifixi fige plagas cordi meo valide,*" or any prayer of similar import,

(4) the Apostles' Creed, once, before the Altar of the "Confession" in the centre of the church.

The indulgence may be gained as often as the conditions are fulfilled, for oneself or the faithful departed. A very small leaflet, printed in the various languages by the Pontifical Press of the Gregorian University is, according to our experience, by far the best and simplest guide for pilgrims. It gives clearly, *and only*, what is necessary.

Each of the four great Basilicas possesses its special glory and its wonderful treasures. At St. Peter's we are kneeling where the body of the Apostle, Christ's first Vicar upon whom the Church was built, and Universal Pastor of His flock, awaits the resurrection. Some of the chief relics of the Sacred Passion are treasured in the basilica and at times exposed to the veneration of the Faithful: the Veil of St. Veronica, the Lance which pierced our Redeemer's side in death, and a large relic of the true Cross, formerly at Santa Croce. The Chair used by St. Peter as Bishop of Rome, contained in a huge bronze chair designed by Bernini, is preserved in the apse. Before leaving the mighty church the pilgrim will naturally venerate the ancient statue of the Apostle, the foot of which has been pressed by the lips of who shall say how many millions of Christian people throughout the ages?

St. John Lateran (which originally formed part of the Imperial Palace formerly the property of the wealthy patrician family of the Laterani) was the first consecrated Christian church, the anniversary of the dedication by St. Sylvester on November 9, 324, being still universally observed throughout the Church. The crowd of pilgrims here (a Sunday) was very great, and the basilica seems to be a center of intense spiritual life and energy. Above the altar of the Blessed Sacrament (left transept), the Sacred Table reputed to

have been used by Our Lord when He ordained the Sacrifice of the New Law is preserved in a recess. The High Altar encloses the wooden portable altar on which St. Peter in the house of Pudens, and his earliest successors in the catacombs, offered the Holy Mass. The heads of SS. Peter and Paul are enshrined above. Twice the great church has been almost destroyed by fire, once by an earthquake. Its present splendor is due to Pope Leo XIII., who is buried here. The Baptistry, detached from the church, and dating from Constantine's days, still sees the Sacrament of Regeneration bestowed in the ancient font in which, in all probability, an English King was baptized more than twelve centuries ago.

St. Paul's-outside-the-Walls (*fuori le mura*) was founded by the first Christian Emperor, but a disastrous fire in 1823 destroyed, not his original church, but a great basilica begun by Theodosius the Great in 388 and completed seven years later. The Christian poet Pudentius describes it as "a place of royal grandeur." The present magnificent church was consecrated by Pius IX. in 1854. Lying as it does outside the City, as a rule St. Paul's does not attract the throng of worshippers who come to pray at the other chief basilicas, and at ordinary times has consequently a somewhat deserted appearance notwithstanding all its glories. In a Holy Year, however, crowds come as part of their pilgrimage, and pay their Jubilee visits where the body of the great Apostle of the Gentiles lies, as it has lain (with a short period when the relics were removed, like those of St. Peter, for safety's sake) ever since the day of his martyrdom on the Ostian Way, June 29, in the year 67. The Kings of England were for centuries the "protectors" of the basilica; perhaps in the divine providence some day the ancient privilege may be restored.

(Conclusion next week.)

Carolina Abdicates.

BY ESTHER W. NEILL.

XII.—DR. SAVARIN OBJECTS.

DR. SAVARIN'S shabby, mud-encrusted roadster almost collided with Carolina's limousine, as he drove through his own gate and around the circular road that led to the front door. The garden was ablaze with sunlight, and behind the sombre boxbushes, heavy-headed dahlias bloomed in gorgeous variegated colors screening both sides of the driveway.

The doctor, wishing to avoid the danger of meeting any of his patients in such close quarters, had taken the precaution of nailing a sign, "No parking" on his own lamp-post. But commands of this sort had never deterred Carolina. She knew that the lone sheriff of the neighborhood, whose salary she paid, would not attempt to coerce her to heed any orders that interfered with her comfort or convenience. Dr. Savarin, turning off his ignition, was coasting so slowly that he was able to turn his wheels into a flowering bush, thereby not scratching the glistening paint of the car in front of him.

"My Lord!" he said crossly to the chauffeur, as he wedged his fat body from under the steering wheel, "why didn't you blow your horn, Jasper, or say something to let me know you were here? I'll have to cut down those bushes. I swear they have grown so high I can't even see to drive to my own garage."

Carolina, who had been waiting inside the house, came out on the porch when she heard the doctor's voice. She was dressed in a tailored suit of dark purple with a neckpiece of silver fox. She wore a small hat which did not conceal the soft natural wave of her auburn hair around her temples. She had pinned a large bunch of violets, from her own conservatory, to the wide lapel of her

coat, and the fragrance of the spring flowers, together with her startlingly youthful appearance, brought back to the old doctor the early days of their acquaintanceship and seemed to discredit the intervening years.

"Don't jump on Jasper, Henri," she said, "I told him to wait there. It's absurd to have a sign 'No parking' in front of a doctor's door. Suppose I had fallen in a faint or a fit, how could I help from parking?"

"Very simple," he said, puffing up the steps with hands outstretched to welcome her. "If you had fallen in a faint, I should have carried you into my office with tenderest care, and brought you back to consciousness."

"And just because I did not faint you are as cross as a bear about my parking."

"Not at all," he hastily contradicted her, "I am overjoyed to see you."

"Then, why swear at Jasper?"

"Swear! Why, my dear Carolina, you have no idea what my ability is in that direction. I wasn't swearing, I was merely trying to defend my own intelligence in putting up a sign."

"It shows no intelligence," she declared.

"That's where we differ—as usual." He smiled broadly. "I always find your company stimulating, Carolina. We agree about so few things. Who was the man that said that 'mistaken definition creates all conversation'?"

"Don't ask conundrums, Henri, how should I know? Since I have come all this way to see you, don't you think you might invite me in?"

"Why, I thought you had been in."

"I was until you came. Now I am waiting for some sign of hospitality from my host."

He pushed open the front door chuckling. "Walk in, my most honored guest," he said. "I won't attempt to hold the door open for you, or you might not be able to pass me in the

vestibule. It's a curse to be so fat, Carolina, the god's own curse. If I keep on I shall have to buy a special make of car, so I can crawl under the steering wheel, or I'll have to drive from the back seat. I'm the despair of my tailor. He told me the last time I tried to order a suit, that he would have to charge me extra for such baggy trousers, and he said my waistcoat looked like a hemisphere. I tell you I'd trade places with any living skeleton that makes his living in a side show."

She viewed his short, fat figure with smiling tolerance. "You should reduce a hundred pounds," she said with conviction; "and even then you would not approach a skeleton."

"Don't I know it. Why make yourself unpleasant by accentuating the obvious? But I insist that you are partly to blame, Carolina. When you ask me to dinner—and you are good enough to ask me very often—why do you serve such delectable food?"

"Why do you come?" she asked, her eyes twinkling.

"Because—well, I refuse to be tricked into paying you compliments, Carolina; you have been surfeited on them for years. I don't want to swell your *ego*—it's *fat* enough already."

"A 'fat *ego*,'" she repeated reflectively. "I don't believe I ever heard of one before, but of course mental obesity may be worse than physical fat. I suppose you are trying to get even with me. But we won't quarrel, Henri; the next time you come to dinner I'll feed you on fruit juice. Now come into the house, I want to talk to you about something worth while. You have two or three patients waiting in a dismal row for you. I don't want to join them. Take me into your own private office."

"Yes, yes," he said following her into the house. "Come this way; I'm afraid you will find my little place in great confusion; I've been gone half the night. Nobody to look after things. That Nig-

ger servant of mine has been drinking too much moonshine whiskey. I reckon I'll have to discharge him, and get another one just as bad—or worse. Bachelors lead a dog's life of it with their domestic problems." He lifted a heap of newspapers out of an armchair and begged her to sit down. "I hope you haven't come to consult me professionally. I tell everyone you are my prize patient, because you never need me. I brag upon your health."

"You can't keep on bragging forever," she said, making a feeble housewifely attempt to straighten the magazines on the table in front of her, "we are all getting old together, Henri."

"I deny it," he interrupted her. "When I look at you, Carolina, I deny it emphatically. You look so extraordinarily youthful,—you are as slender as a girl, and that color—"

"It's paint," she said frankly, rubbing her cheek with her lace-trimmed handkerchief. "I sometimes wonder why I use it. Everybody knows that a woman can't have color at my age."

He laughed. "I was alluding to your dress," he said; "purple, or whatever you call it, suits you exactly. If I didn't know you were over sixty, I would think you were just sixteen."

"Well, I won't even go to the trouble to deny such nonsense," she said leaning wearily back in her chair. "I don't enjoy being old, but I couldn't begin life all over again. I have faced too many tragedies, and the last one has been the worst of all, seeing Eduard wasting away for love of that infamous girl. What a perverse creature she must have been to leave a man like Eduard and go running off to Reno to divorce him, so she could marry this struggling young playwright who had never produced a play except on paper."

"Aren't plays usually produced on paper?" he asked humorously, striving to lighten her tragic mood.

"You know perfectly well what I

mean, Henri," she said, with a touch of impatience. "This man had never done anything worth while. He used to write little skits for—for this hussy to act in vaudeville. Why should she prefer a man like that to Eduard?"

"Don't ask me," he said in bewilderment, rubbing his shining bald spot with pudgy fingers. "I am the last person on earth to answer such questions,—an old bachelor like me who had a few symptoms years ago for a very lovely lady who would not even deign to notice—a symptom."

She smiled now reminiscently. "Men never seem to know their own minds. I was telling Jean Courtenay the other night that I should have arranged a marriage for him and for you. Why would you not consider some of the girls I picked out for you? There was dear little Rosa Donnerville."

"Rosa!" he exclaimed. "Why, the poor child was dying with tuberculosis."

"But you could have cured her, if you had married her and brought her here, and there was Lucille Flammeron, she would have made a wonderful wife for you."

"My Lord! Carolina, when I knew her first she was a widow with six children."

"That was just the point," she said, smiling at his dismay. "You would have made a perfect stepfather. You are so good-natured, you would have treated them as your own. And then there was pretty little Elise le Croix—"

"Elsie! Why, my dear Carolina, have you forgotten that Elise murdered her husband in cold blood?"

"But, she would not have murdered you," she assured him. "You would have been so kind to the helpless little thing she would have adored you. She married a brute. He beat her black and blue, the neighbors said. When she could stand it no longer, she turned like some little down-trodden worm and she blew his brains out, or fed him on poison—I've forgotten the details,

but I think it served him right."

"Come, come," he said laughing, "I could not marry all three. I always feared you as a matchmaker, you've done so much of it in your day. Why didn't you arrange a marriage for Eduard?"

"How could I when he took matters into his own hands?" she asked hopelessly. "You know perfectly well that he never mentioned the matter to me until he had married this—this impossible creature—and then he told me frankly that is why he did it."

"Did what?"

"Married without telling me because he said he was afraid."

"Afraid?"

"Afraid I had already been busy arranging a marriage for him. Now—well, now he says I have had my revenge."

"Poor boy," he said sympathetically; "I'm sure you did not desire any such revenge. No marriage could have ended more disastrously. When he came home with brain fever I thought we'd never pull him through. He didn't want to live. That was the great trouble—he didn't care a picayune whether he lived or died."

"And he doesn't care yet, Henri," she said, and her face was ashen beneath her rouge; "he doesn't care yet. I believe he loves that girl yet, even though she has proved herself such an ingrate. Why will men cling on to women like that when every illusion has left them?"

"That's another question I cannot answer," he said with a puzzled frown. "If you are going to spend your time propounding romantic riddles, Carolina, you should find some one who has had more experience than I have. But I'll say this much, you can't always dispel illusions to order, they cling on like the mists on the mountain tops. I guess we can't live on without them, and so the Lord allows them to cling."

She leaned back wearily in her chair,

her blue-veined fingers were playing nervously with the medallion that held her son's picture. "But we must do something, Henri; we must do something to make him care for life; we must invent some interest. He can't go on like this not caring for life. We must make him care."

The old doctor took off his thick-lensed glasses, as if he were seeking clearer vision. "I thought the Curé's little niece had roused him," he said.

"But, she is not enough. The child has helped, yet he can't go on forever playing with a child. I came this afternoon to talk about a plan. Couldn't you make him believe you needed an office assistant? Couldn't you take him in here?"

The old doctor's surprise was complete, and he hesitated as he looked around the disordered room. His cherished medical books crowded the open shelves that stretched from floor to ceiling, his ancient degree, with its seal broken and its ribbon frayed, was fastened carelessly to the wall with thumb tacks, but it bore the name of a famous university, and reminded him of the happy, care-free experiences of his youth. In the corner stood a leather lounge that exactly fitted the awkward curves of his body, while close to its cylindrical pillow was a lacquered smoking stand holding a jar of his favorite brand of tobacco and his carefully colored meerschaum. The swivel chair he was occupying at present had certain tilting tricks that only he understood, and the green shaded lamp on the table had been adjusted to the right angle so that the light could not reflect itself in his horn-rimmed glasses. He knew that he and Carolina were surveying the room from altogether different viewpoints. To her, no doubt, it was a most undesirable little place of dust and confusion, offending her olfactories with its lingering, penetrating odors of antiseptics and disinfectants. It could not suggest rest or recreation to the normal

observer, for everywhere there were grim reminders of suffering and death. The topsy-turvy desk was piled with samples of medicines, sent through the mail in boxes and cartons, and in the recess, between the windows, stood a skeleton, a grinning, shameless framework of a man. Carolina shuddered as she looked at it.

To the old doctor, however, this familiar room was his favorite retreat from the world and its anxieties and griefs. Here he sought distraction, spending studious hours in scholarly research, enjoying his solitude, for, in spite of his genial manner and his never-failing cheerfulness with his patients, there was an unknown side to his nature that claimed his leisure hours. Even in his young days when he had planned vaguely for marriage, this desire for privacy had made that sharing of his home seem too much of a sacrifice. He could not live with people always. This inner office was his hermitage. He had always loved Eduard as a son, but he was not willing to admit him as a part owner of his sanctuary. He did not even want the disorder of his desk disturbed. He had a system of his own for finding things amid the chaotic heap of papers, and even the neglected samples of patent medicine took on new value as he thought of some one else opening them and pronouncing on their efficacy.

Occasionally he allowed a patient to come from the outer room and sit in the chair that Carolina occupied, while he wrote a prescription, or listened to secret confidences, but after the intruder had been dismissed he shut the door and interviewed all his other callers in the two parlors that he had reserved for this purpose. If Eduard came to him as his assistant he could not curtail his privileges. He could not refuse him the use of his books, his favorite chair, his couch, his battered smoking stand. Trifles that loomed large in his mind,

because they suggested the comfort and desirability of sole proprietorship. If Eduard came he would be depriving himself of that sequestered sense of estrangement from all humanity, those hours of refreshing solitude that had become a necessary part of each day.

Carolina did not realize what an impossible favor she was asking. He must have time to think up some reasonable excuse to defend himself from this threatened incursion. But he was not practised in the art of deceit. Carolina was quick to note his hesitancy, even though she did not comprehend its cause.

"You do not want him?" she said, and her voice showed repressed anger. "Why don't you say so, Henri,—you do not want him?"

He was confused by her insight, and with his usual blunt honesty, he determined to tell her the truth, though he had always tried to avoid self-revelations.

"Do we ever know each other?" he began. "I ask you, Carolina, do even the best friends ever know each other?" He leaned across the desk, so much in earnest that she was silenced for the moment wondering whether she should treat the question seriously or make some laughing response to conceal her own irritation.

"Perhaps not," she answered. "But the years ought to bring some enlightenment, Henri."

"But, do they, Carolina? That's just the point, do they? You've known me for thirty years," he said—"thirty years. You think I am a born optimist, or some sort of cheerful fool, pumping hope into people, telling my old jokes; a jester, a sort of good-natured clown. Perhaps I am, but there's another side of me, Carolina, another man; a man that is as solitary as an anchorite seeking a cave in a desert. I don't believe that after all these years, I could share my home with anyone. I am too old, too

set in my habits even to want to try."

"My dear Henri," and now she looked around the little room with sympathetic interest, her womanly intuition appraising his valuation of it. "Do you suppose for a minute that I wanted Eduard to come here to live? The house is as small as a hermit's cell. My idea was to remodel the house next door into offices for Eduard, so that you could conveniently send the patients you did not want to see, across the garden. He might relieve you of some of the routine work with your omnipresent moonshiners. I suggested him as your assistant, because he would never be willing to practice medicine here unless you convinced him that you needed his help."

"God bless the boy!" the old man's tone showed both relief and appreciation. "Do you really think he feels that way, not willing to poach on my preserves? Thinks there isn't room here for two doctors? I'll talk to him if he feels that way. I'm getting old and tired, Carolina. Called up to the mountains last night. Ten of the worst miles I ever travelled. The wife of one of my moonshiners was in labor. Poor little undernourished thing died at sun up. It sort of knocked me out not being able to save either the mother or the child. I'm all in to-day, dog-tired. I do need help. I'll talk to Eduard the next time I see him. I really would like to retire, but I've kept going, thinking there was no one here to take my place. It isn't exactly the spot for an ambitious man to want to settle, but Eduard may not care about that. There's a real chance for service, and I've always thought that was the main thing in life that a man ought to consider. And Eduard won't have to worry about the money end of it. That's a great blessing. The hardest part of my work has been sending bills. It's painful enough to be sick without paying for it afterwards. I've always hated to send in a bill."

(To be continued.)

Fashion.

BY P. J. C.

FASHION is the least stable, least logical mold of expression. A human face remains a boy's, a young man's an old man's face during a certain number of years. Then gradually nature gives it another cast. It takes on new lines, grooves, colors, appearances. All this seems becoming—exemplifies the march of time. The boy cannot be a boy always; must submit to the law which enlarges his chin, adds beard to his face. Later his step will be slower, more deliberate. He cannot do as an old, what he could do as a young man.

In eating, sleeping, exercise, we follow laws of accommodation. By most of us food is taken three times daily in varying amounts depending on climate, occupation, and so on. There are exceptions. You will find those who are quite satisfied with two meals every twenty-four hours; and for some, biscuits and milk every morning and something more substantial in the evening are the staff of life. Night is the resting and sleeping time for people the world over. You will find some who sleep days and stay awake nights from necessity or unwise social habits. The groove of custom, however, which has the whispers of nature to outline and direct it, indicates night for rest and silence, day for movement and labor.

We do certain things in a certain way because it has been found best to do them in just that way. It is more convenient, more sanitary to take a certain position when we sleep, more respectful, more dignified to sit, to stand just this way, not that way. We are advised to do so for reasons of health, grace of body in movement or at rest. It is elementary good breeding not to punctuate every conversational sentence with a spit, not to hawk at the end of every spoken paragraph. Even without

the conventions of etiquette, people in civilized life will not suffer these abrasions on the surface skin of good manners.

Some other standards of social measurement are less convincing. Thus in England certain foods are conveyed to the mouth with a fork in the left hand; in the United States with a fork in the right. It really makes little difference which social direction you follow provided you harbor your cargo with finesse.

In the fashions of women there is no law. Women leap out of the sky-line every spring, every fall, as new essences. What they were they are not; and in a few months will not be what they are. You became accustomed to say "Good morning, Peg," to the stenographer you met sometimes on her way to Mass. She wore her hat askew—toward the left lobe of her head; and her brown hair on the right side, just above her temple, was visible. You cannot define her dress, but recognized it. There are so many things you recognize which you cannot define. Anyway, Peg was known to you; you could tell that hat, a bit pert and off-side, a block away.

And then: One Spring morning—when the trees stirred themselves and shook out leaves—comes along a different hat, a different dress. Peg is a renaissance. She has put away the things that were—old-fashioned she calls them. "Peg," the new essence, you will have to restudy, relearn in order to recapture the escaped joy of recognition. The old "Peg" is gone with her discarded hat, her abandoned dress. You will find her hanging from a hook in the clothes closet.

Certain realities never change: Nun's habits and headdress; taking up the collection at the Offertory; the bows of girl graduates to the Bishop when he hands them their diplomas. In the midst of so much change we welcome fixity. We get so tired of progress!

Notes and Remarks.

Mr. G. K. Chesterton, in his *Weekly*, discourses on the Church and State in a manner that is clear and forceful. Many who believe that the clergy must defend their class in discussing this subject, will accept Mr. Chesterton's ideas as those of an unbiased and unprejudiced layman. "It is the State that changes," he says, "it is the State that destroys; it is nearly always the State that persecutes. Some people still mumble old memories of the Spanish Inquisition (a thing started strictly by the State), with the fact staring them in the face that the actual persecution now going on in Spain is the spoliation of Spaniards simply because they are Catholic priests and schoolmasters. Every Catholic enjoys much more freedom in Catholicism than any liberal does under Bolshevism or Fascism. I might have been a liberal and belonged to the Centrum in Germany or the Partito Popolare in Italy; it is not the Church but the State that would stop me. For the State has returned with all its ancient terrors of antiquity; with the gods of the city thundering from the sky, and marching with the pageant in iron panoply, the ghosts of an hundred tyrants; and we have begun to understand in what wide fields and playgrounds of liberty, the Faith that made us free has so long allowed us to wander and to play."

It is estimated that it would cost \$21,000,000,000 to get rid of all the railroad crossings in the United States. And certain people have been advocating that very action. Of course there can be no denying the public benefit which would result if such an elimination could be made, but to make that improvement a reality somebody would have to foot that twenty-one billion dollar bill; and you may be sure that in the long run it would not be the railroads. That is what we must always

remember in all of these expensive remedies for our past follies. Some one has to pay over the counter, and that one is always the same person—John Public. It is unfortunate that railroad crossings were not properly constructed in the first place. Since they were not, the next best thing is to protect them as well as possible until such time as these danger spots can be made over one by one without too much pressure on the public pocketbook. In the meanwhile more effort should be made to get rid of the rolling hazards which crowd the highways. After all, railroad crossings are comparatively few and stationary and fairly well guarded. The real danger to human life, even at our railroad crossings, is human carelessness and human recklessness. Until we can get rid of the road hog, the speed demon and the reckless driver, it will do little good to spend twenty-one billion dollars to get rid of a few thousand dangerous crossings.

The Secretary of War, in a radio speech the other day, made the statement that crime costs the American people thirteen billions every year, and that the tribute paid to racketeers amounts easily to eighteen billions. Every year, he contended, 12,000 persons are murdered in this country, 3000 people are kidnapped, 100,000 are assaulted, and fifty thousand robbed. "If I were to come before you to-night," he said, "as Secretary of War, and tell you that a foreign army several thousand strong had invaded the United States, a wave of patriotic fervor would sweep over the country from one end to the other. From every farm and hamlet, from every town and city, men and women, boys and girls, millions in number, would spring to the colors to drive the invading army from our land. Well, there is to-day a foreign army estimated at 400,000, more than three times the size of the regular army of the United States, operating in this country, invad-

ing the security of our homes and confiscating our property. I say it is a foreign army because it is foreign to American principles and institutions—foreign to American ideals and traditions. I refer to the army of crime, 'The Scarlet Army of the United States.' There is no question that the frightful conditions of crime existing to-day are, to a great degree, due to the indifference of the American people. In a Republic like ours the people get the kind of government that they demand and deserve. They are getting to-day what they have permitted." These words are a bit rhetorical, perhaps, but absolutely true. Crime will be stamped out in this country just as soon as the people make up their minds that it should be stamped out. Chicago has awakened from a lethargy in the last few weeks, and crime in that city is being dealt with in a sensible way. If the judges and juries continue to punish criminals as they have of late, Chicago could free herself of the criminal element in a year. If cities are overrun with gangsters it is because the majority of the citizens are willing to tolerate crime.

Some of our readers probably remember a newspaper item of last May recording the death of Lux, the shepherd-dog companion of Senator Schall of Minnesota. Few, however, know the complete story of that death and the beautiful lesson of canine fidelity which it teaches. It seems that Senator Schall, thinking it inappropriate for a dog to be present at the funeral cortège of Senator Walsh, left the animal in other hands during the few days of his absence. So much did Lux feel the unaccustomed separation, however, that in the short space of time before the Senator's return he literally died of a broken heart. Senator Schall is not an emotional man, but he had a hard time containing himself when the news was brought to him concerning the death of

his faithful guide and companion. As soon as he felt able to do so he prepared for the Congressional Record a tribute to Lux which, in feeling and content, makes a fitting companion piece to that classic eulogy to the dog which was pronounced in the Missouri Circuit Court in 1870 by U. S. Senator George G. Vest. We give only a few words of Senator Schall's memorial, the remainder of which can be found in the Congressional Record of May 23:

He was indeed my "light," my eyes! No man could have served me better. The memory of him will temper the chill snows of life's coming winter, and smooth the furrowed brow with gentle thought. . . .

Lux was so completely mine! None but the blind will understand the whole of what I mean; none but those who have come to cherish a deeper love for the ever-hidden sun; none but those who have "wandered lonely as a cloud. . . .

The kindest of seeing persons grow irked at waiting; but Lux would gladly await my pleasure through long hours, without food, drink, or movement—a patient sentinel at my feet. . . .

I cannot wonder, since I have known Lux, that in Medieval monuments the dog is placed at the feet of women as symbolic of affection and fidelity, and seen as a rest for the mailed feet of crusaders. . . .

I cannot say too much for Lux, for he laid down his life for me, his friend; and well his story pleads the cause "Of those dumb mouths that have no speech."

The Camel advertising campaign, whether it sells cigarettes or not, certainly demonstrates how easy it is for the expert to bewilder the human eye. The stage magician, however, is only a novice in the art of deception, if we are to accept the testimony of Mr. Harry Price, Director of the National Laboratory of Psychical Research in England. Mr. Price says: "Every 'spirit' photograph in existence is, in my opinion, a fake; every medium who has been tested scientifically has been exposed; no single shred of real evidence exists that a spirit has ever been photographed. . . . Spirit photography is a

fraud—and a despicable fraud—from beginning to end."

Occupying the position which he does, Mr. Price can speak with authority, but he is not satisfied with position only to give weight to his word. From his schoolboy days he has been experimenting in the field of spirit photography with the result that he has, according to his own admission, "learned some two hundred ways of doing the job." The next time that we see published some of those supposedly marvellous ghost pictures, it might be well for us to remember the testimony of the present Director of the National Laboratory of Psychical Research.

In past days the physician was always considered the servant of his patients. He came to them when he was sent for, used his knowledge and skill to alleviate their suffering, and departed when he thought his presence was no longer necessary. Of late days, however, the position of the doctor seems to have undergone in some cases a considerable change. He is no longer the servant of his patient, it would seem, but a dictator who issues pronouncements on moral questions. He considers himself qualified to speak on the morality of family limitation, sterilization, and abortion, and to state in what circumstances it is permissible to kill incurables and insane. When the physician leaves the field of medicine where he is a specialist and steps into the field of morality without any special training in theology, he usually makes himself ridiculous. People don't hire opera singers to build bridges, or literary men to lay out railroads. The doctor should stick to his profession and leave the deciding of moral questions to the theologians who have specialized in such matters. "Catholics have nothing but contempt," says the *London Catholic Times*, "for the ease with which many medical men have swallowed the anti-

social propaganda for contraception, for their readiness to advise it, for their advocacy of abortion and euthanasia; and there is a large body of public opinion in this country ready to rally around the Catholic banner, and to insist with us that doctors remember and keep their place. We want dictation and interference from none, and we shall resist Bolshevik encroachments in the medical service as readily as elsewhere. Things have gone too far when doctors can abuse a position given to them on a basis of Christian morality to toy with the idea of legalizing murder."

One very noticeable cause for worry in this country to-day is the increase in juvenile crime. Observers have been aware of that situation for some time past, but most diagnoses have been based on comparatively local conditions and confined to comparatively few cases. Recently, however, the Department of Justice has released the results of an intensive study covering the first six months of 1933 and involving 159,493 individual arrest records. The conclusions more than justify those who have been warning us against the increase in youthful offenders. It was found, for example, that youths between the ages of 18 and 24 lead all age groups in major crimes, with those of nineteen birthdays taking the grand lead in number. That situation should open the eyes of fathers and mothers to the need of religious education to-day. We would expect some youngsters, of course, to display criminal tendencies rather early in life; nor should we be surprised if juveniles took the leadership in certain minor offenses involving more adventure than viciousness. It produces quite a shock, however, to be told that youths between the ages of 18 and 24 lead all groups in major crimes. Nor does that percentage of young criminals result from any pronounced tendency of their older brothers to drop out of the crim-

inal class. While that tendency exists, due to the steady influence of age, records show that fully thirty-five per cent of our young criminals will go on adding crime after crime to those for which they are now imprisoned. It becomes quite evident, therefore, that this wave of major criminals, coming to its full crest as it does at the tender age of nineteen, must have received its start somewhere back in the late Grade or early High-School years. Catholic parents must realize that fact when the temptation comes to take Johnny or Mary out of the parochial school because of some little sacrifice entailed in keeping them there. They are responsible before God for the souls of their children. They dare not deny to those children the opportunity of a religious education, particularly during the smart-Alec and adventuresome period of their youth. Religion after all is the only lasting sedative during those exciting years.

Robert Lee Vann, of Pittsburgh, has been appointed to the position of special assistant to the Attorney General. Mr. Vann, originally a native of North Carolina, is said to be favorably known among thousands of residents in his Northern home, both as an attorney and as a newspaper man. His appointment, however, in spite of the fact that he seems to be a good man and an able man, is going to offend some people who are perhaps not quite so good nor quite so able. No, he doesn't happen to be a Catholic. In fact, he is a Negro, the first Negro according to report who has ever held a major appointment under a Democratic administration. The present Democratic administration, whatever else can be said against it, and little else can, is certainly not striped with bigotry. That is more than we can say of several other Democratic administrations and more than a sprinkling of Republican ones.



Fairy Song.

BY LIAM P. CLANCY.

THERE is music in the grasses
When the winds are crooning low:

For a fairy piper passes
Where the fairy foxgloves glow,
And the weeshie lads and lassies
Lilt their fairy lu-la-lo:

*"Lu-la, lu-la, lu-la-lo,
Silver shoon and feet of snow,
Lu-la, lu-la, lu-la-lo!"*

When the midnight moon is glancing

With a sweet and silver glow,
Then the fairy folk come dancing
From their dhoon* in Aghadoe,
'Witching whoso there is chancing

With their fairy lu-la-lo:
*"Lu-la, lu-la, lu-la-lo,
Dance we, glance we, to and fro,
Lu-la, lu-la, lu-la-lo!"*

Mortal maidens, now beware ye,
Veil your cheeks and brows of snow:

Beauty is beloved of fairy,—
And their spell can capture so:
Then to lands of laughter airy
Would ye from your kindred go.

*"Lu-la, lu-la, lu-la-lo,
Come where love and laughter flow,
Lu-la, lu-la, lu-la-lo!"*

Oh! what rapture past all telling
Lies within that music low,
Laughter, love, and mirth-compelling,
Quick-dispelling grief and woe:
Whoso hears its magic swelling
Never sorrow more shall know.

*"Lu-la, lu-la, lu-la-lo,
Light as air we gaily go,
Lu-la, lu-la, lu-la-lo!"*

* Dhoon—Dún: Fairy fort.

"HE lives long who lives well; time
misspent is not time lived but lost."

Tim.

BY JAMES A. REID.

X.—THE GUILTY MAN.

DOCTOR SMITH looked at the paper
which Bill handed him.

"The name, Doctor; quick, the name?"
Bill exclaimed.

"Detective Greenly!" answered the
doctor, excitedly.

Suddenly the lights in the study went
out.

"Let me go! Let me go!"

"The ghost! the ghost!" Sam screamed
from outside. "The robber's voice! the
robber's voice!"

A flash-light brightened the room.

"The ghost and the robber and the
murderer are one person," shouted Bill,
who was forcibly holding Detective
Greenly.

Tom and the doctor rushed to Bill's
assistance. They swiftly and securely
bound the hands of the detective who
was muttering incoherently. He seemed
to be saying, "You got me; you got me;
I was a fool."

In a few minutes the police, who had
responded to a telephone call, took the
detective to jail.

"Bill!" sighed Tom, offering to shake
hands, "I'm sorry."

"It's quite all right," Bill answered.

"Accept my apologies also," the doc-
tor said, extending his hand.

Bill shook hands with both, explain-
ing, "I had no notion of the state of
affairs here until I arrived home. A
quick investigation followed. I don't
blame you for thinking and acting as
you did. Everything seemed to point to
my guilt."

"Oh, we were so anxious to prove

our own innocence," Tom interrupted, "that we were ready to place the guilt on anyone."

"Exactly," the doctor agreed.

"I was hasty, too," Bill asserted.

"Did you figure out everything yourself, Bill?" Tom asked.

"Oh, no," Bill laughed. "Uncle Dan Sheehan of the New York police force—he's an old friend of Dad's—came to Groveway and began an investigation."

"Yes, I knew he was here," Tom said, "but I had no idea he was working on the case."

"That's the way Uncle Dan works," Bill affirmed. "However, all things being considered, the ending was quick. The wonder is that Greenly didn't get out of town."

"It is," said the doctor.

"Anyway," Tom concluded, "to be trite, 'All's well that ends well.'"

The trial of Detective Greenly was held a few days later.

"Do you demand a jury trial?" the judge asked him.

"I do not, your honor," the detective answered.

"You have a lawyer?"

"I want none."

"Do you wish to make your plea at this time?"

"I do."

"Guilty or not guilty?"

"I stand mute."

"You desire to make a statement to the Court?"

"Yes, your honor."

"Anything you say, as you know, will be used against you."

"I understand thoroughly."

"The Court will listen to what you have to say. Proceed."

Detective Greenly rose to his feet to speak. "I thought I had everything planned carefully in this series of crimes. I was wrong. I sent Bill on a fool visit to Colorado by writing him a letter in his father's name. That was

easy; Bill was out in the Middle West at the time. I blackened his character with stories about gambling and forgery. I accused him of murder; and I intercepted his letters to his father."

Bill sighed with relief at the detective's confession.

"I also tampered with the electric wires going into Mr. Bourne's home, so that doors would slam and lights go out. I am the supposed ghost."

Sam's face lit with joy.

"I fixed the poisoned powder which Doctor Smith gave Mr. Bourne."

The doctor's joy was unbounded.

"I robbed the bank, and then drove furiously to Mr. Bourne's home and shot him."

He paused.

"Is that all?" the judge questioned, leaning forward.

"I throw myself on the mercy of the Court."

"May I ask why you committed these crimes?"

"I am a near relative of Mr. Bourne's. His fortune was mine, if I could place the crime on Tom and Bill. And I was sure that would be easy."

"I see."

The judge sat in reflection. Finally he spoke calmly and deliberately, yet it was merely to ask one final question, "You confessed because you realized that the facts were absolutely against you?"

"Yes, your honor; Uncle Dan Sheehan knew everything."

"I shall allow your confession to stand as a reason for mitigation of your punishment. You deserve to die in the electric chair." He paused. "I sentence you to fifty years in the state penitentiary."

That day Detective Greenly began his sentence.

Having finished the story, Tim waited for Officer Krause to come out of the store.

"Mr. Krause," began Tim at once, when the officer appeared, "wasn't it

Mr. Sheehan who solved this case and had Detective Greenly sent to jail?"

"It was."

"Then, I am making no mistake in seeing him this morning, if I can."

"What do you mean, Tim?"

There was a merry twinkle in Tim's eyes. "You see, Mr. Krause, if he could solve a puzzler like that, why then he would have no trouble at all in finding me a job."

"Would it be all right if I found the job for you?"

"Of course, Mr. Krause. I'm asking you to do me the favor also."

"Well, here we are at the Station. I don't know whether Uncle Dan will be here, though he usually spends his free time here."

"There he is!" cried Tim, joyously.

"So say I," added Officer Krause.

"Good afternoon, Krause; good afternoon, Tim."

"Good afternoon, Mr. Sheehan."

"Good afternoon, Uncle Dan. Tim thinks that since you solved the Bourne murder case, you might be able to find him a job."

"You see, Mr. Sheehan," said Tim quickly, "last night I was so thrilled at my first day in America and all the excitement, I couldn't get to sleep fast." Then, with a very serious face, on which there was already a timid smile, "'Friends, Romans, countrymen,' I made a decision."

"What was it, Tim?"

"Well, Uncle Jack and Aunt Anna were talking downstairs. I didn't mean to listen to what they were saying, but I couldn't help it. Uncle Jack has failed in business. He lost everything."

"Yes," said Mr. Sheehan, kindly.

"So I must get a job of some kind."

"To pay your way back to Ireland?" asked Officer Krause, who was searching into the very heart of Tim.

"Oh, no, Mr. Krause, not that. I must help them all I can. I came here to America on a visit, to be sure; but

we all thought that Uncle Jack had lots of money. And he did, too. Now he's lost it all."

"Uncle Dan, don't you think we could find Tim something to do?"

"I'm sure we can."

"How soon?" asked Tim.

"By to-morrow morning," answered Officer Sheehan.

"At least by that," confirmed Officer Krause.

"Thank you, Mr. Sheehan; and thank you, Mr. Krause. But could I start this afternoon?"

"Wait here a minute," said Officer Sheehan. "Krause and I will see if you can't begin at once."

They went into the Station together, while Tim stood on the steps outside. For a few seconds he watched the passing crowds. Evidently the thought of something touched him to the quick, for he suddenly began to blink his eyes. But try as he might, he could not keep back the tears. He was crying softly to himself. "Poor Uncle Jack!" he sobbed; "poor Aunt Anna!" His grief choked him. Then he continued, "They have been so good to all of us and especially to me; and now they have little or nothing; in fact, they owe a lot of money to others, so they say. Whatever I do, can't be much, but I'll do my part, or my name's not Tim O'Mara." He paused. "Tim, don't be a baby; dry your eyes and act like a man."

"Tim, if you'll go to this address, you will find some kind of a job," said Officer Sheehan.

"Take that car there, Tim, and ask the conductor to let you off at the Park Building," explained Officer Krause. "That's the address you have. By the way, have you any money?"

Tim didn't answer.

"How did you get over here?" asked Officer Krause.

"I ran most of the way," answered Tim, "and I got lost a few times, but I got here just the same."

"You did that," affirmed Officer Sheehan, reaching into his pocket. "Here, Tim," he said, offering him a bill.

"Uncle Dan," said Officer Krause, "I found this boy. Your money is no good. Put it back in your pocket. Here, Tim."

"I'll take it, Mr. Krause. I didn't know it was so far from Uncle Jack's. As soon as I get my first pay, you'll take your money back, won't you?"

"Be off with you to your job," motioned Officer Krause, "before I put you in jail for robbing policemen."

And Tim went in search of the Park Building and his first job.

The two policemen watched him until he boarded the street-car. He waved to them as he passed and they waved in return. They stood there without saying a word, each busy with his own thoughts. The car turned the corner. They kept gazing, without saying anything. Friends understand one another's silence.

"Now let's go in and call up Mrs. O'Mara," suggested Officer Krause.

"Let's!" responded Officer Sheehan, without wasting words.

"I wonder what she will say?"

"That I couldn't guess exactly."

"After you explain, she—"

"She will agree that we did what was right in getting a place for Tim to work, or I'm no judge of character."

"Are you as certain as I am, Uncle Dan, that she does not know a thing about Tim's trying to find work?"

"I'm sure she does not."

It was agreed that Officer Sheehan would do the talking over the telephone to Mrs. O'Mara. Officer Krause was to stand by, prompting, if necessary.

"The line is busy, just now," said Officer Sheehan.

"We'll wait, of course."

"To be sure."

Mrs. O'Mara was speaking to her husband. He had called her to tell her of the most recent turn of events.

"The grand jury came in ten minutes ago," said Mr. O'Mara.

"Yes?" answered Mrs. O'Mara, hoping against hope.

"They brought in an indictment against us."

"Oh!" She was sobbing.

"I expected it."

"I know, but I was hoping against hope."

"The bail was fixed at \$10,000."

"Was Tom Reed there?"

"Yes. He said that the going bail for me was a bit of gratitude he owes me these many years."

"He's one other true friend that has stood by you."

"He is; and do you know what he suggested this morning. He offered to treat free of charge any or all of the poor who have suffered by our failure."

"That would be repaying any debt of gratitude he owed you a hundredfold."

In truth, Doctor Reed owed a debt of gratitude to Mr. O'Mara. He had contracted it years ago. He and Jack O'Mara had been at the same college. They had been casual friends, nothing more. Jack was a member of the graduating class. Tom Reed had two more years of study. By mere chance one night, Tom had been talking to Jack.

"I'm glad I'm going out to work," Jack had said.

"I'd be happy if I could only see my way to finish my course."

"What's to stop you?"

"The same thing that stops many a fellow on the road to an education."

"Money?"

"Of course."

"How much have you?"

"Not even enough to think or hope that I can come back next September."

There was a long pause.

"Tom, I've got a fairly comfortable position waiting for me as soon as I get my diploma. There's just myself now," this with a tone of genuine regret:

"Dad's death last March left me with something like \$850 in a bank. I don't need it."

"Thanks, Jack, but I couldn't think of taking it."

"I'd be glad to lend all or a part of it to you. It's your chance. I won't need it. Once you're through, you can pay it back."

"I'd like to, Jack, but—"

"That settles it. You take it."

"And I hope that some day I can pay it back a hundredfold, and I don't mean merely by money."

Mrs. O'Mara knew about this and was thinking about it, after finishing speaking to her husband. The telephone bell rang. She put the receiver to her ear. "Hello!"

"This is Dan Sheehan speaking."

"How do you do, Mr. Sheehan. Now if it's Tim you're calling about, why he has been gone since after breakfast. I am getting a little bit worried about him, for he has not been home for lunch."

"It is about Tim, Mrs. O'Mara. I, we were just talking to him."

"Is he away over there?" she asked with some surprise.

"He is."

"I wonder how he got there. Why, only this morning he gave me all the money he had. You see it was this way. We have had business reverses. My husband and I were talking things over last evening. This morning Tim told me he heard us, though he didn't mean to listen. Reaching in his pocket, he pulled out a five-pound English note and some small change in Irish coins. All, I should imagine, about twenty-seven dollars in American money. I didn't want to take it. 'Please take it, Aunt Anna!' he said; there were tears in his eyes. 'I don't need it. I must do my part.'"

"I already guessed that," said Officer Sheehan.

"So, thinking it was best, I took the

money to keep for him. How did he get to you?"

"He ran most of the way, so he said."

"Oh, I do wish that I had known he was going."

"He didn't want you to know."

"Why not?"

"He was afraid you would stop him."

"But, why?"

"He came over here to ask Officer Krause and me to get him a job."

"No!"

"Yes; and we got him a job. Need we ask you if we did what was right?"

"Let me think for a moment."

But Officer Sheehan continued speaking, "We saw that something was worrying him. He told us about hearing what was said in regard to Mr. O'Mara's reverses. He sat here on the Station steps, crying, 'Whatever I do, can't be much; but I'll do my part, or my name's not Tim O'Mara.'"

"God bless him; he's a great boy!"

"He is all of that," agreed Officer Sheehan.

"Tell her I think so, too," prompted Officer Krause.

"And Officer Krause thinks so, too, Mrs. O'Mara."

"Thank you very, very sincerely. May I ask you to help me keep him just as fine as he is now?"

"You may," answered Officer Sheehan.

"Absolutely!" shouted Officer Krause.

"Again my deepest thanks. What time shall I expect Tim home?"

"About six."

"Good-bye."

"Good-bye."

At that moment Tim, looking at the address of the firm where a job was supposedly waiting for him, was walking into the Park Building.

(To be continued.)

SIN has many tools, but a lie is the handle which fits them all.

—O. W. Holmes.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—"The Mills of God," by Monica Selwin-Tait, which ran serially in *THE AVE MARIA*, has just been published in book form by Longman's, under the title "Uncharted Spaces." \$2.

—The Publisher of one of the recent detective stories entitled "Murder in Bermuda," by Willoughby Sharp, says that he was rather surprised to learn lately that Bermuda never had a murder, at least, not since people, long ago, stopped calling it Devil's Island.

—In September, Macmillan will publish "The first book covering the fur trade in North America from its beginnings, and bringing to light the Colonial fur trade of the South." Constance Skinner is the author of this book, and its title is "Beaver Kings and Cabins."

—The climax of "Trafalgar," by A. F. Fremantle, just published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, occurs in this quotation from the shipmaster's log of H. M. S. Victory under the date of October 21, 1805: "Partial firing continued until 4:30, when a victory having been reported to the Right Honorable Lord Viscount Nelson, K. B. and Commander-in-Chief, he then died of his wound."

—Constable has just published in England another of Bernard Shaw's lectures which is called "The Political Madhouse in America and Nearer Home." If the facts given in this volume do not warrant the use of the title, the treatment of the subject will in all probability make it quite appropriate.

—The keynote of Edgar Lee Masters' "The Tale of Chicago," which was lately published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, is struck in the following paragraph: "Business and splendor, works done on a great scale, objectives, both spiritual and material, always professed by the first men and their successors, are the threads that run through the Chicago weave from the days of the first sale of lots in 1830. These threads must not be overlooked while gazing at the blood spots on the fabric, and the mud and filth that ineradicably soiled the

poorish products of the first distaff. The first men of Chicago were symbolically suckled by the wolf, and they took into their veins the fierceness and the hunger of that beast there in the wilderness, as they hunted him around Wolf Point and on the prairie." In this vein Mr. Masters describes the century of progress that has taken place in Chicago, down to the days of Capone and Insull, who ruled in their separate spheres.

—"The Valley of the Wild Swan," by J. H. Pollock, is a beautiful and touching story of Irish life on the island of Crone in the "Valley of the Wild Swans." The story revolves around the love of a frail and lonely son of a distinguished physician for the simple and beautiful daughter of a no less famous painter. In sketching the sunshine and shadows of that romance the author shows a deep understanding of the Irish nature which is sure to result in a host of sympathetic readers. The book can be purchased from The Irish Industries Depot, 780 Lexington Ave., N. Y. \$1.50.

—An eminently practical volume for pastors and for students in our seminaries who are destined for parochial work is "Manual on the Marriage Laws of the Code of Canon Law," by Right Reverend Louis J. Nau, S. T. D., LL. D. (Frederick Pustet Co. \$3 Net). It is interestingly written, not a common virtue of books of Canon Law, and seems to have the answer for the questions that might easily puzzle the pastor who may not be expert in this subject. In the last ten years the Commission for the interpretation of the Code has given a number of authentic decisions on disputed points which will not be found in the Code itself or the older commentaries on it. The author gives a full account of these decisions, as well as a commentary on essential points of the Popes' Encyclical on marriage. A number of appendices give the procedure in matrimonial cases, the Question of Domicile, various questionnaires to be used in marriage cases, and formulae to be used in asking for various dispensations. A rather complete

alphabetical index makes this a useful book of ready reference.

—The W. D. Bauman Company has published the letters of Martha Freeman Esmond written in Chicago to her friend Julia Boyd of New York, during those far-off days "When Chicago Was Young." The writer describes for her friend in these epistles the growing anti-slavery movement, the Civil War, the fire of 1871, and the panic of 1873, as one who is living in the midst of these disasters and wondering what the end of them will be. She speaks of her father going to a political meeting to hear an unknown speaker, the Honorable Abraham Lincoln of Springfield; she describes "Long John" Wentworth, the picturesque mayor of 1860; she tells of Mr. Pullman with his new idea of building sleeping cars, and a hundred other things that will make the readers of the present time smile. These letters are the work of Miss Herma Clark who attempts to give her readers the atmosphere of old Chicago, and they will be especially appreciated by those who knew Chicago when it was young.

—From the house of P. Téqui, Paris, we have received (1) "Vertus Cachées de la Vie Religieuse," a clear and simple treatment of some of the essential virtues of the Religious life such as, humility, simplicity, modesty, fraternal charity, etc. (2) "Le Régime Spirituel de la Vie Religieuse," a helpful volume for some Religious perhaps, but with too much "Régime" to please us. The author sets out for example to tell the Religious at what she may look, the altar, the Host at the elevation, the flowers in the garden, etc. If one sets out to indicate every action of the senses that is legitimate, one has a very large project. It would seem that the treatment of a few essential principles would be enough, and by applying these, the Religious would know how to control the senses. (3) "L'Ascension d'une Ame," the spiritual diary of a young girl who, at the age of fifteen, when she lost her life by a fall into a crevasse in the Alps, had advanced a long ways in the spiritual life. It is written by her mother, and a preface is contributed by Monseigneur Le Roy, Archbishop of Carie.

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"Father Damien." Piers Compton. \$1.25.

"Canonical Decisions of the Holy See." Dr.

Stanislaus Woywod. \$3.

"Whistles of Silver." Helen Parry Eden. \$2.

"Frederick Ozanam." Rev. H. L. Hughes. \$1.25.

"From Faith to Faith." W. E. Orchard. \$2.

"Bernadette, Child of Mary." Lawrence McReavy. M. A. \$1.25.

"The Catholic Church in Contemporary Europe"—Papers of the American Catholic Historical Society. Edited by Rev. Peter Guilday. \$2.75.

"Educational Lectures." Peter C. Yorke. \$1.50.

"Saint Ignatius and the Ratio Studiorum." Edward Fitzpatrick. \$2.

"The Question and the Answer." Hilaire Belloc. \$1.25.

"The Church in the South American Republics." Rev. Edwin Ryan, D. D. \$1.50.

"Ecce Homo." Rev. Francis McCabe, C. M. \$1.

"The Virtue of Trust." Rev. Paul de Jaegher. \$2.90.

"The Framework of the Christian State." Rev. E. Cahill, S. J. 15s.

"The Life of the Church." Rousselot, De Grandmaison, Huby and D'Arcy of the Society of Jesus. \$2.50.

"The Mass." John Steven McGoarty. \$3.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

The Most Reverend John J. Dunn, Auxiliary Bishop of New York; Reverend Peter Miner, C. S. C.

Mrs. Margaret Ryan, Mrs. Sophia McHugh, Mr. Raymond Ott, Mrs. James Dore, Mr. James Fleming, Miss Mary M. Cleary, Mrs. John Suess, Mrs. Theresa Cockebeen, Mrs. Catherine Slavin, Mrs. Francis Wall, Mrs. Barbara Dutrieus, Mary Thorpe, and James Shanley.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indulgence.)

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BILLY BOY	LITTLE MOTHER
BUDDY	LORIMER LIGHT
CARMELITA	SECRET OF
CARROLL DARE	POCOMOKE
CON OF MISTY MOUNTAIN	SERGEANT TIM
JACK AND JEAN	STORY OF RAOUL
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THE AVE MARIA

- - - Notre Dame, Indiana

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□

"I have prayed for this day," said a woman to Mrs. Mary T. Waggaman a short time before the latter's death, "so that I could thank you personally for the many happy hours you gave my children through your books and the many hours of anxiety you spared me because I knew the souls and minds of my children were safe and with God while reading your books."

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"A born story-teller—a dreamer of dreams," as her daughter describes her, Mary T. Waggaman's stories have been read with eagerness by old and young.

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"She translated the Gospel of Christ to the hearts of little children," said Dr. William Kerby in preaching her eulogy. —*The Ave Maria*.

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A Family Magazine Devoted to the Honor of the Blessed Virgin

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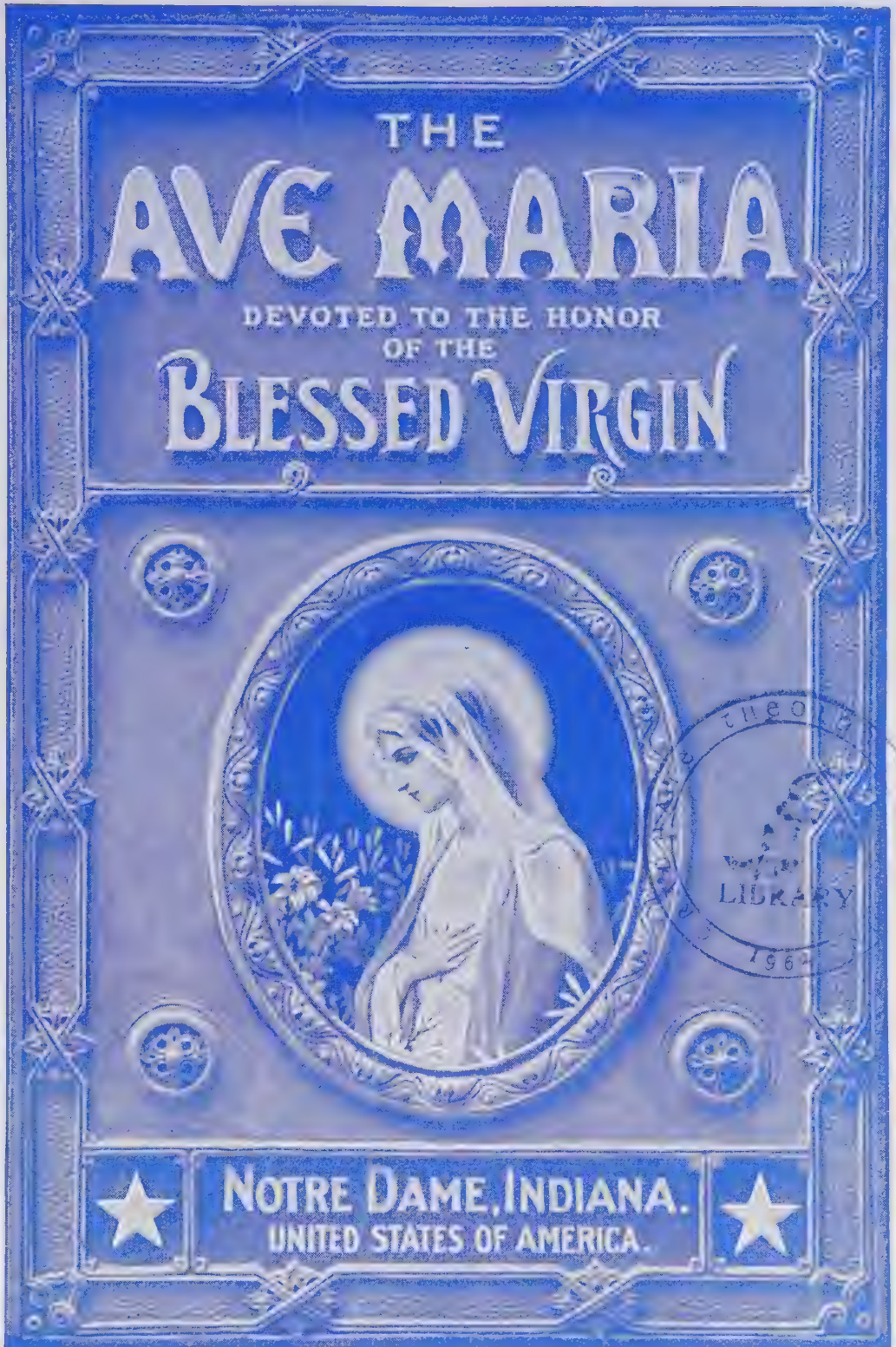
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ST. JOSEPH COUNTY,

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CALENDAR OF THE WEEK

SEPTEMBER.

SATURDAY, 23.—Ember Day. *Fest.* St. Thecla, V. M.
 SUNDAY, 24.—Sixteenth after Pentecost. Our Lady of Mercy.
 MONDAY, 25.—St. Firmin, Bishop and Martyr.
 TUESDAY, 26.—Sts. Cyprian and Justina, MM.
 WEDNESDAY, 27.—Sts. Cosmas and Damian, MM.
 THURSDAY, 28.—St. Wenceslas, King and Martyr.
 FRIDAY, 29.—St. Michael the Archangel.
 SATURDAY, 30.—St. Jerome, Confessor.

Blessed is the man that heareth me and that watcheth daily at my gates.—PROVERBS, viii, 34.

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Notre Dame, Indiana



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, 1, 48.

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No. 13.

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The Daisy.

BY ALICE PAULINE CLARK.

THE Rose, the Daisy, and Violet
Were in the Virgin's garden set.
She said, "I love these flowers three:
Love, Innocence, and Humility!"

One told me this. And now I give
These flowers my special love and care.
I tend the Rose and Violet;
I choose the Daisy-flower to wear.

Christian Agnosticism.

BY STANLEY B. JAMES.

THE title of this article, it must be admitted, is somewhat startling. We associate Agnosticism with such writers as Huxley (who invented the term) and Herbert Spencer. On the face of it there would seem indeed no possibility of reconciling with faith that confession of inability to comprehend God, or even to know if there is a God for which Agnosticism stands. Yet it is a safe principle to go upon that in every phase of thought, in every intellectual movement, in every school of philosophy, is some substratum of truth, and that this truth is to be found already incorporated in the Catholic Creed. That Creed is all-inclusive, and it has room, not only for those positive values which, torn from their context, are to be discovered outside the Church, but even for the

nescience which men have professed.

Nor is it difficult to see that the Agnostic is right when he declares that the human mind is incapable of compassing deity. The thought is expressed again and again in the Old Testament. Psalmists and prophets alike refused to put God in a formula as they refused to represent Him in any material image. Job grows eloquent in discoursing on the unknowableness of the Most High. With these Hebrew writers agree all Christian philosophers. We cannot, they tell us, say anything definitely about God except that He exceeds all our knowledge. St. John Damascene described God as an "Ocean of substance, without determination, without bounds." And elsewhere the same saint declares, "It is impossible to say what God is in Himself, and it is more exact to speak of Him by excluding everything. Indeed He is nothing of that which is. Not in the sense that He is not, but in the sense that He is above all that is, and above being itself." St. Thomas Aquinas speaks in the same strain. "God remains," he says, "in a sort of night of ignorance, and, in this life, it is by this ignorance that we are most perfectly united to Him." We arrive at the truth by ruling out, as inadequate, all that men have said about God. Their descriptions are not misleading when taken as merely relative, when regarded as dimly shadowing the Ineffable, but they must not be accepted as final and absolute. Our consciousness of God, when we analyze it, is found to consist in this

perception that He transcends all our categories. He cannot be thought of save as One who transcends thought.

This does not invalidate our creeds or subject them to revision, but it means that they give us the truth only so far as the mind is capable of receiving it and language is capable of expressing it. In its search for Him, the mystics tell us, the spirit enters into a great darkness. One by one the images, representations, definitions by which we have tried to give Him form are abandoned, and we are left on an Ocean that has no shores, in a night of unfathomable vastness. Paradoxically, it is what we do not know about Him which constitutes our true knowledge of Him. But to pursue the theme in this abstract manner would only land us in a realm of mystical experience and metaphysical subtilty in which we should be lost. It is safer, therefore, to take up the question in a sphere where it can be discussed in a more concrete fashion.

If any proof were required as to the inadequacy of human conceptions respecting deity it would be found in the world's unpreparedness for the Advent of Jesus Christ and its inability to adjust itself to the Truth as embodied in Him. "He came unto His own and His own received Him not," because they had been thinking of God in quite other terms than those which He applied to Him. In spite of prophetic anticipations which, rightly read, might have guided their thought, the Jews did not recognize their Messiah when He came. In some respects He was not grand enough for them. His obscure birth, His poverty, the fact that He belonged to an illiterate class, the absence of display in His outward bearing, the fact that He consorted with outcasts,—all caused scandal and inspired scepticism.

But, on the other hand, the claims which He put forward, the authority He exercised and the miracles which He performed exceeded the pictures of

the Messiah which they had formed. When He claimed superiority to the Temple, when He edited the Mosaic law, when He proclaimed Himself Lord of the Sabbath, when He took it upon Himself to forgive sin, when He wrought marvels which eclipsed those attributed to the Prophets they were no less scandalized than by the indications of His humility. One can perceive from the Gospels how perplexed were the narrow minds of priests, rabbis and scribes by this Phenomenon which upset all their theories. The seeming contradictions in His character bewildered them. They could not "place" Him. Every charge they formulated broke down, and yet they could not satisfy themselves as to His guiltlessness.

It is not necessary to think of them as dishonest; it was simply that God's paradoxes confounded their pedantry. If they had only placed less confidence in their own wisdom and adopted an attitude towards the divine method of salvation of humble agnosticism, saying, "We must be prepared for anything. There is no saying how the Messiah will come to us," there would have been a different story to tell. But their minds were closed. They had determined beforehand what could and what could not be and the actual Event refuted their foregone conclusions. A humbler spirit would have held all possibilities in view. The unexpectedness of God's ways would have been remembered, and they would have said, "Whatever He will be like when He comes, it is certain that He will be different to what we imagine."

The Gentile world was similarly at fault and for the same reason. Greek and Roman had formulated their ideas of God and adopted a certain philosophy of life. The pagan character was built up on principles held to be self-evident, principles among which pride had a prominent place. The men who ruled the world were confirmed in their be-

lief in themselves, their system and their gods by the fact that no other races had been able to compete with them for the mastery of the earth. Their methods of brutal conquest had succeeded, and because they had succeeded they must be right. To live as they lived was the only way. . . . When they heard of the Jew who said He was God they smiled. When they learned what His fate had been and knew that He had perished on a cross as a common criminal they laughed outright. It was like those madmen to worship a felon! If to the Jews the Cross was a stumbling-block, to the Gentiles it was utter foolishness. So little did the world of that time anticipate in its thought and its ideals the Revelation that was made to it!

But the historical Jesus escapes definition and baffles the critics to-day no less than in the First Century. The modern world finds Him a riddle. All sorts of theories have been fashioned to account for Him. Some have said plainly that He was mad. Some have charged His biographers with exaggeration or falsification of the facts. By one school He is regarded as a fanatic, by another as a teacher of humanitarian ethics. All these theories have broken down. The critics to-day are confessedly at a standstill. "Jesus of Nazareth" concerning whom they have written so much and so confidently defies them. None of their explanations manages to live for more than a few years, while His Kingdom constantly expands. He is a mystery fitting into none of the categories of human thought. The Creed which confesses Him seems to be made up of contradictions—God and Man, His Mother a Virgin, His Throne a Cross. . . .

When we look at Him we see that this Creed is right, but we cannot explain the Fact. He is unique, different from anything we have known or could conceive. Faith can only explore the mystery. "Sit down before facts as a

little child," wrote Huxley the Agnostic. Well, that is what the Christian does. He refuses to impose his little mind on the Divine Wisdom. When he meditates on the story of redemption he is staggered. The thing is so stupendous, so incredible. Nobody but God could have thought of such a plan. Even now that it is before us, from the Nativity to the Ascension, we cannot fathom it. Our thought wanders in vast spaces of love and wisdom. Only the humble—those who discount their prejudices and refuse to dictate to God—can accept it. The Gospel is a Saga of the Impossible. If we are to appreciate it we must listen to it with the simple, unquestioning wonder with which children listen to a fairy story.

And it is the same with the Church. It is laughable to see how her enemies, in trying to explain her, contradict each other. She is accused of being "other-worldly." Then it is said that she is nothing else but a political society. Her asceticism provokes criticism. So does the alleged fact that she condones moral laxity. In one age she is charged with obscurantism and declared to be the enemy of reason.

In another age it is discovered that it is she who has always upheld reason, and she is then accused of a rationalism which suppresses instinct and impulse, intuition and imagination. Her universality offends racial pride which, if it could, would claim her for its own. She is said to be ruled by a proud ecclesiastical aristocracy, and, at the same time, a scornful finger is pointed at the lowly character of the faithful and the democratic sympathies made evident in her ministry. All these conflicting theories come to grief when they measure themselves by the Fact.

Once again, we have to confess that this is something which no human being could have conceived. Men have planned empires, but no man ever planned a Society on this scale or with

such astounding characteristics. Even those who accept her claims cannot say why they do so. The accounts given by converts of their conversions amaze us by their inadequacy. It would appear that her authority has simply overwhelmed them. They have been compelled to bow before an Institution so obviously not man-made. The evidence is negative; it amounts to saying that she is like nothing else. Only the agnostic frame of mind could receive her.

Is not our experience of God's providence in our individual lives of the same unexpected nature? We who would live according to His will find it best not to be too dogmatic as to what that will demands of us. Our wisdom, it would seem, lies in abandoning ourselves to the stream of divine power without attempting to plan for ourselves. The vocation revealed to us so often takes us by surprise; it is so different from the program we had outlined for ourselves. The outcome, if we leave matters in God's hands, is far more original than anything we ourselves could have conceived.

The lives of the saints show how different was God's idea concerning them to the ideas they had cherished concerning their future. To take only one instance, St. Francis of Assisi wanted to be a crusading knight. That was his conception of Francis Bernadotte. But how much grander, how infinitely more original, was God's plan! It would seem therefore as though we were incapable of being the architects of our fortune. We must build according to the designs drawn out for us in Heaven. Often, if we do so, it will seem as though the Designer had made a mistake, overlooked some essential thing, forgotten some point necessary for success. But, no. It is our idea of success that is wrong. The very basis of our thinking has to be changed if we are to understand His wisdom. And according as we submit to that wisdom our lives begin to assume a curious, unearthly sym-

metry; we perceive the outlines of something which no calculating cleverness could have evolved.

If, without knowing what was in the mind of the builders, we had been able to watch the slow rearing of some Medieval cathedral, how puzzled we should have been, how unsightly the fragmentary edifice would have appeared, how meaningless many of the features would have seemed! It is thus that those who give over the direction of their lives to the Divine Architect are puzzled. This harrowing grief! This lost opportunity of service! This strain in our make-up which so constantly gets us into trouble! This temptation that exhausts our strength! This enforced idleness when we can only watch and wait! Yet in the completed design, all these various features have their necessary place. And the whole is such a masterpiece that we are compelled to acknowledge that our own views of what we should be and do were mere foolishness. "Now are we the children of God," says St. John, "and we know not what we shall be." A holy agnosticism is the surest guide. God's originality is always better than our conventionality.

Carolina Abdicates.

BY ESTHER W. NEILL.

XIII.—HENRI ASKS FOR AN ASSISTANT.

DOCTOR SAVARIN came to dinner the next evening without waiting for an invitation.

"Afraid you might serve that threatened fruit juice if I warned you ahead of time," he explained to Carolina. "If you had known I was coming, I'm sure you would have omitted that turkey with chestnut dressing,—best I ever tasted. Hungry as a bear. Tried to keep some of my abstemious resolutions, and didn't eat any lunch. Now, well, I've gorged myself,—always do when I dine up here. Come, let's go out on the porch;

if I stay here another minute, I'll ask for another helping of that plum pudding, and that will finish me outright."

He pushed back his chair and arose from the table without ceremony, and, as he led the way through the wide hallway to the porch, Eduard and Carolina followed him.

"We are having a real Indian Summer," he said as he stepped out on the broad portico. "This air is life-giving. After a dinner like that I feel at peace with all the world. He sat down in a high-backed rocker that creaked beneath his weight. He felt surfeited with food.

"If I took a spoonful of anything more, Eduard, I swear I'd burst."

"Miss Carrie sets a good table," said Eduard, sipping his black coffee with satisfaction as he leaned back in his low steamer chair. "The best ever, Miss Carrie. I've got a ravenous appetite now that I have come back to life."

"Glad to hear it," said the old doctor, "proves you had a good physician. These mountains are a cure-all for most diseases. Something mighty tranquillizing about them, Eduard. When I came here I was a feverish young man; I only meant to stay a week or so, but there's a sort of magic in the mountains,—they got me. I didn't want to go back to a flat country and a rampageous river washing us out every few years. There's something about mountains that soothes the spirit, Eduard. They are so eternal, so dependable, and yet they look as if they were always changing: cloud shadows, the foliage of the foothills, the snow on the peaks. Look at those black pines blotting out the sunset. I never grow tired of watching the mountains, Eduard. This is God's own country. Some day somebody will come and build a great sanitarium here. It's a wonderful climate, so balmy, so dry. I have never regretted that I stayed."

"It is restful," Eduard agreed, and his eyes were fixed upon the strange purple light that was flooding the valley.

"It's as good a place to live as any I guess, that is if one cares about living."

The old doctor was lighting his briar-wood pipe, the tiny flame flickering out suddenly as he turned and faced his patient. "Of course, every normal man cares about living," he said.

Eduard laughed mirthlessly. "But, what about the abnormal man, Doctor? What about the man that feels he is finished?"

"No man is finished," the old doctor protested. "We practitioners pronounce them dead and see them buried. Then—well, if you've got any faith in immortality, Eduard, real life begins,—a more satisfactory one I hope."

"But suppose he doesn't care about any sort of life?"

"Moods," grunted the old man, "passing moods. To want to live is a law of life. Every man wants some sort of life in this world or the next. No man, unless he has a kink in the brain, really desires annihilation."

"I'm not so sure."

"You will be sure when you're as old as I am, Eduard, and have seen the struggle that people make to live. Why, even a savage looks forward to some sort of happy hunting ground. I never saw a dying man who wasn't looking forward to something after death unless he was unbalanced, and I'm not much of an authority on mental diseases. You don't breed 'em up in these mountains."

"And why not?"

"Never knew a moonshiner to suffer from a mental disease, did you? Not any I've seen. They may have their peculiarities, but I've never known any crazy ones. We're a simple people up here. I've had a tranquil life, and now that I am coming close to the end of it I'm wondering who will carry on in my place. That's what I want to talk to you about, Eduard. I need help. Do you think you could consider lending a hand? Now that you have graduated

and have had some experience, it would be a great thing for me if you could help me out. I know a country practice is not what a young man is looking for, yet you might try it out for six months or so,—until you get your strength back. Might amuse you to have something to do. Patients of your own get to be mighty interesting. Nothing makes a man so miserable as having nothing to do. If you could sort of act as my assistant, I'd be mighty glad, and I'd like to catch on to some of your modern ideas, some of the latest hospital methods. I reckon I'm a sort of back number. Hard to keep up with all these new fangled ideas just through books."

Carolina, sitting in the shadow of the jasmine vines, put down her coffee cup with a faint clatter as she waited anxiously for Eduard's answer.

"Why, why I didn't know you wanted anyone else here," he said, and there was a note of eager interest in his tone. "It never occurred to me that the village really needed two doctors. Of course, if you would like me to help you out when you're crowded, I'd be very glad. I'm interested in the curé's little niece, she was threatened with t. b., you know, and Joe Bangué, the crooked-legged little man that keeps the garage, hurt his hand the other day—wouldn't go to see you about it, so I cut the splinter out and bandaged him up. I promised to see him again to-morrow."

"So you've got two patients already," said the old doctor, puffing at his pipe. "That's fine—that's a good beginning. We'll have to talk about your taking up some quarters in the village if you really are willing to act as my assistant. Wouldn't do to open up offices up here in this elegant establishment, and it's too far away from everybody. Why, if a sick man undertook to climb that hill he might die at the top with heart disease. You'll have to open up an office in the village."

And then Carolina, emerging from

the obscurity of the shadows, took her usual place in the center of the stage.

"It's a brilliant idea," she exclaimed enthusiastically, feeling that since the old doctor had played his part with such praiseworthy craftiness, she must take the queue and act out this little drama by expressing some approbation of the plan that would not sound too obviously persuasive. "It seems to me a most sensible idea, Henri. You will live ten years longer, if you don't wear yourself out with all those moonshiners' new babies coming into the world at midnight, or sun up, or some other indefensible hour. And if one chooses such a doleful profession as medicine and prefers the society of the sick and the dying, why isn't one place as good as another to practise in? If a man has the transcendental idea of service instead of money making in his head, why shouldn't he stay at home and minister to his friends?"

Eduard roused himself and sat bolt upright in his chair. "There is a great deal in what you say, Miss Carrie," he said; "I believe you are right. I hate to acknowledge it, but I believe you are almost always right. I'm not anxious to move on. I hate cities, and no one knows how homesick I got for a glimpse of the mountains and for you, Miss Carrie. You may not believe me, but I am very fond of you. You are all I have left in the world. I'll call in the Doctor to witness that I am really very fond of you."

The old Doctor chuckled. "Of course, he is fond of you, Carolina. Wouldn't dare to be so impudent if he didn't love you to distraction. The young people have no reverence these days."

"Reverence!" she repeated. "My dear, Henri, you talk as if I was some haloed saint. I'm not looking for reverence. Don't try to put me on any kind of a pedestal. I couldn't stand the strain. I thought we were having a common-sense conversation about Eduard's future."

"Well, we were until we got sidetracked," he agreed. "The only suggestion that I had to offer was, that he couldn't have an office up here. Visiting moonshiners would be overawed by the splendors of this ancestral mansion, and they would probably believe that your picture gallery was a place for target practice and shoot out the eyes of your family portraits. You couldn't have moonshiners walking over your Oriental rugs in their hob-nailed shoes. If Eduard is going to be my assistant, I'd like to have him a little closer by. He'd better move to the village and take the little house next door to mine."

"Exactly," Carolina said with a pleased tone of surprise as if the subject had never been discussed between them. "Why, that's the place exactly. It's been vacant for two months, and I did not want to put it in repair until I had a tenant, but if Eduard wants to move in we can change it in all sorts of ways. The two front rooms could be thrown into one by removing the wooden partition, the kitchen could be turned into a small reception room, and there is plenty of space in the back to add a sun parlor, or a bathroom, and a gate could be cut through the fence that divides the two gardens."

She continued to make all sorts of practical suggestions, and, as she stood before the two men gesticulating with her expressive hands, the energy and enthusiasm of her youth seemed to have returned to her. Her slight figure so upright, so virile, denied her age, for her face was in the shadow, and the fading sunset light shining on her tinted hair brought back some of its old golden glow. She was summoning all the force and fire of her indomitable spirit artfully to recommend this project which seemed to her so desirable. But when she saw Eduard's eyes fixed suspiciously upon her she was afraid that she had failed. She did not want him to believe that her advocacy was a part of a con-

spiracy elaborated for his benefit. He must not know that she had requested the old doctor to make this offer. He might resent her interference, and fly at once to some distant city as he had done before.

In all her long life Eduard had been the only human being whose affections she had openly solicited with an anxiety that she had made no effort to conceal. He had roused in her the maternal passion, that brooding, selfless, protective instinct that alternates between the divine ecstasy of possession and cowardly fear of loss. She could not allow him to leave her again. He must never know that she had had anything to do with the old doctor's casual proposal. She had exhibited too much interest and eagerness, too much knowledge of the possibilities of the little house next door. With quick strategy she retreated before her grandson could accuse her of meddling in his affairs.

"Eduard will have to decide all these things for himself," she said sinking wearily down in her low rocker by the old doctor's side. "New beginnings always stir my imagination, but old people should not be stirred. Of course, I'll be delighted to have my dear boy for a few months longer, if he cares to stay. Marie Antoinette ought to be looked after; I've grown fond of the child; I told the curé that he ought not to send her back to her aunt Felicé. You remember her, Henri, when she was a big over-grown slattern of a girl? Good looking in a coarse sort of way in spite of her size. She was frightfully emotional,—never thought of controlling her temper for an instant. No wonder her husband took to drink! She treated the child cruelly. She always believed that her family was of such importance that she could do as she pleased. Her old father was one of the most distinguished lawyers of the state, and, to give the devil his due, Felicé did inherit some of her father's cleverness. She

knew how to get her own way; she was insufferably selfish, and as a girl she was talked about. She went with a crowd of hoydens. Do you remember the last night of the Mardi-gras when she made herself so conspicuous that she was threatened with arrest?"

Eduard leaned restfully back in his chair and lighted another cigarette. His grandmother's sudden dismissal of his plans which she had discussed but a moment ago with such ardor, left him time to consider what his own final decision would be. He was now entirely off his guard, and he did not realize that she had intentionally diverted the conversation to defend herself against his unspoken suspicions that she had seen reflected in his face. He knew that when she began to gossip with the old doctor about their mutual friends and acquaintances in New Orleans his presence would be ignored, for these ancient reminiscences antedated his youthful memory. He had no comments to offer, but it was pleasant to sit in silence and listen, for he had always found his grandmother's recollections entertaining, for she had a saving sense of humor, a picturesque way of describing places and people, while she narrated every-day facts like a skilful story teller, omitting no human interest that lent color or reality to those distant plantation days; and though she never hesitated to tear a reputation to tatters, her sharp criticisms and ready ridicule, in some odd way, seemed to lack all malice.

But, to-night Eduard was not giving her his undivided attention. He had already heard a great deal about Tante Felicé's tempestuous girlhood, and the jealousies, rancors and scandals growing out of the Mardi-gras balls. His grandmother's voice did not seem so distinct to him as usual. He only caught a word or a disconnected sentence now and then.

"You remember—" "An impossible creature—" "He would have challenged

him if duels had not gone out of style—" "Dressed like Solomon—" "Posing as the Queen of the Carnival—" "You remember that Henri?"

Eduard, stretching his long length on the cushions of the steamer chair, was aware for the first time since his illness of a definite sense of joy in the beauty of his surroundings. The sky was black and studded with stars, while the harvest moon, like the blood-stained wheel of a war chariot, rolled its way above the mountains, its horses and victorious driver hidden behind a citadel of clouds, while from the stubbly cornfields of the foothills, the blue smoke of wood fires ascended, writhing spectres, ghosts of the garnered grain. The air was full of earthy odors and a multitude of sounds difficult to differentiate. The croaking of frogs, the hum of insects, the faint call of the whippoorwills, the rushing of heavy wings, and the soft patter of the tiny feet of squirrels and woodchucks seeking safe and high shelter in the eaves of the house.

Eduard moved his tired and aching body to a more comfortable position. Even this feeling of lassitude was pleasant since it promised rest, forgetfulness. With his eyes fixed on that mesmeric light on the snowy peaks of the mountains, he seemed to be passing into some mystical world where sight and sound are interchangeable. He felt that he had left all struggle, all grief, all suffering behind him. He was detached, nothing mattered except this consciousness of well-being which eluded all analysis, for it seemed outside the realm of thought. Then his scientific mind brought him back abruptly to question this unusual experience. Was it due to the drugs that the old doctor had administered during his long illness or was it only natural drowsiness, the beginning of dreams, or had his mind been entrapped by some strange necromancy of the night?

(To be continued.)

The Gray Cottage.

BY MARGARET E. BRUNER.

NOT always grandeur lingers in the mind,
For memory holds a cottage, small and gray;
No architect of note its plan designed,

Yet firm and strong it seemed in every way;
The path to it was flanked on either side

With friendly trees, like guardians wise and
good,

And through their leafy branches I descried
A window where flowers beckoned like a rood.

Though I have never been inside its walls,
I think of it in times of care and stress;

It holds a simple charm that never palls,
And speaks in silent tones of gentleness,
As if, in me, its peace it would instil
Of flowers that dream upon a window-sill.

Celtic Elements in the Brontë Genius.

BY A. J. REILLY, M. A.

AMONG the numerous modern critics and commentators who have been fascinated by the problem of the Brontë genius, the French philosopher, Ernest Dimnet, in "Les Soeurs Brontë," has given us perhaps the most thoughtful and thought-provoking biography of these remarkable geniuses,—thoughtful because he dismisses at the outset the theory that theirs were the simple natures of simple country girls held by too many critics. "They had simple lives," says this wise Frenchman, "little varied and always troubled in about the same ways, but their natures were not simple." Thought-provoking because while emphasizing their dual natures he makes no effort to account for that duality, to explain why their natures should not have been as simple as their lives. He leaves that for the reader. And the question once raised is persistent.

There was, apparently, nothing in their environment, education, or experience, limited by housekeeping and gov-

ernnessing, to account for genius so independent, so unique, so individual. Some Brontë admirers would seem to indicate that this unusual genius sprang miraculously from the Yorkshire moors as Minerva from the head of Jove. But there is a more rational explanation. A most cursory glance into their ancestry indicates that the Brontë mind—soul—was the battleground of two opposing ideas of life, one might almost say of two civilizations.

Patrick Brontë, their father, came from an ancient Gaelic family of poets and scholars, sadly reduced in his day, as was the case with practically all of the old families of the Gael, who, even when they conformed to the new religion, found their lot, disfranchised and disinherited in their native land, difficult in the extreme. Patrick Brontë's father was a weaver and his boyhood and youth were spent in County Down where he was first a weaver, then a schoolmaster, then a tutor, before finally leaving for England to study for the ministry. In Ireland the family name was Prunty, distinguished in the literary annals of the country, though it may reasonably be supposed that Patrick Brontë, or as he was known in Ireland, Patrick Prunty, had little knowledge of the heritage that was his or of the famous Gaelic poet, Padraic O'Prunta, who was his kinsman.

Irish education in the early Nineteenth Century made no attempt to school the Irish youth in the ancient glories of his country. So whence came this desire for learning, these literary aspirations, so much at variance from the circumstances of his life, which turned from weaving to schoolmastering, from schoolmastering to tutoring and finally to Anglican orders, young Patrick may never have asked himself. But he carried with him to St. John's College, Cambridge, to his various meager curacies, and finally to bleak Haworth that love of learning, that

leaning to literature characteristic of the Celt from earliest times, even before conquering Roman legions had raised their standards in Gaul, undoubtedly the source of the genius which was to flower in his children.

This Celtic heritage received but little dilution from their maternal ancestry. Their mother, Maria Branwell, was a Cornish woman. A delicate, lovable woman who had grown up in the pretty, social little town of Penzance in Cornwall, the land of Tristram and Isolde, the stepping-stone from Celtic Wales or Celtic Ireland to Celtic Brittany, she brought to her husband no mean literary gifts of her own, and, we may be sure, a warm appreciation of the talent he already manifested in his recently published "*Cottage Poems*," and a sympathetic, understanding nature. Her own longing for happy, friendly Cornwall was reflected in her husband's love of his native land which he expressed in "*The Cottage Wood*" and "*The Maid of Killarney*"; and "*The Rural Ministry*," a poem published shortly after his marriage, reveals a not inconsiderable talent. "In spite of his Protestantism," to quote Abbé Dimnet, "he was a true Celt, ardent yet concentrated, whose stored up energy found vent in literature."

True Celt, he undoubtedly was, yet neither the melancholy mystic of Matthew Arnold nor the vague sentimentalist of Ernest Renan. For from his days as a weaver in Ahaderg in County Down to the year of his wife's death, Patrick Brontë's progress in life had been steadily upward because of his practical ability and shrewd common sense, which is more characteristic of the Celt than the vague, melancholy groping too often ascribed to him.

The religious influences in the life of Patrick Brontë were varied. There was his mother's Catholicism, the practice of which she discontinued, probably from motives of convenience. There was the Presbyterianism of the school in

which Patrick taught and to which the schoolmaster must in some measure conform; and finally there was the Church of England which he selected as the field for his labors, we fear from motives of worldly advancement rather than any very deep-seated convictions. Up to the year 1821 there seems to have been nothing vague or groping in the character of Patrick Brontë. Was he satisfied thereafter with life at Haworth which brought him one hundred seventy pounds a year with an additional twenty-seven pounds for maintenance? Or did the death of his wife, followed within a short time by that of his two children, rob him of ambition and turn him into "a silent, dreamy hypochondriac, peacefully egotistic?" We know too little about his life—and that little probably too inaccurate—to give a satisfactory answer, as we know too little of the character of this "true Celt" to estimate his influence upon the genius of his children.

Yet a composite picture of the Celt taken from the literature of the race and from comments of foreign observers may help to determine the elements in the strange, incomprehensible genius of the Brontës. Cato the Elder describes the Celts of his day as distinguished for their aptitude at fighting and their subtle speech, which succinctly summarizes the duality of mind possessed in a greater degree by the Celts than by any other race—on the one hand practical, systematic, orderly as evidenced by their well-organized state, the practical justice of their laws and their extremely utilitarian skill as fighters translated in modern times into the business of earning a living; on the other hand metaphysical, psychic, imaginative as shown in their delight in subtle speech, their familiarity with the unseen world and the ease with which the Celtic mind passes from the real to the imaginative, from the physical to the metaphysical. Add to these qualities

an intense love of nature and a singularly practical and joyous view of the future life even before their ancient pagan ideas were softened by the touch of Christianity, and we have the true nature of the Celt no less than a fairly accurate analysis of the character of the children of Patrick Brontë.

From childhood they exhibited rare powers of imagination unusual even for children, all of whom, we know, are gifted with imagination far superior to that of their elders. This quality remains after the things of childhood have been laid aside. Combined with a passion entirely foreign to the English writers of the period, it appears in "Wuthering Heights," in "Jane Eyre." After the Elizabethans, when the Celtic influence was no longer a direct influence on English literature, passion is scarcely characteristic. But passion—deep, devastating passion—is as characteristic of Irish writers to-day as in the day when Padraic O'Prunta moved his hearers with his songs, none the less evident because of its economy of expression.

This gift was looked upon askance by the contemporaries of the Brontës who further revealed their Celtic heritage in their love of life and color, their reverence for nature and their passion for the moors in which they saw mystery and peace, for they were earnestly preoccupied with things spiritual not merely in the conventional manner of ministers' children, but with intense longing for a better and clearer understanding. Upon this foundation their environment and education raised a superstructure of harsh realism, repression and prejudice which shut them out from their natural heritage and made of their souls a pitiful battleground.

All of the children were exceptionally gifted, but Branwell was considered the genius of the family, and upon him was lavished the care and attention of three adoring sisters, an indulgent aunt and a proud father. But the boy, made

for joy and companionship, as he outgrew the boyish, imaginative games, rebelled against the narrowness, the gloom, the futility of their circumscribed lives. He had the Celtic gift of subtle speech, the Celtic love of light and laughter, the genius of the story-teller of old. These gifts do not of necessity imply corresponding weaknesses, but in the case of Branwell Brontë they were accompanied by faults for which his family was largely responsible. He was "the white-headed boy," given little opportunity to develop those sterner qualities exemplified in the lives of his sisters. The austere home, his uncommunicative sisters, his father becoming more and more of a recluse contributed little to the boy's need of self-expression and companionship. But the family certainty that Branwell was a genius, that he was destined for great things, contributed greatly to the development of those weaknesses which were to become his ruin and the ruin of their hopes.

The youth was spoiled not only by his own family but by the villagers, the idlers around the Black Bull Inn, the only cheery hearth in gray Haworth. They found the rector's son, with his wit and his superior intellect, a delightful entertainer, and a genial companion. And, human nature being what it is, they no doubt found a certain satisfaction in proving that the failings of the rector's son were the same as their own. Branwell's success in having some of his poems published early by a Leeds' newspaper undoubtedly convinced him of the correctness of his family's estimate of his genius. This but made the rigorous family discipline, self-imposed though it might be, increasingly irksome, and sent Branwell more and more frequently to the brighter hearth of the Black Bull Inn. In the end, dissipation and an unfortunate love affair triumphed over genius, and Branwell Brontë, who should have climbed to a high place among the immortals, died

unknown at the age of thirty-one. Keats, Chatterton, Shelley died younger, but had carved their names high in the hall of fame. We remember his only because his sisters have given it immortality. Yet their estimate of his talent was not entirely biased. Enough of his work had been preserved to show he had no little talent as an artist, that he wrote remarkably clear and graceful prose which recalls Addison and *The Spectator*, that his verse was saved from mediocrity by its sincerity. It is almost amazing to find it poignantly religious, revealing the spiritual hunger of the Celtic soul amid its stern Calvinistic surroundings.

One is tempted to ponder what might have been had a versatile, imaginative, passionate Branwell lived at a time and in a country—the contemporary of his kinsman Padraic O'Prunta, for example,—which would have given him the spiritual food and the mental stimulus and companionship his entire life lacked. Of his sisters, Anne, the youngest, alone, seemed to have had any understanding of her brother's need, perhaps because she saw in it a reflection of her own. The conventional Charlotte and the stoic Emily might let fall glances of cold disapproval, but we are made to feel that Anne, shadowy, wraith-like in the background, sorrowed with rather than for her brother; for she, too, was miserable and afraid; she, too, was fighting a losing battle. And though her fear was a spiritual fear, her struggle a soul struggle, it was none the less harrowing. Like Branwell, she, too, was defeated by the heavy weight of her environment. But where he was weak, she was strong. To no living thing did she turn for comfort, for help. From the wild moors and the rugged mountains among which her girlhood was spent, Anne drew strength and endurance and almost superhuman patience. Less than a year after her brother's death, but a few months after Emily's,

Anne, too, gave up the unequal struggle. She left one novel of but little value and a few poems which the passion of suffering they expose raise above mediocrity.

We never see Anne clearly. She is overshadowed by the strength of Emily, the courage of Charlotte, as well as by their superior genius. But here again one is forced to meditate on the possible effect upon her talent of a more congenial atmosphere. A true mystic, filled with spiritual hunger for which she found in the cold Calvinistic creed little satisfaction, her love of her Creator shudders out into paralyzing fear. And because of this lonely, interior struggle, Anne, instead of being the weakest, the most ineffectual of the sisters, appears on closer scrutiny to have been the strongest. The youngest of the family, she was the first to leave the shelter of that peaceful, austere home for the unsatisfactory and unsatisfying life of a governess, and for her this drudgery continued the longest despite pangs of homesickness that conquered both Emily and Charlotte. Only once do we see Anne plainly—on her deathbed, dying, she begs Ellen Nussey to be a sister to Charlotte.

Strong as Charlotte was, Anne's young wisdom knew her need as she had known Branwell's—the need of the interchange of subtle speech, of companionship, which Branwell sought at the Black Bull Inn, and Charlotte was to seek in the voluminous correspondence she carried on with her few intimate friends. The clarity of Anne's vision is verified by Charlotte herself in "Jane Eyre," and undoubtedly "Jane" is Charlotte, when the author causes Rochester to say to Jane: "There was something glad in your glance and genial in your manner, when you conversed: I saw you had a social heart; it was the silent school room, it was the tedium of your life, that made you mournful."

(Conclusion next week.)

The Mystery of Cutter Farm.

BY MARY MABEL WIRRIES.

MISS AMALIE CUTTER bent low over the star-shaped flower bed at the lower corner of her lawn, intent upon the removal of sundry withered leaves from one of her most prized Martha Washington geraniums. Bob Hering, coming up the driveway, saw her working there, and immediately transformed himself into a semblance of Indian scout, creeping over the grass, noiselessly, and darting quickly from tree to tree—for was not here a chance for him to demonstrate, to his own satisfaction, his prowess in the noble art of detecting? If he could arrive at Miss Amalie's side without being seen by her, he would feel that he had mastered the first step in sleuthing, viz., "Move at all times with haste and secrecy. Surprise your quarry. Many a criminal has betrayed himself when taken by surprise."

But, alas! either Miss Amalie had eyes in the back of her head, or her intuition warned her that a master detective was creeping upon her, for she turned suddenly, just as Bob was leaping from the shelter of a sycamore to the screen of an Arbor Vitae, and surprised the surpriser.

"Bob Hering!" gasped the lady in amazement, "why are you playing hide-and-seek all by yourself? Why the stealthy approach?"

Bob was covered with confusion. Of course Miss Amalie didn't know that he had been reading the tales of a certain famous detective, and had suddenly acquired an intense desire to be a great detective himself. And didn't great criminologists (was that the correct term? He'd have to look it up in the dictionary) always cultivate a stealthy approach? He had prided himself that he could do it quite well on grass, but his shoes would squeak in the house. No, he

couldn't explain; so he countered by asking:

"Was I making a stealthy approach? I thought perhaps you were still sleeping. I came early to mow the lawn for you, because I am going canoeing with Jack Bates."

Miss Amalie was still puzzled. There was more to this boy's antics than a desire to keep from waking her she was certain. But, having three nephews of her own and a rare gift of understanding young people, she refrained from further embarrassing questioning.

"I've really been up hours," she said. "I didn't sleep a wink last night. For almost the first time in my life I was nervous and frightened. Robert, the most mysterious things are happening here."

Robert's heart leaped high. Mystery! Ah! Detective Hering on the alert! "What kind of mysteries, Miss Cutter?" he asked, eagerly.

"It sounds ridiculous, perhaps, certainly incredible, but the whole train of affairs started with the disappearance of a lemon pie."

"A—a *what*, Miss Cutter?"

"A lemon pie—one of the kind with a meringue. Sara made it for the Sunday dessert. She set it on the back porch shelf for cooling, before we drove to Aden for the nine o'clock Mass. When she went to get it at dinner time, it was gone."

"Well, I'll be jiggered!"

"That's the way I felt. There aren't any small boys in the immediate neighborhood whom we might suspect. Besides, it's a high shelf. Sara said the affair gave her the 'jitters.' Then, yesterday morning, when she came flying down from her room on the third floor to tell me there was a man on the roof—at three o'clock in the morning, mind you, Robert—her 'jitters' were considerably aggravated, and I got a touch of them myself. I took my father's old revolver—I don't know how to shoot the

thing, but it gave me a more comfortable feeling to have it with me—and went up to the attic. And then I heard him, too. Some one was certainly on the roof. I saw that the skylight was fastened, as usual, and I hurried out from the attic and bolted the door from the outside so the creature couldn't get into the house; and then I telephoned the police at the Center. But when Officer Cameron came and investigated, there wasn't a sign of anyone on the roof. And although he remained until daylight, and carefully investigated the soft loam about the house, there were no footprints there. Did you ever hear of anything so weird?"

"Whew!" Bob whistled in amazement.

"Officer Cameron thought Sara and I had imagined things, but I am not the imaginative kind. And if Sara hadn't been with me for thirty years, she'd probably be looking for another place she's so frightened. I didn't want to worry her more, so I didn't tell her about the other things that were happening—but I told Officer Cameron about my jet beads and the tin cup from the spring, and great-grandmother's opal earrings—"

Bob's eyes were wide. "What happened to them?" he inquired, hoarsely.

"That's what I'd like to know." Miss Amalie made a bewildered gesture. "They seem to have been stolen. I'll never get over the loss of the earrings; they were heirlooms and most valuable. Mrs. Sorin, an old friend of mine, was here, calling on me. She has a mania for antique jewelry, and I took them from the safe to show them to her. We were in my sitting room upstairs, and I laid them on my dressing table, while I took her down to her car. Immediately she had gone I returned upstairs to replace them in their case in the safe—and they were gone. A string of jet beads, of the ten-cent-store variety, which had been lying there beside them, was gone, too. Certainly, whoever stole the two was a

poor judge of jet. You haven't seen any strangers about, have you, Robert?"

"There are two hard-looking characters staying down in the McCune cottage on the river," he volunteered.

Miss Amalie looked startled. She opened her mouth to say something, but thought again, and closed it. Then she spoke quite calmly.

"Oh, yes. I've seen the—the men you mean. However, I wasn't thinking of them. Have you seen any other strangers, Robert?"

What did she want, thought Bob, wonderingly. Here were two suspects to order, and she was looking farther!

"No, ma'am," he said, politely, "I haven't seen any others." He was, in fact, thinking earnestly. Miss Cutter might pass lightly over the presence of those men in the McCune cottage, but he couldn't. Those men acted queerly, keeping to themselves, and making friends with none of the river habitués. A thought struck him. Wasn't it last Sunday, when he was returning from Mass through the river woods, preferring the tramp through the woods to a ride with the family, that he had met one of the strangers, carrying something wrapped in a newspaper—a round, flat package, which he bore gingerly, as one might carry a—a *lemon pie*? And with a round bulge beneath his sweater.

"When did you miss the cup from the spring?" asked the boy, interestedly.

Miss Amalie considered. "Why—last Sunday, too, I think," she said slowly, "or perhaps it was Monday. I'm really not sure which. But it was only a ten-cent, shiny, cheap tin cup. Robert, what would anyone want with that cup?"

"Hard telling," declared Detective Hering, judicially, "you may be dealing with an habitual criminal, Miss Cutter,—a klep—klep—"

"Kleptomaniac?"

"Yes'm. Those fellows steal queer things sometimes. Miss Cutter—I—I'm learning a little bit about—about crim-

inology. I've just about decided that I'm going to make that my life work. Do you think Officer Cameron will mind if I work on this case, too?"

"If you—Oh! I see." Miss Amalie repressed a smile. Perhaps she was remembering that, less than six months past, Bob had planned to be a round-the-world flyer, and that last year this time he was practising tumbling acts in her barn, with the avowed intention of being a circus clown. But this was no time to smile. "I think he'd be pleased if you help him solve the mystery," she said, honestly. "He's frankly puzzled about the matter. And I know I am willing to pay a substantial reward for the return of grandmother's earrings."

"I shouldn't expect any reward," said Robert; gruffly. "It's experience I'm after now, and of course, I'm always glad to do things for you, Miss Cutter. Well," his eyes sparkled, "I guess I'd better get at that lawn now."

"Hi! Jack," he hailed his chum an hour later, "all set? So am I. And I talked Mother into letting me take a mess of sandwiches. We'll probably be out a good while. Come on—no, not that way. We're going north."

"But I thought you wanted to go down to the Cove," protested his friend.

"Plans are changed," said Bob, importantly. "You and I have work to do, old boy. We're going to paddle up past the McCune place, and get a look at those two campers. Have you noticed anything suspicious about them?"

Jack, not being of analytical mind, scratched his head, and then shook it. "No, can't say I have. They're just unsociable, that's all."

"I think they're crooks." Bob lowered his voice to a whisper.

"Crooks? Jemenees!" Jack imbibed some of his friend's excitement. "How'd you find out? What have they done?"

"You won't tell anyone? I don't want any other sleuth barging in on this, after I get it worked out."

"Of course not. Come on. What do you know?"

Bob explained. Jack sat up and looked with new interest at the McCune place. It was a long, rambling structure, set on piles at the edge of the river, and had been built solely for the use of campers, who paid Mr. McCune, of the McCune farm, a fancy price for the privilege of vacationing there. One of the two campers now there was idling on the edge of the wharf; the other was nowhere in sight. The visible man did not greet them as they passed.

"You see?" whispered Bob, "they don't want to have anything to do with anyone. Most campers are eager to be friends, and have us tell them about the good fishing places, and things like that. I'm going to shadow them for a few days—and you can help. It'll take two of us, for we'll have to be on the job twenty-four hours every day."

They pooled their acquired information three days later. What they had learned seemed to verify their suspicions. For one thing, the campers kept unearthly hours. A light appeared in the corner room on the northeast every morning about four o'clock, but apparently no one emerged from the cottage until much later. Only one of the campers fished, and he never before the afternoon. A light burned in one of the rooms upstairs every night until midnight, and past. Sometimes, late in the night, this light was temporarily extinguished, and then the taller camper would appear downstairs, and walk out on the pier, where he paced up and down for an hour or more, smoking cigarette after cigarette.

"Expecting some of their gang," Bob would think, tensely. "But why don't they come?"

No one did come, however. And when three days brought no change in the activities of the two strangers, Bob began to pray that the two would begin to go places and do things.

"We've watched them every minute," he told Jack, "and Mother and Dad are beginning to wonder why I've taken a sudden fancy to night fishing, and never bring back any fish. Maybe these fellows have a hunch they are being watched, and are lying low. But another queer thing happened at Miss Cutter's yesterday."

"What was it?"

"Well—" Bob grinned a sheepish, puzzled grin, "I know it's funny, but don't laugh. Some one stole Sara's curls—you know that bunch of funny red curls she wears on the back of her head that don't match the rest of her hair? I always wondered why her hair was two colors, and now it seems the red part is false. Some one took it—the hair—off Sara's dresser. She has to wear a cap all the time now until she gets some more hair—and Miss Cutter says she is more 'jittery' than ever. Her door was closed and locked, and, while her window was open, the screen was hooked on the inside."

"Jemeene! what next? False hair and a lemon pie, some jet beads, a tin cup, and a pair of opal earrings, all stolen by a man with no feet, who can climb on a roof and pass through a hooked screen, without disturbing the fastenings. It doesn't make sense," said the bewildered Jack.

"I'll say it doesn't. Jack, did you keep your eye on those fellows night before last?"

Jack looked sheepish. "I meant to," he confessed, "but I've been up so much lately I fell asleep. And when I looked at my wrist watch, after I woke up, I found it was four o'clock, and I'd been asleep two hours."

Bob snorted. "Fine detective you are," he exclaimed witheringly. "No wonder Sara lost her wig. Well, this shows they've started their funny stuff again, so we'll have to watch harder than ever. I've a hunch they'll try something again to-night. We'll both watch to-

night. And say—bring your Dad's rifle."

Bob's hunch seemed justified that evening, about nine o'clock, when the McCune cottage opened to let out the taller of the two campers—he, who was the fisherman. This time he did not linger on the pier, but struck off at a brisk pace through the woods. The boys followed him excitedly.

"He's going toward Miss Cutter's," whispered Bob. "Say, is your rifle loaded, Jack?"

"Of course not. Think I want anybody to get shot?"

"Neither's mine. I just wanted them for a bluff, in case he's hard to handle. Hurry, or we'll lose him. He must have eyes like a cat, to get through this tangle so fast."

"Probably he's accustomed to these woods at night," said Jack significantly.

Stealthy though they might be, brush would break and crackle under their feet, and once Bob stepped into a hole, and gave a stifled exclamation of pain. But, apparently, the man they were shadowing was so intent upon his business that he heard nothing. Just at the entrance to the Cutter estate they suddenly lost track of their quarry. A moment since, he had been there, just ahead, a tall, dark form, striding through the fitful shadows—and now he was gone.

"Where is he?" asked the bewildered Jack.

"Sh!" warned Bob, "not so loud. Maybe he heard us. I thought he looked back a moment ago—Oh!" his speech was abruptly cut short. Something—they were never sure just what—happened to cut it short.

"The sky fell on us," Bob explained, afterward. "And there were Jack and I, all mixed up together, and both of us seeing stars. And wasn't it a good thing the guns weren't loaded? It isn't so good—tripping with a loaded gun in your hand."

A strong hand jerked them to their feet. "And now, my smart young highwaymen," said a curt, angry voice, "I'll take charge of the artillery, and you two will march ahead of me, until I get you to a light. I want to see what you look like."

A little later the Colonial door at Cutter House swung open to admit the trio of strange callers, and Miss Amalie, amazed but apparently not at all frightened, confronted them.

"For mercy's sake! Frank," she exclaimed, "what is it? A Wild West play?"

"Apparently," said the man grimly. "These two smart young lads tried to hold me up. I heard them following me, turned the tables, and ambushed them, my knowledge of jiu-jitsu coming handy."

"To hold you up? Why—but it's Jackie Bates and Bob Hering. Oh, Frank, there's some mistake! These are neighborhood boys, and Bob is the boy who works for me—mows the lawn and picks the fruit, and does all my odd jobs. There's some normal, sane explanation for all this nonsense. Isn't there, Bob?"

"I hope so," Bob's expression was strained. "But—do you *know* this man, Miss Cutter, this man from the McCune cottage?"

"Certainly. He's my brother, Father Cutter—"

"Not—not the Father Francis Cutter who writes the books, and lectures, and—and—" Words failed the boy.

Miss Amalie nodded. "Yes, Bob. I should have told you the other day, but Francis had expressly forbidden me to inform people of his identity. He came up here to be quiet, and write a book; and if people knew he was here—well, he's more or less famous, you know—"

"Gee! I *guess he is*. Father, I—I certainly beg your pardon. You see, Jack and I thought you were a crook—and we were *shadowing* you."

"You thought I was a—" The priest

threw back his head and burst into hearty laughter. "Well, this is certainly good. I suppose that's what I got for trying to take a quiet vacation, *incognito*. Evidently Father Mack and I overdid the camouflage with which we hoped to conceal the Roman collars from the gaping world. A crook, eh? Wait until I tell Father Mack! Well, I did steal a lemon pie, last Sunday—"

"Frank Cutter! Was it you who took my pie?"

"Certainly. I thought you'd recognize my fine hand. Father Mack is a good dish washer, but he's a bum cook. He can't do anything but bacon and eggs. Soon I won't be able to look a pig or a chicken in the face. I came to beg last Sunday, and you weren't home from Mass, so I helped myself. We were short of cups, too, so I annexed the tin cup from the pump."

"Well, that solves the last mystery," said Miss Cutter, with a sigh of relief. "I found my beads and earrings under some gloves, in my dressing table drawer, Bob, where Sara had dropped them. She happened to see them there, and thought it careless to let them lie around so—"

"But Sara's curls?" asked Jack.

"She has them back, in all their auburn glory. Apparently the breeze blew them under the bed, and the dust mop brought them to light."

"But what about the man on the roof?"

"Squirrels, storing nuts. Mr. Milliken mended the roof yesterday, and found their cache back of the eave trough."

"Then there wasn't any mystery," said Bob, "unless—Father, may I ask you a question?"

"Fire ahead, my young sleuth," said Father Cutter, with a twinkle in his eye.

"Well—why do you keep such unearthly hours? Walking the pier at midnight, and getting up at four o'clock?"

"Ah! there you have me! Why do I? That's what I've been trying to find

out from Father Mack. You see, I write much better at night, so I woo the Muse then. When the Muse is stubborn, I pace the pier. But in the morning, I fain would sleep. But Father Mack is a stickler for rote and rule—he gets up at four o'clock, vacation or no vacation, and says his Mass at the same hour as he does in the Community. And I—poor night owl!—must needs do the same. I serve his Mass and he serves mine; and then I breakfast and take a little nap until afternoon, when I go fishing. Father Mack doesn't like to fish, and spends his afternoon reading. He is recuperating from a siege of pneumonia, and can't stand the strenuous life. Is that all, my boy?"

Bob looked at Jack and grinned. "I'm certainly a *fine detective!*" he said; "I believe maybe I'd better try some other vocation."



Six Days in the Eternal City.

BY J. F. SCHOLFIELD.

(Conclusion.)

THE fourth basilica which claims the three visits of every pilgrim is St. Mary Major's, consecrated in 360 by Pope Liberius, and ranking above all Our Lady's churches, with the single exception of Loreto. The beautiful story of its foundation is well known and is immortalized in the Feast of "Our Lady of the Snow." It was practically rebuilt by Sixtus III. after the Council of Ephesus. The relic of the Holy Manger is preserved here, and on Christmas Eve is carried in procession through the basilica—a function which the present writer had the privilege of taking part in many years ago. St. Mary Major is perhaps, after St. Peter's and the Lateran, the most attractive and impressive of all the great Roman shrines.

There are two other devotions which the Holy Father urges should be made

by all pilgrims, though these do not form part of the conditions of the Jubilee Indulgence. These are a visit to the basilica of Santa Croce, where the principal Relics of the Sacred Passion (after those at St. Peter's) are to be venerated; and the devotion of the Scala Santa, where the pilgrim ascends the twenty-eight marble steps, now cased in wood, which were, according to ancient tradition, brought from Pilate's palace in Jerusalem. As probably almost all Catholics are aware, these have to be ascended on the pilgrim's bended knees. At the top is the "Sancta Sanctorum," a shrine which contains a marvellous quantity of relics. No pilgrim who can accomplish these two acts of devotion would think of omitting them.

We were fortunate enough, on our last day in Rome, to share in the solemnities of Corpus Christi; to take part in the procession at S. Maria sopra Minerva, the mother-church of the Order of St. Dominic (and the only church of Pointed Architecture in the City) after the High Mass, and in the evening to assist, among the enormous crowd, estimated at not less than 300,000, when the Holy Father bore the Sacred Host, as in old days, round the colonnade of St. Peter's, holding the monstrance as he knelt on the *sedia gestatoria*. So great was the procession of ecclesiastics of every rank, of Religious, and theological students, that a full hour elapsed between the issue of the leading processional cross from the basilica and the appearance of the Holy Father. One could not but wonder if any (as was quite possible) were in the great assemblage who had seen Pius IX. perform the same act of homage in 1870, the last time before the great robbery and spoliation. Many in those days imagined that the Catholic past was gone forever. When will the enemies of the Church learn her indestructibility, and that, do what they may, hers is ever the last word? Condemn her to exile,

persecute her, exult over her approaching extinction: but a few decades, it may be even a few centuries, and she is found again in her rightful seat, her persecutors have gone to dust, and she manifests again the power of her undying life.

An altar had been erected outside the great doors of St. Peter's, and from here the Pontiff gave Benediction, in a sudden silence that could almost be felt. But for the constant support which is his, the strain of such a long function, coming at the end of many hours of work and "solicitude for all the churches," for the Divine Kingdom in every land, would be almost beyond the limits of human strength. It was a consolation to see how vigorous he seemed. He has the reputation of taking each labor and anxiety as it comes with unflinching calm, of never letting himself be overwhelmed with the bearing of the greatest of all burdens in this sinful world. He lives, spiritually, on a height like those Alpine peaks which he knows and loves so well.

To take only one point, what a tax upon his strength the continual audiences, especially in a year like this, must be. Yet there seems room for every pilgrim to obtain, in one of the great *sale* of the Vatican, the personal blessing that each desires, and offer the homage which each craves to give to the common Father of all Christians.

In writing of these "six days" gratitude compels the mention of a morning spent at the headquarters of the sons of St. Ignatius, in the Borgo S. Spirito, close to the Vatican City. Acres of waste ground have been reclaimed, including a great cliff-side, on which garden terraces, ideal for meditation and study, have transformed a formerly desolate tract (though part of the Imperial gardens nearly 2000 years ago) into a great residence, with sufficient grounds, for the unceasing and tremen-

dous work *ad maiorem Dei gloriam* of the army of the glorious Company of Jesus. We were shown endless points of deep interest in the House, among these a chapel where every day priests offer up the Eucharistic Sacrifice in a rite (or rites) unfamiliar to ourselves, but as the Holy Father has insistently declared, as orthodox and Catholic as our own Western Liturgy. Our guide was a devoted friend, now one of the Father General's "assistants," to whom the writer and his family owe a deep debt of gratitude of many years' standing.

We found time also for a visit to the Catacomb of St. Callistus (not for the first time), the Gesù, and St. Silvestro in Capite, which may almost be described as the parish church for English-speaking Catholics in Rome.

Then came the inevitable day of departure. The last sight from the train, of St. Paul's-outside-the-Walls, and of the aqueducts on the Campagna, must always have a sadness for those who have learned to love the City of the Popes. It had been a wonderful time, the wonder not to be measured by the brevity of its span.

The suggestion has been made that to do so much in so few days must have involved hard and exhausting work. Well, there must be a strenuous element in such a pilgrimage: it is not meant to be a picnic. In view of the countless blessings and untold privileges, may one not rather rejoice if a few things are not exactly luxurious? To sit upright for twenty-four hours among our good fellow-pilgrims, to spend three nights in travelling before reaching our remote northern homes, was a very trifling price to pay for all we had received; even if we add to this almost the worst remembered Channel crossing in a long experience of that uneasy sea!



"PHILOSOPHY is as far separated from impiety as religion is from fanaticism."

Spiritual Extreme Unction.

Extreme Unction is the anointing of the Christian athlete for his last conflict. The Apostle who makes himself the Evangelist of Extreme Unction is St. James, in his Catholic Epistle (v, 14, 15), which in the New Testament comes between St. Paul's twelve long Epistles and St. Peter's two short ones. Which of the two who bore that name? The son of Alphaeus, not the son of Zebedee; James the Less, not the brother of St. John, who was called St. James the Greater,—not, they tell us, on account of that glorious kinship, but because of his taller stature. It is St. James the Less, first Bishop of Jerusalem, who says: "Is any man sick among you? Let him bring in the priests of the Church, and let them pray over him, anointing him with oil in the name of the Lord."

A good way of obeying the counsel, "Remember thy last end and thou shalt never sin," would be, when in good health, to rehearse in imagination the circumstances of death, beginning with the last anointing. We may join together the prayers for mercy which the priest says while anointing the closed eyes, the ears, the nostrils, the closed lips, the hands, the feet. "By that holy anointing which I hope to receive when dying, and by His own most compassionate mercy, may God forgive me whatever wrong I have done, or may ever do, through the sight, through the hearing, through smell, touch, taste, speech, and gait, or in any other way."—*Per istam sanctam unctionem quam spero me morientem accepturum et per suam piissimam misericordiam, indulgeat mihi Dominus quicquid per visum, per auditum, per odoratum, per gustum et locutionem, per tactum, per gressum, aut per aliquem, alium modum, deliqui aut deliquerim.*

In the second "Book of the Rhymers' Club," a collection of verses by poets who

were then young, there is a poem called "Extreme Unction," by Ernest Dowson:

Upon the lips, the eyes, the feet,
On all the passages of sense,
The atoning oil is spread, with sweet
Renewal of lost innocence.

The feet that lately ran so fast
To meet desire, are soothly sealed;
The eyes that were so often cast
On vanity, are touched and healed.

From troublous sights and sounds set free,
In such a twilight hour of breath
Shall one retrace his life, or see
Through shadows the true face of Death?

Vials of mercy, salving oils,
I know not where or when I come,
Nor through what wanderings and toils,
To crave of you Viaticum.

Yet when the walls of flesh grow weak,
In such an hour it well may be,
Through mist and darkness light shall break,
And each anointed sense shall see!

As the desire of receiving our Blessed Lord sacramentally forms, when expressed with earnestness and deliberation, the exercise of piety which we call a Spiritual Communion, so, too, a devout anticipation of the Sacrament of the Dying, such as we have described, might be called Spiritual Extreme Unction.



Told of the Gentian.

A charming tale is told of the familiar gentian. One day a tired fairy, being very thirsty, asked a drink of water of a kind little gentian. The flower gladly and promptly gave her the drops of dew that she was saving for her own refreshment. The fairy, being grateful, presented her in return with the beautiful fringe which now adorns her. A sister gentian, jealous at seeing the other so favored, said:

"I will remain closed and keep my own dewdrops to myself."

"Very well," said the fairy; "but if you choose to be a selfish gentian, you shall never open your petals again."

And this is why one gentian has a lovely violet fringe and the other is known as the closed gentian.

The Real Reason.

BY T. E. B.

EVERY now and then when we inquire the reason why Mr. So-and-So stopped attending Mass and receiving Holy Communion, we may be told by one of his intimate friends that it all came about as the result of imprudence or indiscretion on the part of some priest who literally drove this man out of the Church by the uncouth or un-Christian methods he adopted in his parish. It is too bad if such is ever the case, and in some few instances where the very timid or the very high-strung individual is concerned, such a thing may be possible. In ninety-five per cent of cases, however, there is an altogether different reason which has not been brought to light, because reasonable men do not act in this manner in ordinary life.

If, for instance, a business man who has been doing very well in a material way suddenly falls out with his business partner, or with some of the people who have been buying his goods, or with the lawyer who has been advising him, we do not find this man deciding that he is through with business for all time; that he will give it up completely, and either become a tramp or starve to death. That, indeed, would be an absurd thing to do. This business man would be ruining himself financially because of some fault of his neighbor over which he had no control. What he does in such cases is the reasonable thing. He makes contacts with other persons, if he cannot patch up the break with his former friends, and he endeavors to keep his business going along just the same as in the past. There are so many men he may choose as business partners, so many lawyers he may hire to advise him, and so many firms he may sell to, that he would be a stupid business man, indeed, were he to give up completely, and let everything go to

ruin merely because of the unfriendliness of one of his former associates.

And so, too, in the business of religion, which is so much more important than worldly commerce since it deals with eternity, men do not give up their immortal souls for a trifle. If Father A has been so unreasonable that people cannot tolerate him, there is always Father B and Father C who will not prove altogether impossible, and to whom they may go without fear of being rebuffed.

The difficulty, however, is usually not with the priest, but rather with the so-called abused individual. He has been practising some sharp business methods which are equivalent to stealing, or he has been using contraceptives to avoid having a family, or he is keeping company with other women than his wife, and he knows he will be refused absolution in confession unless he promises to give these things up. Being unwilling to part with them, and realizing that he must give his friends some excuse for his failure to go to church and to receive the Sacraments, he falls back on the old plan of blaming the priest for his defection. Very often he will lay the cause to something scurrilous that the priest is supposed to have said to him in confession so that it will be impossible for anyone to check up on the matter.

As we have already said, men do not give up great things because of little squabbles. To stop going to church because we dislike the priest, is not doing the priest a great deal of harm, but it is doing an irreparable injury to ourselves since it may in the end cause the loss of our immortal souls. Who would think of letting his health go to ruin simply because he had a falling out with his family doctor? The whole thing, we repeat, is absurd, and the ordinary intelligent parishioner understands this quite as well as the theologian. These men are fooling no one but themselves.

Notes and Remarks.

There was a time when the Catholic nun was viewed from afar by the average non-Catholic as a sort of gentle nobody with little will of her own and even less brains! Of late years, however, since Catholic students have got into the habit of winning intellectual contests of one kind or another, observers have been heard to remark that those Catholic Sisters must be pretty smart after all. That same appreciation is growing in University circles where more and more nuns are following the courses that lead to higher degrees. Recently, for example in the University of Kansas, where one would hardly expect to see a nun's habit in evidence, the English department conferred the very first Ph. D. degree in its history upon Sister Mary Theresa Bentano, O. S. B. Sister Mary Theresa, however, is not the only Doctor on the Alumnae lists of Kansas U. Sister M. Anthony Payne, O. S. B., has been similarly honored by the Department of Zoology, both nuns having also been pledged into honorary scholastic societies at the University. In addition, another Sister was granted a Master's degree in Music at the same commencement. We venture to assert that in years to come one place in which the old fiction of the "backward nun" will hardly have circulation will be on the campuses of such institutions as Kansas University.

Since Franklin Roosevelt gathered about him the now-famous "brain trust" that is composed in great part of university professors, it has been the custom of many of the newspapers to make slurring remarks about idealists and theorists, to tell stories of the absent-minded professor, and in other ways to ridicule the counsellors of the President. Mr. Will Rogers was one of the few who had anything good to say about

the "brain trust," and, as he is commonly known as a humorist, his compliment was considered somewhat doubtful. Recently, however, a writer in the *New York Times* had this to say for the college professor: "This much should be said for the academic person in politics. People know where he stands, even if occasionally he may be standing on his head. If a college professor believes in a rubber dollar or in non-repayable debts, he at least believes in them. He does not say, like the politician, that he believes in a dollar as firm as adamant, but with a variable gold content up to fifty per cent. He does not say that he believes in the sanctity of life insurance policies for the protection of women and children, but that human rights are superior to the claims of the Creditor Class. At least he does not speak like that if he remains a college professor." This, indeed, is a compliment. If we know what a man believes in we can agree or disagree with him. But a man who is on both sides of the fence at once is not so easy to deal with.

At the present time, we are told, all Spain is discussing the writings and prophecies of Mother Rafols y Bruna, a remarkable Spanish nun of the Eighteenth Century, who, in a very exact way, foretold the institution of the feast of Christ the King "by my beloved son, Pius XI." She has also made predictions relative to the present persecution in Spain, saying that all attempts to uproot religion there will be in vain, in spite of the fury of the persecutors. Recently the Dominican Sisters have been expelled from their colleges in Tarragona, Reus, Cambrils, and other places in Catalonia. That this is the work of the officials, and not of the generality of the people, is evidenced from the newspaper reports telling of the grief of the populace at the departure of the nuns who were greatly loved and respected. These women have been

deprived of all their property and sent into exile without any means of subsistence. Mother Rafols, it is said, has a very plain reference to the exile of these nuns, in which she states that the Lord has promised to bless an hundred-fold those nations that receive the Sisters kindly and with good will. Nothing, perhaps, has done so much to keep up the confidence of the people at the present time as the re-reading of this Spanish nun's writings, and their faith in her as a real prophet.



The letter of the Polish bishops appealing to the world for the starving peasants of Ukraine is a sad commentary on the present condition of ruin that has been brought about by the Soviet Government in one of the great grain-producing belts of Russia. "Ukraine," says the letter, "is in the clutches of death. Her population is dying of starvation. Built upon injustice, fraud, godlessness and unrighteousness, the present régime has brought this rich country to complete ruin. Three years ago, the Head of the Catholic Church, Pius XI., protested energetically against everything in Bolshevism which was contrary to Christianity, God, and human nature, warning the whole Catholic world against the results of such crimes. We also joined in that protest. To-day we see the situation resulting from Bolshevik action growing worse from day to day. The enemies of God and humanity have thrown aside religion, the basis of the social order; have suppressed liberty, the greatest benefit for mankind; have made slaves of the peasants, and cannot even feed them. In face of these crimes human nature revolts. Unable to give our dying brethren any material help, we appeal to all of you to do all you can, and if there is no possibility of human help on this earth, by prayers, fastings, general mourning and sacrifices to obtain Divine justice. Before the world, raise

a mighty protest against the persecution of the little ones, the poor, the weak and the innocent. Their oppressors we accuse before the throne of the Almighty. The blood of the workmen who, starving, tilled the black soil of Ukraine, cries for vengeance to heaven, and the voice of the hungry reapers reaches to Almighty God." These are not the words of sentimentalists or neurotics, it is the measured language of hard-headed pastors working daily among the flock, and who know what they are talking about. The condition is so horrible that no words could be strong enough to picture it. It is Russia's attempt to get on without God.



Dr. L. O. Hartman, the editor of *Zion's Herald*, has lately suggested a new code for the churches. It is not strictly speaking a new code, but rather a return to the old code that was taught by Christ and which contained the whole law and the prophets. Now that the Prohibition law is about to be repealed and that Sunday baseball is no longer a matter of dispute, the Protestant Churches would have an opportunity to get back to religion; but what religion could they teach? Scarcely two people in any congregation believe the same things, and to insist on any dogmas would be to risk giving offense to many of the congregation. Ministers might break away from dogma altogether and spend their time in the teaching of morality, if so many of them had not already thrown overboard so many tenets of the moral law. They have, for instance, been permitting members of their flock to re-marry after they have been divorced in spite of the words of Our Lord, "Whosoever puts away his wife and marries another committeth adultery"; they have in great part gone on record for birth control notwithstanding the fact that such a practice is against the natural

law and cannot be justified on any ground—Onan was slain by the Lord, we are told, in the Book of Genesis because he committed this sin; they have sponsored sterilization and a number of other things that are immoral, so that it would be almost an impossibility for them to make a pretense of teaching morality. Probably it is just as well for them to continue talking politics, or condemning card playing, or complaining about the unsanitary condition of drinking fountains. Few people, after all, care what is said on such subjects, and no one is very much offended by such talks. Dogma and moral are, at the present time, clearly outside of the field of Protestant preachers.

One of the most encouraging facts about missionary work in China is the readiness with which the good people there accept the Catholic Faith and the steadiness with which they cling to it once it is theirs. There is still another source of encouragement, however, in the promise which Chinese Catholics show of being one day able to take over the work of evangelizing their own country. In China at present there are approximately seventeen dioceses or Prefectures Apostolic which are ruled over by native Chinese priests and Bishops. What a comforting thought that must be to the missionaries who have suffered and are still suffering for the evangelization of the Celestial Empire!

News Letter, official voice of the Catholic Book of the Month Club, says of the fiction, "The Fault of Angels," its September selection: "In the choice of 'The Fault of Angels' some of the editors expressed a warning. A story is related dealing with cheese that does dishonor to the Sacred Name. . . . The desires of illicit love are repulsed and overcome from purely natural motives." A story dealing with cheese or cheesecloth that

does dishonor to the Sacred Name ought not, it would seem, be awarded the imprimatur of the Catholic Book Club; if the club bestows the benediction of its approval on Catholic books. If the Editors give sanction to a novel that relates a story dishonoring the Sacred Name it would seem the Editors approve a book not quite suited to the Catholic home library. Of course, Catholics might read it anyhow. Many of us are not meticulous in choosing. We had thought, however, the Board of Editors were more vigilant and selective in questing for Catholic Books of the Month.

The Catholic papers in England have nothing but praise for President Roosevelt's attempt to restore prosperity to the country by means of the NRA. The *Universe*, one of the leading London weeklies, has this to say regarding the new experiment: "It is doubtful whether the public grasps the enormous significance of Mr. Franklin Roosevelt's effort to rehabilitate his country after its recent catastrophic experiences. The experiment was seen at once by Catholic observers to be of special interest to them, because so many features in the presidential program copied those laid down by the Holy Father as conditions necessary for any world recovery. In particular, Mr. Roosevelt fixed on the vital matter of credit which the Pope has declared to be crucial, and made it a principal item of his program to control those who, in the Holy Father's words, 'because they hold the control money, are able also to govern credit and determine its allotment, for that reason supplying, so to speak, the life-blood to the entire economic body, and grasping, as it were in their hands, the very soul of production, so that no one dare breathe against their will.' As for our own country, we see no reason why it should not, with its traditional political sense, evolve its own solution, which

need not necessarily be either on Continental or American lines. But because the present American effort presents features of its own reflecting a mentality so much nearer our own than the Continental, we suggest that its fate deserves our most careful and sympathetic attention." These are encouraging words. Our English brethren are not condemning Mr. Roosevelt as a dictator. They realize that something had to be done, and they have nothing but praise for the way in which he went to work at his task.

The Most Rev. Karl J. Alter, Bishop of Toledo, indicates in a recent pamphlet that down to the middle of the Nineteenth Century "the majority of the American schools still continued to be religious affiliates." The public school, according to the Bishop, "was a response to a desire for the elimination of religious instruction in the schools." The non-Catholic American mind considers our public school system peculiarly American. And to criticise or to qualify it is, to his thinking, un-American. The system is due to accident not to design, as the Bishop of Toledo indicates. It became what it is, not by deliberative plan but because of conditions which were not worked out into an ordered scheme. One may criticise our public schools as one criticises our court procedure, our accumulation of laws, our divorce legislation, our loose points of view about many expressions of human conduct. People who shout "enemies of the public schools" at Catholics who run for positions in government are sometimes extremely ignorant. More often highly dishonest.

The State of California, while it advertises its climate and its scenery as reasons why people should take up their abode there, has offered a much more potent reason why Catholics should not. That reason of course is the fact that

the parents of Catholic children are grossly over-taxed in that State. They must bear their part in paying the cost of the Public Schools; they must meet the entire financial burden of their own institutions, and in addition they must pay a special tax for the privilege of helping to support a private-school system. In spite of that narrow, back-woods attitude towards Catholics in the State of California, it is a consolation to know that only one school in the Archdiocese of San Francisco was forced to close on account of the economic stress of the school year just past. While that is a remarkable record, those who know what a school system costs will take off their hats to the heroic Catholics who have carried on so successfully in spite of the pinch-penny policies of the sovereign State of California.

The *London Telegraph* informs us that "never since the war has there been such a large demand for lucky emblems of all kinds. Men and women alike are searching for luck, and apparently hope to find it by wearing cheap copies of ancient talismans and tokens and also all kinds of newly devised charms calculated to bring good fortune. There is a growing demand for motor-car mascots, and the stores report a craze for mascots among amateur and professional aviators and athletes." This, no doubt, is an indication that superstition is growing. These material emblems cannot possibly be the means of bringing good luck to the wearer. To expect that a rabbit's left hind foot, for instance, will keep evil away, is a sin against the First Commandment. Medals and religious emblems, on the other hand, that have received the blessing of the Church are an incentive to devotion for the faithful, and should not be confused with mascots and charms that are simply material and breed superstition.

FOR YOUNG FOLK

Prayer for a Little Boy.

BY ELEANOR ALLETTA CHAFFEE.

PETER, take him by the hand;
Lead him to Her blessed place,
Where the light like warm words falls
From the beauty of Her face.

Peter, let him run to Her,
Curly head laid on Her knees,
Where Another's head once laid
All His love and loyalties.

Peter, let Her look at him,
See the wonder in his eyes;
Then go softly—leave him there
Safe at last in Paradise!

Tim.

BY JAMES A. REID.

XI.—DONALD GOES AWAY.

THE main door of the office of the Robins Company opened very slowly, just as it had many times in the past. It received another little push, and the head of a boy could be seen. He peered around the door, cautiously and wondering, as if not sure as to what he should do. Looking shyly at each one in the office in turn, as if eager to ask a question, he said nothing.

Those in the office, one by one, stared at him with utter amazement, unwilling to believe that they were beholding a vision of one whom they all loved. Their eyes were wide with astonishment. In fact, they were actually stunned, for they did not speak for some time.

"Donald!" exclaimed Fred Newman, half in hope and half in doubt. His eyes said it was Donald, but his mind told him it could not be.

It was Donald, the only son of Mr.

Robins, the owner and president of the firm. Yet it could not be! He had gone away several days before, and the years might be many and ever so long until anyone in that office would see him once more, yet it was absolutely certain that he would never again open the main door of the office in the deliberate, shy way he used to, suddenly darting into the room with a cheery, "Hello, everybody!" Sometimes he might stop to chat with one of the ten clerks employed in the main office; most often he would shout and wave his cheery greeting, and then jog into his father's private office.

The boy still standing at the door, yet enough in the room to be plainly seen by all, looked like Donald. He had a pleasant face, was slightly freckled, had a mass of black hair, and when he smiled, one could see even, shiny teeth. Most of all, his smile was like Donald's, a bit shy, if you will; but one whose timid warmth was quickly captivating. Perhaps, it would be better to say that he was now as Donald was four years ago, when the latter had turned his fourteenth birthday. Their shoulders were of the same sturdy, athletic type.

The clerks in the office of the Robins Company loved Donald, as has been said. He had a friendly, winning disposition. To know him was to like him. No wonder his father—his mother had been dead almost eleven years—put him in the center of his world with an affection that was truly deep, but well placed. He was not a coddled or pampered boy; nor had he been trained by a discipline of severity. The good example of his father had shaped his character, forming it with a splendid blending of many qualities.

Many of you have seen Don's name

in the papers, that is, if you have been readers of the sporting sheet. For three years, and especially in his final year of high school, he had been a football star, reaching heights that come only to those with native talent and the will to succeed. From an unknown sub, who had been advised more than once in his freshman year to give up football, he had worked his way to the top, so that the world at large knew his record. Perseverance was Don's great quality. He had a zest for doing the things that were hard. In fact, the one way to make him succeed was to give him any kind of problem that would tax his best efforts. He might stumble and fall, but he would be on his feet again quickly, smiling that shy smile of his, with new heart to win. He never knew what it meant to quit. That was why he rose to athletic greatness.

Those who knew him best, however, will always believe, that, regardless of his athletic prowess, the one thing—if one could be selected—that revealed him as he was and that showed his heart and soul, was the valedictory address he gave on the night of his graduation from high school. He had said:

"Under India's sky there is mourning to-night. India is sad: its hero, its apostle, its saint is dead. Ages ago, so it seemed, he had come, when the zeal of youth burned bright, ready for the missionary life; for ages he had labored, spending days of unremitting toil and of sleepless nights, of prayer and sacrifice for his people. Life sped on as he worked; strength vanished; sickness, death came. Hands that had been raised to bless are cold; eyes that had shone with the love-fire of God are closed; lips that had moved with prayer, are mute; heart that had loved the beauty of God's ways, is still. A saint is with God.

"But his spirit shall not die. It shall lighten the way for those who have known him; it shall lighten the way of

those who will hear or read about him; it shall be a memory and a guide for all those who appreciate the true meaning of life and the holy sacredness of death. Candle gleams to some; pale stars to others; to many, it shall be a strong sun warming the paths which they follow.

"What that saint meant to India, this school means to us. Let us pause in reverence; let us bear tribute in silence; let us now enshrine the memory of it in the depths of our grateful hearts. Thanks, thanks, and ever thanks!

"A few days ago there stood on this stage one of the most noted of this school's graduates; a man who has risen to greatness in American life; a man who is great by any measure of greatness; fearless, honest, in whom there is no guile; he is what this school taught us to be.

"Fifty years ago he went to school here. He played on this campus; he studied in this building; he prayed in that chapel; he even spoke from this stage. Fifty years! He looks back, so he said, but not with sorrow. Death may come for him soon, yet he shall welcome it with a joy that will be strangely different to the deep sorrow he felt on the evening of his graduation. Fifty years! He could hardly believe that it had been that long. Then he looked about. No one else of yesterday remained; all were gone. He was the last leaf. Still, the type of last leaf that we would like to be.

"Dear school, whatever the years bring, may we so live as to be worthy members of that Church which you have taught us to love; may we so live as to be reckoned among your faithful children; may we so live as to be thankful sons of our fathers and mothers!

"We did not know that it would be so genuinely hard to say Good-bye."

That was in February after the first semester. Then came that bleak April day. Mr. Robins had not arrived at the office at his usual hour, 8:30. It was the

first time in many years that he had been late. Nine o'clock, and still he was not present. At 9:15 the word came. The telephone rang. Mr. Gallagher, the head of the main department of the firm, answered it. He listened for a second. The others, who were wondering why Mr. Robins had not put in an appearance, were, fault or no fault, listening and watching. Mr. Gallagher's face went white. He hung up the receiver slowly, almost mournfully. He stood in a trance. Ever sympathetic, the clerks, surmising what to do, followed the lead of Fred Newman.

"Bad news, Mr. Gallagher?"

"Yes." He was blinking away the tears. "Don's been hurt; auto hit him." He paused, as if unwilling to inflict pain. "Dangerously so,—he's dying."

No one spoke. The sun was making vain efforts to break through the sombre bleakness of that April day. A tragic gloom pervaded the office.

The noon editions of the great dailies would carry a small item about another automobile accident. That would be all the notice they would give to it that day, though later on there would be a long account on the sporting sheet about the great athlete whose days of glory were over.

"How did it happen?" some one asked.

"A machine skidded, went over the curb, and crushed Don against a building," Mr. Gallagher answered.

That was a long and gloomy morning. If Donald went away, what would Mr. Robins do?

The hospital, where Don was taken, was less than a mile distant.

"Dad, before you came Father Galven made me ready to go."

"Do you want to go, Don?"

"Gee, Dad, it's hard to leave you! You've been the best father in all the world." He paused for breath. "There, don't cry, Dad."

"If it's God's will, I'll be happy."

"So'll I, Dad." His voice was very low.

His eyes were opening and closing as though he were going into a peaceful sleep. Then he looked at his father, smiling and holding out his hand, as if to say good-bye.

"Give my love to mother, when you meet her."

Don smiled again, nodded his head to say yes, and closed his eyes. "My Lord and my God!" he said. "Jesus!" as if he were seeing Him; "Mary!" as though he had just met her; "Joseph."

Donald had gone away. Yes. Donald had gone away, but to the startled eyes of all in the office he seemed to be standing there as he stood four years ago. Mr. Gallagher walked over to him.

"Anything you want, Son?"

"Mr. Sheehan and Mr. Krause sent me here."

"Oh, Mr. Gallagher," said Fred Newman, "Uncle Dan called about a job for a boy that he was sending over immediately."

"Anything in the world for Uncle Dan. But, under the circumstances, er—er—" He hesitated, thinking.

It would not do, he thought to himself, to have this boy about the office, for he would be a daily picture of that other boy who had gone away. Mr. Robins could never suffer to have this continual reminder of one whom he loved and for whom he was still sorrowing, broken-heartedly.

Whatever Mr. Gallagher intended to do, or would soon decide to do, was doubtful. Everybody understood perfectly well that he would act as he deemed best. Still he made no decision. Then the private door of Mr. Robins' office opened. He came out with a bundle of letters in his right hand. He saw the clerks standing about, idle. Naturally, his eyes turned to the boy at the door. His face was quick to manifest amazement. He stood and stared. Then he walked over to the boy.

"What's the difficulty, Mr. Gallagher?"

"We need an office boy."

"Yes?"

"Please, Sir, take me."

"What's your name, Sonny?"

"Tim, Sir."

"Tim, what?"

"Tim O'Mara."

"Where do you come from?"

"From Ireland, Sir."

"From Ireland?"

"Yes, Sir; I stepped off the ocean yesterday morning."

"Where do you live now?"

"With my Uncle Jack and Aunt Anna."

"But, you don't know anything about office work."

"I can learn, Sir."

"Of course."

Mr. Robins frowned, reflecting. "Do you want to try him, Mr. Gallagher?"

"If it's agreeable to you, Mr. Robins?"

"I don't know, I don't know. Perhaps, it's best. I don't know." He turned and walked into his office, still carrying the bundle of letters.

"I think we might try you," Mr. Gallagher asserted.

"Thank you, Sir; and now please tell me what I'm supposed to do."

So Donald had gone away, and in a certain sense Tim had come to take his place.

If he became an office boy because he looked like some one else, or in spite of it, he did not keep the job for that reason. He was alert, soon making clear that he had a talent for doing things and doing them well. Once told, he remembered. By the third day he understood the routine of the office work; that is, he knew exactly what he was to do and the time it was to be done. Usually, he was at the office a few minutes before the clerks. Trusting him, Mr. Gallagher gave him a key, so that he could open the office each morning, getting everything in order. By the time the clerks arrived, typewriters were cleaned, waste baskets emptied, ledgers were placed on the proper desks, and a gen-

eral spirit of orderliness and neatness prevailed.

"A wide-awake youngster," said Mr. Gallagher, speaking for all.

There was no one who would question that. Errands were promptly attended to, and personal little favors were accomplished with a spirit that was more like receiving than giving.

"Going to be an office boy all your life, Tim?" Newman asked one day.

"Mr. Robins asked me that already," answered Tim. "I'm not," with decided emphasis.

"What then?"

"I may be taking your position one of these days," Tim replied, laughing.

"Is that what you said to Mr. Robins when he asked you that question?"

"I did—"

"What!" very surprised.

"Not," finished Tim.

"Oh! What are you thinking of becoming?"

"I don't know yet."

"And when are you going to decide?"

"Well, I do be typing each day before anyone else comes to the office; and then I try my hand at shorthand. I never did write well, and I practice penmanship every day."

"Good for you, Tim. Keep it up. If I can help you at all, I'll be only too glad to."

"Oh, everybody helps me now."

"How?"

"They let me watch them work."

In truth they were helping, but the assistance they received in turn more than repaid the trouble they took. Almost every day for a few minutes, Tim would steal alongside a desk where one of the clerk's was working, and say with that shy smile of his, "I'm going to watch you for a while; do you mind?"

Sometimes he would stand; other times he would sit down. Each clerk felt that he had to be pleasant, so running explanations were given of the particular duty that was being done. Tim was

a willing listener. He was also a sly but honest critic.

"Your writing is so elegant," he would say; "and it beats all the way you can make that machine go. And you add and subtract and spell, even the whoppers, that a dumb fellow like me wonders how you do it."

Mr. Gallagher had noticed Tim's lively interest in the affairs of the main office. He decided wisely, no doubt, that Tim was neither wasting his own time nor that of others. So he allowed him to continue his quest for knowledge. Mr. Robins was also aware of what Tim was doing daily. He, too, permitted it. Yet, to a certain extent he was troubled about it, and therefore one day called Mr. Gallagher to his office.

"Mr. Gallagher, Tim is doing well, isn't he?"

"Very well, indeed."

"I should not want him spoiled by too much attention."

"That is not likely. His interest is one of learning."

"So I judge. But—"

"Yes?"

"He's been speaking to the 'Atheist.'"

It was the first time Mr. Robins had used that nickname for Harry Spears, though quietly the clerks had used it considerably.

"Under the circumstances," continued Mr. Robins, "I judge it best to tell you."

"Tell me what, Mr. Robins?"

"About Harry Spears."

"Of course I do not understand what you mean. However, as you deem best."

"Do you know Harry's father?"

"No, I don't."

"A very fine man, but weak-willed."

"I see."

"When Harry finished high school, his mother, who was reaching for a place in society, prevailed on the timid father to send Harry to one of our Eastern non-Catholic universities. He attended that university for less than two years, when the inevitable happened; his faith was

undermined. The downward descent took place fast. He quit studying. Eventually he was asked by the authorities to withdraw from school.

"Soon after he came home, he was driving a machine one rainy night. It skidded, struck a boy and killed him. He was held for manslaughter. For a while it appeared that he would get a prison sentence. Harry's father got Uncle Dan to work on the case quietly, and, thanks to Uncle Dan, Harry was let off easy: he was deprived of his driver's license for two years and put on probation for the same length of time. Then Uncle Dan asked me to place him here, so I did."

"He has done very well here, Mr. Robins. It was on my tongue to suggest him for promotion. He really deserves it."

"I think so too."

"One fact kept me back from making that suggestion."

"What?"

"He seems to be so dreadfully unhappy at his work. Yet, this is to his credit: the day that Don—" Mr. Gallagher hesitated.

"Go on, Mr. Gallagher."

"When he heard that Don was dying, he came to me and said, 'It may sound silly, Mr. Gallagher, but may I go over to church for a little while?'"

"Did he go?"

"So far as I know, yes."

"Well, well, well!" Mr. Robins was evidently surprised. Then after some thought he added, "I don't care how much interest he takes in Tim, but I should not want Tim to like him much."

"I understand, Mr. Robins. His interest in Tim may—and a little child may lead—"

"Exactly."

"I shall keep my eyes open."

"Do. I'll talk to Harry about that promotion."

"Yes, Sir."

(To be continued.)

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—A simple and clear treatment of the nature of sanctifying grace and the means of increasing it will be found in "Noblesse Oblige," by Monseigneur Feige, Téqui, Paris. Price, three francs.

—"Konnersreuth," by Father Thomas Matschock, Ph. D., is the story of Thérèse Neumann based upon his own and others' experiences at the home of the stigmatist. Published at St. Francis Rectory, 1206 S. Newberry Ave., Chicago. Price, 25c postpaid.

—Burns, Oates and Washbourne have recently published "Some Errors of H. G. Wells," by the Most Rev. Richard Downey, D.D. This is a Catholic criticism of the "Outline of History" which was printed in pamphlet form some time ago by the Archbishop of Liverpool. The present edition contains an appendix with a reply to Mr. Wells' defence of himself, which was published in the *Fortnightly Review*, and a correspondence on the same subject which appeared in the *London Universe*.

—What has been hailed as one of the finest works so far on the subject is "Judgment on Birth Control," by Raul de Guchteneere. The author is a Catholic doctor who apparently knows his religion as well as the technique of his profession. Here is what a London reviewer says of his work: "A book has at last appeared which states the whole of our case (the Catholic position) in the light of history, biology, economics, medicine, morality and religion, and the chapters follow this order." Publishers, Farrar and Rhinehart, Inc., Murray Hill, New York. Price, \$3.50.

—Excellent as was the original edition of "Literature and Life, Book One," by E. Greenlaw, W. Elson, C. Keck and D. Miles, the revised edition is a superior text. Viewed as an introduction to good reading for high school students, the book provides a stimulating guide that will help the student to discover the beauties of worth-while poetry and prose. The selections, which include short stories, one-act plays,

various types of poetry, human interest sketches, humorous and scientific prose, are chosen with tasteful care from the classics and contemporaneous writings. Yet, we hold now, as we held when "Literature and Life" was first published, that it is not a book which is easily correlated with texts on either American or English Literature. Publisher, Scott, Foresman and Company. Price, \$1.80.

—"An Introduction to Education," by George Willard Frasier and Winfield Dockery Armentrout, a survey course in education for public school teachers, has a number of helpful suggestions for teachers in Catholic schools. It explains and usually appraises present-day theories, practices and systems in education, keeping to the front the various problems that teachers have to face and solve. However, it is woefully weak where it should be especially strong. The authors, in discussing the elements involved in the formation of character, are not thoroughly acquainted with Catholic principles. Nor do they understand how essential religion is to true education. To mention the shortcomings of this text is to emphasize again the urgent need of books on education by Catholic authors. Publisher, Scott, Foresman and company. Price, \$1.80.

—From Our Sunday Visitor Press we have received the following pamphlets: "Twenty-Five Questions and Twenty-Five Answers on State Support for Religious Free Schools," by the Most Reverend Karl J. Alter, Bishop of Toledo. Bishop Alter gives reasons why Catholic Free Schools should receive State help, and answers the objections that are commonly made. Price, 15c.—"The Venerable John Nepomucene Neumann of Philadelphia," by the Reverend Andrew H. Schreck, C. SS. R., the life story of the saintly Redemptorist Bishop of Philadelphia the Cause of whose canonization is being promoted in Rome. 10c.—"The Church and World Peace" and "The Holy Eucharist and Reason," by Reverend John A. O'Brien, Ph. D. The first is a well-reasoned plea for America's active participation in the

projects for World Peace based upon the Encyclicals of Benedict XV. and Pius XI. The second is a practical explanation of the mystery of the Holy Eucharist, showing that while it is a mystery it is in no way unreasonable. It is an argument that the man in the street can easily follow. Each, 10c.

—The concluding two volumes (Vols. xxiii.—xxiv.) of Pastor's "History of the Popes," edited by Ralph Francis Kerr of the London Oratory (B. Herder. \$4 each, net.), give us the life of Clement VIII. Ippolito Aldobrandini, who took the name of Clement VIII., was a man of remarkable piety, a penitent of St. Philip Neri, and perhaps overcautious and hesitating in making decisions. The big problem which awaited him when he ascended the throne was the action to take toward Henry of Navarre. Henry had abjured Calvinism, and had promised through his legates to be loyal to the Church. The Pope doubted for a time the sincerity of Henry, and the legates of Philip II. of Spain as well as some of the Cardinals urged the Pope to refuse absolution. Clement, however, after frequent assurances of Henry's that he would be faithful, gave him absolution, but only after he had made very definite promises; and by this pardon Clement broke the power of Spain over the Church. Clement made a revision of the Vulgate, Breviary and Missal. The intense controversy about grace waged by the Jesuits and Dominicans under Clement is narrated by Pastor in these volumes with dramatic vividness; as well as the long and difficult struggle of the great Jesuit General, Aquaviva, against those—some from his own Society—who had the ear of the Pope, and were determined to change the constitutions of Ignatius. These volumes conclude one of the most valuable contributions to Church History in English. It is history well written, well documented, told with extreme frankness—a story that teaches how the progress and development of the divine Church is wrought by men who are essentially human, illustrating the great virtues of Christian life, and the faults that are frequently inseparable from opportunities for wealth, ambition, and power.

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"At the Feet of the Divine Master." Rev. Anthony Huonder, S. J. \$2.25.

"Saint Anselm." Joseph Clayton, F. R. Hist. S. \$1.75.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

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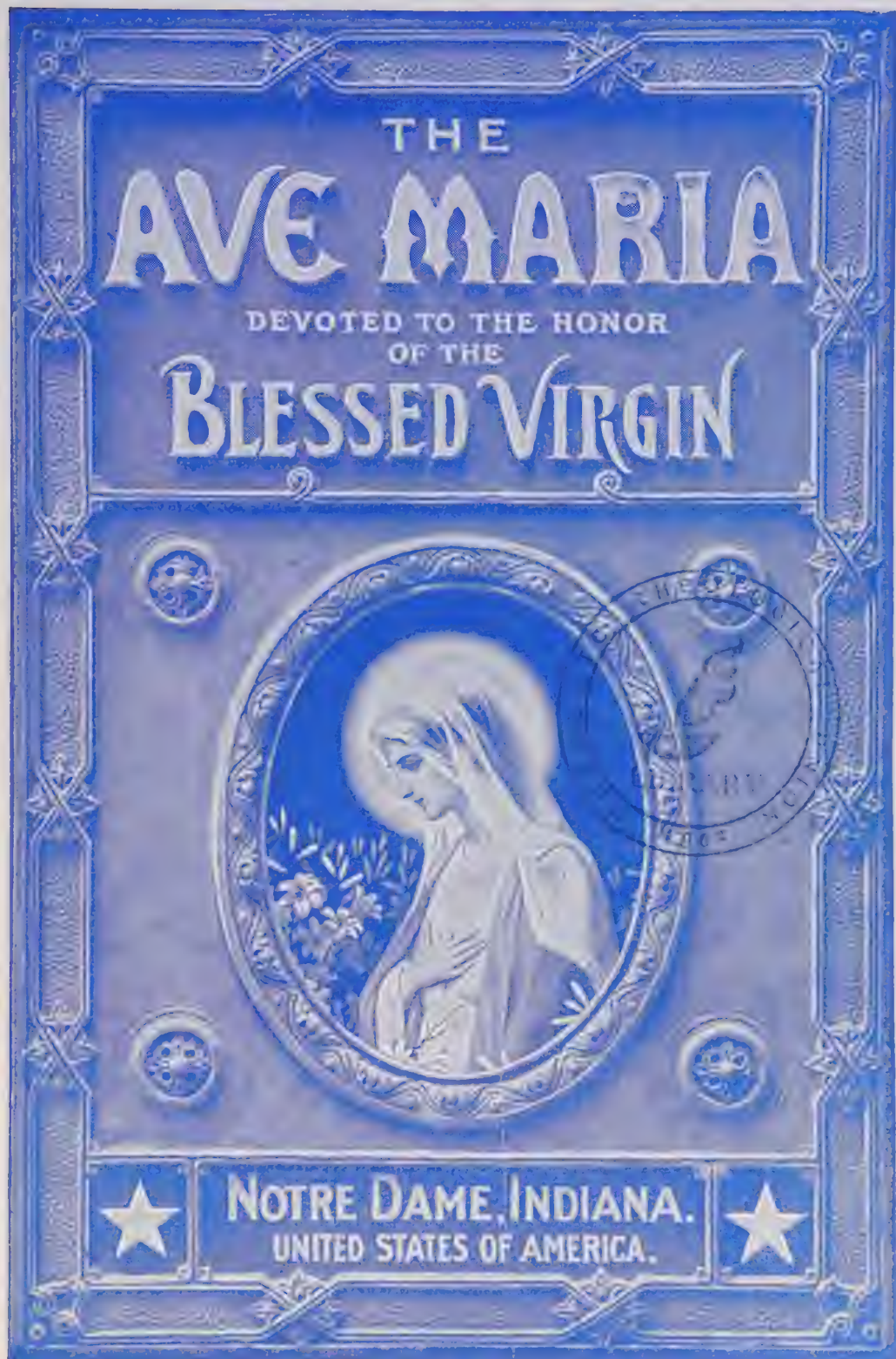
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CALENDAR OF THE WEEK

SATURDAY, 30.—St. Jerome, Confessor.

OCTOBER.

SUNDAY, 1.—Seventeenth after Pentecost. St. Remy, Bishop.

MONDAY, 2.—Feast of the Holy Guardian Angels.

TUESDAY, 3.—St. Teresa of the Child Jesus. (The Little Flower.)

WEDNESDAY, 4.—St. Francis of Assisi, Confessor.

THURSDAY, 5.—Sts. Placidus and Comp's, Martyrs.

FRIDAY, 6.—St. Bruno, Confessor.

SATURDAY, 7.—Feast of the Most Holy Rosary.

Blessed is the man that heareth me and that watcheth daily at my gates.—PROVERBS viii, 34.



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HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, 1, 48.

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Little Son.

BY FRANCES RODMAN.

"PLEASE play with me," he begged. His
blocks and toys

Were spread upon the floor in disarray:
All the pretense so dear to little boys
Littered the spot and made the dark room gay.
But when I knelt beside him I was told
That I had crushed a garden, killed a knight;
Each scrap of paper was a soldier bold,
Invisible to my dim untutored sight.

And as I looked, I pondered: Lord, who gave
Rich gifts of love and beauty to our lives,
Forgive the blindness passing by Thy brave
And sweetest flowers, and the haste that drives
Us all unseeing far beyond the place
Where had we paused we might have seen
Thy face!

Saint Andre Fournet.*

BY M. R. HOSTE.

ON June 4, 1933, Whitsunday, the
Blessed André Hubert Fournet,
the Founder of the Congregation
of the Daughters of the Cross, called
the Sisters of St. André, received the
supreme honors of canonization. He was
the youngest but one of a fine family of
ten children. He came into the world on
December 6, 1752, at Pérusse, a village
which was then a dependency of St.
Phéle-de-Maillé, though at some distance
from it. He was sent to the college
of Châtellerault when he was about
thirteen years old. He had a very happy

disposition, and was very popular both
with his masters and his schoolfellows,
though he brought no great credit to the
former, and did not set the latter a first-
rate example of study or conduct. He
was not at all keen on work, and scored
few successes. He was first scolded and
severely reprimanded, then punished.
This treatment irritated him, but he did
not improve under it. Finally in disgust
with college life he ran away with one
of his comrades and went back to
Pérusse. One can easily guess how he
was received at home; he was obliged
to go back to the school at once, and
did not leave it again until he went to
Poitiers for his philosophy.

When that was finished he inscribed
his name (November 30, 1772) as a
student of law, but he did not find the
Codex, the Digest and the Pandect at
all attractive; in fact, he neglected
them almost entirely. He was frequently
to be met in the houses of his relatives
and friends at Poitiers. Then one day,
he enrolled himself in one of the regi-
ments garrisoned at Poitiers. Proud of
his new uniform, he went to visit his
uncle, Antoine Fournet, the Curé of St.
Pierre de Maillé, who pretended that he
did not recognize him, and gave him a
sharp set-down: "You are mistaken,
Sir," he said when accosted. "I have
never had a nephew a soldier, to the
best of my knowledge."

The young man began to recognize
the absurdity of his position; he did not
dare to appear in his father's presence,

* Translated from *La Croix*.

so he sent word to his mother. Dame Florence hastened to her son; she made him discard his fine, new uniform and paid another man to take his place, all without a word to his father, who was not to be told anything at all about it. He found himself a civilian once more. What should he do? At all costs he must find a situation. His mother took him with her to Poitiers, where she introduced him to several solicitors. His bad handwriting was against him everywhere; he met with disappointments and disillusionment on all sides, and this turned out to be his salvation. He began to reflect seriously; and after having prayed and taken counsel, he asked to be admitted to the seminary at Poitiers; he was admitted, and began his theological studies. Formerly he had written that "good fellow as he was, he would never be a priest or a monk." At the end of the year 1776 he mounted the steps of the altar for the first time.

He was appointed assistant-priest to his uncle Jean Fournet. This was his first experience in the sacred ministry. When he went into the pulpit for the first time, he was disturbed by seeing so many eyes fixed upon him, and completely lost his self-possession. Finding it impossible to utter a word, he disappeared into the deepest recess of the pulpit.

Two years afterwards, he was transferred to Maillé, where he was first assistant-priest at St. Phèle, and finally appointed to the Curé of St. Pierre. He was then twenty-nine. The new curé was doubtless a most excellent priest, one who did honor to his cloth by his piety, zeal for the glory of God and his charity towards the poor, but as yet he was not the saint whose virtues compel admiration. He was fond of society. Of noble birth himself, he adhered to the refined tastes and habits of life to which he had always been accustomed in his own home. He dressed well, liked costly

furniture and was well-skilled in the control of a mettlesome horse; if he was alone, he kept a plain table, but when he entertained his friends and other priests, as was often the case, the arrangements gave an impression of luxury. Such a life might not be incompatible with virtue of an ordinary degree; it could not be combined with the holiness to which the young Curé of Maillé was called. He was the first to become aware of the fact.

Although he was faithful in the discharge of his pastoral duties he did not experience that inward satisfaction which accompanies the consciousness of duty perfectly performed. A secret voice told him that God expected more from him, his inward experiences were preparing him for higher flights in the future. His mother and especially his sister, Catherine, who both lived with him, while they admired his zeal, regretted that his life was not more deeply imbued with that spirit of poverty and renunciation which the Gospel counsels. One day when he had preached an eloquent sermon on the contempt of earthly goods, Catherine asked him point-blank why he did not begin at once to practice the detachment he had just enjoined.

That was the first warning God gave him. The second, which decided his complete conversion, came to him through the lips of a poor man. One day, when André was expecting company, his table was laden with the most beautiful family plate. A beggar presented himself at the door of the dining-room itself. "Charity, I entreat, for the love of God!" The curé was taken unawares, and when pressed, excused himself, saying that he had no silver. "What, Monsieur le Curé, you have no silver? Your table is covered with it." These words went to the Abbé Fournet's heart; with the eyes of faith he beheld Jesus Christ Himself, who was reproaching him by the mouth of the beggar. His resolution was taken: he decided to fol-

low the divine Master cost what it might. Farewell to entertainments and feasts with his friends, and magnificent receptions; henceforth these were abandoned; the curé of Maillé now only desired to be the humble servant of God and of souls. He was not content with the sacrifice of luxury; he now gave up ease and comfort. His plate and his handsome furniture were sold for the benefit of the poor; his only food now was black bread and vegetables. He had taken great care formerly about the language and style of his sermons, now he adopted a simpler and more evangelical fashion of speech, which all could understand, so that his parishioners, good country folk, could not fail to grasp his intent. Many of them were so eager to hear such edifying teaching, that they were not content with the simple instruction at the first Mass, but returned to the second; in the afternoon they attended the catechizing of the children and the sermon at Vespers.

We come now to the dark days of the Revolution. On July 12 the Constituent Assembly voted the civil Constitution of the clergy. André Fournet flatly refused to take the schismatic oath demanded by the Constitution, and was therefore obliged to give up his church to a priest who had forsworn himself. He did not lose heart, for his only concern was to save the souls which God had entrusted to him; he continued to exercise his holy ministry, but secretly, since his church was closed to him, first in one place, then in another. The persecution was redoubled in violence, new laws were voted which not only deprived of their churches the priests who had refused to take the oath, but condemned them to be deported. What were those priests to do? What would the Abbé Fournet do? In obedience to the wish of his Bishop, and following the example of a great number of his brethren, he decided to take the path of exile.

At the beginning of September, 1792,

the Curé of Maillé left for Spain. For five years he lived in the little town of Los Arcos, in the diocese of Pampeluna, where he was hospitably entertained in a family. "His eminent virtues made him esteemed by all," wrote a Spanish Capuchin Father. "His exemplary and edifying life, his even temper, his self-recollection, his spirit of mortification, his attendance at the services of the Church, his extreme charity towards the sick and the poor proved him to be a true saint. . . . He employed what leisure was left to him after his spiritual exercises in composing sermons destined for his beloved parishioners; he deeply regretted having left them and he longed to see them again. He would never have left, he said, had he known that the separation would last so long!"

In July, 1797, more hopeful news came from France, and it seemed possible to believe that better days were at hand. The Abbé Fournet left Spain immediately for Poitiers, where his first visit was to the house of one of his relatives, Madame Chocquin. "What madness!" was her greeting. "The guillotine is permanently established. You are exposing yourself to certain death." "He who has led me up till now," he replied simply, "will be well able to deliver me."

The persecution had indeed begun again with redoubled fury ever since the *coup d'état* of the 18th Fructidor. The Abbé Fournet did not even dream of going again into exile. He made up his mind to remain, ready for everything, even martyrdom.

He hastened to resume the exercise of his holy ministry. As the churches were closed, he used as a sanctuary the rooms of private houses, poor barns, or caves. Sometimes he sought solitude and silence in the great woods. Though he was tracked down on all sides, he had providential escapes. Sometimes these were due to his devoted parishioners, sometimes to the veneration he inspired

in the very men who were charged with his arrest.

Thus he was hidden one day under a heap of straw by the gendarme Dorain-Mesmé, who had gone ahead of his companions. He took upon himself the duty of examining the suspicious straw in the presence of all the onlookers, giving it hard thrusts with his sword—in safe places!

On another occasion, the Curé of Maillé was warming himself in the chimney-corner of a farm belonging to one of his uncles. Two gendarmes appeared on the scene: "Off with you, you lazy fellow!" cried the farmer's wife, "make room for one of these gentlemen." At the same time she gave the supposed servant a sharp box on the ear. When the gendarmes had left, she threw herself at Monsieur Fournet's feet, and begged for his forgiveness; she was inconsolable. The Abbé was fond of recalling this incident. "I confess," he used to say with a laugh, "that good woman struck hard; she made me see more than thirty-six candles" (the French way of saying she had made him see stars).

But happier days were in store for the Church. As soon as Pius VII. had signed the Concordat, the Abbé Fournet hastened to give in his adhesion to it. Now one single thought possessed him: to repair the moral ruin which the Revolution had wrought. He labored zealously to re-establish the Christian life and the pious habits of an earlier day in his parish of Maillé: daily Mass, which was well-attended, family prayer, frequent use of the Sacraments, the sanctification of the Sunday, etc. He preached the word of God; he visited the sick frequently; every day he catechized the children. His zeal for his sacred duties knew no limits. It was at this period that his parishioners formed the habit of calling him the "good Father," a name by which he was soon known throughout the neighborhood.

The reparation of the disasters occasioned by ten years religious persecution was no light matter; the Abbé Fournet was well aware that it was impossible for him to accomplish so vast a work alone. God was not deaf to the ardent prayers which his faithful servant did not cease to offer. To aid him in his work of restoration, He sent him a chosen soul, Mademoiselle Elisabeth Lucie Bichier des Ages. It was at the beginning of the year 1798 that the first interview took place between the good Father and the future Sister Elisabeth.

Some months had passed since the Curé of Maillé's return from Spain. But as his church was occupied by an intruder, he gathered together his faithful parishioners in any shelter that presented itself, *e. g.*, in a barn or some deserted ruin, and there, upon an improvised altar, he would celebrate the holy mysteries, and distribute to those generous Christians the bread of the word together with the Eucharistic Bread. The whole neighborhood was filled with the renown of his holiness; it even reached Béthines, and the Manor of Guimetière, where Madame Bichier des Ages, with her daughter Elisabeth, were living in retirement.

Mademoiselle Elisabeth was impressed by all the good she heard of the valiant confessor of the faith, and resolved to make the journey to Maillé which was three good leagues distant from Béthines. On a cold winter's night accompanied by an old man-servant she carried out her intention, and reached the barn "des Marsillys" to find it crowded with the faithful. She heard the good Father's Mass, and then tried to approach him, through the crowd that was besieging a corner of the barn which served as a confessional. When she asked the Father to hear her confession, he replied: "Do you think that in order to hear you, I am going to leave these mothers of families and these poor

people who have come here from places several miles away?" It was far from being an encouraging reception. "Father," the girl replied humbly, "I will await my turn; it is sufficient if you consent to hear me after them." She waited heroically for five long hours.

Did Father André in that first interview have any intuition of the good which God was intending to accomplish by means of that chosen soul? It is probable that he did. In order to prepare her for her mission, he marked out for her a rule of life which left no room for idleness or worldliness. Prayer, work, constant attention to her aged mother, visiting the sick and poor, such were the occupations with which her days were to be filled. The germ of the future Institute of the Daughters of the Cross was already existing in this rule given by Father André to his spiritual daughter. It would not be long before that germ would develop.

Madame Bichier died on October 22, 1804, and a few months afterwards the good Father communicated to Mademoiselle Elisabeth his plan of forming a small association which should have as its object the instruction of the children and the visiting of the sick poor in their homes. This association reckoned at first four members, beside Mademoiselle Elisabeth, who was made Superior in spite of her protests. They made La Guimetièrre their headquarters; a school was opened, and they began to visit the sick. Things went on in this way for two years. But Béthines was too far from Maillé for Father André to apply himself satisfactorily to the religious training of his daughters; they therefore moved at the end of the year 1806 to the little castle of Molante, in the parish of Maillé. It was there that the first nuns were clothed in the following year, and the first vows were taken by the first Daughters of the Cross. God blessed the humble beginnings of the new religious family: by 1811 the num-

ber of the Sisters had risen to fifteen. Since the château of Molante was no longer adequate to the needs of the little community, the nuns went down to the town of Maillé, taking with them the sick of the small hospital they had started, their orphans and their pupils.

Father André considered that the time had come to draw up the Constitutions of his Institute. They were thought out and written down in front of a great picture of Our Lady of Sorrows, which is carefully preserved at La Puye.

All the details of the daily life of the nuns were arranged, from their rising until the time of their going to bed; meditation, attendance at Mass, numerous exercises of piety, work, etc.,—all had their time and place. In 1816 these Rules were submitted to the Capitular Vicars of Poitiers who by virtue of their office named Monsieur Fournet Father Superior of the Institute, and Sister Bichier Mother Superior.

Father André now wished to devote himself entirely to his Institute, he therefore begged his Bishop, Monseigneur de Bouillé, to set him free from his responsibilities at Maillé. The Bishop consented; he gave him a successor, and allowed him to follow his religious family to La Puye, for the house which the Sisters were occupying at Maillé had been found inadequate to the work they were carrying on, and a fresh removal had to be made. Father André passed the last fourteen years of his life at La Puye, from 1820 to 1834, laboring incessantly for the sanctification of his daughters and of himself.

(Conclusion next week.)

Veronica.

BY T. E. B.

WHEN on her towel they beheld His face,
The hardened Jews were seen to cringe and
start;

What wonder theirs, if sanctified in grace,
They had beheld His image on her heart!

Carolina Abdicates.

BY ESTHER W. NEILL.

XIV.—THE NEW OFFICE.

MARIE ANTOINETTE was delighted when she heard that her beloved "Mr. Eduard" was planning to establish an office in the village so close to the curé's home, and she watched with wondering interest the repairs and alterations that Eduard was supervising. Tearing a nice little weather-tight house to pieces seemed to her frugal mind, when viewed from Tante Felicé's parsimonious outlook, an unusual and extravagant form of amusement, but "Mr. Eduard's" actions had always been more or less incomprehensible to her.

He lived like a prince in a fairy tale, in a palace so big that on several occasions she had lost herself in a labyrinth of rooms made more confusing by mirrors, multiplying doorways, and by soft carpets that muffled every footfall, while all the furnishings of the house seemed to her worthy of royalty. The sofas were thrones of gold and satin, velvet curtains hung at the windows, there were marble statues, vases of exotic plants, beautiful paintings, the table glittered with silver and the glass shone like rainbows in the candlelight; and yet "Mr. Eduard" seemed to attach little importance to all these princely possessions. He appeared to be just as happy and far more interested in his surroundings when they spent the day on the lake shore in the dark shadows of the pines, and he cooked their dinner of fresh fish on heated rocks, or on the end of a forked stick that charred dangerously, threatening to drop the impaled food into the sputtering fire. He lay upon the hard ground, seeming to find it more comfortable than a cushioned chair, and he had a sleepy way of looking up at the clouds and asking all sorts of nonsensical questions that she

could not answer. "If a woodpecker pecks a peck of wood, how many bushels do you suppose he could find in a tree? If that cloud up there is a soap bubble, where is the giant that is blowing the pipe? Here's a ladybug climbing my trouser leg, shall I sing her that silly song, 'Ladybug, Ladybug, fly away home, your house is on fire, your children will burn'? Whoever invented such a song, Marie Antoinette?" and lifting the small insect to a leafy bush beside him he said, "Pay no attention to us, my dear Ladybug. One should not fill you with unrest, alarms, just because you wear a coat of incendiary color."

And one day after putting his fishing bucket down upon an ant hill, he seemed more concerned than when that same bucket had leaked over his grandmother's waxed floor, running like a rivulet under the Oriental rugs. When that accident had occurred, he had called out indifferently to a servant to bring a cloth and wipe up the deepening puddle of water, but when the ant hill was destroyed he expressed deep contrition for his carelessness.

"A kingdom snuffed out in an instant, Marie Antoinette; an earthquake and a tidal wave merged into one. Suppose a huge bucket should descend from the sky and flatten us out like pancakes. What a catastrophe! No man in the world is clever enough to reconstruct an ant hill. What a pleasant place it must have been to live: subterranean passages, secret caverns, places for robbers, pirates, cut-throats. Look at those poor distracted ants milling around, all in a panic. Life is a queer thing, Marie Antoinette. Even an ant seems to want to hold onto it."

Though he puzzled her by his changing moods, she found great joy in his companionship, for his vivid imagination outstripped her own, and there were times when his fancies were expressed in such impenetrable words that she could not follow them. It was

then that she smiled, with an assumption of womanly wisdom, and viewed him as an irresponsible boy in need of her maternal guardianship.

Now that the rebuilding of the little house had interrupted their fishing trips, she felt that Eduard's interests should be defended in another way. He was so lavish in his expenditures, so careless with his money, that she was afraid he would be imposed upon, and so she trailed the carpenters, the paper hangers, the plumbers, and reported on their progress to the curé at meal time, and together they discussed the labor conditions of the village, the inherited laziness of some of the workmen, the industry and ability of others. With these facts tucked away in her retentive memory, she advised Eduard, with solemn precociousness, which men to employ, which ones to discharge.

She clapped her hands with rapture when she was invited to accompany Carolina and Eduard on their journey to the city where they went by automobile to purchase furniture for the new office rooms. She was a little overawed at first by the crowded stores, but the smiling, obsequious clerks restored her friendly confidence. She was asked to sit on chairs and sofas and tufted stools to test their springs and downy cushions, and she was consulted in regard to the color of upholsterer's fabrics and the designs of electric light fixtures. It amused Eduard to test the taste of her selections, and Carolina showed extraordinary patience in listening to her comments. Since Eduard was diverted by the child's company, she encouraged her criticism as she had courted her favor during all the long weeks of his convalescence, for she had been quick to take advantage of the child's help in furthering her own plans for her grandson's rehabilitation.

As they drove home after an exhausting day, Carolina was scarcely aware of her own fatigue, for she felt that this

latest effort on her part had been a real inspiration, the old doctor had entered into her plan so whole-heartedly; and Eduard, feeling that he was needed, had been roused from his morbid memories to a vital interest in this proposed partnership.

A week later when the brass sign that he had ordered, marked—

DR. EDUARD GROGE

OFFICE HOURS 9 TO 10—2 TO 4

arrived by parcel post he showed it to her with his old boyish enthusiasm, and he commanded her to sit in her car in front of the house while he held the plate in a varied number of positions to find out the most conspicuous place to which to attach it. She smiled as she watched him busy with this small detail of his new domicile, and she insisted that the gatepost was the most advantageous location, since every passer-by could not fail to see it. As he tore away the shrouding vines of honeysuckle, and proceeded to screw the name plate to the whining wood, Carolina felt that her wakeful nights, spent in plotting, had not been all in vain. She was stimulated by her own success, and then she leaned back on the soft cushions of her car strangely weary, like an old campaigner grown tired of manipulating pawns on this great checker board of life.

But Carolina and Marie Antoinette were not the only ones interested in this tiny office opening its enticing doors so close to the main street of the village. Loyalty to the old doctor created all sorts of inflammatory rumors. Eduard was an "ingrate," "a selfish pig," "an unwelcome intruder," "a robber." Why should a rich young man try to "steal" the good old doctor's hard-won practice? Some one should throw mud on the shining new sign on the gatepost, or break his windows to show him that he had no right to settle himself with such display right at the old doctor's front door.

They had watched the new furniture

being unloaded from the padded vans, and they had contrasted, with garrulous disapproval, the handsome mahogany bookcases, the easy chairs, with the old doctor's shabby belongings, while the white enamelled equipment for the small operating room led to more heated arguments. Such an extraordinary apparatus as an X-ray machine was an unfathomable mystery, an uncanny penetrating diagnostician of all diseases. The life of every villager might be indefinitely prolonged by such an up-to-date scientific innovation or unwary patients might be victimized during a period of experimentation. Eduard was a likable young man, but what did he know? What did any young man know? Going to school, reading books, hanging around hospitals; the old doctor's knowledge was dependable, indisputable, based upon the stable foundation of long experience.

His skill had been tested a thousand times. Everyone in the village acknowledged his omniscience, and here was Eduard having the effrontery to put up a brazen sign proclaiming his belief in his own proficiency. The boy must be sadly lacking in a decent sense of gratitude to try to compete with a life-long friend who had just brought him back from the door of death. No doubt his grandmother was to blame. She had always exaggerated the importance of her family, but everyone agreed that this last act of presumption exceeded all her past domineering performances, permitting her young grandson, with superior material possessions, to attempt to usurp the old doctor's place.

Marie Antoinette passing in and out of her neighbors' houses and yards, almost unnoticed, heard these shameful accusations, and when she told the good old curé about them her sobs almost choked her speech. The next Sunday the gentle priest preached a well-merited sermon on the virtue of charity, and he took the occasion to announce, after his

round-about admonitions, that the village had been singularly blessed by the arrival of an assistant to Doctor Savarin—a well-educated, conscientious young man who had come, at the doctor's request, to establish an office as an addition to Doctor Savarin's own.

The curé's words, delivered from the steps of the high altar, could not be doubted. The congregation gathered in the churchyard after Mass to discuss the relative merits of the two doctors at their leisure. Of course everyone had to agree that Doctor Savarin was getting old and his refusal to limit his large appetite was piling up fat and inviting apoplexy. Eduard was a kindly young man, handsome, intelligent, approachable, married to a *premier danseuse*, or some sort of disreputable woman, who had divorced him. Divorced! No one in the village had suffered such a disgrace before. Divorced! No wonder his proud old grandmother had thrown him out of the house. She had relented while he was so ill and nursed him back to life, but, now that he had recovered his health and was able to work at his chosen profession, she had cast him out all over again. He would be obliged to earn his own living, even though his grandmother "wallowed in wealth." No one could ever prophesy what old Madam Grogé would do next. She had always been "up to something" since her youth, and now that she was old she would not settle down and "prepare to die," and it would be wise for her "to prepare," for everyone agreed that she had always been a passionate sort of person with an ungovernable temper. She had been known to "turn purple with rage." There was feeble old Tonita who had been her personal maid in New Orleans. Tonita could tell many interesting tales of Madam's pyrotechnic tantrums and the difficulty of living with her and preserving one's own self-control.

Old Tonita, her shoulders bent, her

sharp chin almost meeting her sharper nose, stood leaning on her cane, the center of a gossiping group in the churchyard.

"Oh, many a day was I tempted by the devil to drop poison in her black coffee," she was saying with startling frankness. "It would have been quite easy, since I brought it to her bedside every morning. Only the saints preserved me. There were times when she beat me with her brushes until I could have cried aloud."

"Beat you?" exclaimed one skeptic in her audience. "She would not have had the strength to beat you, and great ladies do not demean themselves that way."

"And did I say that she turned me across her knee?" the old woman's voice shrilled defensively. "The saints know I never lie. She cracked me across the knuckles with her brushes. It is the same,—she beat me with her brushes."

"What brushes?" some one asked.

"Hair brushes," answered the old woman smacking her lips over her toothless gums; "hair brushes with golden backs. Her toilet articles were like a queen's. One day she nearly blinded me. She is a heretic, as you know, and she has never confessed her sins, but she used to repent and then,—ah, then she would load me with presents. It was for those days I lived."

"And what did she give you?" one of the young girls asked.

"Oh, many things," the old woman smiled to express her reminiscent delight: "silk dresses, without a spot or tear, coats with fur, hats, shoes, slippers. For years I never had to buy a stitch for myself. I put away all my money. It has brought me many comforts in my old age. But, remember,—you must all remember that I keep no money in my house. I have nothing—nothing. Madam advised me to buy what you call an annuity. It gives me

enough to live on, but when I die all payments cease. It is gone."

After a few more revelations she tottered away, a brown, witch-like figure, walking warily between the graves as if she feared that some friend of her youth would reach out a fleshless arm and claim her company. The old curé's sermon had been forgotten. Gossip had been diverted into a wider channel. Carolina, whose reign had been acknowledged in the village for so many years, was like a sovereign whose words had all the significance of public pronouncements. Some parliamentary body should sit in judgment and discuss the far-reaching effect of her heartless actions and invent means to counteract the woe-ful consequences that might follow upon her unnatural behavior.

No one had ever denied her constructive power for good in the community which had depended upon her patronage for so many formative years, but this manifestation of cruelty towards her only grandson was an outrage on the solidarity of family life. It might result in all sorts of fatal consequences in many households that had been struggling to live up to their traditional obligations towards their clinging and dependent relatives, and here was Madam Grogé, whose wealth lifted her above all necessity of sacrifice, closing the doors of her palatial mansion in the face of her only descendant, leaving him to be supported by the sick and the suffering, forcing him to move into a small cottage in the village when she owned a house of twenty rooms with a conservatory full of flowers and a picture gallery of gold-framed paintings, each one worth a "king's ransom." A hazy way of appraising values depending altogether on the popularity of kings.

Eduard should be commended for accepting so cheerfully his grandmother's harsh dictum, and going to work like any other poor young man; and though they all agreed that his long

years spent at the medical school should place him a rung or two higher on the ladder of life, his chances for making a living in such a healthy neighborhood were pitifully smaller than those of a truck farmer, or a skilled mechanic.

But his apparent poverty, the poignant tragedy of his divorced state and his need of endorsement, established him favorably in the eyes of the villagers. He had always been friendly, but his affluence had made him a little unapproachable. Now they could meet him as one on their own level and consult him with a pleasant superior sense of conferring a favor upon his inexperience. Old Pictou, the cobbler, had been talking enthusiastically about this "new contraption" that Eduard had brought from New York which had helped him with his rheumatism. Some sort of a "bake oven that did not burn." Even old Tonita, suspicious of all innovations, had announced her intention of trying it on her aching joints. And there was Joe Bangué telling everyone who stopped for gas or oil that, if it had not been for Eduard's gratuitous assistance, he would have lost his hand from blood poison; while Marie Antoinette, running in and out of her neighbor's houses, was a lively advertisement proclaiming his skill and knowledge.

Some of the old women in the village spent the whole of Sunday afternoon exchanging symptoms until each one had amassed her neighbor's ills as well as her own. They determined to visit the new doctor at once. The old doctor had dismissed them too often with some cheery casual advice. They wanted to be taken more seriously. Illness was the only arresting refuge left them for their pent-up egotism.

And so Eduard's work in the village began, and for the first week or two he was astounded by the number of his patients. Everyone was curious to see the inside of the little office, and since all individuals can think up a disability

of some sort, Eduard was kept so busy he had little time for his own morbid memories. If he had lost some of the light heartedness of his youth he had learned sympathy with suffering, tenderness for weakness, and a toleration that belongs rightfully to the peace and philosophy of old age, but which impatient youth rarely knows how to cultivate or enjoy. And while he interviewed half the village, Carolina proved the falsity of all gossip by presenting her grandson with a high-powered car that stood in front of his little office half the day, a symbol of her benign intentions and continued affection, while Eduard routed further these malevolent rumors by accompanying his grandmother, with smiling amity, to all committee meetings held to consider the important question of curbstones.

If the number of his patients decreased after their first visit of curiosity, he had enough to keep him occupied, for the old doctor, assured now that the comfortable disorder of his own office would not be disturbed, showed his inconsistency by spending much of his leisure time at the new office next door. Sitting on the narrow piazza smoking his pipe, with his square-toed shoes propped up on the railing in front of him, he found it very restful to refer his chronic patients to his young assistant "inside."

He had always been fond of Eduard, and when the boy first left college and was uncertain as to his choice of a profession, the old doctor had advised him to study medicine, little dreaming what satisfaction and fatherly joy he would find in Eduard's companionship. Soon he fell into the habit of asking his young assistant to accompany him on his long drives through the mountains.

"You must learn to know the moonshiners," he said by way of an excuse. "If you were sent for some night on a sick call, they might mistake you for a revenue officer and shoot you full of

holes. They are a friendly lot when you get to know them."

As the weeks went by Eduard began to feel a sense of peace, a new contentment in his work. The encircling mountains would defend him forever from all tumultuous passion, the memory of his unfortunate marriage receded into a dimmer alcove of his memory. The small comedies and tragedies of the village claimed his interest; he was cheered by the old doctor's congenial company, while the freshening influence of the late medical periodicals, to which he dutifully subscribed, led them to many friendly arguments and furnished them with endless topics for discussion.

Carolina was greatly pleased with the success of her scheming, and to make her grandson's practice seem more worth while, she insisted on giving the old doctor a liberal sum to pay his young assistant every month, thus establishing the partnership on an apparent business basis. When the old doctor explained that he would share the proceeds of his practice, she refused to listen to his arguments.

"I forced him on you, Henri," she said. "I know your patients barely support you, for you hate to send them bills, but we've got to make Eduard believe that he is earning his way. It won't be for long. I'm sure he won't want to stay, he's full of ambition. He will get tired. The village will seem too small, but help me now to build him up body and brain before he leaves me again."

"If you put it that way, Carolina, you knock the pins from under my self-respect, but I suppose you will have your way,—you have always had your own way. Next month, however, I am going away on a long trip. Been promising myself for years that I would go to Havana. Want to see the country. Want to get burned with a little tropical sun and rest for a while with an old creny of mine who has been urging me

to come and look at his coffee plantation. While I'm away Eduard must collect all fees. You make him understand that the practice is his,—all his."

Carolina expressed no regret at his departure. She had always regarded the old doctor as one of her best friends, but she was so concerned about Eduard's readjustment to life that she would have joyfully dispensed with the old doctor's society forever, if she had thought that his permanent absence would have brought to Eduard an added belief in his own usefulness. She had been so anxious to give Eduard an interest in life that she had purposely refrained from making any suggestions when the little house was being remodelled to suit his needs. Later when she went to inspect it, she could not help showing surprise, when she saw that the necessity of a kitchen and dining room had been ignored.

"Who will prepare you lunches, Eduard?" she asked.

"I'm coming home, Miss Carrie," he answered, putting his arms around her. "You needn't think you are going to get rid of me so soon. That little car you gave me can make sixty. I'll be home every day by one o'clock. I can get there in three minutes, if I step on the gas."

"I'm delighted to hear it," she said enthusiastically; "and if you are detained I may come occasionally and bring my lunch, and we can spread a little feast on that ghastly operating table. It must be sanitary since it's never been used."

Marie Antoinette usually drifted in to partake of these refreshments. She felt a proud sense of ownership in this little office that she had helped to build, and when she saw that the garden beds had been trampled by the workmen, she added her own contribution by bringing bulbs from the graveyard to plant in place of the broken shrubbery.

"You must not take from the graves,

Marie Antoinette," Eduard had protested. "It isn't quite fair to dig up bulbs that have been planted on graves."

"But there are so many, Mr. Eduard," she explained, standing before him innocent of all wrongdoing. "There are so many, and I only dig up the ones between the graves, so they don't show."

"But the graves are not ours, dear child; thank God they are not yours or mine! I don't feel so much like falling into one as I did a little while back. But somebody planted those flowers years ago. Don't you think it's a little ghoul-ish, Marie Antoinette, to rob graves? What would your uncle say?"

"He said it was all right," she said triumphantly, "the bulbs were too crowded. I'm sure the people who planted them only put in one or two, and the good God has done the rest. My uncle said it would be wise to thin them out a little."

With this theological question of honesty settled so satisfactorily, Eduard accepted gratefully the small gifts she brought. When her wicker basket was too shallow to hold the long, fibrous roots she carried her muddy offerings in the skirt of her dress and brought them in larger quantities to plant in carefully spaced rows with the curé's well-worn trowel that she had borrowed for the purpose. She worked so faithfully at this self-imposed task, measuring the distance between each bulb with a muddy tape line, pressing the moist earth into place with her grimy little fingers and finding such satisfaction in her own accomplishment, that when Carolina offered to send Eduard some tulips that she had imported from Holland, he refused them, explaining that a plant from any other source would seem an intruder in this garden of childish affection, for when the bulbs bloomed Marie Antoinette must know that she had produced this colorful pageant of beauty.

(To be continued.)

Summertime.

BY J. CORSON MILLER.

NOW summer softly winds her golden horn.
Trim honeysuckles perk their heads and smile,
Chaste columbine lean shyly o'er the stile—
The lime-tree bends its blooms to greet the
morn.

Figs sway in green; across the mellow farms,
The hot sun drifts and dreams till daylight
wanes;

Dusk fades to dark, dew falls in rippling rains,
Spent nature sleeps in night's enfolded arms.

O queen of seasons, waft unto our ears
Largess of love for beauty, pure and wild!
Give us the wonder-eyes of the cuddling child,
That sees new worlds swing wide wherever he
peers.

And when the field-lark's note throbs clear and
long,

Heap high our weary hearts with merry song.



Celtic Elements in the Bronte Genius.

BY A. J. REILLY, M. A.

(Conclusion.)

THE tedium of Haworth bore heavily on Charlotte. She had not the resources to create a world within which she could retire and find complete satisfaction as had Emily; she had not the strength, the patience, the fear-haunted mysticism to steady her as had Anne; nor had she the courage to rebel against the narrowness of the life at Haworth which cramped and defrauded her. She tried but failed both as a governess and as a schoolmistress. She returned eagerly to dismal Haworth, only to write to her friend, Mary Taylor: "I can hardly tell you how the time gets on at Haworth. There is no event whatever to mark its progress. . . . I feel as if we were all buried here."

Like Branwell and Anne, she too, was torn by spiritual unrest. The Celt in her demanded rich, spiritual experience,

made impossible by the narrow prejudices she had acquired in the Calvinistic atmosphere of Yorkshire. So dire did this need become that once in Brussels she could not resist the urge to cast herself upon her knees in the confessional of the Catholic church of St. Gudule—a throwback, perhaps, to that once Catholic grandmother. She writes to Emily of this incident, "I was determined to confess. . . . I actually did confess—a real confession." Bitter indeed must have been the spiritual desolation which thus conquered her prejudices.

Again, like Branwell, whom she resembles more closely than either of her sisters, Charlotte possessed unbelievable depths of passion. Her novels burn with this passion which could not have had its source in the stern repression of the Haworth rectory nor the correct training of the Roe Head school. And critics called the author, the timid little woman of few words, the correct daughter of a village clergyman, unwomanly and, softly, probably no better than she should be. Charlotte's attitude to such criticism may be inferred from a letter to Harriet Martineau in which she says: "I know what *love* is as I understand it; and if man or woman should be ashamed of feeling such love, then there is nothing right, noble, faithful, truthful, unselfish in this earth as I comprehend rectitude, nobleness, fidelity, truth, and disinterestedness."

Perilously near the frank self-expression and realism of the moderns! And there is a realism in the novels of Charlotte Brontë undreamed of among English writers of her day. It was nearer to the realism of the old Gaelic writers. Her passionate heroines are nearer kin to the tragic Deirdre or the indomitable Grania than to Jane Austin's correct, middle-class ladies for whom Charlotte herself had small regard, though she might have served as a model for any Jane Austin heroine, so correct, so restrained was she in speech and action.

For this reason the majority of her biographers would have us believe that Charlotte's marriage was—inexplicable—one of convenience. Obviously such could not have been the case. At the time of her marriage she was a woman of thirty-seven with a well-established place in the literary world, a good income from her novels, a few cherished friends. She had had several previous offers of marriage, better from a worldly standpoint, and there was no possible reason for her consenting to an alliance with the hated genius curate, except that this particular curate had deeply stirred her affections. Yet because she writes primly of her approaching marriage, referring to her fiancé as Mr. Nichols, her biographers overlook the self-repression in which she had been schooled, forget her regard for the conventions, for decorum—she once asked pardon of a school fellow for calling her "darling," and again and again refused to go to London lest she give scandal to the strict moralists in her father's parish—and look for the same passionate rhapsodies in her personal letters which she allows her heroines. Had she lived she might have immortalized her love in a novel, but, being Charlotte, would never express it in a letter. Once during the brief years of her married life she wrote, in almost the same words that her mother had written forty years before, "I have a good, kind, attached husband, and every day my own attachment to him grows stronger."

How much this restrained confession meant can be realized only when one recalls the depths of the inarticulate affection the Brontës had for each other. Again on her deathbed, Charlotte leaves testimony of her love in that pitiful plaint, "I am not going to die, am I? He will not separate us, we have been so happy." Undoubtedly Charlotte Brontë loved with all the passion of her Celtic soul. She was entirely too truthful and sincere to have accepted

marriage otherwise. She sought happiness in marriage. She had sought happiness and joy all her life, finding it to enjoy it too briefly.

Emily, alone of the Brontës, achieved happiness in bleak Haworth mainly because her bold Celtic imagination enabled her to build up for herself an inner world of the spirit almost entirely satisfying, a sort of pantheism reminiscent of the old Druidic cult, which was sufficient for her needs as long as she remained in the serenity of that ordered home life and could enjoy the wild freedom of the moors. Taken out of that environment, the spirit of Emily sickened. Even as a schoolgirl this overpowering nostalgia, this inability to adjust herself to a new environment, manifested itself in Emily's character. So ill did she become at Roe Head that Charlotte, fearful for her health, had her sent home. Later in Brussels it took all of Emily's strength of will, coupled with feverish occupation in the studies she loved and a realization of the financial loss her return would mean, to overcome the nostalgia that made life a torment. Once home to the moors again she could write,

So hopeless is the world without,
The world within I doubly prize—

lines almost identical in spirit with those written by the Sixth Century Gaelic poetess and recluse, Ita,

Jesukin
Lives my little cell within;
What were wealth of cleric high
All is lie but Jesukin.

In Emily there is no uncertainty, no fear of either life or death:

No coward soul is mine,
No trembler in the world's storm-troubled sphere:

I see Heaven's glories shine
And faith shines equal, arming me from fear.

Here we have the implicit, unquestioning belief characteristic of the Celt from the time when he first appears on the world's stage.

Another singularly Celtic trait in Emily is her attitude toward death as not only inevitable but entirely natural, and to be contemplated with equanimity. She speaks almost casually of "the time when my sunny hair shall with grass roots entwined be" as the Ninth Century Gaelic poet makes it seem quite natural that the dead lover would keep tryst with his beloved, and tell her where his body might be found:

My bloody corpse lies by the side of the Slope
of the Two Brinks;
My head all unwashed is among the warrior
bands in fierce slaughter.

Of her art Abbé Dimnet writes: "She says nothing that has not been said a thousand times, but she says it in another way. . . . With simple words Emily achieves a rare effect."

She knew the value of the music and rhythm of every word she wrote, but whether that knowledge came from a racial memory—for none can deny the open-air freshness and music of Gaelic poetry—or, which is more probable, from the recollection of the unusual melody of Irish speech and phraseology heard in her childhood when her father entertained his children with the wild, imaginative folk tales of County Down, there is the same freshness, vigor and want of conventionality in Emily's language as that which characterizes the old Celtic tales. And all uncomprehending, Emily introduced a new technique into English verse.

Rhythm in English poetry is generally governed by stress. Early Irish verse, on the contrary, and, to a certain extent, Anglo-Irish verse, is syllabic, the voice rising and falling naturally in a sort of tune. Indeed, Celtic poetry is the daughter of Celtic music. Unconsciously—instinctively, perhaps, Emily followed the Irish mode. Charlotte, and Emily herself, believed this was a defect, and later editors have striven to reduce her verse to conformity with the rules of English prosody. How greatly in error

they are is shown by the following little poem impossible to scan, but read evenly with a level fall of syllables, of exquisite beauty:

Tell me, tell me, smiling child,*
What the past is like to thee.
An autumn evening, soft and mild,
With a wind that sighs mournfully.

Tell me, what is the present hour?
A green and flowery spray,
Where a young bird sits, gathering its power
To mount and fly away.

And what is the future, happy one?
A sea beneath a cloudless sun,
A mighty, dazzling, glorious sea,
Stretching into infinity.

Any doubt of Emily's reserves of lyric power, great enough to have ranked her among the great lyric poets had fate been kinder, vanishes after reading "Wuthering Heights," that novel in which lyricism and passion combined with an unusual realism carry it to heights where its improbabilities and immaturities are forgotten in the boldness and fervor of its imagination. "There is a quality in her English," writes Abbé Dimnet, "which makes it seem like an entirely foreign language," not realizing that it is the quality of colloquial directness found in English as it is spoken in Ireland, the English Patrick Brontë spoke, simple, vigorous, fresh, a young language—English has been spoken generally in Ireland for little more than a century,—nevertheless a language with a thousand years of literary accomplishment and historic memories behind it. All of the Brontës wrote this language as they all showed an intense appreciation of nature arising partly, perhaps, from their solitary life on the moors, but also out of the deep well of their Celtic heritage. In Emily this passion comes close to that of the early Gaelic poets in which, as Sigerson points out, "it seems to transcend love and become almost a fusion." This nature passion was perhaps the

source of the pantheistic theology Emily evolved, which apparently satisfied all the needs of her stoic soul.

The work of the Brontës shows immaturity, lack of experience, lack of restraint, improbabilities, absurdities, even, sometimes an annoying tendency to exhibit erudition none of which characteristics go to make for immortality, but all of which may be expected in the work of simple, inexperienced country girls living simple, narrow lives. It also shows lyric passion, bold imagination, deep spirituality, intense and vivid self-expression—a language fresh and strong as the winds which blew across the wild moors; in a word, the gift of genius, which was the contribution of their Celtic heritage.

❖❖❖ Cousin Mary's Excuse.

BY FLORENCE GILMORE.

IT'S true that I am only distantly connected with dear Cousin Lawrence, and his even dearer little wife; but for years I have lived in the big house which stands next their smaller but very pretty one, and have seen them so frequently and so intimately that I feel as if I belong to them and they to me. Certainly, everything which concerns them is of prime interest and importance in my life; so I was only less excited than they the morning that John's letter arrived.

My cook having baked a delicious and unnecessarily large cake, I had cut it in half, and then I ran across the yard which separates our houses, smiling to think how pleased they would be, for no children love sweets better than do these old cousins of mine. That is how it chanced that I heard the news five minutes after they themselves knew it.

Ordinarily, the morning sees them together in the "sitting room," as they persist in calling it, Cousin Lawrence deep in the latest edition of the *Journal*,

* Literature in Ireland, by Thomas MacDonagh.

and Cousin Mary either mending, or making some garment for the poor, or knitting one of the sweaters which, at close intervals, she sends to John in California—never to be worn, I always fear. But on this first day of August I found them eagerly reading and re-reading a letter from their son; and, in an excited and bewildered way, trying to make plans regarding a score of little details.

"What's the excitement?" I inquired, the moment that I entered the room, forgetting to say, "good morning."

It was Cousin Mary who answered me: "Oh, Louise dear, we've just had the most wonderful letter from John!" she explained. "He wants us to go to Chicago to see the Century of Progress Exposition. We're to spend a whole week there. He remembers how, in 1893, when he was a mite of a child, his father and I wanted the worst way to go to Chicago for the World's Fair, and couldn't afford to make the trip. Isn't it like the dear boy to remember all about it! So he wants us to see this one; and he has sent money to buy any fine clothes we may need, and railroad and Pullman tickets, good on August seventh. He has even engaged a room for us at the finest hotel in Chicago!"

"How lovely! How lovely for both of you!" I cried.

"It's so—so unexpected. I can hardly believe it yet. We had not dreamed of getting to Chicago," Cousin Lawrence said; and after a moment, thinking first of Cousin Mary, as was his way, he continued, "Mother, you must go down town this very day and get whatever you'll need for the trip. You'll go with her, won't you, Louise?"

"Indeed I'll be glad to," I assented.

"You need a suit, don't you, Mother? I must get one, too. Well—" And he laughed light-heartedly,—"*for once we don't have to count the cost.*"

"We need a suit case, don't we?" Cousin Mary suggested.

"I'll lend you one, two, if you want them," I offered eagerly; and added, in a burst of enthusiasm, "isn't it lovely! You haven't had a trip of any sort for years and years! And think of all the interesting things you'll see!"

"More of them than two slow old people like ourselves can take in," Cousin Lawrence said; and went on, after an instant's consideration, "the seventh; that will be next Monday. Only six days, and we'll be off."

"Louise," Cousin Mary said suddenly, "I'm wondering already about my window boxes. If I give you a key, would it be too much trouble—"

"Certainly, I'll take care of them," I assured her; "I'll come here every morning to water them."

"Besides—" And Cousin Lawrence began to plan other details, interrupting himself to laugh joyously whenever he turned toward his wife.

"I'm afraid Mother will never settle down again," he said.

And Cousin Mary did not allay his fears. "Maybe not," she granted. "I may be completely spoiled by so much dissipation."

So, for ten or fifteen minutes, they talked excitedly and laughingly, teasing each other a little and interrupting themselves more than once to say again how unexpected the outing was; then, when the old-fashioned clock on the old-fashioned mantle struck half-past ten, Cousin Lawrence said, "Time for me to water the grass. I should have done it earlier;" and at once he hurried away in the direction of the side entrance.

As the door closed behind him, I turned to Cousin Mary, and asked, "How about that suit? Have you an idea what you want?"

To my surprise she did not answer me; and when I repeated the question, roused herself, with an evident effort, and murmured, "Oh, yes: my suit. You see, Louise—"

Suddenly, her bright eyes filled with tears.

"Louise," she repeated falteringly, and in a voice so low that I knew she feared Cousin Lawrence might possibly overhear what she was about to say. "Louise, I wouldn't for the world have Father know it, but I don't want to go to Chicago. Long ago, at the time of the first World's Fair, as John remembers, I was disappointed that we couldn't afford to see it. Our friends went; and the pictures of it were beautiful. But now—I'm old now, and tired; and—oh, Louise, the truth is that I've been counting on John's coming home this summer. It's so long since we've seen him, and—and I'm so disappointed!"

"Dear Cousin Mary, how sorry I am!" I cried. "Of course, to see John would be a hundred times more of a treat for you," I said, with ready understanding of her feeling.

"He had not spoken of coming, but I couldn't help hoping that—" Cousin Mary faltered; and in the next breath, she cautioned me, "But don't give the least hint of this to Father. He's eager to go. He'll enjoy every minute—and I'll pretend to. Besides, it was *dear* of John to send us all this money, and to plan the trip so carefully for us."

"I wish he had used the money to come home. He surely knows—" I began hotly; but his mother at once sprang to his defense:

"Probably, he cannot spare the time from his business," she said, in excuse. "John is a very busy man, you know."

"Yes," I granted, because I knew that it would only hurt her to criticise John.

A few minutes later I rose to go, and after kissing her on the forehead, I promised to return early in the afternoon to take her down town.

"And you will be careful never to let Father suspect," she begged.

"Never!" I promised. "It would spoil everything for him."

When I reached the front door,

Cousin Lawrence was sprinkling a flower-bed near the porch. He propped the hose against the edge of it, and came forward to talk with me.

"It will do the posies good to get a soaking; and what's more important, I want a chance to say a word to you," he explained; and asked, in the next breath, "did you arrange with Mother about that shopping expedition?"

"Yes; we are going this afternoon," I told him.

She will enjoy a new dress. She doesn't often get one, and no woman is ever too old or too wise to love pretty clothes," he said, in his customary joking way; but after a pause, looking down at me with eyes that were suddenly bedimmed with tears, he said confidentially,

"I wouldn't let Mother suspect it but Louise, it was *John* I wanted not his money. For weeks, somehow I have thought that surely *this* year he would manage to come back to visit us. He's all we have, and it's all of seven years—"

His voice shook over the last words; but almost instantly he went on, in a more matter-of-fact tone, "I wouldn't for the world let Mother know that I have no heart in this Chicago business. It would spoil her fun completely, and she's keen for the trip. And—" he concluded bravely, "no doubt I'll enjoy it, too, when the time comes."

I don't remember what reply I made; not one that was of any help to Cousin Lawrence, I am certain. When he added, apologizing for John, that, of course, his son had no idea how greatly he longed to see him, I merely longed to shake John, and said not a word.

Well, Cousin Mary and I went down town that afternoon and selected a suit for her; we went again the following day to have it fitted and to buy a hat; and even after that there were several errands to be done in connection with the trip, short although it was to be.

The old people talked of nothing else, and no one listening to them would have suspected that the whole affair was not a delight to both. Nor did either of them again hint, even when I was alone with one or the other, that going to Chicago was no better than a big disappointment.

On Monday, the seventh, they went away; and on Tuesday I began to go to their house each morninig to water the flowers in Cousin Mary's beloved window box. On the fourteenth, the day set for their return, I did all I could to make their home-coming happy. I dusted everywhere; placed bouquets of flowers in the sitting room; had the refrigerator filled, and got milk, eggs, fruit and bread.

Two trains from Chicago pass through our station daily, one shortly after noon, the other at seven in the evening. When Cousin Lawrence and Cousin Mary did not arrive on the first, as I had expected them to do, I went home, intending to be on hand early in the evening to have the door open and to bid them welcome; for I feared that both would be not only tired, but—secretly—low-spirited.

Shortly after three o'clock I went to my veranda to look over the afternoon mail; and was glancing through an advertisement when I noticed that a fine big car had stopped before Cousin Lawrence's house. Instantly curious, I leaned forward to see it better, although I had no doubt that it was merely passing through on some journey, and had stopped either for repair work or because its occupants were uncertain of their route.

But the chauffeur jumped from his place, and opened the door; and to my utter amazement it was Cousin Lawrence who stepped out. After him came a younger man who very carefully helped Cousin Mary to the pavement. Chatting and laughing, the three started toward the house, the chauffeur at their heels with a number of suit cases.

"Why—why—what can possibly—?"

I stammered, speaking aloud, in my excitement; and I leaned far forward, straining my eyes. Then, suddenly, the younger man turned his head and I saw that he was John.

I was afire with curiosity, but felt that I must wait at least an hour or two before going next door to hear the explanation; however, half an hour had not passed before Cousin Mary came, smiling radiantly, across the lawn.

All eagerness, I ran to meet her. "Oh, Cousin Mary!" I cried; "do tell me all about it."

Instead of replying Cousin Mary put her arms about my neck and kissed me; then, buried her face on my shoulder, sobbing for joy. After a moment or two she controlled herself, and said, tremulously but laughingly, "What a silly old woman I am! And I ought to be used to him by this time. We've had him for a whole week."

"But tell me what happened," I urged. "I was never in my life more surprised than when I saw that car; and then, John."

"You could not have been so much surprised to see him as we were. You remember—don't you, dear?—how John sent our tickets and even our Pullman reservations; which, of course, were good only on a certain day. Well, he did that so he could know exactly what train we would take. And when we got to Chicago, there in that big, noisy, hurrying crowd of strangers, the very first face we saw was John's—John's dear face smiling at us!"

Her voice shook a little, but after the slightest of pauses, Cousin Mary continued, "And the room he had engaged for us at the hotel: it adjoined the one he had taken there for himself! Oh, Louise, Father and I have had such a happy week!"

"And your good time isn't ended yet," I reminded her; "for you still have John."

"He's going to stay for at least a week before he starts back to California," Cousin Mary rejoiced.

I had begun to say how delighted I was, for her sake and Cousin Lawrence's, when she interrupted me to exclaim contritely, "But I am forgetting to thank you, dear, for the care you took of my flowers; and for the ice and all the good things I found in the refrigerator. We had dinner at one o'clock on our way, thinking that we'd find a typical Mother Hubbard cupboard here. As things are, it will be easy for me to give my two hungry boys a good supper. It was dear and thoughtful of you, Louise. And now I must hurry back and set the table."

"After a while I am going over to see John," I said.

"Do come; but John isn't there just now. He went down town to send a few telegrams. And that reminds me. My head certainly isn't on my shoulders these days! I was forgetting the errand which brought me here before we had fairly caught our breath. I came especially to ask a favor. You see, we can take care of John's chauffeur in our big attic room; but we have no garage. You have a large one, and your car is small, so—"

"Of course, Cousin Mary!" I interrupted. "Wait a moment; I'll run into the house for my extra key. Why didn't I think to offer it?"

On returning with the key, I said, "Cousin Mary, have you time to tell me a little word about the Exposition? What did you see?"

Strangely, the question seemed to embarrass her. "What did I see?" she repeated; then, she laughed that sweet, sweet laugh of hers, and answered,

"Ask Father or John that question; either of them will tell you all kinds of interesting things. I'm afraid, Louise, that I remember very little. Wherever we went, I—it was John I looked at, all the time."

Marian Bloom.

BY MARY RUDOLPH.

TRADITION and deeply-rooted customs are very tenacious of life, being as it were the hidden stream of faith. Among others may be mentioned the fact that no spot on earth is so barren but the lover of our Blessed Lady should find there a blooming remembrance of her.

A beautiful instinct, indeed, which, in days long past, gave to Mary, in some form or other, so many flowers of the field. This exquisite devotion to the Mother of Our Saviour has no more fitting example than the lily and the rose. After these two, follow the more humble dwellers by the wayside, the Lady's Tresses, Lady's Slippers, Virgin Bower, Marietta and Marygolds.

Before the Christian era, flowers, together with many other things, were dedicated to pagan deities. The early Church Fathers, sensing the inherent beauty of the idea, assimilated the devotion and redirected it to the honor of Christ, the Trinity, saints and martyrs; but among them all, the fairest and best were set aside for Mary, the Mother of God.

Many plants were also associated with the Queen of Heaven, such as the "Maiden Hair" or "Lady's Tresses." The rose of Hera became the "Santa della Rosa," or more frequently the "Rose of the Visitation."

In association with the far-away past, many other blooms not as well known as the rose, paid their tribute to the Blessed Virgin. "Our Lady's Comb" and "Our Lady's Looking Glass." But it is in the pure white loveliness of the "Madonna Lily" that we sense the devotion of everything holiest in the life of Mary Immaculate. We need not be told how Italian painters placed in the hands of Mary the "Annunciation lily." Others

showed the Angel Gabriel bearing the lily to her who was to become "Blessed amongst women." Few are the gardens which do not boast of some form of lily, whether the stately golden queen of the garden, the "Lily of the Visitation" or the tiny clustered lilies-of-the-valley, "Virgin's Tears."

From the frosts of springtime until the colder days of February, or from Lady's Day until Lady's Day, the garden turns to the Blessed Mother of God an ever-succeeding pageant of blossoming. The Snowdrop ushers in the array, bringing the "Fair-maid-of February," which is also known as the "Purification Lily" or "Candlemas Lily." Long ago, we read it was the habit to cover the entire statue of Our Lady with snowdrops on the second day of February.

Whether under April showers or the sultry midsummer moons or the freezing mists of winter, love for our Blessed Lady bore its testimony of flowers. England's earliest bloom, the cowslip once bore the name "Our Lady's Bunch of Keys." Following it came the cuckoo blossom, which, before the days of Cromwell and Puritan fanaticism, spread out its white loveliness over English meadows as "Our Lady's Smock." Who has not read in ancient verse—"The Lady-smocks all silver white—"

Soon after Lady's Day came the tawny gold marsh marigolds "Tinting meads and valleys grey." It was either Saxon story or Celtic legend which gave Mary's name to this plant of fire.

May would not be half as beautiful were it not for the stately procession of lilies that herald its approach. Once known as "Virgin's Tears," the modest lilies-of-the-valley are closely followed by "Canterbury Bells" or "Mariettas." Then we note "Our Lady's Balsam," a spicy herb and condiment. Glinting threads of the dodder next appear—"Our Lady's Laces." The delicate spirea, once known as "Our Lady's Night-

cap," comes next with its penetrating fragrance. Noted above, with the maiden hair, came the rarer fern known as "Our Lady's Bed-Straw," which, old tales tell us, once filled the manger at Bethlehem. Green and white shafts of Solomon seals have only since Cromwell's time bore its name; before that "Our Lady's Seal," because it bloomed on the day of her nativity.

Even the thistle family renders its measure of homage in the name "Our Lady's Milk-silk" (*Carduus Marianus*) and "Lady's Mantle," because of the fine coating of hairs upon its leaves. The harebell was once "Our Lady's Thimble;" then too there is "Lady's Slipper," "Our Lady's Workbag" (*Calceolaria*), and the other plant known as "Our Lady's Thumb." An interesting legend of the latter is to the effect that Our Lady wishing to heal a difficult case sought it far and wide and "Not finding it in her hour of need, she pinched its leaflet for a weed," and as a weed it has ever since remained. Other legends contend that the dark spot on the leaf dropped there from the Cross on Calvary. Long before the fuchsia was so named it was heralded as "Our Lady's Eardrops" and was to be found near the clematis, "Our Lady's Bower."

Almost the entire life of Our Lady may be given in terms of flowers, a blooming litany of loveliness and fragrance, breathing of healing and peace, revealing more than mere words may tell, a devotion compelling and satisfying, evoking a responsive chord in the hearts of the children of Mary.



WHEN thou beholdest any one who desires esteem and honor, and avoids contempt, or when opposed or outraged shows resentment at it, and takes it ill, of such an one be assured, that though he even wrought miracles, yet is he very far from perfection; for all his virtue is without foundation.

—S. Thomas Aquinas.

The Guarding Angels.

BY P. J. C.

DEVOTION to those angels selected by Almighty God to ward off harm from His creatures is not often preached nowadays. It used to be the subject of sermons some twenty-five or thirty years ago; and Catholic magazines contained occasional articles on the power, solicitude and love of the spirits that by special appointment watch over us. Now it seems devotion to the angels that protect us is nearly a lost tradition.

That every child of God is under the guardianship of an angel is not an article of Catholic belief, although a special Mass and Office have been assigned to the Guardian Angels; and a special feast, October 2, named in their honor in the Róman calendar. While there was a general belief among the Faithful as to operations of protecting spirits in their behalf, it was only in 1608 that Paul V. recognized the belief, and established a special feast of the Guarding Spirits. Among the changes in the Church calendar brought about by Clement X., we note the elevation of the Feast of the Guardian Angels to the rank of an "obligatory double" for the whole Church, and a day set for its commemoration, October 2. Then on April 5, 1883, Leo XIII. exalted the feast to the rank of "double major"—as they say in the liturgy.

It is easy to understand why Guardian Angels are usually thought of in association with children, and why the devotion when preached is usually preached for the benefit of children. We think of children as inexperienced, without strength of body or the wisdom which time and reflection confer; hence they are especially subjects for angel care. Satan wily, bold, unmerciful is thought to look upon children as prize booty. Captured while young, they may

remain his when old. The fact that the seduced child, the child of vicious surroundings, sometimes turns to the right and chooses God in later life only proves that Satan is sometimes crossed up; not all his projects succeed. Children need guardians to watch them. As in 'this visible world they have parents, maids, nurses to watch and keep them, so in the world of spirit, God appoints a guardian for every child of His. This is the direction which the devotion has taken in the tradition of the laity; and many of our devotional books, much of our preaching have helped to form the bed-stream which the tradition has followed.

Only it must be remembered that every child of sin is within the circle of Satan's warfare. And in the scope of the devotion, every person has the protection of an angel. There is nothing in reason, in the facts of experience, in the teachings of the Church to justify the belief that only children need angels. Run your eyes over life and note conditions.

Surely the politician needs a flaming one to keep him in the narrow way that leads to Life. You accept that without demonstration. And those parked automobiles within which young men and young women study the motion of the stars would be safer if their occupants thought of guardian angels. The wife and the husband might withhold many hard, harsh words reflecting an angel is listening. Young men and old men who call in at uncensored theatricals might not invest their money, remembering the angel at their side.

Mr. Robert Browning, a Protestant, sings this about a child's Angel Guardian which may well be recited as a part of our morning prayers:

Thou bird of God! And wilt thou bend me low
Like him, and lay, like his, my hands together
And lift them up to pray, and gently tether
Me, as thy lamb there, with thy garments
spread?

Notes and Remarks.

During the month of October of the present year the Diocese of Fort Wayne, Indiana, will commemorate the Diamond Jubilee of its founding. The diocese is ancient as we measure antiquity in the United States. The year 1858 will seem recent in the Church history of France; here, where we are of yesterday, it will seem remote, indistinct in a dimmer morning twilight. Bishop Henry Luers, in 1858, was chosen the first shepherd of a small, scattered flock. A modest start he made in Fort Wayne with a small frame church for his Cathedral. Bishop Joseph Dwenger, who succeeded to the See in 1872, is a less remote figure; quite well remembered by many yet living. Then, in 1893, Bishop Joseph Rademacher of quiet, kindly ways, became bishop. Bishop Herman Joseph Alerding, consecrated in 1900, was blessed with many years of service. Bishop John F. Noll succeeded to the government of the diocese in 1925, and labors to-day in the wide, unfinished field out of which his successors were called. Perhaps the most compelling reflection of the past seventy-five years of the life of Fort Wayne diocese is so much of accomplishment in so brief a time. Seventy-five years are the not infrequent space of a single life. In that space this diocese has grown from an ecclesiastical wilderness, vast and spiritually tractless, to a sheltered area in which Catholic church spires rise tall over cities; parish schools hum with the murmurs of children; high schools, academies, colleges are the visible expressions of a culture which belongs in the traditions of the Ages of Faith. People assert that in Indiana the K. K. K. has grown and prospered. So have cornfields and poets. So have the fields of the ancient Faith. Witness the harvests of it in Fort Wayne after seventy-five years of growing. And they are still growing.

"Those who jauntily mock at marriage in the name of personal freedom," says the *Literary Digest*, "may find a pertinent footnote to the never-ending controversy about divorce contained in a survey of juvenile delinquency recently made in Pittsburgh. It shows that fifty per cent of all children brought into court for theft, property destruction, immorality, etc., came from broken homes. The statement is made the more significant by the fact that only eighteen per cent of the homes in Pittsburgh have been disrupted. The point to be considered is made clear by the *Lynchburg News*: When divorce is discussed we usually hear a great deal about the right of men and women to have freedom, their right to live their own lives, their right to quit one another legally if they can no longer get along. But somehow it is hard to forget this citation of juvenile delinquency: The child is apt to be the chief sufferer in a divorce case; its whole life, indeed, can be ruined by the selfishness or the incompetence of its parents in the marriage relation. Those who talk too glibly about easier divorce might remember the fact." The evidence is becoming so clear that few can fail to see and understand it. The best way to stop crime is to keep people from becoming criminals. Divorce is one of the sins that breeds criminals.

The well-known voice of Alfred E. Smith comes out in favor of the much-seen letters NRA. "The plan must not fail through lack of co-operation. . . . For this reason I ask all those within the sound of my voice, and all who may read or otherwise hear what I say and who look to me for advice and guidance, to support the President in this campaign." Which is what you would expect. Mr. Smith can overlook conventions and campaigns in the presence of the nation. He is too big a figure to sit in his tent keeping a grudge warm while

his countrymen listen for his message of hope. They have heard his message unmistakably. The President himself seems to stake his all on the "new deal." This story—which may or may not be true—is told to indicate how seriously he views his program of prosperity return. "If your plan succeeds, Mr. Roosevelt, you will be our greatest President; if not, our worst." This, according to the story, was said by a caller. "And the last," answered the President as an echo to "the worst." Hardly will the leaders of the country subscribe to that—assuming the President said it. The "new deal" is a deal; not more, not less. If it should not succeed, no serious man thinks the curtain will ring down on tragedy. Other plans by other men will be tried. The United States has not by any means reached a last stand. NRA is a plan to set the nation into quicker financial movement. It is the hope of every sane citizen that it will succeed. That should not lead radio broadcasters and service workers to frighten people with a preachment that should NRA collapse there will follow a final national destruction.

Just a few weeks ago our Catholic papers reported the interesting results of a survey made by Professor Theodore Abel of Columbia University for the Institute of Social and Religious Research. The findings of Dr. Abel indicate that although Protestant Churches in America have spent between fifty and a hundred million dollars during the past half century in proselytizing the foreigner, the total membership of all mission churches, including immigrants of Protestant stock, is not over fifty or sixty thousand. That meagre number, coupled with the fact that no foreign language church is self-supporting and that the annual maintenance cost of some runs as high as thirty dollars a member, justified Dr. Abel in conclud-

ing that this type of mission work "has failed to accomplish to any significant degree the evangelization of Catholic immigrants and their descendants." While Dr. Abel's conclusions were meant to apply only to this country, the suspicions of many who feel that they have a similar application elsewhere have been rather dramatically confirmed in the last few days. From Paris comes the report that since the beginning of August the entire eighteen American Methodist Church institutions in France have been closed. In the Paris editions of American papers, the Council of the Methodist Church has announced that it has been forced to take this step because of the lack of financial support from the United States during the depression. The fact, however, that these institutions carried on through the depression and are closing during a pick-up period of business gives weight to the contention that there is another reason back of the withdrawal, namely the failure of Protestant propaganda to make any appreciable headway among the French people. Perhaps Dr. Abel's report is really beginning to convince Protestant leaders that they can spend their money to better advantage among their own fallen-aways or among those who have no religious beliefs at all. Catholics, for one reason or another, may actually lose their religion, but they seldom—very seldom—exchange it whole-heartedly, for any other form of Christianity.

In the wild mountain region north of Peking, China, the Cistercian Monastery of Our Lady of Consolation recently celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of its foundation. Bishop Delaplace, C. M., of Peking, invited the Cistercians to China just 50 years ago. During the Boxer Rebellion, in 1890, trenches were drawn around the monastic property to defend the religious and their refugees from the rebels. That revolt of the Boxers

passed and others followed, but the Cistercians remain serene in their service. At present more than half the community is Chinese. So it is not only priests, nuns, single folk and folk in holy wedlock of our civilization that reach the Golden Year. In far-away China, where a mysterious race lives in so many things away from the commerce of men, the Cistercian monks have labored behind the great wall for half a century.



Dr. R. L. Smith, Vice-President of the Venerable English College, writing recently from Rome to the *English Clergy Review*, had a number of good things to say about recent experiments that are being tried in various countries with a view to bringing back some measure of prosperity. "The world," he says, "is full of experiments, political, social and economic. One cannot be sure how long some will last, but it is interesting and consoling that many of them should contain so much that is Catholic; *e. g.*, the American, Irish and Italian experiments. In the past we Catholics have allowed Socialism to steal a quantity of our thunder, and now some of us are shocked with what is only the consistent teaching of the last four Popes when we see it put into practice without any acknowledgment and by politicians we have grown to distrust. Instead we should watch such experiments as the Co-operative State here in Italy, and Hitler's first positive measures in Germany, with sympathetic interest. It is only by being helpful that we can hope to keep these experiments free from alien elements. The present Pope has given us a lead time and time again. The Lateran Treaty and every one of his concordats bid us do what we can instead of wringing our hands because we cannot do all that we would like. The totalitarian State is a monster according to sound Ethics and sound Theology; but things in practice

are not always what they seem on paper, and it is in the so-called totalitarian State that one finds men who are getting things done. Therefore, the concordats with Fascist Italy and Hitlerite Germany. Therefore, the general endeavor to make the best of conditions whatever they are, which leads to concordats with the Balkan States as well as with Catholic Austria." This seems to be practical statesmanship. If we take what we can get at the time there is always the hope of getting more later on as long as we are on friendly terms. There is small hope of getting anywhere if we refuse to have anything to do with those who will not give us our full loaf at the first asking.



When the new Democratic administration went into office there were those who arched their eyebrows over the possibilities of Postmaster-General Farley. It seems that he just wouldn't do. Just why, the critics didn't say—whether it was the cut of his trousers, his lack of certain college connections, or perhaps the church he attended—but anyway he was so impossible, don't you know. Well, the country has learned a few things since then. The passing of time has not hurt Mr. Farley, although it has maltreated some of his critics. In fact, the people of the country have developed something of the same respect and confidence in the new Postmaster-General that they have for the President whom he has so faithfully supported. And Mr. Farley has more than justified that confidence. For one thing he has noted an essential defect about certain big business practices which most of our so-called experts have missed, namely, that God's law cannot be consistently violated in the commercial world any more than in the physical world without tragedy resulting. The following extract from one of Mr. Farley's speeches in New York

might well be tacked upon the office walls of most of our large corporations:

I do not claim to be an economist, but in recent months I have become acutely familiar with unemployment questions in the United States. Without pretending to the finer knowledge of the kind of economic questions that have been discussed at this convention, I do see clearly that the day passed long ago when the economists could sit in their studies or their laboratories, or wherever it is that they do their work, and draw up successful plans for industry and transportation and banking and other business without paying any attention whatever to ideas of right and wrong. I am told that the economists of fifty years ago thought they had very successfully divorced ethics and economics. If this is a fact, and I assume it is, because I have been told it by very eminent authorities, then we only have to look around us to see the deplorable results of their work. I think if there is any one reason why the people of this country have responded in the remarkable way they have to the effort at starting a new deal, it is because they realize that not only in conventions of this sort, but in the very seat of our Government itself, the notion is spreading that sound business and sound morals are one and the same thing.

There are few men in America today who know the theatrical industry both on and off the stage better than O. O. McIntyre. When he spots a movement, and particularly when he issues a warning about it, you can make up your mind that it is a case for the doctor whether you personally can see any symptoms or not. That is why approximately four hundred papers pay a sizable fortune in the aggregate for his daily comment on men and their doings particularly in the world of recreation. Well, Mr. McIntyre has written some rather strong language recently about certain forms of entertainment and where they are heading. His words may not be received with enthusiasm by the theatrical industry or by its radio by-product, but they are too well weighted with evidence to be entirely ignored by those who are really interested in those

activities. Here are a few extracts from Mr. McIntyre's column—a courageous and honest indictment, if there ever was one:

The radio will become a stable and staple entertainment when it takes itself as well as the public seriously.

The theatre is dead as a door-nail because of suggestive smut, cheap saloon gags spawned by cheaper Broadway wise crackers and other abracadabra that would gag a self-respecting buzzard. We welcome the Noel Cowards, but we keep our children away and take our second best aunt to a lecture.

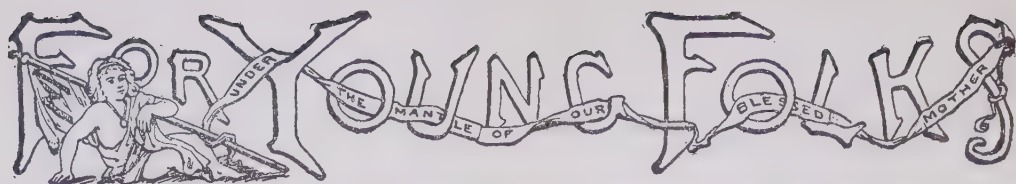
The talkies, despite all the valiant and highly skilled efforts of Will H. Hays, are picking at the coverlets because their sponsors have believed the public is really studying to be idiots. They give it the credit of a ten-year-old dunce; and expect to pay dividends. The movies are in their infancy and have been in this juvenile state for fifteen years.

I do not want to see the radio wind up in such a fashion. But it is on the down coast, and don't let anyone tell you differently. Now and then we have a high-class musical program, but how often? . . .

George M. Cohan will be remembered when a dozen Cowards, Lonsdales and what-nots are forgotten. Because he never permitted a cuss word or a smutty scene in his plays. Cleanliness is not only next to godliness, it is good box-office. I've watched the results for years and years. Dirt doesn't pay.

I'm for the radio, and I want it to survive. But it must have more intelligent programs and fewer gags and innuendoes. I hope it will. I think it will.

The other day a resident of Kansas gave his wife a terrible beating when, on arriving home in the evening, he found his spouse reading the Bible. The wife took the matter into court and the judge, after listening to the testimony, sentenced the husband to attend church twice every Sunday for six weeks in succession. The church in question was a Protestant one, where there is neither altar nor sacrifice, and where the services consist of a harangue by a minister on a current subject after a few hymns have been poorly sung. Maybe the judge was right in making the punishment fit the crime.



Nature's Seasons.

BY EMMA FLORENCE BUSH.

WHAT does it mean when the bluebird flies
Over the fields, singing sweet and clear,
When violets peep through the soft green grass?
These are the signs that spring is here.

What does it mean when the berries are red?
When butterflies flit and honey-bees hum?
When cattle dream under the shady trees?
These are the signs that summer has come.

What does it mean when the crickets chirp,
And away to the Southland the wild geese fly?
When apples are red and nuts are brown?
These are the signs that autumn is nigh.

What does it mean when the days are short?
When the leaves are gone and the brooks are
dumb?

When the fields are white with the drifting
snow?

These are the signs that winter has come.

Tim.

BY JAMES A. REID.

XII.—A LETTER FROM HOME.

CLOUGHBARRY, IRELAND,
May 7, 1928.

DEAR TIM:—Last evening, a few minutes before supper, some one came running up the road to the house, shouting, "Oh, Mrs. O'Mara! Oh, Mrs. O'Mara!" I went to the door in a hurry. There stood Paddy Ryan with a letter in his hand, holding it out for me to take. "It's a letter from Tim, Mrs. O'Mara!" he cried; "tell us about him, please?"

A number of boys were with Paddy, but I did not notice who they were. I was so eager to open your first letter home. I read it to them word for word.

Once I had to stop, for the Angelus bell rang. I was only at the second Hail Mary, when there were yells, "Go on, Mrs. O'Mara, go on!" It beats all how fast a boy can pray. Sure, the Blessed Virgin wouldn't mind my smile at their eagerness to hear from you; and she would forgive a mother for a wee bit of hurrying in speaking to her.

When I came to "Your Loving Tim," I saw the early evening was silvery with mist. The sun was shining low and fiery; over the fields were tints of many colors, much like those of a rainbow. I had never in all my life seen so pleasant an evening in Ireland. The fairies must have been abroad, for as I glanced at the peaceful hills, I saw dancing shadows. Then, to my surprise, I noticed that all the boys had quietly disappeared. I went into the house holding your letter in my hand; the potatoes were done. I placed your letter at your father's plate, so that when he sat down to supper he would have a surprise. "A letter from Tim!" he yelled, as though I were in London. Frank rushed to his side, and together they went over it. And before we said the rosary that evening, I read it aloud for all of us.

We are all so very happy that you have had an opportunity to go to America. Officer Sheehan—I said a prayer at his mother's grave to-day—and Officer Krause, God bless them! were indeed good to you. Poor Aunt Anna and Uncle Jack and all the children! I cried when I came to learn of the failure; may they know the happiness that comes through sorrow! We have little left of the money that Aunt Anna sent to us, but we will forward that to her. I was real proud of you to hear that you quickly got to work to do your part for all of them.

We are a bit lonesome at times for you. Yet, we would not bring you back, not for a while at any rate. Perhaps in helping to find Edwin Bruce for his broken-hearted father and mother, you may be able to do a great favor for me.

Through these many long years I have carried a wee pain in my heart, and I have prayed that some day the ache might disappear, as the clouds do after rainy weather. Something seemed to say, "Let Tim go to America; maybe he will find the answer to your prayer." So I let you visit your relatives, hoping through you to find some one else, though I do not know how or where or when. You could ask, of course; and sure you could speak to Officers Sheehan and Krause.

When I was three years old, Tim, our father and mother died within a week of each other. A twin brother, Tom, and myself were left. We were living in England at the time, and it seems no one told any of our relatives in Ireland about the deaths. For a while we were in an orphan's home. One day some strangers came, and, taking a liking to Tom, they adopted him. Of course, I was too young at the time to understand. Soon an aunt took me back to Ireland. They tell me I wept a lot, though they could not fully understand why.

I tried to find my brother Tom when I was older. I wrote to England. The orphanage had burned to the ground, though, thank God, no lives were lost. All records were destroyed in the fire. I wrote again and again and again. All I could learn was little. Americans had adopted him. I have hoped and prayed that they were good Catholics; or if they were not, that we might find him to bring him to the Faith which is his by birth.

The name of the family that took Tom is Smith, so I was told. But sure there are many Smiths, and how could we expect to find the right one. Still

later, we heard that the Smith family lived some place in Pennsylvania—that is close to New York—and that they moved from Pennsylvania away out to the wild West some place near—now let me think—Evanston, close to Chicago. Either there or New York City. So you see what a puzzle it all has been.

Perhaps my brother Tom is dead now. Who knows? Yet something seems to tell me that he is alive and that you, with the help of God, will find him. If he has kept his right name, it would be Tom O'Leary. If not that, then Smith; or maybe something else, I'm not certain. I do know, however, that you're going to help to find him, if he is to be found. I will not lose hope till my last breath. Wouldn't it be a grand reunion after all these years? And sure if he's poor and needs a good home, why he is ever welcome to come to us. If he is rich, I write this laughing a wee laugh, we will all live happy ever afterward.

I almost forgot the most important part of all. After all these years he may not look like me any more, even though we are twins. So you must try to recognize him by other means. He has a small scar on the right side of the neck, quite near the tip of his collar, if his collar isn't too high. Be on the watch for that scar, like a good boy.

Write a long letter to your father and another to Frank. It's so hard not to be lonesome at times. Your father has been a little sick of late. That bad cold he had last winter seems to have a bit of hold on him yet. Give my sincere love and deep regrets to Aunt Anna and Uncle Jack and the children.

God keep you, heart of my heart!

Your loving mother,

MRS. THOMAS O'MARA.

When Tim came to the last line, he sat staring. His thoughts were miles away. Over the ocean they had flown to a little cottage on a meadow, tender with green grass. He was home with

his father and mother and Frank. Tears were stealing softly down his face. He tried to blink them away. His head slipped to his arm on the table. He was crying.

"Tim!" The voice was too low for him to hear. Again, "Tim!"

"Yes, Sir." He looked up.

The "Atheist" was at his side.

"Bad news, Tim?" sympathetically.

The other clerks wisely kept busy.

"No, Sir, and yes, Sir. A letter from home." A faint smile showed on his face.

"Oh!"

"It's from the mother."

"I understand."

"Read it," requested Tim.

"All of it?"

"Every last bit."

"I'd really rather not."

"Do, please, maybe you can help."

The "Atheist" turned to his desk, when he had finished the letter, and, while reaching for the telephone, he said, "I'm calling Uncle Dan."

"That's fine," answered Tim, evidently very much pleased.

"If any one can help you, he can, Tim."

"I know, I know, Mr. Spears; and he will tell Officer Krause."

"Here he is now, Tim; you speak to him."

"Oh, Mr. Sheehan, this is Tim. I'm fine. I just had a letter from home. They're all fine, and the mother said a prayer at your mother's grave. Oh, yes, Mr. Sheehan, she's the best mother in all Ireland—in all the world!"

"She is, for sure," was the reply.

"Oh, Mr. Sheehan, on the boat was a man who was coming to America to search for his lost son."

"I know, Tim."

"You do!"

"Yes, Tim, we are trying to locate Edwin Bruce. Sister Mary Francis, my oldest daughter, called me about the case. The father is dying in Our Lady of Help Hospital—"

"That's too bad," said Tim.

"Edwin left New York City very recently. He's supposed to be in Chicago. We have not as yet been able to find him."

"Oh, my!"

"Is that all, Tim?"

"Oh, no. You see, the mother has lost her twin brother. He was adopted by some Americans when he was three years old. His name may be Smith or O'Leary or something else."

"How old is he, Tim?"

"The mother is thirty-nine."

"Good. We'll start at once on the case."

"Thank you, Mr. Sheehan, good-bye."

"Good-bye."

Bubbling over with joy, Tim forgot for the moment where he was. He rose to his feet, started a lively tune and danced to its merry lilt. The clerks gave their quick and appreciative attention. Here was a Tim they knew nothing about. The Irish melody rose with fervor; Tim followed its rapid beat easily and gracefully. The door of Mr. Robins' private office opened. Tim took one hasty look and sat down guiltily.

"Come here, Tim," Mr. Robins commanded.

"Yes, Sir," answered Tim, red with confusion.

Some of the clerks had also reddened.

"Let's see you go through that again," requested Mr. Robins.

Tim gazed at him with a puzzled expression.

"Go ahead, Tim, please?" Mr. Robins smiled.

Tim began to sing a low, mournful air, keeping step to the music. It was the cry of the banshee, wailing and weeping in the night shadows, when grief is deep and poignant. The music changed and so did the dance. A small, misshapen gnome was laughing the cry of a loon off in the hills when the moon is peeping through the clouds and queer figures leap off the trees, as the wind blows the

branches to and fro. Now a goblin with a full face, wide and frightening eyes was adding his merriment to the sombre call of the gnome. Finally, with the lilt of the music rising pitch on pitch, falling quickly and rising lightly, a mischievous elf, blending sorrow and joy, broke into a lively song. The rich melody matched the rapid, swinging steps of the dance. Many a true fairy would have envied the singer and dancer. Tim had interpreted the heart of fairyland in the movements and in the songs; the gay and the sad of Ireland had revelled. Without knowing it, he had brought to that office in New York City haunting melodies that would weave their way into the minds and loves of others, so that in thinking of this bit of singing and dancing they would not forget that not all of Ireland's songs are sad.

Tim stopped because he was afraid that he was tiring them rather than because he needed a rest. Whatever the clerks might have said when he finished, they found no time to say, for Mr. Robins spoke rather quickly.

"You sing and dance very well, Tim. Now an Irish song, please."

Tim thought for a brief second, hummed a few notes to himself and sang:

The minstrel boy to the war is gone,
In the ranks of death you'll find him;
His father's sword he has girded on,
And his wild harp slung behind him.
"Land of song," said the warrior-bard,
"Tho' all the world betrays thee,
One sword at least, thy rights shall guard,
One faithful harp shall praise thee."

His voice caught the full martial spirit:

The minstrel fell! but the foeman's chain
Could not bring his proud soul under;
The harp he loved never spoke again,
For he tore its chords asunder,
And said "No chains shall sully thee,
Thou soul of love and brav'ry,
Thy songs were made for the pure and free,
They shall never sound in slav'ry."

"Beautifully rendered, Tim," Mr. Robins exclaimed, speaking for all.

"Donald's favorite hymn was 'Silent Night.' Do you know it?"

"Yes, Sir," Tim responded, starting at once.

Silent night! Holy night!
All is calm, all is bright.
Round yon Virgin Mother and Child!
Holy Infant so tender and mild,
Sleep in heavenly peace,
Sleep in heavenly peace.

Mr. Robins' face was set in firm lines, his lips pressed tightly together, and his mind seemed to be miles away. The "Atheist" was searching the floor with his eyes. Tim, in a certain sense, was not in the room at all. He was singing the hymn as he had been taught to render it for the Midnight Mass only last Christmas.

Silent night! Holy night!
Shepherds quake at the sight!
Glories stream from Heaven afar,
Heav'nly hosts sing Alleluia,
Christ, the Saviour, is born!
Christ, the Saviour, is born!

The last note died away. Tim stood still. So did the others. No word was spoken. There was no applause; not even a murmur of approval. A tribute of silence was being paid, for otherwise the sacredness of the moment for Mr. Robins would have been utterly spoiled.

"There is only one way I can think of right now, Tim, of rewarding you," Mr. Robins said, "you get the rest of the afternoon off."

"Thank you, Mr. Robins."

"I'll call my chauffeur at once to take you on a nice long ride."

"Could my cousin Ray come along?"

"Of course. Now you wait in front of the building until the machine comes."

Tim walked toward the main door. He opened it slightly, then turned, saying, "Now, don't the rest of you wish you had sung?" Laughing, he was out of the room before a reply could be made.

"I never heard a boy sing like that," Mr. Robins said; "we'll have to do something about it."

"The Petrine Choir is the place for Tim, Mr. Robins," said the "Atheist."

"I'll take it up at once," he replied. "I'll attend to that after I call my chauffeur." He entered his private office.

Farther up town Officer Sheehan was at a telephone. "Leo, you know more about this than I do. Some thirty-six years ago a man and his wife, Americans, came home from England. They had a boy with them who was three years old. Find out the name of that man, and where he lived."

"It may take me a little while to hunt that out, Uncle Dan, but I'll get it as soon as I can. I'll call you later."

It is strange that little things sometimes have great effects. Mr. Robins had scarcely left the main office when a great battle started, but it was one that no one saw, that no one knew of, except the "Atheist" himself.

"Silent Night" had carried him to other years. He was ten at the time. He was preparing for his First Communion when an attack of tonsilitis kept him from making it with the rest of the class. By exception his was on a Christmas morning. Now he was thinking of those other days, when the world was young and rich with happiness. Bitter years followed, leaving his soul perilously close to destruction. He had fought a battle to keep the Faith, but the battle was eventually lost. Once again he viewed those college days. There came a flood of grace and light, and he suddenly reached a decision. He was at the telephone.

"Uncle Dan, I must speak very low; can you hear me? Good. I wanted to say that, job or no job, I'm leaving the office right now to go to confession."

"It's already been fixed with the Judge, Harry, that the day you did that, your probation ended and your driver's license returned. Call on me any time, if you need a friend."

(To be continued.)

The Painter and the King.

The German painter Holbein was in the service of Henry VIII., of England, for many years; and some anecdotes are told of their intimate friendship.

One day, when he was engaged upon a picture, a nobleman of high rank forced his way into the room, and insisted upon sitting down and watching the progress of the work. Holbein informed him that this was contrary to the King's orders; but the nobleman said it made no difference: he was going to stay.

"Indeed you'll not!" said the impulsive artist; and rushing at the peer, he seized him in his arms and threw him downstairs. Then, alarmed, he sought the King's apartments.

"I have committed a great mistake," he began, "and beg you to forgive me."

"What have you done?" said the King.

"I do not wish to tell."

"Then I do not wish to forgive."

"Will you pardon me if I confess?"

"Why, of course."

So poor Holbein made a clean breast of the matter, and the King scowled.

"This is a serious offence," he replied. "While hired to do some work for me, you have insulted, perhaps injured one of the foremost noblemen of England. I don't think I'll forgive you, after all."

The next day the nobleman, who was but slightly hurt, called with his side of the story, which did not correspond with Holbein's in the least, but was so garbled that the King at once detected its falsity.

"Holbein is truthful," he said, "whatever else he may be. He was wrong to throw you downstairs, but lying is worse. And let me say that you are not worth his little finger; for of seven peasants I could make seven lords like you, but of seven lords I could not make one Holbein."

This anecdote, if true, shows that even Henry VIII. had redeeming qualities.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—Belle Moses who has done creditable biographies of Louisa Alcott and Paul Revere has completed the story of President Roosevelt's Life in a volume published by the Appleton-Century Company, "Franklin Delano Roosevelt: The Minute Man of '33." In writing the book the author has had the co-operation of the Roosevelt family, who have put all possible data at her disposal.

—Mr. Lloyd George's "War Memories" open with these sentences: "In the year 1904 on the day when the Anglo-French Entente was announced, I arrived at Dalmeny on a couple of days' visit to the late Lord Rosebery. His first greeting to me was: 'Well, I suppose you are just as pleased as the rest of them with this French agreement?' and then the elder statesman's commentary, 'It means war with Germany in the end!'" This in 1904!

—"A Tonic in Type," by Brian O'Higgins (Published by the Author, 68 Upper O'Connell St., Dublin. 2s. 9d. Postpaid), is a volume of Irish sketches mostly of a humorous character. They are well told with a distinctly Irish flavor to the dialogue; but many of the stories seem to us rather familiar jokes that had been respectfully interred here many years ago. Mr. O'Higgins seems to have given them a new life that will not make old acquaintances unwelcome.

—The proverb "Not to sympathize is not to understand" is well illustrated in Jean A. Mariejol's recent book, "Master of the Armada," translated by Ware B. Wells and published by Hamish Hamilton. The author is a French Huguenot who on account of his racial and religious contempt for Spanish Catholics is unable to understand the motives of Philip II.; and although he gives the facts of this great monarch's life and a rather faithful history of the time in which he lived, the whole work is spoiled by a lack of sympathy, a failure to see the reasons which lie behind the acts and which inspire them.

—"William the Conqueror," by Hilaire Belloc, which belongs to the Peter Davies'

series of short biographies, is a clear and simple portrait that could be drawn only by one who had a complete knowledge of his subject. By a simple presentation of the facts, Mr. Belloc shows that William was the lawful successor of Edward the Confessor, and that Harold was an aggressor who by feudal customs had put himself "out of court." The whole beginning and rise of the Feudal System is treated in such a way that an ordinary man of the street may grasp it without any difficulty, and that in itself is a sufficient reason for making this biography popular.

—"East Wind," by Miss Doreen Smith, is the story of a Protestant girl who is so affected by a statue of the Sorrowful Mother that she decides to investigate "this wonderful, *human* religion which loved the Mother because she understood the Son better than anyone else could." That investigation eventually leads her to the Church, but not until she has passed through a variety of experiences which alternately charm and thrill the reader. The book takes added interest from the fact that Miss Smith, herself a novelist of note, was originally trained for Anglican missionary work, and is at present reported to have entered a Carmelite Order. Published by Burns, Oates & Washbourne. Price, 3s. 6d.

—The most fascinating volume on the Oxford Movement that we have seen is Mr. J. Lewis May's "The Oxford Movement" (The Dial Press, Inc. \$3.50). It is the work of an Anglican who has a thorough knowledge of the movement from every aspect. It is divided into two parts: (1) the Movement from Keble's Sermon on National Apostasy up to the Secession of Newman; (2) the development of the movement, and the rise of the Ritualists after Newman's departure. Newman is the central figure of the whole movement up to his retirement to Littlemore; and even after his conversion to Catholicism, Mr. May points out, it was his influence, even though he had passed out of the activities, that kept the members active. It is a thoroughly sym-

pathetic but, we believe, a most just treatment of the subject. There are excellent character sketches of all the prominent figures in the movement whether for or against it—Newman, of course, moves through all the pages; but there are, too, Hurrell Froude, Pusey, Dean Church, W. G. Ward, Faber, Thomas Arnold, Keble and Marriott; and there is a fine drawing of the characters of Wiseman and Manning. Mr. May believes that the movement is not dead, and is hopeful that it will result at the end in reuniting the English and Roman Catholics under one Shepherd. The book contains, too, a number of exceptionally fine portraits of the leaders.

—We are happy to announce that one of the most popular AVE MARIA serials, "The Mills of God," by Monica Selwin-Tait, has just been published by Longman's, under the title "Uncharted Spaces." Our readers will remember this story of the Strickland family, as one of intense drama, and as a psychological study of a convert's progress towards the faith. There is a fine variety of characters each distinct and different enough to cause plenty of clash: Anthea Strickland, the wife of Dr. John Strickland, an extremely fond mother, who has always dreaded the Catholic Bogey, and whose dread seemed stronger than her love, or perhaps, as she thought, a token of her love; Dr. Strickland, a serious, kindly man, with an early experience following him like a shadow, and disturbing his mind; Stephen, a serious young son studying for the ministry, religious-minded, and inclined to face facts and reason them out; Father Dunthorne, a convert who sets Stephen thinking; Joan, in love with Stephen, but noble enough to make a sacrifice when Stephen asks it. And then there is the Bishop's wife, pompous and pompadoured, who could faint and feed with equal facility, and delighted to disturb the order of things whenever she could without personal inconvenience. These are very human people, serious and frivolous, all impinging on the life of Stephen, and unconsciously helping him to determine the way he should go. The death of the Dean is a masterful scene. Price, \$2.

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"At the Feet of the Divine Master." Rev. Anthony Huonder, S. J. \$2.25.

"Saint Anselm." Joseph Clayton, F. R. Hist. S. \$1.75.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

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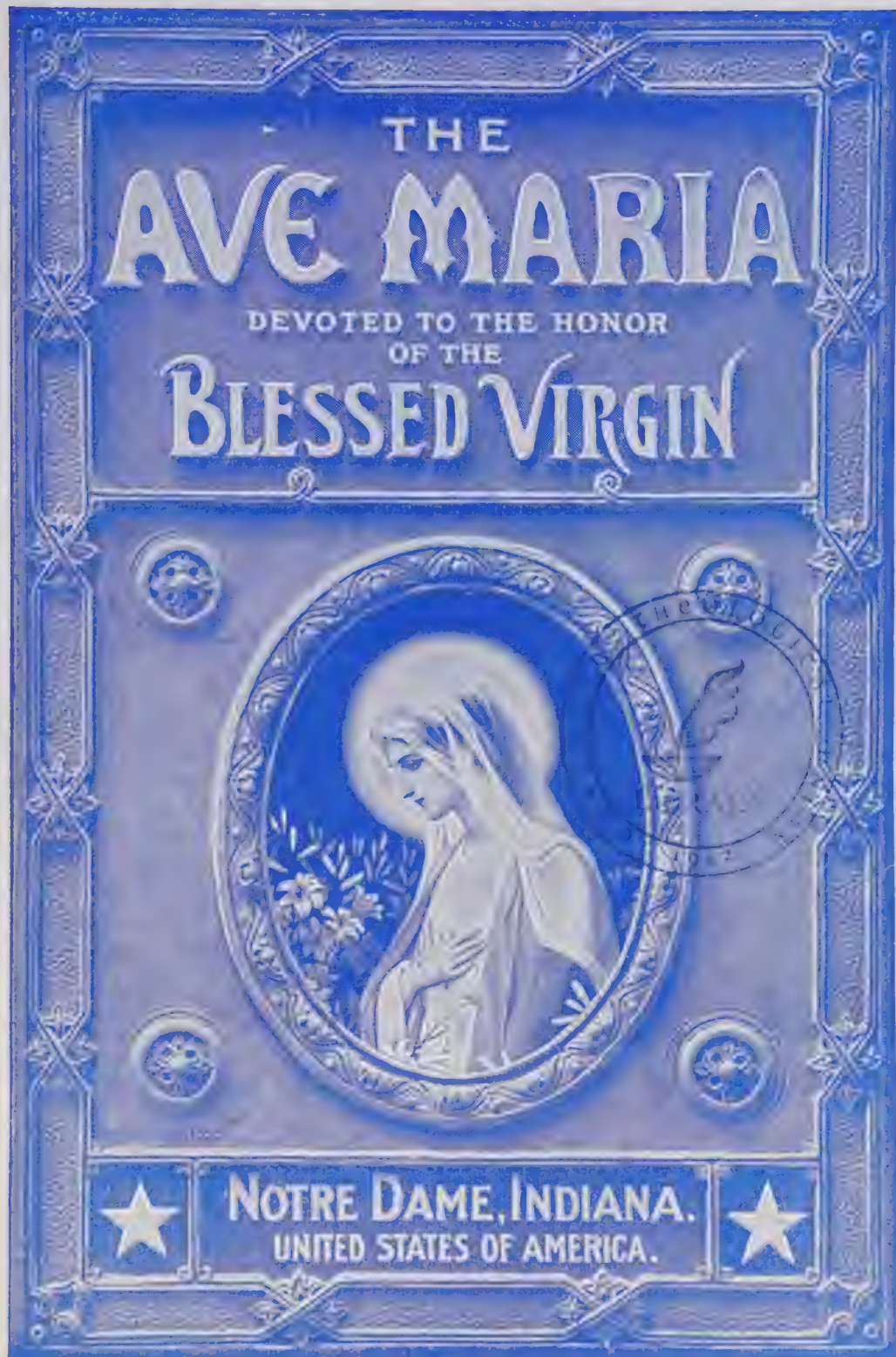
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CALENDAR OF THE WEEK

OCTOBER.

SATURDAY, 7.—Feast of the Most Holy Rosary.
 SUNDAY, 8.—Eighteenth after Pentecost. St. Bridget of Sweden, W.
 MONDAY, 9.—Sts. Denis and Comp's, Martyrs.
 TUESDAY, 10.—St. Francis Borgia, Confessor.
 WEDNESDAY, 11.—St. Ethelburge, Virgin. St. Canicus, Abbot.
 THURSDAY, 12.—St. Wilfrid, Confessor.
 FRIDAY, 13.—St. Edward, King of England.
 SATURDAY, 14.—St. Callistus, Pope and Martyr.

Blessed is the man that heareth me and that watcheth daily at my gates.—PROVERBS, viii, 34.



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No. 16.

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Thanksgiving.

BY JENNETTE EDWARDS.

SHE knelt beside me in a last year's dress,
Her quiet hands were folded as she prayed;
Yet empty was her theme for thankfulness,
If plenty on an altar must be laid.

I knew a drought had crushed the hope of gain
That comes from sowing seed and tilling fields;
I knew her orchard felt the hurricane,
And little fruit an injured orchard yields.

No ghost of bitterness had left its trace,
Strange was the way she reached her happy
landing;

Though thin and bent and worn, on her bright
face

Was peace that passed my human under-
standing.

Pure is the heart when poverty's lean living
Creates no curse, but reason for thanksgiving.

Nano Nagle's Daughters.

BY REV. P. W. BROWNE, D. D., PH.D.

A CEREMONY of great import to the educational history of Newfoundland, where, with the exception of the great Catholic Province of Quebec, there exists in America a purely denominational system of education, took place during the closing days of August when His Excellency, the Most Rev. John March, Bishop of Harbor Grace, blessed a splendid convent at the town of Grand Falls, which, but a few years

ago, was simply the site of a paper and pulp mill owned and operated by the Anglo-Newfoundland Development Company. Through the zeal and incessant activities of the then youthful Father William Finn, Grand Falls has become an important Catholic center, and to-day it is one of the greatest industrial towns of "Tenth Island." Newfoundland is the tenth largest island in the world; but the entire population does not exceed 280,000, one-third of which is Catholic, mainly of Irish extraction.

The new convent has been placed under the direction of the Presentation Nuns of Ireland, who for a century have been identified with the progress of education in Newfoundland. The Nuns are familiarly known as "Nano Nagle's Daughters" whose history is one of the most remarkable in educational annals. Unquestionably, the Newfoundland Foundation—now celebrating its centennial—is one of the most thrilling episodes of the Northland; but only those who are familiar with conditions characteristic of the country can fully appreciate, or even understand, the story of the Presentation Nuns whose activities and zeal are household words in my homeland. Presently I hope to publish a volume, "Catholic Footprints in the Ancient Colony," which will unfold in detail the educational Odyssey of the Nuns, whose first Foundation in America was made in the City of St. John's. To-day the Presentation Nuns are to be found in many sections of America—their activities extend from rugged

Newfoundland to the Golden Gate,—and they are zealously garnering sheaves for Christ, notably in fields where are to be found descendants of the Irish exile. Here I shall confine myself to a brief story of their first venture across the billowy Atlantic, just one hundred years ago.

The Presentation Order was founded by Nano (Honorio) Nagle, who was born at Ballygriffin, County Cork, Ireland, in 1728. After receiving an elementary education in Ireland (where Catholic schools were proscribed at the time), she went to France to complete her studies. Her academic training ended, Nano Nagle entered upon a brilliant social career in Paris, and became a brilliant figure in court circles. One morning, after a festive night in Paris, while returning to her lodgings, she was struck by the crowds of workingmen and poorly-clad women waiting for a church to open for early Mass. Some weeks later she returned to Ireland, and only the stringent laws then in force against Catholic educational activities prevented her from consecrating herself at once to the Christian training of poor Irish children who were growing up in ignorance of their Faith.

Nano Nagle returned to France and entered a convent as a postulant; but ere she had advanced far in the conventual life, she felt that her mission lay in Ireland. She returned to her native land, and her first step was to familiarize herself with the work of some Catholic ladies who had privately organized a school in Dublin. On the death of her mother and sister, Nano Nagle went to Cork, and there, in the face of adverse circumstances, she began a crusade against the ignorance and vice which were then prevalent in the city. She taught classes in Christian doctrine, and, in addition, sought out needy cases, and established an asylum for aged and infirm women. Her

private funds and the benefactions of relatives having become exhausted, Nano Nagle begged from house to house to maintain her foundation.

In order to perpetuate the good work on which she had embarked she established, with ecclesiastical sanction, a Religious Community, which, in its earliest days, was known as "Sisters of the Sacred Heart." Later, the title was changed to that of "Presentation Nuns," with a religious garb similar to that of the Ursulines, with whom Nano Nagle had once been associated. The Community received a set of Rules, drawn up by Dr. Moylan, Bishop of Cork, the lifelong friend and adviser of Nano Nagle; they were approved by Pope Pius VI. in 1791. Final approval of the Community came in 1800, when Pope Pius VII., raised it to the dignity of a Religious Order. It soon spread throughout Ireland, and it is now represented in most of the large centers throughout the Green Isle, numbering more than 2000 members, who impart the blessings of an excellent education to thousands of children, all of whom receive this boon *gratis*.

The first establishment of the Presentation Nuns to be made outside of Ireland, was made at Manchester in England; but the earliest foreign foundation was made at St. John's, Newfoundland, in 1833. Since that date numerous other foundations have followed, and to-day we find this great organization in Australia, in Tasmania, in India, in England, and in the United States. Interesting as is the record of those foundations, none has had a story such as that in Newfoundland, wherein we find pathos, tragedy, zeal, and self-sacrifice following in quick succession for more than a quarter of a century.

Not until the early days of the last century did British officialdom make any provision for education in Newfoundland. The fact is that its aim was

to render it impossible for the Irish exiles and other settlers to do anything that might promote their personal welfare, or to engage in any activities that would raise the people beyond the level of abject serfdom. Hence schools were almost unknown. Common school education was initiated by Samuel Codner, a merchant of St. John's, who established in 1823, "The Newfoundland School Society." Under its auspices several schools were opened. These were supported by public subscription, to which both Protestants and Catholics contributed.

During the régime of Bishop O'Donel, the first Vicar-Apostolic, there came into being an institution known as the Benevolent Irish Society. At the time of its organization the object of the Society (which was non-sectarian) was twofold: educational and benevolent. During the winter of 1823 the Society established an "Orphan Asylum" for the support and education of orphan children "without distinction of creed or country." The British Government was asked to grant for this purpose a subvention of one hundred pounds a year and to give a plot of land on which to erect a suitable building. The former request was refused; but the latter was granted, as the site asked for was considered of little or no value to the Government. The "Orphan Asylum" was built at a cost of some \$5000 dollars, and in 1824, some 200 pupils (boys and girls) were admitted. The schools were undenominational, and there was no religious instruction.

When Father Fleming, O. S. F. (later Bishop of Newfoundland), during his early years in St. John's, as curate to Dr. Scallan, once visited the schools in order to give religious instruction, he was refused admission by a small group of Catholic "liberals" (he dubbed them "The Council of Six") who insisted that such an act was a violation of the con-

stitution of the Benevolent Irish Society, which controlled the schools. This *impasse* endured until the last year of the régime of Bishop Scallan. Shortly before the latter's death, Dr. Fleming (then Bishop of Carpasia, and Vicar-Apostolic of Newfoundland) insisted on visiting the schools to prepare the Catholic children for Confirmation. A protest was made by the "Council of Six" to Bishop Scallan, as it was rumored that Dr. Fleming had planned to make a public display on the day of the ceremony. The "liberals" feared "that a public display of so many children in festive robes might cause displeasure to Protestants."

Dr. Fleming persisted, however; and the "liberals" passed into innocuous desuetude. Discussing this episode, Dr. M. F. Howley, author of "Ecclesiastical History of Newfoundland," says: "Here we have the history of the commencement of the great fight for Catholic education (in Newfoundland). . . . What a contrast these words reveal with the state of things to-day (1888), when not four hundred, but four thousand children march annually with 'festive robes' through the principal streets of the town . . . when our Protestant friends of all denominations, not only do not take umbrage, but vie with their Catholic neighbors, in doing honor to the procession." It should be said, to be clear, that Bishop Howley is referring to the Christian Doctrine procession, which was an annual event until recent years.

After the death of Bishop Scallan, the militant Dr. Fleming vigorously continued his educational programme—Catholic schools for Catholic children. He was dissatisfied with existing conditions, and he was fully cognizant of the danger that lurked in the "mixed" schools then operating in St. John's. He decided to put an end to their existence, and after mature consideration, he

embarked on a great educational venture—to separate the sexes that then frequented the schools of his episcopal city. Writing to Dr. O'Connell, of Dublin, shortly after he had reached this decision, the Bishop says: "I felt the necessity of withdrawing female children from under the tutelage of men, from the dangerous associations which ordinary school intercourse naturally exhibited; for whatever care could be applied to the culture of female children in 'mixed' schools, they must lose much of that delicacy of feeling and refinement of sentiment which form the ornament of their sex."

Bishop Fleming had much to encounter before he undertook finally the huge task of providing an adequate solution of the problem that confronted him. After he had "crossed the Rubicon," and had decided to introduce the Presentation Nuns, he says, in a letter to Dr. Spratt, of Dublin: "You will, perhaps, say that with all these embarrassments there was some degree of imprudence in charging myself with the support of an establishment so weighty. To this I can only reply, that I was so strongly impressed with its necessity, there is no sacrifice that I would not make for its accomplishment and to ensure its stability."

In 1833, Bishop Fleming crossed the Atlantic, and proceeded at once to the Presentation Convent at Galway, as it seemed to him the most likely place to attain the goal of his quest. On June 29, he made a successful appeal to the superior of the convent, Mother Mary John Power, for four Sisters who would volunteer for the Newfoundland Mission. The response was immediate; and Sisters Mary Magdalen O'Shaughnessy, Xaverius Lynch, Bernard Kirwan, and Xavier Moloney were chosen to accompany Bishop Fleming to Newfoundland.

The next step necessary was to obtain

the consent of Dr. Browne, the Bishop of Galway, in whose diocese the convent was located. He assented most graciously; and preparations began at once to provide whatever was needed to equip the heroic band of volunteers. Archbishop Murray, of Dublin, entered enthusiastically into Bishop Fleming's project, and volunteered to become trustee of a fund which the latter had established for the maintenance of the Sisters who were to accompany him to St. John's.

Writing July 17, from Merchants' Quay, Dublin, to Mother Power of the Galway convent, Bishop Fleming says: "My predecessor left fifteen hundred pounds for the benefit of the Mission, and this sum I shall appropriate to the Sisters' foundation." Moreover, he stated to Archbishop Murray that he would in due time build a suitable residence and school for the Nuns, and guarantee to them one hundred pounds annually for their support. To Mother Power he wrote further: "When I consider that these, my dearest Sisters, are to be my co-operators in the works of religion, in promoting the glory of that bountiful Redeemer we are destined to serve and adore, they may rest assured that my most earnest desire, my most strenuous exertions, will not be wanting to contribute not only that paltry sum, but all and everything in my power to promote their happiness." Mother Power agreed to the terms set down by Bishop Fleming; but she stipulated that the Galway Community should be empowered to recall the Sisters any time after six years of service, should they desire to return.

The Nuns left Galway on August 12, proceeded to Waterford by way of Athlone and Dublin; they remained in Waterford until August 28, when they embarked on the ship "Ariel," accompanied by Bishop Fleming. The passage across the Atlantic was favorable, and

the "Ariel" arrived at St. John's on September 21. The Nuns received a most cordial welcome; and it is stated that the entire population of the town turned out to greet them. They were immediately conveyed to the "Old Palace," and were installed there in a section especially set apart for them, until the Bishop had secured a residence for them in another part of the town. The residence was a former tavern, and it had borne a sign under which was the legend, "The Rising Sun" which was regarded by the townsfolk as a propitious omen, as it symbolized the light of faith and education which the Nuns came to diffuse throughout the country.

No account of the arrival of the Nuns at St. John's was received at the convent in Galway for several months, as the letter containing news of their arrival had been mislaid in Liverpool. The Galway Community gave them up for lost. Solemn requiem offices were celebrated for them, copies of their vows were burned, and a general mourning took place in the convent.

Just a month after their arrival at St. John's the Nuns opened a school in a house which had formerly been a slaughter-house. There was a forge in the immediate neighborhood and a stable in the rear, the only approach to which was through the hall of the house through which the horse was led daily. While visiting the Nuns one day Bishop Fleming met this "Bucephalus," and was obliged to yield passage to his equine majesty. Until then he did not realize that the uncomplaining Nuns had to suffer such inconvenience, and though the fitting up of the house and school had cost a large sum, he determined to remove them at once. In less than a month they removed to a more commodious dwelling. Here the Nuns remained for eight years. A school was erected at a cost of six hundred pounds, and it accommodated twelve hundred children.

Noting the opening of their first school, a local daily paper (edited by a stalwart Protestant) said editorially: "Seldom has it been our lot to witness a scene of such deep interest, . . . whether we regard the community of ladies of family and fortune, surrendering all the joys of life . . . for the advancement of the glory of Him to whom they have consecrated their lives, or the little applicant for admission, while she tries to read her fate, or the multitudinous feelings of the estimable prelate to whose exertions we owe this blessing. There he stood, witnessing the completion of his dearest wishes."

During the first decade, the Nuns suffered greatly from unsuitable classrooms, and endured indescribable privations: they were obliged three times during the period to change their *habitat*, in order to provide for a constant stream of pupils; and on each occasion, the Nuns suffered serious inconvenience and anxiety. In the interim, Bishop Fleming had secured "a charming situation above the town, sufficiently near and central, and had erected a building that was worthy of the ladies and the glorious cause they were embarked in." Here the Nuns were installed on December 14, 1844. But they had not yet reached the end of their educational Odyssey, as their splendid building was destroyed in the great fire which devastated St. John's on June 9, 1846.

Wanderers again, the heroic band of six Sisters—two others had joined the original group—found a temporary shelter with the Sisters of Mercy, at their convent near the cathedral. Within a few days—even before the ashes of the burned town had cooled—the Presentation Nuns had opened a school at "Carpasia," a little farmstead on the outskirts of the town, and here they remained for several months. On fine days they taught their classes in the open

fields, and during inclement weather in the barn and outhouses of the farm. The Nuns had few material comforts; their "dormitory" was a hay-loft, and for daily sustenance, they were obliged to depend largely upon the generosity of some humble folk who resided in the neighborhood.

Late in the autumn they returned to the Mercy convent, a portion of which had been generously set apart by the kindly Mother Creedon, the foundress of the first institution of the Mercy Nuns in America. Here the Presentation Nuns remained five years. A temporary school was erected in the rear of the Mercy convent, where patiently and unobtrusively they carried on their great educational work until October, 1851, when they took up residence in an unfinished section of the convent that was being erected for them by Bishop Mullock, successor to Bishop Fleming. For some time "their only roof at night was a sail, kindly lent them by one of the city merchants." Finally, on July 2, 1853, the Nuns took formal possession of their new home, which still exists, and is now the Motherhouse of the Presentation Order in Newfoundland. It occupies one of the finest sites in the City of St. John's, commands a broad vista of the mighty Atlantic, and a panoramic view of the surrounding country, which is dotted with splendid suburban homes and prosperous farmsteads.

Despite their many trials and privations the Presentation Nuns, soon after their coming to Newfoundland, began to send offshoots to outlying districts, known in local parlance as "outports."

To-day there are sixteen convents of the Order scattered throughout the island. This is truly a noble record; and it is manifest proof that God has blessed the labors of Nano Nagle's spiritual daughters in Newfoundland. It emphasizes what the great Bishop Fleming wrote to a friend in Ireland

before the beloved Bishop retired from active labor: "And so the good work goes on. Hundreds, nay thousands, are annually sent forth from their schools, trained in the highest principles of virtue and honesty, conferring on our country a blessing incomparably rich, and producing a race of mothers of families such as Newfoundland may be proud of, as having no superior in any part of the world."

Little Sister.

BY AGNES M. BLUNDELL.

SO this was Paris! Yves Anatole Robert, Marquis de St. Armand, looked round him with contempt. It would be better to drop the title, which no longer represented anything. "Monsieur Yves" the village folk at home had always called him—that name too must be changed to its French equivalent, Jean. Though he had only been a few days in this great humming city, he had already experienced the awkwardness of bearing a Breton name. Everyone associated Brittany and all its inhabitants with the adherents of old, worn-out creeds; everyone hearing the name "Yves" instantly inferred that he was a fervent Catholic. Yves had no objection to explaining that he was a philosopher, that he belonged to no Church, that he was more or less a follower of Rousseau. Nevertheless, the repetition became a bore, particularly to an excessively reserved young man, who was morbidly sensitive about his private affairs.

Everything that he had hitherto seen in Paris disgusted him. The dirty, narrow streets through which dashed the gilded coaches of the rich, flinging the mud, not only over the pedestrians shrinking back against the walls on either side, but high upon the walls themselves. Houses were plastered with filth, and in the poorer districts the windows were thickly bespattered. Here,

where Yves strolled down the quarters where rich folk dwelt, the streets were wide, planted with trees and set with bright gardens. Noble personages dwelt in houses shut off from the thoroughfare, the perfumes of their gardens drifted out over the high walls, and visions of fountains, statues and formal bedding could be glimpsed when the great *portes-cochères* rolled back on well-greased hinges to admit the gentlemen coming to pay morning calls. The great ladies would appear in the afternoon, when, fresh from the *coiffeur*, they drove forth, powdered curls framing exquisite faces under coquettish straw hats, the crisp folds of English muslins billowing out beneath light silk mantles.

It was early yet. Yves turned aside into a little public garden, and sat down on a bench. He would go home he decided, before the hour when the fair women came forth to take the air. To be sure there were already a few to be seen, returning from Mass, no doubt—some on foot, arm-in-arm with a gentleman, and followed by a lackey carrying their books, some in coaches and chariots, complete with maid and duenna. But these were plainly dressed for the most part, their curls tucked away into cap or hood. It was the afternoon parade of ladies in full toilet that the young man could not bear to look upon—it recalled too great an anguish. He had thought it forgotten, hidden away and crushed under all those years which had supervened, but now, finding himself once more in Paris, the impression had come back as fresh and cruel as when it had first been made.

Sixteen years ago a little boy of seven came to Paris with his parents while they did their term of duty at Court. Hitherto he had been deemed too small and had been left at home in the old Chateau among the woods, with the pepper-pot turrets, in the care of his grandmother. In those days he went to

Mass every morning in the big village church, just the other side of the pleasure ground. Grandmother knelt in the tribune set apart for the family, and all blazoned with the arms of the St. Armands.

There were some other people set apart, too—though certainly belonging to no grand family. Funny people with angry, frightened faces, who wore a red badge on the shoulder and came into church by a little low door and were penned up by themselves in a dark corner. Little Yves had asked his nurse about them, and had been frowned down, but one day when his great friend, the parish priest, had come to visit grandmother, he brought out his question again.

"Monsieur le Curé, who are the folk with the red badges? The people who are never allowed to come up to the altar?"

Grandmother promptly reached for the silver handbell.

"Little boys who ask questions must be taken back to the schoolroom," she observed.

Yves stared at her—her voice sounded so strange.

"Ah, Madame la Marquise," said the priest, "out of the mouths of babes we hear the truth. It is sad, indeed, that such prejudice and superstition should still lurk among us. Christians should love one another, yet we treat these poor Cagots as an outcast race."

"Old customs are hard to change," said Grandmother drily. "Jean-Pierre," she added to the footman who appeared in response to her bell, "kindly conduct the young gentleman to his tutor."

Monsieur de Bret, the tutor, declined to give any information on this subject, though so terribly prolix in imparting knowledge as a rule, but Jean-Pierre proved more communicative. According to him the Cagots were most terrible people, and Yves quaked in his little bed at night whenever he thought of them.

They were wicked, they were dangerous, said the footman. If not forced to live in colonies apart, wearing a badge of degradation, and kept firmly down by a law which did not allow them to possess more than a modicum of property of any kind, goodness knows what harm they might do.

Yves, always disposed to think for himself from his earliest years, made an objection.

"How can they be wicked, Jean-Pierre? They go to church, and I see Monsieur le Vicaire going down to them there, with the Blessed Sacrament."

"There may be some that are less bad than the rest," conceded the domestic grudgingly. Then, in a ghastly whisper, he confided culminating horrors. The Cagots exhaled a horrible smell, he said, no matter how much they might wash themselves—and they had no ears!

Yves fled in terror, and the mere thought of these queer people hung over him like a nightmare. He told no one. Least of all would he speak of it to his exquisite mother, though he would turn his thoughts to her whenever the dreadful fear of possibly lurking Cagots overpowered him. Even now, a young man of twenty-three, he had never seen anyone as beautiful as his memory proved her. She was golden-haired, and wore no powder in the country, except on very grand occasions. Her blue eyes were large and bright, full of laughter and tenderness. She was small and slight, perfectly formed, with a flawless complexion. Grandmother regularly reddened cheeks and lips, when she put on her silk gown, but her daughter-in-law used no rouge. Then came the visit to Paris, the apartments in the King's palace where Yves saw many lovely ladies and was kissed by the beautiful Queen whom he did not think half so beautiful as Maman.

The young Marquise enjoyed Paris; she was much admired, and though

entirely devoted to her husband, she could not help basking in the pleasure of being universally welcomed and applauded. Friends buzzed continually in and out of the gay apartment, there were visits to the theatre, parties of pleasure, and finally the occasion which had ended in such tragedy.

It was a lovely June day. The King was to review the troops. Yves could not remember now where the parade took place, but he had only to close his eyes to see the splendid horses, the gorgeous uniforms, the regiments swinging by in time to the gay military music. The place had been crowded with open carriages, for all the fashionable world had turned out to see the show. They were packed together, grooms and footmen hanging onto the horses' heads. Some beggars managed to squeeze between the equipages at the peril of their lives, and climbed, whining, onto the steps of the carriages. One man suddenly sprang up on the St. Armand's coach, thrusting an evil, wolfish face close to the lady's, while he demanded an alms rather than pleaded for it. She was startled and uttered a little scream. The footman, who adored his mistress, instantly leaped down from his perch behind her and flung the beggar to the ground. The smart crowd, who were getting rather tired of the Review, instantly bracketed their attention on the carriage, lorgnettes were levelled on its occupants, quizzing glasses turned in their direction. The vagrant rose, covered with mud, and limped away, muttering between his teeth, and then a terrible thing happened. It was so like an ugly dream that for years afterward Yves would awake shuddering in the night and crying to himself. "It can't be true, it can't be true!"

A light missile flew into the coach, and fell like a blot of blood upon the lap of the Marquise; a voice somewhere in the crowd shrilled out one shameful word—"Cagote!"

Yves' father sprang to his feet reaching feverishly for his sword.

"Who threw that? Stop the rascal!" he cried to the servants, and added in a voice of anguish to his wife: "For God's sake, Lucie, sit up! Rouge yourself! Courage, courage! or we are ruined!"

But Lucie de St. Armand sat like a little statue of snow, all the pretty color drained away from her face. Her eyes stared in an agony of horror at the red, filthy cloth badge upon her knee. The beggars had all vanished as though by magic, the Marquis snatched up the foul little object and crushed it out of sight behind a cushion. Yves broke into loud wails. All round about them in the carriages the whispers grew louder.

"My dear! You saw? You heard what they called her? Faith, she could not look guiltier were it true! Who was she then, Baron, tell me, the little St. Armand? What's her family — where was she born?"

And then came the sounds of stifled laughter.

St. Armand fiercely turned to his son.

"Stop crying this instant, or I'll beat you. Lucie, for heaven's sake!"

Then he cried desperately to the bystanders: "My lady has swooned. Is there any chance of getting the carriage out of the press?"

"Not a chance, my lord," returned a mounted usher who wore the royal livery. "You are fast here for two hours at least."

Yves pressed close to his mother, clinging to her little icy hand, while his father held a vinaigrette to her delicate nostrils. By and bye she moved a little and gently pushed the child away from her, but she did not speak until late in the afternoon, when free at last from torturing glances and curious remarks, they had regained the palace, and stood by their own door.

Then Lucie de St. Armand raised her

white face and looked fixedly at her husband.

"C'est vrai quand meme," she said. "It is true all the same."

Two days later the St. Armands obtained leave to return to their estates, on account of the lady's delicate health.

Grandmother and Father went about the Château with faces like stone. The beautiful little Mamma remained locked in her own rooms. Then one wet, windy day there was an outcry when the Marquis returned from hunting. The golden-haired Marquise was not to be found. No one had seen her leave the Château; she had bade no farewell to her child. From that day Yves never set eyes on his mother again, and from that day Grandmother's health gave way; from that day the Marquis de St. Armand never crossed the threshold of the Church.

After grandmother's death no one spoke to Yves of religion. His tutor was changed for one of the new fashion—a classicist and philosopher after the pagan model. The Marquis spent most of the year in Paris, steadily gambling away his fortune and his child's inheritance.

As Yves grew to manhood, he determined to devote his life to humanity. He loved the old place and labored with his own hands among the foresters caring for the trees. The village people loved him, though they would shake their heads often.

"Ah, Monsieur Yves, if you only had a little Faith!"

He was always polite to the priests. They did their best no doubt in their own misguided way. They lived poor hard lives like the folk about them. For the little community was very poor.

Last year half the country was on the verge of famine. It was in the bitter cold of winter that Monsieur le Marquis came home to die, and on his deathbed cried out for a priest.

The Curé responded to the call. He

was peasant-born, and spoke French with difficulty. Yves met him descending the stairs, as he hurried away to a humbler sick bed.

"He is at peace, I have done everything," he announced. Then he added kindly, "You are soon to be an orphan, my poor boy, and I fear heavy trials are before you. But, remember God is your Father, and you have a Mother in heaven too—the Mother of your God."

Yves made a little bow, and offered the Curé some refreshment, which the old man refused with a shake of the head.

He had planted an idea in Yves' mind, though not the one he wished to convey. The young man went back to his father's room.

"Dear Sir, tell me, is my mother dead?"

The little Marquise had never before been mentioned between father and son.

"Had she destroyed herself? Did you ever find her?"

A look of horror spread over the face of the dying man; his lips moved, but produced no sound.

"She did not go back to them? O God!" cried Yves, calling upon the Creator in whose existence he disbelieved,—
"say she did not go back?"

His voice rang out despairingly loud, and the door opened to admit the old housekeeper, Anne-Marie.

"You must not disturb him now," she said authoritatively to her young master; "God is all that matters now."

And bending, she held a little crucifix before the dying eyes.

"Look upon Him! He loves you! All is forgiven!"

Yves saw his father's face relax, the look of anguish disappear. His cold fingers fumbled with the little wooden rosary which the priest had given him. He said one last word quite clearly, in a tone of wonder and joy,—
"Mother!"

And then Yves knew that he was alone in the world.

A few weeks later the creditors swooped down upon the estate. Everything that could be disposed of had been squandered, and Yves found himself without a home, with but a pittance to live upon, cast upon an unfriendly world.

A title without land or fortune was ridiculous—indeed any title accorded ill with the young man's principles.

Monsieur le Marquis Yves de St. Armand was no more. Jean de St. Armand came to Paris, the home of the philosophers, to fill with pagan sophistries his lonely, empty heart.

(To be continued.)

Saint Andre Fournet.*

BY M. R. HOSTE.

(Conclusion.)

FATHER ANDRE taught men to be holy by his letters and instructions, but his example was even more efficacious. There was not one virtue of all those which he constantly recommended to his community which he did not practise himself to a heroic degree. The Church solemnly and officially recognized and proclaimed the fact (July 10, 1921). Everyone of those virtues of the founder of the Daughters of the Cross would require a special panegyric; let us content ourselves with calling attention to the one which St. Bernard rightly called the foundation and guardian of all the rest: holy humility. It is no exaggeration to say that Father André was really a prodigy of humility. He never knew what it was to be proud; he looked upon himself as a miserable wretch, and the most unworthy of sinners. He was filled with grief and confusion by the mere thought that anyone could feel anything for him but contempt. "Ah," he would cry, pressing his hands against his emaciated breast,

* Translated from *La Croix*.

"sacrilegious old wretch that I am. If my superiors knew me better, I should have been suspended long ago!"

Father André was completely convinced that he was nothing but a miserable and contemptible nonentity. "I was kneeling one day in the good Father's confessional," relates a Sister, "ready to make my confession. Father André had not yet arrived; I was waiting for him. After a few moments, he appeared. Believing himself to be alone in the church, he roughly smote his breast, and kissed his crucifix, crying out: 'O my God, have pity on me, for I am a great sinner!' I trembled," added the Sister, "for fear the good Father had seen me, but he had not, fortunately. . . . I made my confession afterwards . . . never have I made a confession like that one, with such lively contrition; I was so deeply touched by what I had seen."

Far from avoiding humiliations and rebuffs, Father André accepted them with joy and gratitude from whatever source they came. One day a man of some distinction stormed at him and abused him. The good Father gently replied: "Sir, I have deserved by my sins that you should treat me in this way."

A young seminarist, whose expenses were being paid by Father Fournet, took it into his head to put his humility to a practical test. "I had heard it said," he tells us himself, "that the Abbé Fournet was a saint. I wanted to make sure of it for myself. One day, I went so far as to remonstrate with him very strongly: I told him that his devotion was exaggerated and unwise, that his mortifications were absurd, and that he only practised them from a spirit of pride and ostentation. The good Father listened in silence, and when I had finished, he said: 'My dear boy, I now see that you are my true friend; if you knew all my faults, you would tell me many more. . . .' And from that day forward Father André treated me more kindly and affectionately than ever."

Father André practised austerities and rigorous penances all his life, yet these did not prevent him from living till he was over eighty. But the hour was drawing near when God would reward the merits of his faithful servant. During the year 1833, the good Father gave two retreats at Poitiers, one to the candidates for ordination at Whitsuntide, the other in the month of August, to the priests of the diocese. He came back to La Puye exhausted. The following winter was exceptionally mild, and Father André got through it fairly well, but in the month of April he suffered from attacks of fever which weakened him very much.

He celebrated his last Mass on the 27th of April, and recited the Breviary on the 3d of May for the last time, but at what a cost! When Sister Elisabeth heard of his condition she returned as quickly as possible from the diocese of Bayonne, whither the affairs of the Congregation had called her. "Ah, the good Sister," Father Fournet remarked, when he heard her name. "It is you, is it, my dear daughter? Thank God!" He received Extreme Unction on Sunday evening, May 11, and made his last Communion the next day. On the morning of Tuesday, May 13, it was observed that the good Father was rapidly sinking. Several priests and the older Sisters, gathered round his bed and began the prayers for the dying. Scarcely were they ended, when he gently breathed his last. Sister Elisabeth closed his eyes. It was then about 9 o'clock in the morning. He was in his eighty-second year.

It was not long before God glorified his humble servant. Many miracles were in fact obtained through Father André's intercession. The Church could not be indifferent to these marvellous happenings. For a period of nearly eighty years the Cause of Father André was under discussion, and inquiries and investigations were multiplied. The first

of these inquiries was prescribed by Monseigneur Pie, Bishop of Poitiers, who later was a Cardinal. The last took place in August, 1932: its object was the verification of the truth of the two miraculous cures proposed for the canonization of blessed André-Hubert Fournet: that of little Lucienne Blanchard, a child belonging to La Puye, who had been born a cripple, and began to walk on the 21st of May, 1927, on the third day of a novena made to Blessed André Fournet; and that of Sister Generosa, a Little Sister of the Poor, at Tafalla, in the diocese of Pampeluna, who was suddenly cured on January 27, 1927, by the application of a garment which had touched the relics of Father André.

These two cures were recognized as perfect and lasting. On July 19, 1877, the introduction of the Cause was pronounced in the Court of Rome. On July 10, 1921, Pope Benedict XV. solemnly proclaimed the heroic character of the virtues of the servant of God.

On May 16, 1926, less than two months after the solemn recognition of the two miracles proposed for the Beatification, His Holiness Pius XI. crowned the Founder of the Daughters of the Cross with the diadem of the Blessed, and authorized the faithful to honor him by a public cult.

The two miracles required after the Beatification were approved on November 20, 1932, and the decree *detuto* (safely) announcing the canonization was promulgated on January 8, 1933. The final stage was passed by the will of the Sovereign Pontiff on June 4, 1933, the Feast of Pentecost.

One who was present wrote afterwards that the Pope's solemn Mass produced a powerful impression of the presence of Christ, especially at two given moments. This occurred first of all at the Consecration; when the Pope lifted the Host in his hands and then the Chalice, and presented them succes-

sively to all the multitude of people in front of him; then to those on the left and on the right, and finally to those behind him. And again, when, at the Communion, the Pope, having regained his throne, awaited on his knees the coming of his Lord.

The silence then became deeper still. Only at the Consecration, there was the accompaniment of bells slowly and softly rung, to announce the accomplishment of the Holy Mysteries.

But when the Pope left the Basilica, borne upon *la Sedia*, which now uncovered by a dais, as was the case on his arrival, the general enthusiasm knew no bounds. At the moment when *la Sedia* began to pass up the royal staircase, Pius XI. turned towards the crowd which had acclaimed him under the portico, and, smiling, took his leave with a friendly salute, for which he was at once thanked by an ovation even more impressive than all those which had preceded it.

The Memory.

BY BERT COOKSLEY.

EARTH'S roads are long, earth's seas are wide,

The heart within me knows it well;
Each footsore wind, each sleepless tide,
Each sunrise gun and sunset bell,
Each desert rim and valley side—

The heart within me knows them well.

League after league and mile on mile,
The roads and sea trails beckon those
Whose passports are the camp-land smile,
Whose emblems are the Gypsy rose,
Whose members are an endless file—

As well the heart within me knows!

As well the heart in me will seek,
Till smile and rose are faded grey,
And roads and seas no longer speak;
But often when the night winds play
A barefoot path, a meadow creek,
Must steal the heart in me away!

Carolina Abdicates.*

BY ESTHER W. NEILL.

XV.—CAROLINA PREDICTS DISASTER.

THE months passed in tranquil peace. Carolina, half afraid of happiness, predicted approaching disaster. Monsieur Courtenay, calling one afternoon in time for tea, found her consulting an old astrologer's chart that she had brought from Paris.

"I know I'm an old fool to be fascinated by such things," she said, motioning him to a chair by her side. "Of course I don't believe in such nonsense, but I've just been studying this extraordinary map of the heavens. What a wonderful universe we live in. The stars this month are sinister. I have been feeling that something is going to happen. I've never been so happy in my life before. I was not made for happiness. Something unpleasant, averse, is going to happen."

The little Frenchman had dismissed all potential calamity with a wave of his small pink hands. "It's not like you to borrow trouble," he said. "Come out on the balcony, my dear Carolina, come with me." He opened the long casement window invitingly. "Let us watch the sunset. Smoke a cigarette, it will quiet your nerves. See, I have your favorite brand," and he presented his silver cigarette case with affectionate solicitude; "I am very proud of my case; I always carry it—you gave it to me many years ago."

"Did I?" she said, fingering it with slight interest. "I had forgotten. I should not have given it to you, for it has encouraged you to smoke too much. It's a reprehensible habit I suppose. Give me a light. I have so many reprehensible habits."

She sat down in a low, cushioned chair, inhaled her cigarette for a moment, and then putting it down on the ivy-colored wall that circled the high balcony, she let it go out unnoticed. Her tired eyes looked out upon the wide-spread view of the valley: a wonderful cyclorama of green fields, pink-tinted orchards, trim gardens, floating levels of smoke hanging above the chimneys of peaceful hearth fires, while in the purple distance loomed the mountains guarding this fertile spot with rows of regimental sentries—those defiant conquerors of all climate—the crowded army of aggressive pines.

But, the sun this evening showed no glories of color, it shone like a silvery buoy on a lifting sea of ominous grey clouds. A storm was gathering. Some forked lightning, criss-crossing against the sky, seemed to radio a warning, and a quick peal of thunder echoed like staccato musketry from the rocky ledges of the hills. Old Ephraim, the butler, came hurriedly out of the house to pull up the striped awning that was billowing dangerously above the balcony, and Carolina grasped at a flower pot of trailing vines as the wind hurled it from the exposed railing. Monsieur Courtenay put his arm around Carolina

* SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.—Carolina, a Southern girl, married a French officer during the Civil War and travelled to France with him. He was killed there and she returned to America, making her home in Louisiana. There her son died of yellow fever, and Carolina with her infant grandson fled to North Carolina, her birthplace, where she established a colony. Eduard Grogé, her grandson, went to New York to study medicine, and married without consulting his grandmother. She cut him off, but later, when his wife

deserted him, he returned a sick man and was cared for by Carolina. Antoinette, the niece of the parish Curé, awakened his interest in life again, and he made up his mind to try to bring Antoinette, who was suffering from weak lungs, back to health. Through a secret plan of Carolina's Dr. Savarin, the village doctor, asks Eduard to be his assistant. He agrees, and when an office is fitted out, next door to Dr. Savarin's home, the old man goes on a vacation to Havana, leaving Dr. Grogé in full charge of all patients.

to shield her from the gusty breeze.

"We shall have to go inside," he said. "I did not realize that a storm was approaching. Perhaps you would like to stay here in the recess of the window and watch it. What extraordinary lightning! Shall we stay here and watch it until the rain comes?"

"No, no," she answered. "I have no desire to be struck by lightning, Jean; I am the worst of cowards in a thunder storm. They make me feel so futile, so helpless. Hold open the casement before it slams and breaks into a thousand pieces. Now latch it. Draw the curtains. I want to shut out all sight and sound. Turn on the lights."

"Thar ain't no lights," said old Ephraim pressing the switches with his fat fingers. "I reckon somethin' must have happened to that thar plant over yonder, cause thar ain't no lights in the house. The electricity has gone off."

"Then light all the candles," she ordered testily; "bring some lamps. I always feel that I am smothering in darkness. Where are you, Jean? I can't even see to find a chair." She groped her way to the long sofa that stood in front of the hearth. "At last I've found a seat. Come this way, Jean. Ephraim will bring us some lights in a moment. You must have a match in your pocket. Can't you light the fire? I'm sure the kindling is all laid. That mountain breeze is so cold, I'm chilled to the bone."

Monsieur Courtenay, accustomed to obey her slightest requests, knelt down on the tawny tiger skin that lay at her feet, and, taking his match box from his pocket, he lighted the plentiful supply of kindling that had been carefully placed under the heavier logs on the andirons. The paper and resinous wood burst into brilliant flame. Carolina cowered above it, as a clatter of hail whirled against the French windows and a crash of thunder seemed to shake every movable object in the room.

"What a storm!" she cried. "I told

you that storms always terrified me. I don't like to be left alone. You will have to stay until Eduard comes."

"Of course, of course," said the little man soothingly stroking her blue-veined hand which lay on the satin sofa cushion; "I have no desire to leave, Carolina. Nothing but a Noah's ark would preserve me from being drowned in a downpour like this. But it's an ill wind that does not blow somebody good. You have heard that a thousand times. Yet, I welcome any sort of storm that keeps me by your side and your dinners. Ah, well, no man in his right senses could be indifferent to your dinners. If Eduard appears, quite suddenly, I hope I shall not be cast out on my head."

She responded to his cheerful chatter with a faint smile. "The invitation to remain will still stand," she said.

"Then, I shall be glad to welcome Eduard. I have been so busy correcting the proof sheets of the new edition of my history that I have not seen him for some days. But, he is looking well again, Carolina. He has recovered some of his old light-heartedness. His friends in the village adore him. He seems to bring an atmosphere of cheer to the sick. It is a great gift to be able to add to the world's joy. I knew he would rebound from his own grief. Youth is so adaptable, so durn forgetful, forgiving. There are few sorrows that we cannot outlive."

"I suppose so," she said after a short silence, in which she seemed to be listening to the clamor of the storm. "I have always believed that one can outlive love, though all the maudlin poets seem to deny it, and in some rare cases they may be right," she added reflectively. "I am not quite sure that Eduard will ever outlive his."

"Of course he will," Monsieur Courtenay assured her with persistent optimism. "As time goes on he will view her more sanely."

"Sanely?" she repeated questioningly.

"Men in love do not reason. If a man cannot reason, then he is temporarily insane. Does not that sound like a platitude of logic, my dear Carolina? I have always thought, though I hesitated to say it when the girl was Eduard's wife, that she was a piece of common baggage from the beginning." He leaned back in his chair in peaceful contentment, as if this criticism dismissed her from further consideration.

Carolina, nervously twisting the gold chain that held her son's medallion, was distracted for the moment from her fears. "But, you said she was beautiful," she reminded him.

"Yes, yes," the little man agreed. "But, beauty has nothing to do with it."

"Nothing to do with it?" Carolina exclaimed in amazement. "What a ridiculous thing to say, Jean. Do you suppose that Eduard would have been lured into such a mad marriage, if the girl had been freckled, snub-nosed and cross-eyed?"

He laughed aloud. "Ah, well, you present an impossible portrait," he said.

"Beauty is power," she said meditatively; "I had it once and I know, and now I find myself still clinging to the little I have left: creams and lotions and manicures and masseuses and dentists and tiresome days with tailors and dressmakers and milliners. Why do I worry myself about such things at my age? I should be content in a gunny sack with a hole for my head. Why should I try to hold onto—remnants?"

"Don't speak of remnants," he interrupted her. "You have preserved your beauty, Carolina; no mere man would question how. You look like a beautiful portrait to-night—a sort of Titian-like composition in the red and gold light of the fire. And that soft grey dress—chiffon I believe you call it—seems to merge with my cigarette smoke. You are like an unreal vision, a bachelor's dream of beauty. I would like to hold onto your hand to convince myself that

you will not vanish as soon as my cigarette is smoked out."

She smiled at the elaboration of this compliment. "If I allowed Nature to have her way," she said, "I should have been a toothless old hag by this time. You would never have come to see me. I should have been destitute of friends. The little power I have would have vanished long ago."

"Not with your spirit, Carolina. You forget your spirit."

She tapped the arm of the sofa, expressing her impatience. "You are always so transcendental, Jean. I am a little afraid to consider my spirit. It has led me into all sorts of perilous ways in this world. What will it do in the next?"

His round, cherubic face grew grave. "I have always believed that the next world will be simpler than this one," he said.

She looked fixedly at the fire for some moments. "Let us hope so," she responded wearily. "No ambition, no pride, no struggle to hold onto human affection. But, I don't care to talk about the next world in the midst of a thunder storm. I want to ask you a question that has perplexed me for a long time. When you went to New York to see Eduard did you suspect that there was anything wrong?"

He was silent for a short time, thinking deeply. "I told you that Eduard's wife seemed a little indifferent to him," he answered. "I—I am sure that was my impression, and, if you remember, Carolina, you laughed at my ideas. When I talked about her lack of small attentions, you thought I was a sentimental old fool."

"Oh, no, no, Jean, I'm sure I did not call you that! And on the day you stayed to dinner was this other man anywhere about?"

Monsieur Courtenay threw his cigarette into the fire and then proceeded to rumple up his stiff pompadour as if he

were trying to stimulate his mind by this outward process of friction. "I—I believe he was, Carolina. Now that you ask me, I believe he was. At the time it did not seem to me important. There was a young man sitting on the front steps as we came in. He left before dinner was served. I remember now I was introduced to him."

"And what was his name? Did you hear his name?"

"His name? Now, let me think," and the little man's shaggy eyebrows met in a perplexed frown. "I forget names—that is another sign of age,—I always forget names. Of late I have been trying to force my memory. The name ended in—wood. Now let me think. There was an Irish name connected with that last syllable—Collinswood! That was it," he added triumphantly. "I always have a sense of renewed youth when I remember a name. Collinswood,—I am sure now that was it, for I saw the name afterwards in the *New York Times* to which I have always subscribed. He had written a play; his wife was acting in it. I believe the first performance was a frost. The critics ridiculed it."

"I'm glad of it," she said grimly. "He deserves no success. I am glad that she has passed out of Eduard's life forever."

She was interrupted by the insistent ring of the telephone. Monsieur Courtenay lifted the extension receiver that stood on a small table close to his chair. "I'll answer it," he said. "It is Eduard. He says that we must not wait dinner for him. He has been called to the old Munster tavern. There has been an automobile accident. Some one badly hurt."

"Who?" she asked anxiously.

"He does not know. Strangers, I guess, touring the mountains. Some one telephoned him to come at once."

"It's a frightful night to be traveling these mountain roads," she said, shuddering, as another peal of thunder

rattled the casement windows. "I wish he did not have to go. The rain is blinding. I wish he did not have to go."

"But, Dr. Savarin is in Havana, Carolina. A doctor has to go when he is needed. Eduard is the best driver I know. He's no speed demon taking all sorts of chances. Don't worry about him, he knows every twist in the road. You would not have him refuse to go when he is called?"

"Of course he must go—of course, Jean, I understand; but I'm terrified by this lightning. I'm an old woman with all my nerves on edge. I told you I detested thunder storms."

"Then let us try to forget it," he said cheerfully. "Since Eduard cannot get home to dinner, suppose we obey his orders and dine without him. It might be a welcome diversion from thunder and lightning and other anxieties. I know a guest should not make such a suggestion, but I am as hungry as a hunter, and I know that your excellent cook is apt to lose her patience if her food is dried up by delay."

"Then, come," she said, holding out her hand to him. "Come, Jean, your practical common sense has always been a sort of staff of life to me. Give me your arm—I have roast ducklings which you always enjoy, and I am sure a glass of old Madeira will warm the cold blood in our veins. This process of growing old is all the purgatory I'm looking for. I'm losing my courage. The old Munster tavern is a disreputable place. I wish Eduard did not have to go there."

"Nonsense, Carolina; Eduard is no longer a boy. The Munster tavern is not going to swallow him up like a dragon when he comes on an errand of mercy. Why, we stopped there ourselves when we first came to this state. Don't you remember? It was clean and fairly comfortable and warm and dry, and this house which had been shut up so long was full of damp and mildew."

"But, that was years ago, Jean. When we knew the tavern, it was kept by old Abigail Munster, a hard-working respectable woman who was struggling to give her son some advantages. She sent him away to school. I don't believe his education helped him any, for he is back now, after years of wandering, and I understand the place is a gathering place for moonshiners. There was a fight there only a few weeks ago. I heard that one man had been murdered."

"I am sure the story was exaggerated," he said soothingly. "The sheriff went there to investigate and could not find the corpse."

"And must you see a corpse, Jean, before you believe a most likely story?"

The little man smiled. "A corpse is always convincing," he said.

"Well, the story goes that the man was safely buried, but that he disinters himself every night and walks in the woods. The tavern has become unpopular now that it is reported to be haunted."

"Haunted!" he repeated. "Now, Carolina, be sensible. You don't believe in ghosts."

"I'm not so sure."

"Did you ever see one?"

"Of course."

"Where?"

"Walking in the streets, my dear Jean. I'm not talking of disembodied ones, but the world is full of ghosts. Friends of our youth, who have been failures. Men and women who have disappointed us, deceived us, slinking away at our approach; and then there are the impalpable ones, ghosts of memories, hopes, ambitions, loves. All men are haunted."

"Come, come," he said. "I have never known you to be in such a mood before. The storm has left you unduly nervous. You have always been the bravest of the brave. Doesn't the statue in the market square of you, Carolina, the intrepid spy, mean anything? Let us

talk of something gayer than ghosts. I must tell you a story I heard the other day. It is quite amusing and I have brought you a book. A most interesting experience of some young Englishman who went out to India and joined some of the Hindu cults—"

The little man began to talk with feverish vivacity, striving to distract her from her fears. The old Madeira was stimulating, the perfectly served dinner gave her a vague sense of domestic achievement. Her old friend's familiar face, shining in the candle light, seemed to bring life back to normalcy, and she saw that the storm was passing, with the usual rapidity of these mountain tempests, for the moon was cutting its way through jagged masses of cloud and shining faintly through the curtain of the casement window. Her mind was relieved of its foreboding, for the roads were no longer submerged in treacherous darkness. Eduard would make the return journey in comparative safety. Twenty miles was no distance in an automobile. She instructed the butler to save some dinner for her grandson.

"I have found that food can be kept quite appetizing, if it is kept over hot water," she explained to Monsieur Courtenay. "If it is put in the oven, it dries to a crisp. Eduard will be hungry after postponing his dinner so long."

Another glass of the old Madeira, a luscious dessert of hot-house strawberries and whipped cream. Life was pleasant after all, even in old age. Jean's stories were amusing. She knew that he was summoning back his old dramatic talent to entertain her, and in spite of all her selfish characteristics, she had never failed to be grateful to those who had tried to minister to her moods.

When dinner was over they returned to the library, lighted now by softly shaded lamps. Monsieur Courtenay, in his well-modulated voice, read aloud to her, while Carolina busied herself with that enlarging piece of fancy work that

she had begun during Eduard's illness. She had kept it as an outlet for her energies. Its completion, or its ultimate usefulness, seemed to be matters of indifference, but it gave her a vague feeling of accomplishment to see the garment growing, as her long ivory needles clicked in and out.

(To be continued.)

Shall We Condemn Fear?

BY ARTHUR O'BRIEN.

FEAR of hell was always a favorite topic with preachers of the past generation. It was a fruitful subject for the speaker's rhetorical powers, and here in America, where a Puritan gloom has been the tradition, the faithful themselves listened with a certain complacency. The spirit of this century generally has turned away from all forms of fear. In the education of the young, fear-motivation is considered a capital sin. Books on how to conquer fear are found on every bargain counter.

Recently in a daily paper, a correspondent to the religious page declared he would scrap all of Christianity for its appeal to the fear of punishment. The Catholic Church itself has seen a new vogue which emphasizes the way of love in the life of Saint Thérèse of the Child Jesus. Advance of science in medicine, astronomy, psychology and in every form, has robbed Mother Nature of many of her secrets by which she enslaved us in fear. The truth is, however, that while fear is not the high road to a great spiritual life, it will always remain as a necessary motive.

Fear in some degree and in some form enters the life of every one. Not only in the great decisions of life but in our daily work, fear of defeat and criticism holds us back from creative effort. It makes us guarded in our intercourse with men. It causes lying and hypocrisy. It makes anticipation worse than re-

ality. It keeps men from repentance, and even causes over-anxiety in the smallest matters of conscience. It haunts our life and makes even good conduct ignoble.

We are all familiar with the type of young adventurer who breaks laws because he is not afraid. He despises those who are good out of fear. Courage in all its forms is admired by everyone. We think of it as the companion of love and strength. It brings independence, satisfaction and activity. Courage, however, is properly the virtue of intelligence. It supposes a reasonable fear and implies logical action in the face of danger. Fear in itself is only that recognition of danger which motivates us to avoid evil. In this form, fear is the means of self-preservation. The man who has no fear of sickness and death will find himself an easy prey when attacked by them. The man who has no fear whatever of hell is left without a strong safeguard against going there.

The unpardonable sin is not in fearing but in letting fear deter us from duty. The soldier who runs away from the enemy is a coward, but the man who goes forth to meet the foe may do so with a salutary fear in his heart. It is impossible to do away with fear as a motive as long as self-preservation remains our strongest instinct. Even when a man gives his life for a friend he does so from fear of losing a greater good. The mysterious power of love even in its most disinterested form does not destroy that force which makes us seek our own good.

In spite of all our enlightenment fear will always remain as a motive in the Christian religion. Like the prophets and like Christ, the Church keeps men from sin and brings them to repentance by reminding them of the threat of divine punishment. It is true, of course, that a too constant appeal to punishment makes a taskmaster of God and a craven spirit of man. God is the author of good rather than the avenger of

wrong. Man, on his part, ought to use his spiritual energy not merely in avoiding evil but rather in doing good. Nevertheless, the fear of punishment can be a reasonable though imperfect motive and a means of spiritual advance.

Church writers have always recognized two kinds of fear as a motive. A purely servile fear considers the evil consequences of sin without any relation to God. It implies continued attachment to the wrong of which we profess to repent. Obviously it is useless before God as the basis of repentance and a good life. A fear which is not purely servile sees punishment as the act of a just God. It always includes a sincere return to Him. Such fear is "the beginning of wisdom," because it prepares the way for the restoration of friendship with God. This friendship can be achieved only by love. It is still true to-day that the whole of Christ's law is in loving God for Himself with our whole heart and soul and mind and our neighbor as ourselves.

There is only one way in which fear can be raised in some degree to the value of love and that is by the Sacrament of Penance with its gift of sanctifying grace. In the tribunal of Penance God accepts a sincere repentance based on the fear of punishment. This privilege is allowed to man only out of Christ's consideration for that human weakness which makes man slow in the way of repentant love.

It is rightly said that intelligent man should do good and avoid evil because he follows his reasonable nature. Right reason is the basis of morality. Faith, even though it supplies added motives for a good life, does not do away with its natural foundation. There is a sense in which the fear of hell remains a complete motive for morality. Union with God by perfect knowledge and love is the final purpose of reasonable nature. Separation from God is the result of an unreasonable or immoral life. Hell itself

being essentially the loss of God, is the complete frustration of nature. It is unreasonable to act merely from fear when the punishment is only an arbitrary penalty imposed by a will that might have chosen another. It is not unreasonable to act only out of fear when the punishment is the complete and necessary result of the wrong. A plane which cracks in mid-air can have only one destiny—to come to earth a wreck. For the man who violates his own reasonable nature separation from God in the next life is the logical sequence of moral evil. It is the failure of all those forces which were struggling towards their own perfection. It is the opposite to order and advance. Thus the loss of God is a reasonable fear not only on supernatural but also on natural grounds.

Fear is not the fulness of wisdom. Perfect wisdom comes only in love. The Catholic Faith stresses fear, but surely no one will deny that it has inspired the greatest love. Christ Himself gave His hearers many invitations to the higher life of love. He set aside all Jewish formalism and repeated as His whole law the double command to love God and our neighbor. His discourse at the Last Supper is a tender panegyric of His love for man and His hope of winning love in return. St. Paul's great labors were inspired by the thought of that divine love. He says: "But in all things we overcome because of Him that hath loved us." The same Faith has inspired the saints to that love which "casteth out fear." We read in the perfect prayer of St. Francis Xavier:

O God, I love Thee for Thyself
And not that I may heaven gain,
Nor because those who love Thee not,
Must suffer hell's eternal pain.

Not with the hope of gaining aught, not seeking a reward;

But, as Thyself hast loved me, O ever-loving Lord.

E'en so I love Thee and will love, and in Thy praise will sing;

Solely because Thou art my God and my eternal King.

Surely this is the ultimate perfection in love, to love God because He is God and as He has loved us. That prayer is a biography of all the saints. Some of them have even expressed the paradoxical desire of giving up the possession of God if thereby they could be of service to Him.

Love is a fragile thing. Even in the lives of the saints fear of punishment reappears at times as the last bulwark against complete defeat. It is related of St. Teresa of Avila that she was moved to still greater efforts towards perfection by a vision of the place destined for her in hell should she be unfaithful to grace. The modern Saint Thérèse offered to God her stay in this world as a perance for the sins of mankind. She did not fail to add also this prayer: "The only grace I ask of You is never to offend You."

For the average man fear has a more frequent use. Very few would be saved without it. Love is the goal and many of us reach it on occasion. But most people cannot rely on its inspiration alone. We cannot afford to despise the motive of fear in our struggle towards God. Christ knew this when He said: "It is better for thee to enter into life maimed than having two hands to go into hell, into unquenchable fire."

The King and the Clock.

We get so used to following the old paths in our daily lives that we frequently continue to do so year after year without any question as to whether our procedure can be improved. It is only recently, for example, that any serious effort has been made to change the face of our watches so as to make for the easier and more accurate reading of time.

The dial as we have it to-day had been with us for centuries without any-

body to speak of noticing a peculiarity of numbering which, although not at all natural, has been adhered to without change in practically all watch and clock-making establishments the world over. We refer to the practice of placing the symbol IIII to indicate four o'clock on the dial instead of the Roman IV. which we should ordinarily expect to see in conformity with the rest of the numerals.

The practice came about in the following way. It seems that the first clock which was made to resemble those in use to-day came from the hands of Henry Vick in 1370. He made it for Charles V. of France who, although called "The Wise," was not so wise in some ways, as the succeeding narrative will indicate. Naturally Charles was greatly delighted with the new time-keeping device which was presented to him; but, being called the wise, he wanted to keep up the reputation which had been assigned to him by pointing out at least some defect in the marvelous instrument. So he picked upon the dial.

"Yes, the clock works well," Charles admitted, "but you have got the figures on the dial wrong."

"Wherein, Your Majesty?" asked the clock maker.

"That four should be four ones," said the King.

"You are wrong, Your Majesty," said Vick.

"I am never wrong," thundered the King. "Take it away and correct the mistake!"

And corrected it was, for from that day until this the four o'clock symbol has been IIII instead of IV. as it really should have been. Recently, however, in some of our 1933 watches and clocks an entirely new arrangement of the dial has been attempted which not only disobeys the dictum of Charles V. but also gives us a much easier and natural way of telling time.

Giving Thanks.

BY P. J. C.

THOSE lepers, seeking the mercy of a cure from Christ, stood afar off. They were unclean and could not approach; hence did the next best thing within the prohibition—called as a single voice, “Jesus, Master, have mercy on us.” They followed instructions about showing themselves to the priests, and as they went were made clean. They were very happy. Naturally. It is not often a leper gets separated from his leprosy so quickly. They rejoiced; and in the joy of the gift forgot the Giver. All except one. Nine went to their homes, called in their friends, made rejoicing like that shepherd who found his lost sheep, that woman who found her lost groat. Only they were happy not over what they had found, but over what they had lost.

One came back, shouting his gratitude; set his face against the earth, humble and thankful. The Samaritan outcast taught the chivalry of courtesy and good breeding to the Jew who despised him. The nine called for mercy with as much volume as he. They shouted when they begged. In giving thanks they were dumb.

This neglect of gratitude for the gift bestowed, the good turn done, is one of the many ugly excrescences of human nature. We ask ardently, insistently, plaintively. It may be so small a thing as a book. The book is lost, kept, or returned—a noble ruin. It may be a sum of money, to hint the return of which is viewed as an insult.

Everybody asks. Fifty per cent fail to express thanks after they receive. Why? Selfishness. We are porous and receptive when we want. In possession the surface of our nature closes in and hardens. We ask, beg, plead, shed tears down into our beards when we seek

something for self. We think of ourselves. When we are secure in possession we think of self satisfied, not of self seeking. Gratitude should enter into our joy, as humility enters into our pleading. It does not.

A succession of reasoned sentences is not called for to prove all this. In your own life you see the bridges which helped people to cross streams. How they begged for passage over! They were admitted without toll and reached landing safely. In planning for entrance upon the next bridge over the next river, they forget to say thanks at the bridges crossed.

People keep shrines in their memories for what they conceive as grievances. And a statue of every hurt is set within every shrine. They burn a light before every statue—the light of resentment. You do not find so often statues to mercies, benefits received. Why? Selfishness. Wrongs done us quicken self-pity. We like to commiserate ourselves. Favors bestowed make us think of others. We have no time for that.

Finally, one real or fancied slight effaces an hundred favors. Give a man, a woman, free board and room for six months; forget and forgive unpaid debts; get a young man, a young woman a position; help some one with a problem to solve the problem; save a man from serving a sentence. Then fail to send an invitation to your daughter’s marriage; miss a call during a sickness; say a word that seems a criticism. You are worse than a public enemy.

What can be done? Since we are as we are, not much. Our Lord did great things for the people of His day. They repaid Him by nailing Him to two cross pieces of wood; and shouted up at Him, “Come down and we will believe.” He did not cease His mercy deeds because people had poor memories; because they were ungrateful, centered in themselves; unreasonable. Nor should we.

Notes and Remarks.

The Thirteenth Annual Convention of the National Council of Catholic Women will be held from October 7 to 11 in the city of St. Paul. This should be an event of compelling interest to every Catholic woman in the United States. Indeed there was never a time in the history of our country when the Church needed the assistance of its women more than it does now. There is so much to be done in protecting the home from the evil influences of modern living, in filling up those off-hours when neither the Church nor the school is in control, in guarding against those various legislative abuses which are continually threatening the rights of religion. The National Council of Catholic Women, with its widespread membership and its affiliation with Catholic women's societies of every kind, offers the opportunity of that service in a way that no other organization could supply. We suggest that so far as possible every parish send its visitor or delegate to the convention so that there may be brought back to the women of the locality some idea of what this up-and-doing National Council is doing for God and country.

The newspapers have just recorded the death of Ring W. Lardner, newspaper writer and humorist. We must confess that we read of his passing with a real pang of regret. Ring Lardner was in no sense a celebrity in the literary field, but he got a lot more out of life and edged a lot closer to his readers than many a swollen pretender. So far as we know his writings, he was a clean humorist and wholesome. For one thing he had no use for that contemptible creature—the poseur. He never forgot the small towns in which he had lived, the small jobs at which he worked, the simple people with whom he mingled. In fact, it was from those humble sources that he learned what

he knew about life. Above everything else he loved simple people. In his own droll way he bent the knee before those homely virtues that make neighborhood life so rich in later memories. Indeed when we stop to think of it, his was a humor that the nation can ill afford to lose in this day of pretension and vulgar obscenity. It was a pity that he never got near enough to the Church to really know what he was missing. Ring Lardner would have enjoyed being a Catholic. He was that kind of a man.

“Spain,” says the London *Catholic Times*, “seems determined to empty out the baby with the bath water. This week’s news is that the Christian Brothers have been expelled in accordance with the infamous law of June second. They conducted 133 schools and colleges throughout Spain, of which over 100 were completely free. At these free schools, 34,000 poor children were educated without charge on the taxes and rates. Presumably the wretched Azana Government will try to provide some sort of alternative education, but already it is in difficulties. It is only a week or so since the Director-General of Public Education in Seville called upon the ‘Sindacos’ of twenty-two places in the province to laicise schools conducted by religious communities. These worthies replied that the religious ran the schools for nothing, and that there was no money available to pay for lay teachers. The Director would not promise them any help for fear of creating a precedent which the other communes would speedily note, and there the matter ends for the present. It seems as though no education at all is regarded by the present rulers as preferable to education under the auspices of religious.” This is a tragic state of affairs which will shortly lead Spain to ruin if continued. We hope that the recent change in the Government will stop all such outrages and restore

things to their former condition. Alcala Zamora, we are told, is a practical Catholic and a regular attendant at Mass. It remains to be seen whether, as President of the Republic, he will be able to stop the religious persecution that has been going on since the election of Azana.

—♦—
The "*Masonic Trestle Board* and *Easy Bay Masonic News*," San Francisco, announces the organization of an association for the advancement of public school education in an article entitled "Defending the Public School System." We cannot assert whether "*Masonic Trestle and Easy Bay Masonic News*" is (or are) one (or two) publications. The Catholic *Sentinel*, Portland, Oregon, uses the singular noun "publication." At all events the "*Masonic Trestle and Easy Bay Masonic News*" tells those who have been "cheered by the defeat of the proposition to exempt private schools from taxation at the recent state election," that the battle "has not been won, and that more attacks will certainly occur in the future." The small boon asked by the Catholics of the State of California to have their schools freed from the burden of taxation like the public schools is certainly not an "attack" of any kind on anything or anybody. The mentality that names it such belongs in stations at which through trains never stop.

—♦—
The recent excavations which have been going on in Derby have brought to light the altar stone of Padley Chapel on which two martyrs, the Ven. Nicholas Garlick and the Ven. Robert Ludlaw, must have celebrated Mass in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. This property was recently purchased by Mgr. Payne, the Vicar-General of the Nottingham diocese, and Mass was offered there by Bishop McNulty for the first time in 345 years. A short time ago a little knoll was uncovered and a stone found

which looked like a foundation of some kind. Sir Harold Brakspear, a well-known archaeologist, no sooner laid eyes on it than he recognized it for the altar of Padley Chapel, which must have been hidden years ago in the days of persecution. The faithful had laid it carefully away in a little grave so that it might not fall into the hands of heretics, feeling in their hearts that when the persecution was past and the Church came into her own again, Catholics would find it and restore it to its place of honor. This, indeed, is a treasured relic, and Mass will be celebrated on it daily.

—♦—
Out in Colorado, Bishop Vehr had the question of renting a parish school as a public one considered by the School Board of Education and later by the Attorney General of the State. After an extensive correspondence and several conferences, the Attorney General handed down a decision.

The question presented to us is as to the validity of the following proposal which, under date of July 29, 1933, was submitted by the Diocesan School Board to the Board of Education, School District No. 4, Huerfano County, Walsenburg, Colorado, i. e.,

To lease the school plant of St. Mary's Parish to District No. 4 for two years upon the following conditions:

1. That the Sisters be retained as teachers in the school, and
2. That the rental compensation be computed either as the equivalent of the salary given the teaching Sisters or a per capita allowance for each pupil, in accordance with the terms of our letter of July 21.

Section 8333, Compiled Laws, 1921, provides that every school board, unless otherwise especially provided by law, shall have power:

1. To employ teachers.
2. To rent school houses.

The Attorney General quotes the State Constitution at some length, and then gives his opinion. Here it is:

The proposal of the Diocesan School Board does not in our opinion violate the spirit or the letter of said constitutional prohibition or of any constitutional provision, for the reason

that the use of the property will be public and legal in every sense demanded by the property rights of the taxpayers and the educational rights of the children.

And so in Colorado a parochial school may be rented to the State for public school purposes, and nuns may be employed as teachers. The Attorney General of Colorado says so.

Therefore, in our opinion, the school board of School District No. 4, may accept the proposed lease and employ Catholic Sisters as teachers if it desires to do so, and such contract would be violative of no constitutional or statutory enactment.

—♦—

We understand that *The Providence Visitor* is preparing a special edition commemorating its sixtieth birthday. Sixty years of missionary service in the intimacy of the Catholic family circle! What a remarkable record its present-day editors have to look back upon. There will be many accomplishments in that long period of time to write about, but we venture to assert that the *Visitor's* greatest achievement will forever be in the unwritten story of the faiths it has strengthened and the souls it has encouraged in those weekly visits to Catholic homes. May God continue to enlighten its distinguished editor, the Rt. Rev. James P. O'Brien, and his no less distinguished helpers! May the *Providence Visitor* continue to be what it has always been—a credit to Catholic journalism!

—♦—

In a recent issue of the *Christian Herald* a speech of the Rev. H. H. Pullen, general director of the Protestant Spezia Mission, is given under the title, "The Truth about Mussolini," which will probably be a revelation to the Italian Dictator when he reads it. "Mussolini and those under him," says Rev. Pullen, "have been most gracious and considerate to our work and to me personally. He has shown complete confidence in us. He has given to us and to all our Protestant brethren a new liberty. You

must have patience with him whilst he is breaking down the Papal power and opening up a new liberty for his people." The audience to whom this minister addressed himself is due for a long spell of patience, if that pacific attitude is to continue until the Papal power is broken down. Various rulers during the last two thousand years have endeavored to break down that power with very little success. The fact is, however, that Mussolini and the Vatican are on the most friendly terms as may be evidenced from the concordat made between the two powers; and if Mussolini is anything he is certainly Catholic, not Protestant. We believe this good clergyman has overshot his mark in attempting to speak the mind of Mussolini in language that is unfriendly to the Catholic Church; and we have our doubts whether the Fascist leader will be so "gracious and considerate to our work and to me personally" after seeing a report of this speech.

—♦—

French radio listeners were astonished and not a little edified a short time ago when one of their favorite performers announced over the air that she was saying her last farewell just before joining the Little Sisters of the Poor. That incident recalls a similar surprise four years ago when Mlle. Simone Suprin abandoned a distinguished career on the stage to labor among the lepers on the Island of Trinidad. Nor is hers the only vocation which has come from the theatre. Another French actress of note, Mlle. Suzanne Delorme, is now a Dominican at the convent of Pancier in Switzerland, of which the Prioress, Mlle. Paul Adam, is the widow of a well-known actor of a few decades back. Perhaps we can look for a similar development in the German theatrical world if the movement already started there is allowed to continue. According to dispatches, the Reverend Expeditus, O. F. M., one of the best-known theatri-

cal experts in Germany, has been appointed stage manager of the Bavarian State Theatre at Munich, with the approval of his Order of course. The first play which Father Expeditus has decided to stage will be Schiller's "William Tell." Critics say that it cannot fail of success if it even approaches in perfection the Cologne Passion plays which were so successfully managed by the Franciscan expert in 1912.

—♦—

The Negro has been shamefully neglected in Catholic apostolic missionary effort according to Archbishop McNicholas of Cincinnati. The *Witness*, of Dubuque, Ia., writes an editorial on the subject, inspired by the Archbishop's appeal. Says the *Witness*: "It is high time to make up for former neglect. The Negro, besides, takes naturally to Catholicism: its splendor, beauty, color, music, truth, attract him like the moon the tides." Likely the Church does attract the Negro, but hardly so compellingly as in the figure employed. There is splendor, beauty, color, and so on, in the Church. The non-Catholic Negro is not drawn to these inevitably; nor, for that matter, is the non-Catholic white man. Ignorance, prejudice, misinformation and much else blur and obscure the reality of the Church's beauty and truth. As the Archbishop of Cincinnati says, as the *Witness* urges, the Negro must be sought out and brought home. He has not been the object of our insistent seeking. When he is, we may count on many conversions from the colored ranks to the Faith which is established for all colors, all races.

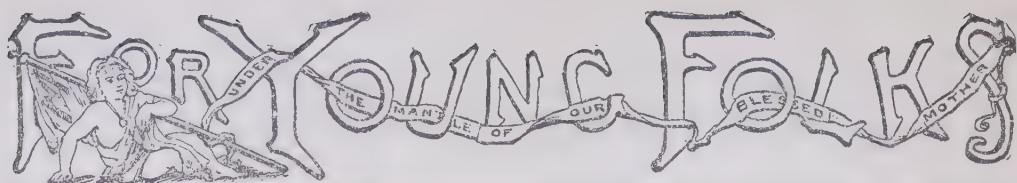
—♦—

Mr. Will H. Hays, who was called into the presidency of the Moving Picture Industry when moving pictures were not at their worst, has promised us to reinforce the regulation governing the moral standard of the films. The "whole industry pledges itself to main-

tain right moral standards in the production of pictures. The screen must provide entertainment which mirrors life; but this need not and should not occasion the introduction of material which may have an evil influence on the public." Topping, and beautifully vague! You can imagine how much is conceded to the world, the flesh and the devil in that rubber-stamp phrase "mirrors life." And again, note the wording—"material which may have an evil influence on the public." Stern, steel-faced censor of moviedom is Mr. Hays. In future the public's morals will be guided and guarded much as in the past. And while Mr. Hays is at it, he should hand down a few generalizations to the colony that "mirrors life" for us. Limit the number of divorces for each actor to five. Set a law for Reno making a day's residence the minimum. Forbid the same person to seek two divorces at one time. Stop the use of the phrase "end of the romance," when incompatibles throw furniture at each other. Then, Mr. Hays, you may put on your coat and call it a day.

—♦—

Have you heard that Miss Margaret Clare Graham, 18-year-old member of St. Teresa's parish, Carson City, Nevada, won the grand prize in a recent essay contest conducted by the National Students' Forum? No? Well, she has. There were more than 180,000 students from all over "this fair land of ours" (as they say, July 4) entered in this contest and set to win. But Margaret Clare beat every one of them. The contest is endowed by former Secretary of State, Frank B. Kellogg; subject matter, "The Effect of the Paris Peace Pact on the Sino-Japanese Dispute." So Margaret Clare, after besting 180,000 competitors, has been awarded a nine weeks' trip abroad. She deserves it. Beating 180,000 boys and girls from all over the United States! Nine weeks are not too many.



Old Games.

BY MARY MABEL WIRRIES.

CHILDHOOD has gone so far away,

But still there echo from the green

All the games I used to play:

"Prettiest girl I've ever seen;"

"The needle's eye, it doth supply,"

"London bridge is falling down;"

"Bushel of wheat, bushel of rye,"

"Will you wear a gold or silver crown?"

"I lost my handkerchief Saturday night;"

"One flew over the cuckoo's nest."

"Can I get there by candlelight?"

"Choose the one you love the best."

Close my eyes, and I can see:

Boys and girls of long ago—

"Here we go 'round the juniper tree."

"Heigho, the derry-o!"

Tim.

BY JAMES A. REID.

XIII.—A DOUBLE RESCUE.

MRS. O'MARA was at the telephone speaking. "Oh, yes, Mr. Robins, of course he has my permission. No. I did not know that he sang. I'd be very happy to have him in the Petrine Choir. Ray is a good swimmer; I'm sure he would enjoy an afternoon and early evening at the beach. I really don't know whether Tim swims or not; I'll make sure before he goes. By the way, an old friend of the family is out there now, a Doctor Reed; I'll call him and ask him to keep an eye out for the boys. Again, thanks very much."

"Mother," Ray was at her side, "what about Dad?"

"He's under indictment."

"What's that mean?"

"He's been held for trial."

"He's guilty?"

"Do you think he is?"

"I don't know."

"Well, you should know, and no one should have to tell you." Her tone was sharp.

"And we'll have to go on living in a place like this?"

"Ray!"

"Oh, what fun can a fellow have with the kind of fellows that live around here. They're not our class."

Mrs. O'Mara was silent. Tim had stepped into the room.

"May Ray go, Aunt Anna?"

"Ray," she explained, "Mr. Robins' machine is to take you and Tim to Far-away for the afternoon and evening."

"Well, that's something," he replied, "though it isn't very much. Come on, Tim."

"Just a minute till I get you bathing suits," Mrs. O'Mara commanded. "Do you swim, Tim?"

"Oh, yes, Aunt Anna!"

"Of course he does, Mother; what a foolish question; he's lived near bogs all his life."

No sooner had they seated themselves in the machine than Ray said to Tim, "Do all little Irish boys believe in fairies?"

"Yes and no," responded Tim.

"I suppose you do, just like tots over here believe in Santa Claus."

"There are fairy tales worth telling," prompted Tim.

* SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.—Tim O'Mara, a young Irish lad, comes to America only to find that his Uncle, who invited him, has lost everything through the dishonesty of his partner in a bank. He decides to go to work, and through the good offices of "Uncle

"Oh, I suppose so. Better tell me one. It's certain to be annoying, but there's nothing else to talk about."

"Are you really anxious to hear a good one?"

"Oh, I'm not anxious," scornfully; "but it may help to kill time on this beastly trip. Whose stupid suggestion was it anyway?"

"I sang a song, and Mr. Robins gave me the afternoon off."

"Do you sing as bad as all that?"

"Once upon a time," began Tim, smiling, "the worst boy in all the wide world lived in Ireland. He would argue, when there was nothing to argue about; he would criticize anybody and everything; he would be mean for no reason at all. He lorded it over everybody. Then one day—"

"The fairies came and he reformed?"

"Then one day the fairies held a meeting to decide what to do about him."

"Oh, hum, what did they decide?"

"Nothing. That is, they took their protection from him. They let him do as he pleased. He wandered here and wandered there; he had riches and luxury, poverty and want. But all the while he was unhappy."

"Better tell me the rest on the way back, I've had quite enough for one day."

"There isn't much more."

"Oh, well, go on, go on, get over with it."

"This boy finally thought of going to the fairies to ask how he might be happy."

"What silly advice did they give him?" Ray asked, sneeringly.

"None."

"There's no point to your story."

"He went back a second time."

"Oh, then he received the word—"

Dan" Sheehan, a police officer, gets a position in the office of Mr. Robins, whose dead son Tim seems to resemble very much. He is popular especially for his ability to sing and dance. A letter from home brings Tim the news of the family he left in Ireland.

"Again the fairies refused to answer."

"Oh, this is all absolutely foolish."

"Listen to advice—"

"From you?" with decided scorn; "I should say not!"

"I mean that's what the fairies said to the boy who wanted to be happy."

"You'll have time for a nice swim before supper," the chauffeur said, on arriving at Mr. Robins' cottage at Far-away; "be careful now."

"Tell that to Tim," answered Ray; "I'm a good swimmer."

Indeed, Ray proved at once to Tim that he was a good swimmer. He had an easy, overhand stroke as well as a strong breast stroke. He liked to swim out for a short distance, then ride the unusual rough waves back toward the shore.

"You're going out too far," Tim counselled.

"I'll ask for your advice when I want it, you greenhorn," Ray answered, angrily. Once again he started out to deep water.

Tim followed him with his eyes. He became very uneasy when he saw that Ray was going into dangerous waters, but breathed more easily when he observed that Ray was turning. Tim dived, came up, looked out to see where Ray was. He had disappeared. No, there he came. He was calling. Evidently he was in distress. A second look and Tim swam toward him, cutting the water with amazing speed.

"Steady, Ray. You're all right. Now keep going for shore. I'll help, if you need me. Not much farther and we'll be on safe ground." He moved a bit closer to Ray, too close in fact. Ray's hand shot out and grabbed Tim, and down they went. The battle was on in earnest, when they came to the surface. The crowd on the beach had by this time noticed the struggle. A life-guard sprang into the water. Down Ray and Tim went a second time. The life-guard was still some twenty-five feet away.

Then Tim, using his last bit of strength, freed his right arm and with one solid blow released himself from Ray's drowning grasp. Ray had gone down; nor did he come up. Tim dove, just as the life-guard reached the spot where Ray had disappeared.

"I've got him!" Tim gasped weakly.

"Give him to me, now to the shore fast. Can you make it?"

"I'll try."

He reached solid ground. "Thanks be to God! thanks be to God!" he said very low. Willing hands helped him to the beach. Though exhausted, he needed no attention now. So he stretched full on the sand, while the gathering crowd, seeing that he was only extremely tired, rushed to where the life-guard had landed with Ray.

Experienced hands were taking care of Ray. He was slowly returning to consciousness. He stared wildly about him. Realizing what had happened, he began to tremble and cry hysterically. Fortunately, Doctor Reed had been summoned.

"Ray," Doctor Reed said quietly; "Ray, you're all right. Now just lie here for a few seconds. We'll fix you up in a hurry. That's a good fellow!"

"The fairies told him to listen to advice, but he wouldn't do it."

"Ray, this is Doctor Reed."

Ray opened his eyes, understandingly. "Where's Tim?"

"Here I am, Ray. I'm all right."

"Oh, good!"

It was quite apparent that Ray had been badly frightened, for at times he quivered violently. Soon the quiet attention of Doctor Reed had soothed him so much that he was carried up to Mr. Robins' cottage.

"Doctor," the chauffeur said, "I had orders from Mr. Robins to leave here at nine."

"Ray will be ready to go at that time. Yet it may be that he might like to stay with us overnight. If he does I'll call his mother."

An hour later Doctor Reed asked Ray, "Would you care to remain with us to-night, Ray?"

Ray, still showing the effect of the shock he had received, but otherwise quite normal, answered, "I'm all right now, Doctor. I'd rather go home."

"Fine!" Then to the chauffeur, "There's a short cut back. I don't know whether you came by the highway or not."

"I did, but I know that short cut."

"Good! Ray's about normal now. A little bit weak, that's all. He responded quickly to the stimulants."

It has been proved time and again in every-day life that the shortest route is often the longest way home. The chauffeur had driven with an even, comfortable speed, hoping that the steady purr of the motor would quiet Ray's nerves. Suddenly the machine slowed down and in another fifty yards stopped altogether.

"We're out of gas," he explained to Ray and Tim.

"Oh!" groaned Ray.

"I'm sorry. Maybe I can get enough at that house to carry us on to the next gas station. At least I can telephone for some."

He walked across the road, turned down the path that led to the house in the woods, and disappeared among the thick growth of shrubs and trees.

"How do you feel, Ray?" Tim asked.

"Pretty good now, Tim, thanks."

They sat silent. The night was strangely quiet. The moon threw moving shadows across the fields. From afar came the cry of an owl.

"My goodness, he's been gone a long time!" suggested Ray.

"He is, to be sure," agreed Tim.

"Oh, Tim, now I remember, that house is supposed to be haunted."

"Haunted?" noticing the alarm in Ray's voice. "But how can you believe such a thing as that, when you don't believe in fairies?"

"Fairies don't scare one."

"No, because you haven't fairies in this country, but in the Old Country the banshees and the gnomes can send a thrill down one's back, that haunted houses in America could never equal."

"Perhaps. But, what shall we do?"

"If you stay here, I'll walk down to the house," answered Tim.

"All right." He changed his mind suddenly. "No, I'll go with you."

They started across the road. The hazy moon which guided them to the path leading to the house, disappeared behind a cloud. The night was gloomy and foreboding. They followed the path with difficulty, for tangled weeds grew on either side of it. Only the stout of heart should have been in those woods on such a night. Still, they could see a ray of light that seemed very far away. But instead of being a beam of hope and safety, it was weird and awe-inspiring. To add to their discomfort a slight rain began to fall.

"Oh, I remember, Tim, about this haunted house."

"Remember what?"

"Why, not long ago some of the boys of my crowd went by here."

"Yes?"

"They passed here about this time. At first they heard some strange yelling which sounded ghost-like."

"Like the banshee scream at night."

"They saw a man come out in front of the house, wave his arms wildly and shout."

"What did he shout?"

"They couldn't hear."

"Well, if this place isn't haunted, there's a crazy man living here," Ray continued.

"I prefer the ghost."

"I guess I do too; there's a chance on a ghost being nothing but a fake, but a crazy man is crazy, that's all."

They were near the house now. A light through a front window made a small porch stand out quite clear.

"Shall we go up and knock on the door?" asked Tim.

"'Fools rush in—' " began Ray.

"And we're not angels," Tim finished. "I wish we had had a jaunting car instead of that automobile, then we wouldn't have to be begging gas on this road."

They were at the steps of the porch.

"Listen!" Tim whispered.

They heard voices. "So that was your game in getting me here?" The tone was low and calm.

"Yes," was the answer in rasping, snarling anger, "that was my game." A raucous laugh followed, much like that of an insane person. "Now you sit down at that table and write what I dictate."

"I'll not."

"This gun may go off by accident."

"You wouldn't dare; that would only make your position all the more intolerable and guilty."

"I'm desperate, I tell you; and if I pull this trigger, it will be to kill."

Tim and Ray had been listening very intently.

"It sounds like murder," Tim whispered; "what will we do?"

"Oh," Ray answered, "it's one of those mystery radio plays."

He was absolutely wrong.

"This is your last chance," the man with the snarling voice said; "there are no witnesses; no one will know how it all happened but myself. Now, will you sign what I dictate, Mr. O'Mara?"

"Mr. Jones—"

"It's Dad," Ray exclaimed. "That Mr. Jones is the man who was in business with him."

With a quick leap Ray was on the porch; Tim was at his heels. Ray tried the front door. It was locked. They pounded violently on the door. A scuffle inside ensued; a quick shot; then hurrying footsteps; and all was quiet, save for a low moan. Some one, however, was turning the key to the door.

"Dad!"

"Uncle Jack!"

"Ray! Tim! You saved my life."

"Did he shoot you, Dad?"

"Hit my hand." He looked at it. "Just a scratch, I guess, but whew! Was I frightened! and what a narrow escape. How did you two get here?"

They told him.

"Mr. Jones has certainly lost his mind. I had no idea that I was coming here to speak to a crazy man, though he has been acting a bit queerly. He said something about a buried treasure." Then suddenly changing his thought, "I better warn the police," starting for the telephone.

"Call Officers Sheehan and Krause, Uncle Jack; they'll capture him in a hurry," Tim suggested.

"I think I had better call headquarters. There's a Captain Ryan there who is an old friend of ours."

"He's the one, Tim," Ray explained, "who tried to find you the day you arrived."

"Oh! I didn't know anything about him, at all, at all."

"You see, Mother called him and he got in touch with Mr. Sheehan."

"Oh!"

"Quiet, please!" Mr. O'Mara commanded. "Headquarters? Mr. O'Mara speaking. May I talk to Captain Ryan? Well, something has happened to me for sure: I didn't recognize your voice, Captain. I have just had a bad scare. Jones, my former partner, wanted to see me. I came out to his house. He's actually insane. He asked me to sign a statement which would allow him to call on some of my friends for money to pay for the trial. Luckily, Ray and Tim,—remember the Irish lad you were supposed to find?—were returning from the beach. The machine ran out of gas, and, when the chauffeur stayed too long in getting it, they went in search of him. Luckily for me. Their knock on the front door frightened Jones. He suddenly turned and I reached for the gun he was

pointing at me. Nicked my hand—nothing serious. But, he's absolutely crazy. You'll take care of it? Thanks, Captain. Oh, things are in a bad way yet, still we'll pull through somehow. Again thanks; good-bye."

"Dad, we didn't see your machine on the road."

"It's just off the road on the driveway. My!" looking at his watch, "it's late. We had better hustle. You two go down the main path to where your machine is parked; I'll be there in three minutes."

They were out the front door by this time. Mr. O'Mara turned to his left. Tim and Ray kept straight ahead. When they reached the road, they saw the chauffeur standing by the machine.

"Say, you boys had me worried."

"Well, if you were as worried as we were scared, you were worried," replied Tim.

"My father was in there," Ray said without further explanation. "There he comes now."

"Why, hello, Tom," Mr. O'Mara said, recognizing the chauffeur.

"How do you do, Mr. O'Mara. I'm sorry it took me so long to get gas. The man in that house directed me to another place much farther down."

"I'll take care of the boys. Thank Mr. Robins for all of us."

"Yes, Sir. Good night."

"Good night."

The ride home was uneventful. Mrs. O'Mara was waiting at the door for them. "Doctor Reed called me on the telephone," she said. "Tim, God bless you! and, Ray—"

"Mother, I learned a lot to-day. Gee, it's good to be home!" Suddenly he collapsed, falling limply to the floor.

(To be continued.)



THE essential thing is never to act contrary to the inward light, and to follow God wherever He leads us.

—*Madame de Maintenon.*

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—In commemoration of the seventh centenary of the founding of the Servite Order, the Servite scholastics and novices have prepared an anthology of their verses. "Seven Hundred Years" is edited by Joseph M. Vosburgh, O. S. M. They are all verses of a religious character and breathe the beauty and faith of devout men. Price, \$1.

—Our readers who enjoy spiritual books will be interested in a new volume of the Reverend Winfrid Herbst, S. D. S., "Follow the Saints" (Benziger Brothers. \$1.50). It is more than a mere "Lives of the Saints." Father Herbst points out that the saints after all were men and women like ourselves, suffering the same trials and temptations, but using the opportunities for the development of their spiritual life so much better than we. He points out the characteristic virtue of each of these men and women of God, and by a spiritual "Reflection" draws a lesson that is practical and helpful for the reader. This is an excellent volume for the man or woman who wishes to do a little regular spiritual reading every day. Priests too might find use for it if it had a table of contents or an index.

—"Not All Saints," by Elizabeth Raynor, is the story of a Catholic girl who, without knowing it, becomes enmeshed in the coils of an international dope ring. In the course of her activities, during which she innocently assists in the smuggling of these drugs, she comes into contact with an extraordinary creature, who, having been frustrated in her desire to become a nun, has developed a certain brilliant and worldly exterior at the same time that she retains something of the aloofness of her original nature. How the latter rescues her rapidly slipping vocation in saving her unfortunate friend, makes a rather dramatic climax to a really thrilling novel. Some readers may not concur with the author in the final disposition of the brilliant Charmion, but then a novel of this type is bound to cause disagreements. Certainly the narration is interesting and, considering its exposi-

tion of the inner workings of a dope ring, admirably restrained. The presence of so many sharply clashing personalities and the constant threat of impending disaster gives to the story all the interest of a modern thriller. Publisher, Longmans, Green and Co. Price, \$2.

—A life of Levi Silliman Ives is particularly timely to-day, when we are commemorating the centenary of the Oxford Movement, the teachings of which engaged the thought of Dr. Ives and eventually led him into the Catholic Church. As a convert, Dr. Ives was a leader and a most energetic worker in the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, which also is commemorating its hundredth year of existence. Dr. John O'Grady, Ph. D., LL. D., has prepared a very interesting monograph, "Levi Silliman Ives" (P. J. Kenedy. \$1.35, postpaid), in which he studies the work of Dr. Ives as a pioneer in the work of Catholic charities. The former Episcopalian bishop after his return from Rome where he made his submission to the Catholic Church, began active work in the St. Vincent de Paul Society, and through his visitations learned of the sad condition of the Catholic immigrant children. Through his energy and leadership, he established the Catholic Protectory of New York of which he was the first president. This institution was conducted by the Christian Brothers, and Dr. Ives early abandoned the idea which was held by not a few Catholic leaders, that such an institution could be made self-supporting. He appealed for State aid and convinced the Government that since the children were State wards they were entitled to State support. His enthusiastic leadership as an Episcopalian minister and later as a bishop, and his zealous devotion to the work of charity as a Catholic layman, make a story that is full of interest and instruction for religious or layman.

—The story of the Irish people in the lands they helped to colonize is as full of sorrow, suffering, loyalty to ancient ideals, courage to rise at the first opportunity, genius for lead-

ership and government, as the annals of their achievements on their own native soil. The chapter on the United States is well known; the chapter on Australia will be a new one to many. It was the prison camp for hardened criminals from England and for political prisoners from Ireland, most of whom were condemned to the convict ships without trial. Our own John Boyle O'Reilly was one of them. Today their story is told in "Australia's Debt to Irish Nation-Builders," by P. S. Cleary (P. J. Kenedy and Sons. \$4). How influential the Irish have been in the building of the Commonwealth may be seen from these few statistics which appear in the prologue: "To an Irish governor, Sir Richard Bourke, Australia owes her religious liberty and the foundation of her political institutions. An Irishman's son, William Charles Wentworth, is the brightest figure in Australia's political history, and to an Irish lieutenant of Daniel O'Connell, John Hubert Plunkett, New South Wales is indebted for her constitution. An Irish Catholic, Sir John O'Shanassy, and an Irish rebel, Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, gave Victoria her manhood suffrage and her liberal land settlement laws; while South Australia owes the same blessings to the Irishmen, Robert Torrens and Sir George Kingston, working under a compatriot, Governor Sir Richard Graves MacDonnell. . . . At one period three of the state governors were Irish; at another time five out of the seven Chief Justices; and at another date three State Premiers." There are special chapters on the Penal Colony, on the Political Arena, and on the work of the Irish in Australia in Literature. All in all, it is a rather complete history of the work of the Irish and their descendants in a new and growing country. The Most Reverend Dr. Sheehan, Coadjutor-Archbishop of Sydney, contributes an interesting foreword.

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Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

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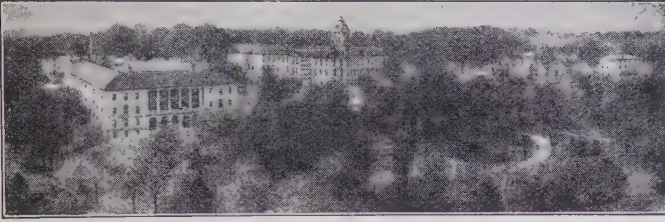
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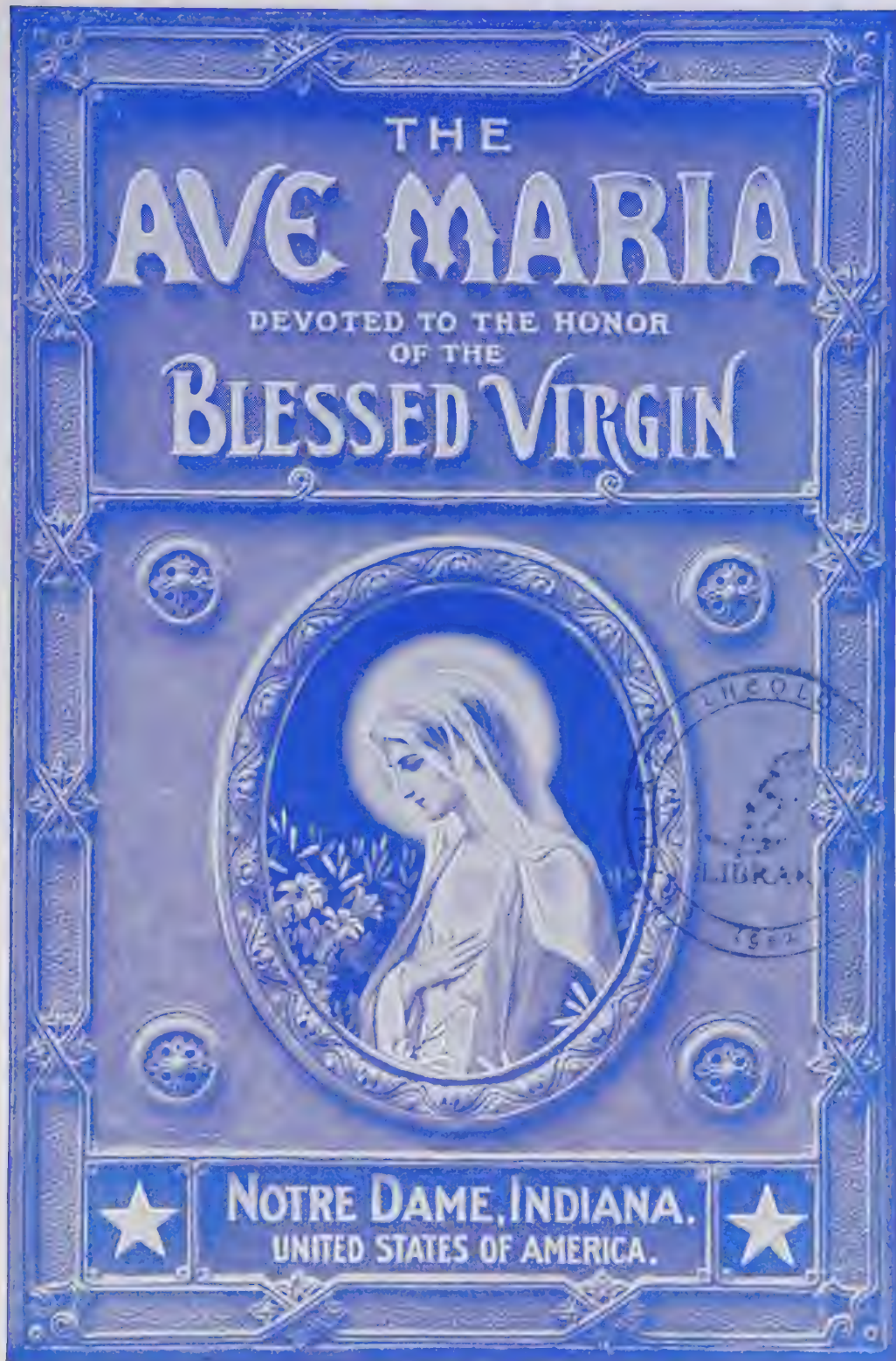
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CALENDAR OF THE WEEK

OCTOBER.

SATURDAY, 14.—St. Callistus, Pope and Martyr.
 SUNDAY, 15.—Nineteenth after Pentecost. St. Teresa, Virgin.
 MONDAY, 16.—St. Hedwiges, Widow. St. Gall, Abbot.
 TUESDAY, 17.—St. Margaret Mary Alacoque, Virgin.
 WEDNESDAY, 18.—St. Luke, Evangelist.
 THURSDAY, 19.—St. Peter of Alcantara, Confessor.
 FRIDAY, 20.—St. John of Kenty, Confessor.
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Blessed is the man that heareth me and that watcheth daily at my gates.—PROVERBS, viii, 34.

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No. 16.

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Design.

BY CHARLES M. CAREY, C. S. C.

BEYOND the first blue breaking of

His uncreated day;

Before He filled the sun with light

And folded night away,

Or drew the circle for our earth

And made a man of clay,

I walked with God, was in His mind

That knew the roll of all mankind

And every man his day.

But when God spoke the word to time,

We put aside the art

Of all His strategy of love

Whose plan no man could chart.

Yet, since He loved, shall I take hope,

Knowing I am a part

Treading with no uncertain feet

The wine press of His Heart.



A Century of Anglican Revival.

BY J. F. SCHOLFIELD.

IT has been impossible for Catholics not to follow with interest the Centenary which our separated brethren of the Church of England have just been celebrating. In one way the interest was inevitably academic, since it meant the earnest and insistent claim of a position which we could not recognize; but from another standpoint our regard was one of sincere sympathy. The "Oxford Movement" of 1833 was a gallant protest against the three centuries of Cæsarism (under whatever polit-

ical form of rule) which had asserted the right to hold men's consciences in thrall, and to outlaw the Faith which had been England's glory for almost a millennium. It was the logical issue of Mr. Keble's famous sermon on "National Apostasy," and of the historic meeting at Hadleigh Rectory, when the "Tracts for the Times" were launched.

Only some of those who were first leaders followed their principles to that supreme conclusion. To suggest cowardice, or indolence—still more, to dream of bad faith—in those who failed to do this would be a grievous wrong to the memory of brave and pious men. The almost complete loss of the Catholic tradition, the confusion of religious thought, the lack of theological and Christian philosophical training, had created an atmosphere of doubt and difficulty for the ablest and most devout minds. It was almost universally taken for granted, as something outside all discussion for reasonable people, that whatever might be right the ancient Church was wrong. And very few of the countless anti-Catholic controversialists knew in the least what they were talking about.

For twelve years the Movement went on its way, proclaiming as its ideal the purification and restoration of the State Establishment, which was assumed to be the continuation of the Church of St. Augustine and St. Thomas the Martyr. But the admirable men who had originated it found they were up against a solid wall of inherited hatred and

prejudice. Apostasy was never the choice of the English people. It had been forced on the country by a ruler whose religion was self-worship and who was herself largely under the control of one of the cleverest and most unprincipled of ministers. The grossest avarice was the hall-mark of the men in power who were battenning on the robbery of the Church, the poor, the schools and the hospitals. As for the ecclesiastics who had been intruded into the dioceses of the ejected Hierarchy, the less said of them the better. This was the genesis of the Establishment, which the Oxford Movement strove to awake to new energy on the assumption that the Catholic life was still there, though hidden under an unutterable mass of corruption in both doctrine and practice.

The "Men of the Movement" did not at first realize how far their principles would take them. They set before themselves two chief means for the reform on which their hearts were set: (1) restoration of spiritual liberty by the realization that the Church is an *imperium in imperio*, with her own authority in all spiritual things, and (2) sanctification of the Christian life by the Sacraments. And when you get that length in conscious aim and conviction you are logically well on the road that leads to the Throne of Peter. This, many of the party came to see; and when the greatest of them, their acknowledged leader, made his submission to the Church before Father Dominic the Passionist on the 8th of October, 1845, it was commonly believed that the Movement was dead and buried.

It was nothing of the kind; but the conditions under which it persisted differed widely from those of the earlier days. Its appeal passed from the Universities to the great business centres and the country parishes. But its message in many quarters had become diluted. The unity of the first twelve

years was gone forever. The party in its new shape still possessed learned men, and was conspicuous for the ardent devotion of a number of its outstanding members to the restoration of divine worship and the service of the poor. All the while, notably in 1851, a steady stream of converts, small in volume but invaluable in quality, kept flowing to the vast sea of Catholic communion. And that stream has never ceased to widen in extent, bearing innumerable souls of every condition and every type of character and attainment to the harbor of the Church.

It is often disputed whether the Movement has furthered or hindered the Catholic Renaissance in Great Britain. We believe there is a good deal to be said on both sides of the question. "Anglo-Catholicism" (the self-chosen title is convenient, if a contradiction in terms) has, beyond all controversy, been the path which has led thousands to the fulness of the Faith. It has taught them the sense of a spiritual, yet visible kingdom utterly distinct from the Protestant conception of "the churches"; that such a kingdom must have authority to teach and to rule; and they find that there is but one Church which even makes the claim to possess this authority in any coherent sense. Such doctrines as the Real Presence of Christ in the most Holy Sacrament, of the Sacrifice of the Mass, Penance, the cultus of the Immaculate Mother and the saints, and prayer for the Holy Souls, have become familiar to them. And they have turned to the Church where all these truths are dogmatically taught and practised. But for the "Anglo" teaching these converts would never have heard of them. Is not the Movement, therefore, something for which Catholics can feel undiluted gratitude?

At the same time there is quite another aspect of the question, discourag-

ing, perhaps, but not less a fact that cannot be ignored. But for the Anglican Revival it is probable that a considerably larger proportion of the English people (and those some of the most excellent of the nation) would now be gathered into the Church's flock. "Anglo-Catholicism" has made tens of thousands of good men and women believe that they possess all spiritual gifts, and that there is nothing, at least nothing essential, to be found in the communion of the Apostolic See which is not their own already. They stay where they are because they believe they are in the Catholic Church—no doubt in a part unhappily separated from the rest—or they would move without delay. It is a strange, and perhaps most of all to a convert, a hopeless position when seen from the other side of the dividing frontier, but there it is; and it exists in consequence of the Movement of 1833.

Externally, the Church of England is in most of her parish churches and a few of her cathedrals almost beyond recognition as the established religion of that date. Yet essentially, in its revolt from authority, its impotence to teach and to control, its subservience to State bondage and popular ignorance, it is the same as at its beginning. That much has been done for individual minds and souls, who can doubt? But is there one sign of *corporate* penitence for the Act of Supremacy, the deposition of the Hierarchy, the abolition of the Mass and the breaking down and desecration of the altars? All that is best in the Church of England looks back with dismay and indignation on the terrible story; but what is done to repair the sacrilege?

The Movement might have been the beginning of a true counter-reformation. Can anyone pretend it has proved to be so? A common argument with our good "Anglo" friends is: We acknowledge as you do the horror of the so-

called reformation and detest it; we would have no part or lot with Elizabeth Tudor or William Cecil, with Matthew Parker and the other prelates of State creation who were thrust into the lawful seats of England's ancient Hierarchy. Yet the event has proved that there was enough life left for a Catholic restoration. Compare things to-day with what they were a century ago: has not the Movement justified its claim? Is not the Church of England, little by little, coming back to the old allegiance?

Would that that empty dream of "corporate reunion" [of two societies that were never one] were true! With all its courage, its devotion, its learning, what is "Anglo-Catholicism" to-day but a tolerated variety of the uncountable contradictions in belief, moral standard, and worship, that make up the "C. of E."? Heresy is rampant and unchecked. Parliament is permitted to make a laughing-stock of its own established religion. That lying euphemism "schools of thought" is suffered to cover every opinion from what is little, if at all, beyond a bare theism, to open teaching of almost the whole Catholic Faith, including the supremacy, if not the universal jurisdiction, of the Pope. The obligation of the moral law, formerly acknowledged equally by Catholics and the great majority of Protestants, is now treated by many outside the Church, including, we fear, a growing minority (if it is still a minority) in the Establishment, as an open question. The betrayal of Christian morality by a number of the dignitaries at the last Lambeth Conference will be only too well remembered.

This, then, is the position, which may be briefly compared with that of 1833, in order that some estimate as to what the Oxford revival has accomplished. We may do this under four heads, which are by no means exhaustive, but which seem to present the most

outstanding results, or lack of results.

(1) Subservience to the Civil Power, which now is not even professedly Christian even to the degree it was a hundred years ago. There have been, and are still to be heard, plenty of brave words, assertion of the Church's inherent rights (on the assumption of the "continuity" theory), and demand for freedom. *And nothing is done.* The Church of England episcopate had a wonderful opportunity to proclaim their authority and the spiritual independence of the body over which they theoretically rule, when their measures for liturgical reform were discussed (in itself an outrage) and then tossed aside, by a parliamentary majority composed of men who had no connection with the Establishment and were wholly ignorant of the question under debate. Of course, *more anglican*, the chance was lost.

(2) Lack of discipline. There was some attempt, nearly all of the wrong kind, at disciplinary action, in the early days of the Elizabethan Church. Some fifty or sixty years ago there were some feeble attempts to stop the progress of the advanced party, and an Act of Parliament was even passed (in 1874) for that purpose. The gesture of persecution towards the best men in the C. of E. fell stillborn at its birth, as it was bound to do. Since then the "go-as-you-please" system has been the practice if not the acknowledged rule. Parsons and lay folk may believe and act as they please within limits so wide that it is difficult for the observer to see exactly where they are erected, either on the dogmatic or the moral side. There are, happily, very many who still hold fast to the chief truths of the Christian Religion and who accept the moral law as Catholics accept it. But, especially in the latter department, teaching and practices are not merely tolerated but encouraged which a century ago, in

spite of the corruption of the period, would have been banned by all decent people.

(3) Desire for Unity. We hear a good deal of this, and certain denominations have come together for administrative purposes, and have pooled their resources. But within the Establishment there is no sign of an end of controversy, but probably more than there ever was, so far as people trouble themselves on religious matters. They simply bore the average Twentieth Century man or woman. A committee has been sitting in London, for some years, to decide what the C. of E. really does believe as to Christian doctrine! If any conclusions are ever reached they cannot, of course, have the slightest chance of acceptance except by the few who already hold what may be pronounced to be the Anglican mind on any point of faith.

In these three respects one can scarcely avoid the conclusion that, in spite of all the courage and devotion of the Movement, the situation is distinctly worse than when the revival began.

(4) Liturgical Worship. Here the last hundred years have seen a development which has changed the whole aspect of the Anglican churches and of the worship conducted in them, so far as the majority of parishes are concerned. There are infinite grades of ceremonial, which has developed to an incredible degree. Much of it is true to Christian tradition, some of it (as in a certain northern cathedral and other places) bizarre to the last degree. The "High Mass" at the White City Stadium on Sunday, July 16, shows [for the moment] the high-water mark of the development. It is the consequence of deep faith and veneration; and any attitude but that of sincerest respect on our part would be not only unfitting but definitely wrong. These good people believe devoutly that the miracle of tran-

substantiation takes places on their altars, and that consequently their service is the Sacrifice of our Redemption offered for the living and the dead. Believing this, how can they act otherwise than they do? We know that, for lack of the *Sacerdotium*, their premisses are mistaken, but their faith and worship are none the less genuine. In this last point the revival of 1833 cannot be called a failure. A large minority of Church of England people go to their worship every Sunday simply because they believe it is the Sacrifice of the Mass. To Catholics it seems incredible; yet the thousands of converts who have come to the City of God by this road know for themselves that it is true.

The end is not yet: what is it to be? One great danger seems to threaten the future of the Movement. Is it still to *move*? Or will it run dry amidst the arid sands of "comprehension," or the sentimental prettinesses of "moderate High Churchism"? There was nothing of these tendencies in the first days of the revival. So far as they understood their ideal there was no compromise and no indulgent softness among the leaders of the Movement.

Yet another danger: will the spirit of the "Anglos" harden, growing into content with present abuses, until the "Anglo" swamps the "Catholic" in their outlook?

There are some of the most thoughtful men of the party who incline to believe that a great crisis must come sooner or later; while others see no reason why the present abnormal state of things should not continue indefinitely, almost interminably.

A speech by the Rev. Dr. Kirk, Regius Professor of Moral and Pastoral Theology at Oxford, delivered at one of the great meetings of the Centenary week, gives an emphatic warning which his co-religionists may well take seriously to heart. The Professor said:

"We may speak of disestablishment or of re-establishment, or of what we will, but the fact remains that the matter is one of the merest academical interest to ninety-nine out of every hundred churchmen [by which he means professing Anglicans] We have seen the Temporality invade the sphere of the Spirituality over and over again, and yet we are not alive to the danger, and those who speak of it speak to deaf ears. The crisis may come at any moment; for my own part I believe it will come almost certainly in the matter of sexual morality. The Christian principle of monogamy will be flouted, if I read the signs aright, on some spectacular occasion in a manner which we cannot afford to ignore; and the whole question of the Church's right to make her own demands upon her members, and to exercise her own discipline if they refuse to comply, will flare up as a veritable pillar of fire. I do not know how many of us here know what we shall do when that challenge comes; but I am certain that the leaders of the Oxford Movement, had it seemed as close to them as it is to us, would have been alert to the problem."

Dr. Kirk further said: "The appalling inability of the Church of England to make up her mind, either on doctrinal or on moral issues, the variety of counsel, the confusion of tongues, which perplex her, these portents mean that she is still barely conscious of herself as the guardian of a sound deposit, and that she has failed to impress this aspect of her true nature upon many who profess themselves to be churchmen."

It is not easy to imagine a more unsparing condemnation or a sterner warning. Dr. Kirk's uncompromising language reminds us of that of the earlier days of the "Tracts," when the founders of the Movement challenged the State Church to prove her spiritual mission. After a hundred years the chal-

ledge has not been met. The century of revival has been a means to bring vast numbers to the knowledge of the Truth and so to win their freedom. But there has been no corporate or official response to the great opportunity. The legitimate heirs of the Oxford Movement are those who, like the greatest of its first leaders, have read its essential meaning and found its ultimate goal at the feet of the Vicar of Christ.

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Carolina Abdicates.

BY ESTHER W. NEILL.

XVI.—AT THE OLD MUNSTER TAVERN.

AS soon as Eduard received the message that there had been an accident on the old Munster Road, he pulled on a yellow slicker that he kept hanging in the hall, and picking up his small black bag which was carefully packed with first aid remedies and needful instruments, he started out to answer this emergency call.

The strong wind slammed the door after him and the rain beat in on the leather cushions of his car as he tried to close the windows that he had left open in the sunlight of the early morning. As he turned on his ignition and loosened his brake, he heard some one calling him, and looking behind him, he saw the old curé hurrying down the gravelled path from the church, holding his cassock high above the knees of his trousers with one hand, while with the other he clutched a broken-ribbed umbrella, striving to protect his head and shoulders from the heavy downpour.

"I must go with you, Neddy," he said; "Cy Munster telephoned me to come. God knows how many have been injured. The automobile has been knocked into kindling wood."

Eduard opened the door of his car with some difficulty against the force of the wind and rain. "Of course, of

course," he said, "I'm glad to have you, Monsieur l'Abbé. Give me your umbrella. It hasn't done you much good. You're as wet as a drowned man already. Hope you won't take cold. Let me close that door. The wind is almost like a hurricane. Lord! I never saw such lightning. Some one told me that we've got to make a detour to avoid the bridge over Hunting Creek. I'm not quite sure where the road turns. It has been so long since I was over it."

"Yes, yes, I'll show you."

"Then, you came just in the nick of time," he said, starting his engine. "How did you hear about the accident?"

"Why, I told you that Cy Munster telephoned me."

"Cy? Why, I thought he was a first-class sort of reprobate murdering moonshiners—all that sort of thing."

"One never knows," said the old priest wiping his wet hands on his handkerchief. "Cy's mother was a good old Irishwoman. One never knows when the spark of faith will be rekindled. I—I thought his voice sounded a bit thick and very excited—a little like he had been drinking."

"Of course he had been drinking. That's the way he spends most of his time, but a man doesn't usually send for a priest when he's drunk."

The old curé peered anxiously out of the window into the blackness. The lights of the car seemed feeble compared to the glaring lightning that momentarily illumined the road.

"Cy said he wanted the man moved, or the child moved. I didn't quite understand,—the telephone connection was poor, on account of the storm I guess."

"A child?"

"I thought he said a child."

"I hope there was no child hurt. I hate to see little children suffer."

"I'm not sure about the child. As I said, the call was faint. Cy said he was alone, needed help. Didn't want any more men dying in his place. It would

ruin his business to have the house packed full of ghosts," he said.

"Brute—I always thought he was a brute," said Eduard savagely. "Wonder he didn't let them all stay out in the ditch, or wherever they were, and let them die. I believe he would be quite capable of it."

"No, no, no man would do that," the old priest protested. "A catastrophe always brings out the best in any man."

"Well, I'm not so sure. Cy is no good Samaritan. Didn't he say he wanted them taken out of the house?"

"I thought he said so."

"Well, this is no sort of a night to move injured men. Did you ever see such rain? It's coming down in solid sheets, looks like a cloud burst. My Lord! what a night. That lightning must have struck close by,—I thought I felt it tingling in my finger tips."

"The storm won't last," the old man said consolingly. "These mountain storms are soon over, but it's hard travelling just now. Can you see through the wind shield? If it wasn't for that little window wiper we would be helpless—blind and helpless. How dependent we are at times upon small material things. Look out, Neddy, we can't ford that stream. The water has overflowed its banks. It will kill your engine. Turn here. The road forks here. We've got to avoid Hunting Creek to-night."

Twenty miles of mountain road. Slippery mud, washed-out gullies, treacherous sand, up hill, down steep declivities, but the small, high-powered car responded to all needs. Eduard was driving cautiously and in silence now, intent on the dangerous curve ahead, grateful for the vivid lightning, for it enabled him to see to a greater distance. He had to slow up in the darkness that fell between the flashes, for his own headlights were blurred, and he was impatient at the delay. His professional anxiety was apparent. Death, the ageless combatant, might not await his

coming. A few moments of postponement might mean that he would arrive too late.

As an interne in a New York hospital he had answered many ambulance calls. He assured himself that this trip to-night was child's play compared to the danger of tearing through the congested traffic of the infested city streets. If the rain would only let up so that he could see. This grey curtain of mist on his wind shield, only partially dispelled by the regular motion of the little rubber wiper, worried him more than he cared to admit. His hands were trembling on the steering wheel. His present overwrought state must be due to his long months of invalidism. He had never felt any lack of confidence in his own driving before. The road was more familiar now. They had passed the worst curve that circled the high bank of the creek. A flash of lightning showed a heavier shadow in the woods which proved to be the wreck of an automobile lying where it had crashed into a tree and then turned turtle into a ditch.

Darkness fell again, amid a loud booming of thunder, and then the steady lights of Eduard's own car were reflected in the windows of the old Munster tavern. They had reached their destination without mishap. Eduard honked his horn to announce his arrival, and the door of the tavern was opened promptly. Cy Munster's ungainly figure, in his leather wind-breaker, his trousers tucked into the tops of his cowhide boots, was outlined against the yellow patch of light that streamed from the hall. It was evident that he had been awaiting their coming with some concern.

"Where's the doctor?" he demanded holding an old ship's lantern high above his head, and his voice came like a growl from beneath his unkempt beard. "I sent for the doctor. I can't take in any tourists to-night. You'll have to

drive on. I've got too much trouble on my hands already. There's been a hell of a smash-up—I need a doctor."

"I'm the doctor."

"Neddy Grogé! I wasn't sending for you. I want the real doctor!"

"He is a real doctor, Cy," the old curé pushed past him into the narrow hall. "Dr. Savarin has gone on a long trip. Where are the people that are hurt? Take us to them at once."

"The curé! My Lord! I might have known you would get here somehow. Wet as a rat you are. Better get into the fire. My Mother told me to send for you when I was in the devil of a fix, and I swear I didn't know who else to call. I want witnesses that I ain't murdering people in this here house. There have been a lot of lies told about me lately. I want you to witness that I ain't responsible. You must have seen the auto as you come by. The woman was dead when I found her—"

"A woman?"

"Dead as if she had been struck by a bolt of lightning. Maybe she was. Hit on the head. She was under the car. Strained my back like the devil trying to haul her out. Might have saved myself the trouble—she was dead—dead before I ever got her in this here house. My Lord! How I hate to handle a corpse."

"Where are the others?" the curé interrupted. "Take us to the others, Cy. For God's sake, stop talking and take us to the others."

"The kid is upstairs."

"A child?"

"Small boy. He's just scratched far as I can see, but the man was bleeding like a stuck pig. I put some wet rags on him and it helped some. I'm just sick of the sight of blood messing up my floors. I couldn't get that man upstairs to put him to bed. I want witnesses to prove I wasn't robbing him. When you come, I was just looking at some of the letters out of his valise, trying to find out who he was. Name is Collinswood. The kid

told me that much. I didn't mean to rob him. There's his baggage settin' on the floor."

"*Collinswood!*" Eduard's voice sounded a hoarse whisper. "Where—where is the woman?"

"In there, on the floor. I wasn't going to bring them in the front parlor and have them mess up that flowered carpet I ain't had but a year or two. The man is on that long table in the back room. No bed in there, but I couldn't get him up the stairs. Steps too narrow; he's short and stocky. Took all my wind to get them both this far. I ain't got much patience with these here tourists tryin' to see the country, when they ain't got money enough to travel on the train. Reckon they were trying to make this place before nightfall. Oldest hotel around here. Listed on all the road maps. Storm overtook them. Dark at six o'clock. They crashed into a tree. You can see for yourself I had nothing to do with it." He chattered on in a maudlin undertone, while Eduard and the old priest hurried past him into the larger room at the end of the hall.

It was a dismal, low-ceiled place with rough, plastered walls lighted by one smoking kerosene lamp. A log fire smouldered on some broken andirons, and a high counter, with a brass foot-rail and some empty shelves behind it, showed that it had once been the bar of the tavern. Near the window a woman lay, an indistinguishable figure, her clothes dripping and mud-stained. Eduard was on his knees beside her, his shaking fingers seeking for some faint pulse beat. The floor was wet from the water that had trickled from her rain-soaked garments. She was lying on her back, her face upturned; she was staring up at him with dull, unseeing eyes. Her beautiful brown eyes that used to meet his with such love and laughter,—eyes that would never hold the light again. Her slight body was already getting rigid, the hand he held

was stiffening; her right hand, and on it he saw the diamond band he had given her on their marriage morning. She had removed it from its rightful place to make way for a second wedding ring, and, even in that moment of horrified surprise and grief, he found himself curiously wondering why she had clung to a symbol that must have reminded her constantly of him. She had counted its monetary value as she had always exaggerated the importance of all material things. Her inability to comprehend his finer feelings, his accepted standards, his intuitive interpretations of the sanctities of life had amazed him even in those first passionate years when his unreasoning infatuation should have blinded him to all her shortcomings.

Her hand dropped from his. *She was dead.* He had tried to out-live his love for her and failed. Would the agony of her loss be any easier to bear now that she was dead? He could not bear the sight of her vacant eyes. He closed her eyelids with infinite tenderness. Strange that he should perform this last commiserating duty; strange that he had the strength to think, to act in this overwhelming emergency! The old curé's hand upon his shoulder roused him to his surroundings, and then he looked up and said, with the simplicity with which men speak when they are deeply moved, "*She is dead—I can do nothing—Louise, my wife, is—dead.*"

"Louise?" the old priest repeated in bewilderment.

"She, she is my wife—Collinswood took her from—me."

The old priest, accustomed through the long years of his ministry to tragedy, was unprepared for this. He looked down pityingly upon the beautiful still face of the dead, and then putting his arms affectionately around the young doctor, he lifted him to his feet.

"Neddy—Neddy," he cried, and his eyes were full of unshed tears. "God

have mercy! I did not guess. Be strong. You can do nothing for her. But the man, Neddy,—he needs your help. You must do what you can. Come, he is badly hurt. You must do what you can. You won't refuse to do what you can."

He led him towards the table where the injured man lay, compelling him by his confidence to measure up to the ethics of his profession. The close atmosphere of the room seemed charged with some spiritual dynamic force as the old curé took command of the tragic situation. He gave his orders authoritatively, and Cy Munster, even in his half-drunken state, managed to obey them. He brought more lamps from the hall, a basin of warm water, clean towels, while the curé, with gentle touch, cut away the blood-soaked garments and called upon Eduard to examine the wounds.

"Come, Neddy, we must do all that we can to save life. Forget,—forget who he is. You must not remember wrongs when a life is at stake. If he had come to your hospital, you would have done all that you could."

The word hospital had a strange effect on Eduard's mind. He seemed to be transported back to the familiar dispensary with its tiled walls, its sickening odors of spent ether, its dependable expectancy of service. The curé's faith in him was a challenge to his soul struggling in the dark of doubt and uncertainty. Hospital—the word possessed some hypnotic power. It suggested active, prompt remedial measures. All personal antagonism seemed swept away. The man before him was "a case" in dire need of assistance. He leaned over him solicitously, examining him with careful touch. He saw that three of the man's ribs had been broken by the impact with the steering wheel, there was an open hole in his head, a bit of fractured bone would have to be lifted from the brain,—a delicate operation when the patient's

respiration was so labored, his heart action so slow.

Eduard's face was as pale and as set as a death mask as he turned the contents of his small black bag upon a clean towel that the curé had spread on the seat of a broken chair. He moved like one mesmerized to do the curé's bidding. The long table, stained by the late marks of moonshine whiskey, dented by ancient steins, and burned by smouldering pipes and cigarette butts, was meant only for convivial good cheer, but it adapted itself to the grim necessity of the night.

Bending over the prostrate unconscious form of the man who had wronged him so grievously, Eduard's movements were as calm and well directed as if he had been in an operating room, and a crowd of students had been sitting in judgment on his skill. The familiar touch of his instruments was steady-ing, the rolls of bandages must be handled with economy, since he was so far away from any source of supply. His attitude was free from all signs of emotionalism. For the moment his patient's dire need had shut out all realization of his personality.

He was absorbed in his work. His back was towards that other helpless figure on the floor. The old curé noted the fact with a prayer of thankfulness. If Eduard had faced the other way and, looking up, had seen that beautiful face as a silent witness to his heroic effort to save the life of the man she had preferred before him, his hand might have faltered. The curé, edging his way around the corner of the table, whispered to Cy Munster to bring a sheet and cover the lifeless form, and as he stood watching Eduard, it seemed to his idealistic imagination that the bleak room with its smoking oil lamps had been metamorphosed into some sacred sanctuary of science where the medical profession shared in Divine power over life and death. Life was of supreme

value. No matter how despicable, how useless it appeared,—life must be saved. A doctor's duty was clearly defined. He must put forth every effort at his command to save that fluttering, mysterious spark of life.

But the spark was flickering out. The old priest, who had stood so many times by the bedside of the dying, noted the faintness of the pulse beat, the gasping sound of the patient's breath, and, falling on his knees, he began to say the prayers for the dying.

"Depart, O Christian soul, out of this sinful world, in the Name of the Father Almighty who created thee; in the Name of Jesus Christ, the Son of the living God, who suffered for thee; in the Name of the Holy Ghost who sanctified, . . . in the name of the Angels and Archangels—"

The holy words of dismissal and the conditional absolution sounded strangely unconvincing when pronounced over one who could give no sign of faith in their significance. What fortune would he meet in a spiritual world, when he was so unprepared for such illumination. But the old curé, in his charity and belief in the mercy of God, prayed on until he was interrupted by Cy Munster.

"He's gone," he said with a sort of ruthless unconcern, putting down the lamp that he had been holding, with a sigh of relief. "Don't you see? What's the use of praying? *He's gone.*" And then he held out one brawny hand to catch the young doctor who had collapsed for some incomprehensible reason at his feet.

(To be continued.)

I CALL to mind the death of my Lord, because my sins cannot weigh in the balance against such a death. Longinus opened for me with the iron of his lance the side of Jesus Christ; I enter there, and there I repose in full security. Let him, who fears, love. Charity dispels fear.—*St. Augustine.*

Lilacs of Memory.

BY ARTHUR WALLACE PEACH.

LITTLE by little she left the home—

The memories of her

Fading like fragrance down the wind,

Softly, without stir.

Little by little in every room

Their hearts forgot to seek

Joy of her step, or wait to hear

Her loved voice gently speak.

Strangers there were who came and went;

The deep-worn doorsill knew

Footsteps of many, shadow-like,

Ever passing through.

Only her lilacs by the door

Of all the loves that were

Kindled their candles in the spring

In memory of her!

**Orient and Occident.**

BY STANLEY B. JAMES.

“EAST is East and West is West,
and never the twain shall meet,”
sang Rudyard Kipling to the accompaniment of his banjo. That, however, was but the verdict of an Anglo-Indian imperialist anxious to maintain the barrier between the two races. The conqueror must not admit the possibility of fusion, for this would endanger his position. For him the conquered must remain an alien people fated to be the helots of the “superior” race. A similar plea was advanced by those who defended Negro slavery. But even less prejudiced minds unhampered by imperialistic pretensions may be tempted to think that the poet was right. There is indeed a fundamental difference between the Orient and the Occident such as exists between none of the varied peoples of the West. The attempt on the part of Hindoos, Chinese and Japanese to adopt the habits of Europeans or Americans does not really bridge the

chasm, for it is a surrender of the former to the latter and not a fusion of the two. It does not mean that East and West have met at some central point, each making its contribution to some common civilization, but only that East has become West—a very different thing.

In the main this fundamental difference may be defined as that between stability and progress, contemplation and action, peace and war. These are rough generalizations which it would not be well to press too far, but they do serve to show us how difficult it is for the busy, scientifically-minded, practical administrator, agent for some commercial or political interest in the West, to understand the resistance to his well-meant enterprises on the part of the Chinese peasant cultivating a few roods of land in the manner of his forefathers for countless generations. The peasant, on his part, has no conception of that urge which every westerner feels to better things. “As things have been so must they ever be,” is with him an unchallengeable axiom. And this difference is rooted in the philosophies characteristic of the two races.

The Occidental lives amid the actualities of the present. He is intent on getting things done, and done in the best and quickest way. He is vitally concerned with the tasks which material progress necessitates. To accomplish them, to get some sort of order into this world around him is his life. His religion, in so far as he has one, calls for practical energy, combative courage, a determination to overcome.

The other, on the contrary, feels himself the passive instrument of an omnipotent fate against which it is useless to contend. He must, he thinks, just endure whatever conditions have been imposed on him. To console himself for this helplessness as regards material welfare he holds that the external world

has no real existence; it is all *maya*, illusion, and therefore not worth bothering about. To detach himself from appearances and to contemplate the eternal nothingness is the highest wisdom. It is easy to see how mentalities framed on such different lines should be unable to enter into each other's thoughts. Reconciliation, if each is to remain true to himself, would seem to be impossible. Only by compromise or by one or the other giving way, apparently, can East and West unite. The poet, after all, may be justified in asserting that they never can meet.

Yet it is one of the curious facts about that people whose original home was set between the Arabian desert and the Mediterranean, that, from a very early date, their religion revealed them as belonging both to East and West. Their religion, in fact, corresponded to their geographical situation. From the East they inherited the conception of a God above all change—the great I AM. Before the hills were brought forth and before the foundations of the earth were laid, He abode in solitary majesty. None had preceded Him and none would ever succeed Him; His Kingdom was from everlasting to everlasting. One sees in this the reflection of those landscapes of sand and scrub over which the centuries pass like the shadows of clouds, neither erasing the past nor making fresh impressions, landscapes which almost inevitably suggest the word "eternal."

No less firm than the belief in this unchanging God, however, was the conviction that He had entered history. Hebrew religion, in fact, defines deity not in abstract terms but in those of concrete happenings. He is known as the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob. He is worshipped as the God who revealed Himself to Moses and who delivered His Chosen People out of Egypt. A series of wonderful interven-

tions on behalf of this people indicates His character and a detailed Code of Laws, personally delivered to the Leader of the nation, sets out His moral requirements. The religion of Israel is enshrined, not in a philosophy but in a story. Though it established the eternity of God, it revealed Him in dramatic events, and the action of this divine Drama was moving towards a climax of inconceivable grandeur in which Israel was called upon, not as a mere puppet but as a free agent, to take a leading part. Thus, the religion of this people linked together the age-less and the hurrying stream of time. Its God was both transcendent and imminent in history. He belonged to the Eternal World, yet was active in this world. He bridged the chasm between the silent, unchanging desert and the restless sea.

It will be seen, therefore, how well the incident reported in the eighth chapter of St. John's Gospel fits into the context. "Abraham, your father, rejoiced that he might see my day," says Jesus. "You are not yet fifty years old," object the Jews, "and hast thou seen Abraham?" "Amen, amen," is the reply, "I say to you, before Abraham was made, *I am*." Did any of those listening to this amazing speech behold, as they might have done, a vision of eternity in the Man standing before them? What a revelation would that have been!

You may have watched some peasant bending over his unending task of cultivating the soil, and seen in him a type of that class which has survived the rise and fall of countless empires. It would be easy to imagine such a one saying, "Before Cæsar I am." For indeed there is something in the peasant-type which constitutes it not so much a part of history as a point round which history moves; something immemorial, a permanent feature of our changing human society.

But the vision flashed on the minds of these Jews was something infinitely more significant. Their Scriptures spoke of that Wisdom which had been with the Lord in the beginning. "I was set up," they had read of her, "from eternity, and of old before the earth was made." To that same Wisdom, made articulate on human lips, they had listened. The time-less Truth had spoken in their hearing. But they could not see the eternal in the present. The idea of a Divine Incarnation was beyond them.

But it is this which is the very centre of Christianity. It is just this identity of One who came and went among us with the Everlasting which is the crux of our Faith. In Jesus Christ, East and West meet and embrace, each fulfilled in the other. Christianity points to That which is static and dynamic, eternal and historical. It calls for both contemplation and activity. It presents us with the astonishing spectacle of a war waged by the Prince of Peace. It is this richness and consequent depth which make our religion so baffling a thing for those who can take in only one idea at a time. Such minds can grasp the specialism of East or West, but the Christian synthesis is outside their comprehension.

How striking is the combination of the same seemingly antagonistic elements in Our Lord's definition of His Church! He speaks of it first as a static institution. It is, He declares, founded on a Rock. Nothing can move it; it is the pivotal point of history. But, in the next breath, He defines it as an aggressive force, a movement hurling itself against the gates of Hell, which cannot withstand its attack.

The Catholic Church has developed in accordance with this definition. It has displayed the immobility of the East and the dynamic energy of the West. It has been the most stable of institutions and

the most active of movements. The Catholic life shows the same paradox. Its other-worldliness cannot be denied, but, to the confusion of its critics, it has refused to endorse the Puritan's negative attitude towards physical and social enjoyment, and, indeed, has invited the reproach that it is too much at home in the present world. In the sacramental system, the supernatural allies itself with the natural, and the same alliance is found in the characters of its most representative individuals. The Eternal interpenetrates the temporal and the temporal colors the Catholic vision of the Eternal.

There is no better illustration of this than the great poet who has been called "the most perfect representative of Christianity that history can point to." The famous Dante scholar who used this expression concerning the author of the "Divine Comedy," did so "on the very ground that he was neither a recluse nor a professional theologian, but a man of affairs who lived the full life of his age and found in his Christian faith and his spiritual passion the very centre of its significance." The same writer speaks of Dante's masterpiece—the poem to which, in the poet's own words, "both Heaven and earth have set their hand"—as "at once secular and sacred." It is, he says, "in no small measure, the vivid retention of earthly interests under the light of spiritual perceptions, and the consistently psychological and experiential interpretation of a sacramental and traditional religion."

Dante was soldier, politician and man of letters. He was deeply involved in the cultural and social life of his times. Yet he devoted his genius to portraying, not this world but the next. With the mentality characteristic of the Middle Ages (because those Ages were so profoundly Catholic), he could not think seriously of this life without see-

ing it in the light of the life-to-come, nor could he dream of Hades, Purgatory or Paradise without peopling those spheres with the *dramatis personae* of human history.

It is significant that this active citizen of Thirteenth Century Florence is said to have borrowed the main idea of his poem from Oriental sources. "The general architecture of the Inferno," we learn, "is but a copy of the Moslem hell; the architecture of Dante's Paradise is identical with that of Islam. . . . In the tortures and rewards, in the development of dramatic action, in the episodes and incidents of the journey, in the rôle of the protagonist, and even in the parts taken by minor personages, the 'Divine Comedy' finds a model in a legend of Islam."

To-day this combination in Christianity of Oriental and Occidental elements is of supreme importance. The East can be no longer ignored in our calculations regarding the future. Its ancient civilizations, lying fallow all these centuries, hold incalculable possibilities. It is already perceptible how it may be exploited by Russia, that semi-Asiatic power, in the interests of an anti-religious propaganda.

Certain it is that India, China and Japan must exercise a tremendous influence on history during the coming years. To bring these millions into the obedience of Jesus Christ it is necessary that they be presented with a full-orbed Christianity in which has been preserved that rich variety we have seen that the Catholic version contains. A Christianity that has been warped by western influences, a Christianity that has dispensed with its contemplative and ascetic side, a Christianity which emphasizes only the practical values esteemed in a commercial and industrial civilization, cannot hope to win Oriental allegiance.

On the other hand, subversive western influences have undermined the characteristic religions of the East, so that

we cannot look for a Buddhist or Shinto revival to stay the process of spiritual and moral decline. The only hope for the Orient is Catholicism. It is this alone which can challenge the truth of Kipling's couplet, and provide a meeting-place for East and West. And the prospect which the conversion of Asia would realize is one that dazzles the imagination.

So far the Church's chief conquests have been in Europe and America, and therefore its capacity for harmonizing the more extreme diversities of the human race has not been fully illustrated in history. Within the Church's treasury, we may well believe, lie riches which the western mentality has not been able fully to appreciate and exemplify, but which those of the East will seize upon and exploit. Then, and not till then, it may be, shall we know the meaning of the word "Catholic," for only then will the Catholicism which is implicit in the Church be made explicit by the gathering together in one Fold of both East and West.

However skilful the musician, if some strings of his instrument be broken, he cannot make known to us all that he is capable of expressing. But so far, and comparatively speaking, the mighty organ on which the Church has played its *Te Deum* has contained dumb notes. The West has been vocal, but the East has been silent. What mighty chant will that be which, if our hopes are fulfilled, rises from the choir of a complete humanity, embracing all races inhabiting the earth from the rising of the sun to the going down thereof?



OUR Lord has said, "Love one another, as I have loved you." This means that, as Jesus has always preferred us to Himself, and still does so when He gives Himself to us in the most Holy Sacrament, so it is His will that we should always prefer others to ourselves.

—*St. Francis de Sales.*

Little Sister.

BY AGNES M. BLUNDELL.

II.

YVES' lodging was in one of those dull neighborhoods between the border lines of the rich and poor. It was the attic floor of a journeyman tailor's house, at the shabbier end of a street devoted to the dwellings of small tradespeople and business folk. The young Breton sat at his open window gazing at the city prospect of roofs and chimneys and slender church spires. His host was a liberal, and neither he nor his family had any belief in religion, but early in the morning Yves was awakened by the pattering and clattering of feet upon the cobblestones. It was too soon for work—the folk were going to Mass. Jules Renaud, the tailor, had caustic comments to make upon them, his blasphemy jarred upon the Breton's fastidious ears.

"Happy they who can still find comfort in such things!" he interrupted.

"You jest!" exclaimed the tailor who stood on scant ceremony with his unobtrusive tenant. "You would not be one of the priest-ridden multitude! You know as well as I do that the world must be re-made for the young, the strong; and all the worn-out yokes and burdens will be flung upon the scrap heap. The earth for man, say I!"

Yves glanced at the excited, yellow-faced little man with disfavor.

"The earth for man," he muttered to himself now, as he sat alone at his casement. "Man for the earth, then!"

Yes, man was born, suffered a little and went back to the grave to be forgotten. His father, the Marquis de St. Armand, in the family vault, beneath the carved and gilded stones, emblazoned with the glories of the race, which with him had ended in ignoble ruin—his mother, where? He clenched his hands involuntarily on the sill. Where was

she—alive or dead? Was she thrust into a pauper grave in the shadowy corner of a churchyard devoted to the burials of a pariah race, or worse still, was she yet living? Involuntarily he looked down into the street. A wretched little band of beggars was trailing along below in the rain: they were begging for bread. One, an old woman, slipped and fell, the others went on unheeding, leaving her groaning in the gutter.

Yves sprang up, but before he could leave the window, aid was forthcoming. A slight, girlish figure ran out from a doorway, and raised the poor creature. In the effort the hood she wore fell back, revealing bright golden hair. The filthy form of the beggar leaned against the girl's shoulder, she seemed to bend beneath the weight.

"Help, in God's name!" she cried. The sweet refined tones rose up clearly to Yves' ears. He left the window and ran downstairs, his mind full of warring emotions. His zeal for humanity did not prevent a strong feeling of disgust for the wretched beggar woman—strictly temperate himself, he had a horror of inebriety which he suspected here. Crossing the street he reluctantly relieved the golden-haired girl of her groaning burden.

"Ah, Mademoiselle, leave her—she has been drinking!" he cried, piloting the bundle of rags to an adjacent doorstep.

"Only starving, I think," rejoined the young girl gently. "Do you wait with her a moment, and I will get food."

Her hands were all smeared with mud, and one side of her plain blue woollen robe was daubed with it. She replaced her hood, repeating composedly, "If you will be good enough to stay with her a moment, Monsieur, I will feed her and take her home."

St. Armand bowed, and watched her move away. She spoke like a lady, but what young lady could be seen, unattended, in such a poor quarter? She

must be some kind of nun. Meanwhile the girl, tripping across the street in her strong, little leather shoes, tapped at the tailor's door and demanded, with a hint of imperiousness, milk and bread. Madame Renaud looked sour, but produced the food without delay.

"We are ill enough off ourselves," she grumbled, "without having to give to such scum as that, *petite Soeur*."

"God will bless you for it," returned the girl.

"Little Sister"—so she was a *nun* or more probably a novice. Yves wondered at the folly of a Superior who could allow such a pretty child to wander about alone. For she was very lovely and scarcely more than a child, though she behaved with so much decision. She did not wear a religious dress, he noted; there was no rosary, no leather belt, no coif or wimple. While at the tailor's threshold, she had managed to wipe her hands and shake some of the mud from her skirt. Now she knelt on the greasy doorstep, skilfully holding up the lolling head and holding the coarse mug to the discolored lips. The beggar sucked greedily, then looked up in disgust.

"Only milk—the skinflints might have spared me a drop of wine!"

"This will strengthen you more. See, here is bread. I think I can manage now," she added to Yves as the claw-like hands grasped the crust. "She can eat very well, you see. When she is a little strengthened I will take her home."

"Home! I've no home," grumbled the old creature, tearing at the bread.

"Then, I will take you to the Asile—the home which good Master Vincent founded—you will be well cared for there."

"But, Mademoiselle, if you mean the Charity Hospital, it is three miles away, and you seem to have no one to assist you!" cried St. Armand.

"Little Sister," as Madame Renaud had termed her, showed a little reserve.

"It is not necessary, Monsieur. Berthe can walk quite well when she has had a little rest. No, thank you for your charity, but there is no need to trouble you further."

"Do not abandon me," screamed the poor old hag, as the girl made an effort to rise.

"No, no, of course not. Finish your meal, *ma bonne vieill*," her tone was caressing. "See," she murmured, bending down, "I am going into this very house to attend to a sick girl. I shall return quite quickly."

The woman grunted a consent and Little Sister pushed open the door.

"Thank you again, Sir," she said, with a graceful little bow, and slipped lightly through the aperture into a dirty, evil-smelling house.

"A nun, I suppose?" queried Yves, feeling in his pocket for a few coins from his slender store.

"No—just a young woman. No one knows her name—they all call her Little Sister. She always comes like that, when you want her."

"And what is she doing now in that house?"

"Oh, just dressing sores, I suppose. There is a girl there who has terrible sores. Her own mother cannot bear to uncover them; but that one!"—she gave a short, half-contemptuous laugh—"she's afraid of nothing."

The young man looked about him irresolutely. He felt it would be cowardly to leave this child to accomplish her self-appointed task alone, and yet, in a censorious town, dared he offer to assist her? No, it might even seem impertinent to suggest such a thing. He had begun to retrace his steps when a window opened above, and the golden head leaned out.

"Pardon, Monsieur!" called the girl in a low voice, "do you speak any other language?"

"Yes, English a little," returned Yves, gazing up in surprise.

"Well, then," continued the girl in that tongue, "I must beg of you further acts of charity. There is small-pox here, but no need to voice it abroad. If you would have the great kindness to take word to the Infirmary—the Sisters of Charity will send me all I need. And old Berthe—they must fetch her too."

"And from whom am I to take the message?" asked the young man. Her head was small and well-shaped, as his mother's had been, but her eyes were blue—bright blue like the flax-flowers at home.

She smiled.

"Please say from Little Anne. And will they very kindly let my cousin know? Tell them," she added cheerfully, "that I should have to be in quarantine anyhow, so that I might as well do the nursing. The priest too, had better come to-day."

She leant a little further out, calling to her protégée, "Berthe, *ma mie*, I cannot take you home after all, but this kind gentleman will ask one of the Sisters to come for you."

"You promised!" screamed the beggar angrily. "Am I to sit on this cold stone all morning, waiting till your cursed nuns choose to come and fetch me?"

"Hush, hush, my dear," murmured the girl. "She is half paralyzed, poor old creature, and walks with difficulty," she explained aloud. "Thank you again."

She withdrew her head and vanished into the room. A little group of loiterers had drawn near to listen and gape and jeer at the beggar.

"Can anyone direct me to the Convent?" asked Yves helplessly.

A poorly dressed widow came forward. There were so many convents it seemed, which did the gentleman want? And when he explained, she told him how to find it, and invited old Berthe to rest in her poor little room meanwhile.

"There seem to be good people even

here," thought Yves as he hurried along. Those two women were good, but the coarse, leering faces he had seen in the street revolted him, and the old beggar herself, with such a stench rising from her garments! How could that young girl hold her in her arms? But he must not let himself be repelled by squalor, since he had vowed to dedicate himself to the service of humanity. Alas, this was humanity, these degraded, sordid beings. His idea of service had been of an intellectual force, raising up the sunken to what was beautiful and noble. He laughed bitterly to himself now, as he stood knocking at the Convent gate. An old woman opened it at last, and summoned the Sister Superior, who heard his story in silence. At the end she merely nodded thoughtfully.

"But you will not, of course, allow that child to remain exposed to such infection?" he protested indignantly.

"I shall send some one to assist her," observed the nun. "Young as she is, Little Arne is competent. She has long worked in our hospital here and has had experience."

"Her relatives will surely be very anxious?" he insisted.

"Yes," she returned. "We must pray much that no harm will befall her. You do not believe in prayer, perhaps?" she added, noting his twisted lip.

"I don't believe in anything," said Yves.

He turned away quickly, hurrying he scarcely knew whither. Back to his attic room, and the sterile study of the modern philosophers, with the knowledge of that young girl, but a few yards away across the road, facing the danger of a horrible disease,—a horrible disfigurement of that soft, delicate little face!

A sudden thought struck him. He had forgotten about the beggar! Well, here was something that he could do but he shrank from the task. It was absurd, however, to suppose that these poor deluded religious people had more

courage than he had! Yet it was all he could do to force his reluctant feet to the widow's door. Berthe was highly pleased to have a young gentleman for conductor, and spared him neither her weight nor her conversation. Many turned to mock the ill-assorted couple as they struggled along, one or two children threw mud at them. The Asile was not in the same direction as the Infirmary, and St. Armand had to explain all over again when he arrived at length with his unattractive charge.

The religious in charge here, was also a Sister of Charity. She greeted Berthe with a good-natured pat on the cheek.

"Now you naughty little one—no more running away!" she cried, gaily. "She gets dull here, you see, Monsieur," she added indulgently, "and then she goes out to her friends in the streets again. But it mustn't happen any more. No, you're going to be good this time."

The young nun's face was bright and tender as she beamed on the old waif.

"God will bless your charity, good Sir," she went on, taking possession of the hand which Berthe had extended in hope of further alms, and leading her away.

Yves pondered within himself as he turned away. What strange stuff were they made of, these women? Here was he for all his manhood, shrinking from the sight and touch of this poor beggar, yet here were two young girls tending her as though she had been a Queen! He wondered if the proud Austrian yonder in the Palace could count upon such loving care. Rich folk who fell victims to the dreaded small-pox had to pay untold sums to obtain nurses, yet here in this sordid street such services seemed to be rendered for love. His heart swelled at the thought of such lovely youth being laid open to so deadly a peril.

"What makes them do it? Whence comes their courage?" he asked himself.

Madame Renaud was on the doorstep

eagerly looking out for him. She ran down the street to meet him, keeping to the middle in order to avoid the heaps of refuse on either side. In her hand she held a large envelope with noble seals upon it, and began volubly calling out her news as she drew near, partly because she deemed it urgent, but chiefly to impress the neighbors.

"The coach of a great lord has been here," she panted. "Monsieur le Marquis de St. Armand, he asked for. And I about to deny knowledge of any such noble person, when I thought—could it possibly be?"

Madame Renaud extended the missive, her beady, black eyes fixed on his face. She was a liberal like her husband, but none the less thrilled at the thought that she might have entertained a noble unaware.

"Yes," said her lodger, quietly taking the letter. "This is for me."

"Why, then—well, then!" she broke forth, and stopped, amazed to see the young man thrust the missive carelessly into his pocket.

"Who is the young lady who was here this morning?" he asked. "The one to whom you gave the food for the old woman."

"She? Oh, only one of these mad, devout people who go about succoring the ne'er-do-wells whom all respectable people should shun," returned the matron virtuously. "Indeed, my lord, I hope your lordship was in no wise offended at my giving to her. It was but to get rid of her in truth, my lord. If I had but known your worship's true quality—though indeed I guessed it—Another time I'll send the wench packing."

"I hope you did not guess that 'my true quality,' as you call it, demanded harshness to the poor and forsaken!" exclaimed Yves. "Spare me your compliments, my good woman. There is one noble here, it is she—that child whom you name 'Little Sister.'"

(To be continued.)

Grass.

BY NELLIE R. IVANCOVICH.

THERE is nothing in the world more beautiful, more luxuriant than the California grass in early springtime, whether gleaming in the morning dew, whipped into waves by the wind like the sea in a storm, or lying soft and warm and heavy in the last rays of the sun as it sets over the western hills. There could scarcely be, outside the tropics, a more abundant growth. Peeping, delicate and tender, from among the dry stalks of the late summer, the first rain brings it springing up everywhere: along the roadsides, around the orchard trees, on the banks of the streams.

I have read of the "blue grass of Kentucky," though I have never seen it. I can bear fervent testimony that the California grass is green—the brightest, tenderest, most vivid green that anyone could imagine. After its first appearance, at the beginning of the rainy season, the growth and development of the grass depends upon many things all through the winter—if indeed so mild a season can be called "winter." The amount and the frequency of the rains, and the degree of frost, which in California is not usually severe,—all are factors in the development of the grass. But when the rains are almost over, and the air is balmy and spring-like it grows as if by magic. Constant vigilance is necessary at this time to protect plants, shrubs and even young orchard trees from its encroachment.

Nature seems to delight in any neglected roadside, any unplowed field, and fills them to overflowing with thick grass, wild oats and barley. Thousands of orange-colored poppies lift their heads to the morning light, and over them all, far taller and more slender than any of them, the wild mustard tosses and sways and waves its delicate yellow blossoms to the breeze.

With the passing of the rainy season, however, the beauty of the grass is soon gone. By the middle of June it is no longer green but brown and dry; the low, rolling hills are bare; in the valleys the hay has all been cut and the stubble-fields are as brown as the rest of the land. In the towns and cities and around the homes in the country the lawns are kept green by irrigation; the splendor of the California roses and flowering shrubs is unsurpassed; but for the time being the beauty of the wild, luxuriant grass is gone.

The neglected roadsides and unplowed fields have become a great menace. Fire, caused by a spark from a passing machine may sweep through the dry grass like tinder, and spread for miles, wherever it can find anything to consume. There is never a summer when men are not called out by the hundreds to fight "grass fires" and keep them from doing great damage.

At this point in my article the most natural thing—and perhaps the most logical—would be to compare the grass, fast-growing and ever encroaching, to the evils of the world around us, from which we must constantly protect our tender virtues, lest they be overwhelmed. This comparison, of course, is true. The world and its demands can easily take the place of more serious thoughts; excitement and confusion can interfere with meditation; cares and anxiety can drive out a sense of God's care over us.

All this is true. But it is so obvious it scarcely needs to be emphasized. Entrenched behind an old saying that it is a poor rule which won't work both ways, I am going to make just the opposite comparison.

The abundant, luxurious grass which clothes the land with beauty is a symbol of the manifold graces of God, the many opportunities He gives us, the messages He sends us, the blessings with which He surrounds us. Unlike the grass, it will not pass away in a few short

months; it will remain with us if only the soil of our hearts is what it should be. And as for the faults and shortcomings that give us so much trouble, why, we'll just crowd them out! Leave no room or time or attention for them—crowd them out.

Just as we can cure a child of stinginess and selfishness without even once mentioning these faults, but suggesting a thousand little acts of generosity and thoughtfulness, and encouraging him to perform them, so we can fill our lives so full of good and beautiful things that there is no room for the evil.

Easy? Well, not as easy as it sounds. But it can be done. If we get up promptly in the morning and go to Mass, even on week days, we will not have time for idle and perhaps harmful conversation. If we read our Catholic magazines and the immortal works of the masters we will have little time and less inclination for reading of a doubtful character. If we contribute as generously as we can to our parish church and to worthy charities we will not have so much to spend on shows and questionable amusements. If we have a little garden and work in it, and encourage the children to help, it will keep them off the streets and do much to add to the beauty and comfort of even the most humble dwelling-place. If we gather our little ones around us at night, teach them their catechism, tell them lovely stories of the infancy and childhood of Our Lord, and say the Rosary with them before they go to bed many, many evils will be averted, and both we and our children will be blessed with happy, restful sleep.

In our own hearts the result will be just as noticeable. Great love of God will cure us of excessive self-love and make us generous in His service; admiration of the holy purity of our Blessed Mother will inspire us with a love for that angelic virtue; good St. Joseph will teach us by his example

how to be faithful in all things. Above all, tender sympathy for the sufferings of Our Lord on Calvary will fill us with a great and loving fear lest we "again crucify Him in our hearts by mortal sin."

In the garden of the soul, surrounded and protected by the blessing of God as with the abundant and beautiful grass of early springtime, there will bloom in loveliness and splendor the white lily of purity, the purple passion-flower of mortification and the fragrant roses of love and devotion.

With care and faithfulness on our part they will grow and flourish; and as our life draws to its close they will become, please God, almost as fair as the flowers that blossom in the ever-blessed gardens of Paradise.

Kindness Rewarded.

The son of a poor widow was on his way to the University of Oxford. His mother, by a great effort, had raised sufficient money to enable him to finish his studies. When he was within two miles of Oxford, the young man found that he had lost the banknote which his mother had given him. He remembered that he had taken out his purse some time before; and thinking that the note might have been blown out, he got down from the coach and went back along the road to look for it.

After walking some distance he met a beggar; and though he felt it important not to lose time in searching for his note, his heart was so touched by the pitiable condition of the poor fellow that he stopped to speak to him. Finding that he was going to Oxford, he offered to give him a note to a kind person he knew there. He put his hand into his pocket, but not a scrap of paper could he find, when the beggar suddenly stooped, picked up a piece of paper from the road, and asked him if he could not write on that. *It was the lost banknote.*

The Priest and His Breviary.

BY P. J. C.

YOU are in a train on a visit to friends in Chicago. You note a young man—possibly a college student—gathering in sheaves of knowledge from a much-illustrated magazine; a baby, resisting the soothings of a mother, screaming out tantrums; the conductor, grave, official, scanning and pocketing your ticket. That white check marked mysteriously, which he sets in a clip, indicates to him, not to you, your destination. And a priest at his Office.

He uses his fingers for markers; or First Mass cards set between leaves indicate spiritual traffic ways. Sometimes one of these pious remembrances drops to the floor. As the priest picks it up another falls. He ejaculates—and resumes his holy labor.

He looks out the window when he reaches psalter lines which he knows by heart as a result of frequent iteration. His lips move; his eyes watch a farmer astride a Ford tractor. "A good day for plowing, but the land seems poor," is the substance of his distraction.

He does not make a direct journey, page after page, in his book as does that lady across from him who pursues the intrigues of a romance in a gray-coated volume. He works sectionally. Reaps down some pages here; thumbs his way to another division of his field and works there. Sometimes he seems a hunter searching for game; only you do not witness any uncertainty in his search.

It is over at last—page turning, movements to front, to rear; hurried whispers; psalmody, doxology, lesson and evangel. It is finished—the day's work; fulfilled the day's demand; paid—the day's debt.

At solemn services,—the consecration of a bishop, a priest's funeral,—the clergy reading the Office is impressive. You are not taken so much with the

devotional as with the business aspect of this corporate praying. Every man of them is doing a work which is part of the day's routine. There is no set face of rapture, no uplift of vision-seeing eyes, no stance of ecstasy. You are compellingly conscious of duty-performing servants, officials at work.

It is mentioned in retreats, in spiritual treatises that the Divine Office is the perfection of prayer. Very likely. It may be observed, however, that most priests take up the book for the purpose of reading a daily assignment. It may be a long assignment—all the more reason to get it over with; or short—no extended Latinity of gerundive impressiveness in those second lesson biographies. Thanks be!

Catholic people like to watch their priests at Breviary. It confers a matter-of-factness on prayer. It puts business into piety. It is an official petitioning; not prayer on heights by nimbused heads, hands outspread like wings; lightning flashes, archangelic music leaping out of the sky.

Priests generally are in terms of affection with the Office Book. It is a reminding, beckoning friend. The weight of it in the pocket is not burdensome; it asks for only a small space in the grip. Reciting it in far-off, unfamiliar surroundings you are home with what is known and loved. Fulfilling the duty of it you exercise your lieutenancy, keep your watch, walk back and forth your hour as guard in the militant army of the militant Church.

Were there a priestly vote the world over on the question of ousting the Office, the Office would prevail. Priests may frown and squirm when it taps them on the shoulder and says, "Give me my hour." We all fume at our friends now and then; but love them none the less. There are times when the Breviary beckons the priest away from his company. No matter, he loves his Breviary.

Notes and Remarks.

Edwin C. Hill, newspaper correspondent, writes his impressions on Lourdes in the *New York Journal* of Sept. 5. He describes the train, winding southward through the passes of the Pyrenees, burdened with halt, lame, blind; gives a brief statement of the history of the apparitions which Bernadette testified to; indicates the strict vigilance of the medical staff in examining the patients who come to the shrine before and after they are immersed in the water. Altogether this correspondent writes a sympathetic, reverent story of what he witnessed at the great hosting of supernatural pilgrimage. It calls for the culture which springs from spirituality to write these concluding paragraphs of Mr. Hill's review:

There is something wonderfully sacred about Lourdes, and something mightily convincing. It is a place for the poor, for the unfortunate, for the victims of life. It is the least commercial of places. Dollars, pounds sterling and francs are brought down to dimes, shillings and centimes. There is nothing for sale, but everything to be given. And there is probably in all the world no greater emotional thrill to be experienced than to hear 20,000 pilgrims in solemn procession intoning a triumphant Magnificat, marching with shining eyes as they chant "*Ave, Maria! Ave, Maria!*"

Some time ago a Chicago Judge in his courtroom was ironical with a Chicago policeman. The policeman was sent to view an alleged objectionable nudity and to report. He reported; considered the nudity objectionable. And so to court. When His Honor was told the complaining witness was a policeman he exclaimed: "A policeman! I declare! What's his name?"—"Moriarty," a trial attorney answered.—"Moriarty!" the Judge snorted. "Well, now, that's a good one! And so he's an art critic? Well, I do declare! Moriarty!" The Judge issued an injunction preventing World's

Fair officials from draping the nude. The Judge did all the talking. Moriarty said nothing. He had followed orders and reported an indecent presentation at the World's Fair. The Judge did not think much of Policeman Moriarty as an art critic. All the same—art critic or not—the impression is inescapable that Moriarty's instincts are finer, more delicate than the Judge's. He fulfilled his duty to decency as he saw it. What he saw shocked him. He so reported. The Court ridiculed him. Policeman Moriarty did not answer back. It is not wise for a policeman to answer back to a judge even when His Honor ridicules him. We like Policeman Moriarty's decent instincts, his silence. Even when the Court he tries to uphold makes fun of him he keeps within his reserve. To be perfectly frank, he stands higher in one's opinion than does His Honor.

In Austria, Minister of Defense Karl Vugoin, has ordered that a Crucifix be placed in all rooms of army barracks and in several rooms of the Ministry of War. He has also decreed that a picture of the Blessed Virgin be embroidered or printed on regimental flags, company and squadron banners. We hear so much about Austria's running into communism, sovietism and what not, this item on the action taken by the Minister of Defense is assuring. It indicates that Austria, which lost so much as a result of the World War, has not lost the Faith. It has ceased to be monarchical, but has not ceased to be Catholic.

Word comes that the Central Catholic High School in Toledo is closed, which leaves its 900 boys and girls schoolless for the moment. To show its sympathy, the Lower House of the Ohio Legislature voted down a bill to provide \$4,000,000 of State money to help to maintain the Catholic parish schools of Ohio with an enrollment of 121,000 children. As money has been viewed in the past,

\$4,000,000 is not so mighty a sum; and the request was only for the period of distress—brief we hope. The political conscience of legislating Ohio could not see its way to give the helping hand to its fellow citizens on constitutional grounds. The State will have to educate these children anyhow, if Catholic people are not able to meet the burden of parish school education for the moment. That will mean more schools, more equipment, more teachers. The Catholic schools are educating American citizens. We help railroads, farmers, communities—here, there, everywhere. Liberally, repeatedly. The civic conscience envisages a constitutional wall when the civic conscience is asked to help parish schools. The wall stands between the civic conscience and Catholic children.

“The separation which the anti-clericals desired in order to ruin the Roman Church in France has had the effect of reawakening and vivifying French Catholicism. The active life of the Church is far more vigorous than before 1905. . . . It is certain that the expectations of those who for political reasons desired and carried out separation have been disappointed.”

This from M. Marc Boegner's reply to the editor of a Swiss paper who wrote asking M. Boegner for his impressions on religion in France since the separation law. M. Boegner is president of the French Protestant Federation, and the letter is found in *La Semaine Religieuse*. The English translation is taken from the *Literary Digest* of Sept. 16. Coming from a Protestant, the testimony is likely not to be biased.

One man who has won the respect of everyone who knows him for his fairness and frankness is Dr. William Lyon Phelps of Yale University. That reputation is further enhanced by his standing in the intellectual field and by the

high ideals which inspire his life. Dr. Phelps has been so repeatedly quoted in these columns that he is really no stranger to the readers of THE AVE MARIA. However, some recent remarks of his are so typical of the man and of the high opinion which he has of things Catholic that we cannot refrain from quoting from him once more. In the August issue of the *Delineator* he has the following to say on the present state of religions:

I happen to be a member of an evangelical Protestant Church, and I shall never desert it. But we must remember that when we talk about a decay of religion (for it is clear that there is a decline in orthodox Protestant belief, in church-going, and in the conventional forms of the old time Baptist, Methodist, Congregational, Presbyterian “articles of faith”), the decay began not with the privates in the ranks, but with the captains. Pastor is the Latin word for shepherd; and when the shepherd began to lose his confidence, the sheep became bewildered. When they found that “going to church” meant hearing a lecture on economics they decided that the morning newspaper contained material equally valuable.

Why is it—when we hear so much of the decline of religious belief—that the Catholic Church is growing not only in numbers but in quality? Why is it that we see a constantly increasing number of Christian Science churches? Why is it that in our Southern States the evangelical Protestant churches are crowded?

The answer to these questions is inescapable. The Catholics, the Christian Scientists, the Southern Protestants, to put it vulgarly, give you something for your money. They believe and they teach that religion is the most important thing in the whole world, and they give to their audiences religion—not a pale and anaemic substitute.

Bishop James Cannon, Jr., and his secretary, Miss Ada L. Burroughs, were indicted on a charge of conspiracy to violate the Corrupt Practices Act in 1928. The indictment had its inception, you will remember, in the investigations by two Senate committees before which Bishop Cannon declined to testify. And then the indictment. The Supreme Court of the District of

Columbia held the indictment defective. The Court of Appeals reversed this decision and declared the indictment was not defective. An appeal was taken to the United States Supreme Court challenging the jurisdiction of the Court of Appeals. The United States Supreme Court upheld the jurisdiction of the Court of Appeals. Then the Court of Appeals directed the District Supreme Court to hold the trial. An appeal has been taken against this decision of the Court of Appeals directing the District Supreme Court to conduct the trial. If the United States Supreme Court rejects this appeal the case may go to trial in the District Supreme Court. Or it may not. It is still possible to appeal again to the Court of Appeals or to the United States Supreme Court. Or political influences may stop proceedings. We are not anxious to see Bishop Cannon and Miss Burroughs go to trial. Nor should we feel elated hearing they are ordered to prison. The only interest we can check on the matter—which you check, too, likely—is the strange spectacle of Bishop Cannon and Miss Burroughs fleeing from one court to find refuge in another. Certainly the Bishop and his secretary are guilty or not guilty. It is permissible to suppose, is it not, that from 1928 to 1933 the manifold courts of the National Capital should have determined this for the nation, and help the nation to forget the Bishop and Miss Burroughs?

One voice anyhow out of political Spain is heard against religious persecution. Melquades Alvarez, for years leader of the anti-clericals, delivered an address in Gijon in which the newspaper *El Debate* reports him as saying: "Laicism in politics is all right. Can we say the same about the persecution of the Church? This is the most profound error of the Republic, its greatest mistake; because, in the first place, the religious sentiment can never be

uprooted by force, and in the second place, a true liberal religion has a right to the support of the law." To say that "the religious sentiment can never be uprooted by force" might lead one to infer that it can and should be uprooted in some other way. We prefer, however, to give a more generous interpretation to the language of Sr. Alvarez. Nor do we know what he means by "a true liberal religion," but decide to think it is the one and only religion. Anything within truth, rather than stamp out the smoking flax.

Here is what Soviet Russia has done to Bishop Boleslav Slaskan in the Soviet State: September 4, 1927, persons gained entrance to his house while he was away on an episcopal visitation. The visitors hid two letters in an album which would serve as the basis of a charge of military espionage. September 16, the Bishop returned. Agents searched his house, and, of course, found the letters. September 17, the Bishop was arrested; was imprisoned in Lubianka prison No. 2, Moscow. Mid-February he was transferred to Butyrki prison for solitary confinement. Then held at Leningrad on the island of Popov; at Irkutsk; at Solovki on the island of Anzer in the White Sea; in the O. G. P. U. house of correction at Minsk; again in Butyrki prison, Moscow; to Sverdlovsk, to Irkutsk, to Krasnjarsk prisons. The last named the worst of all. Other transfers are mentioned, but it seems not necessary to keep adding to the list of unpronounceable names. May, 1928, the much-persecuted Bishop was stricken with paralysis; to a hospital for a few days; then back to prison and hard labor. In 1930, freedom; rearrest some days later on no charge—then or since.

The spectacle of a Catholic bishop carried from town to town on a prison van as a common prisoner; walking 65 miles shouldering his belongings, or

what he had left of them; working at hard labor for 24 consecutive hours; living in Siberia through a temperature of from 50 to 60 degrees below zero—all this seems a Twentieth Century nightmare. Some of the world governments are now recognizing Russia. It is mentioned our own Government will. Trade, commerce, stabilization, world recovery are the reasons given. If civilized institutions shake hands with the present Soviet Russian government, the act seems a tacit approval of Soviet Russia's methods.



Miss Jean Wilson was the world's champion speed skater until her recent death in Toronto, Canada. She was a convert to the Faith, and lived strictly to it. Asked how she achieved her successes, she answered simply enough, "Prayers did it." Certain casuists affirm that praying for a victory in skating, racing, footballing, baseballing is below the level of divine petition. You may pray to win a lawsuit out of which comes money or gain of some kind, to win an election so you may run a town, to pass an examination so you may get a scholarship. Well, Miss Jean Wilson wanted her honors just as intensely as Mr. Senator, His Honor, Free Scholarship wanted his. We can conceive no good reason why God should outlaw Miss Wilson's petition. It expressed clean, wholesome, vigorous life. That surely is not displeasing to Almighty God.

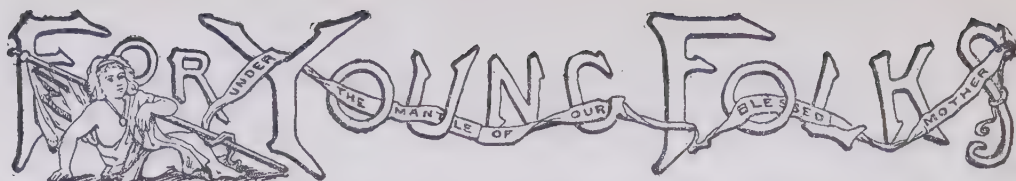


We have often spoken in these columns about the havoc which private judgment has brought to the different sects of the Protestant Church. One can scarcely find at the present time any two Methodists, or Presbyterians, or Anglicans, who have belief in the same dogmas, despite the fact that they belong to the same Church. The *London Tablet* recently quoted the prospectus of a forthcoming work to be called "The English Missal," which will illus-

trate this point very aptly. "In the Common Service," says this prospectus, "there will be the opening portion of the Roman Canon in English, followed by the Prayer of Consecration as contained in the Book of Common Prayer, but with the Roman Rite printed alongside for celebrants who prefer it. The Latin Prefaces for the new Feasts of Christ the King and the Sacred Heart will also be in this English book." Instead of offering its own opinion on this subject, the *Tablet* quotes a letter sent by an Anglican, Mr. E. C. P. Wyatt, which runs as follows: "Is there any other Church in the world in which individual priests take upon themselves to use any liturgy that happens to appeal to them, and to introduce on their own individual authority feasts which have not been authorized by their own Church? And how do they reconcile their consciences to this action in view of the undertaking which they have solemnly made—'In public prayer and administration of the Sacraments I will use the form in the said book (of Common Prayer) prescribed, and none other, except so far as shall be ordered by lawful authority?'" There is no real authority in these Churches since they have separated themselves from the infallible authority of Rome; and although many of the ministers may refuse to admit this contention in words, they are admitting it every day in their actions which are a thousand times stronger than words.



We read in *Hollander*, publication of the U. S. S., *Holland*, of the ship's cook who is literary and mixes authors with stew. "Before I get breakfast I read Bacon," he told the Gobs in one of his deck lectures. "For dinner I consult Lamb. I never cook biscuits without reading Browning first." "Listen, brother," a Gob interrupted, "read Burns next time before you give us pancakes for breakfast."



Where?

BY GERTRUDE F. McNALLY.

IN the big white hospital
Where they took my 'pendix out,
Things happened that are hard for me
To understand about.
The distance from the bed to floor
Looked far as north from south.
Nurse gave me sticks of glass to suck,
And bid me shut my mouth!
The man who put a "cone" on me,
Talked as to a baby:
"This e-ther takes you by-by."
Home? He answered, "Maybe."
I still don't know where 'twas I went,
(Folks say I'm smart for seven.)
But I think it was with Elijah
On his fiery ride to Heaven.
'Cause when I woke, my tongue felt thick;
Dry also were my lips.
Yet they wouldn't give me water,
Except in tiny sips!
Now all is past, and I am well;
But sick is dollie Marget.
Her sawdust blood keeps messing up
My mamma's clean swept carpet.
So I have cleared a corner
For an operating room,
Where thread and darning needle,
Will make her well right soon.
Ma's perfume will be e-ther;
The bandage—Daddy's tie.
With so much grand adornment,
My doll won't want to die.
N-if some day she asks me
(She, too, pays close attention),
Where the e-ther took her to—
I'll answer, "What a question!"

♦♦♦
DON'T forget that it is not enough to
keep the poor in mind; give them some-
thing to keep you in mind.

Tim.

BY JAMES A. REID.

XIV.—HENRY JONES.

MR. JONES, after firing the shot
that slightly wounded Mr. O'Mara,
rushed panic-stricken from his home.
The deep emotion which had been surg-
ing through his soul for many months
had now broken out in a frenzy of ter-
ror. He was fastened, in fact, in the
grip of his own wrong-doing; and
although he might find hidden refuge
in the thick woods which surrounded
his home and reached a mile to the
south, he could not fly from himself, for
fear and guilt had locked their unholy
grasp upon him.

He ran to the shelter of the woods,
beating off imaginary foes with his
hands. "They shall not take me; no, not
alive; I will fight them to death. They
shall not have my treasure," and he
laughed the wild laugh of madness. "I
will kill them. Come," addressing the
supposed pursuers, "come, I dare you. I
shall kill you. No, do not advance; go
back, go back, I am not the man."

He crept into a wild tangle of under-
brush to hide more easily. He was
strangely silent. Then he broke out into
a terrified lamentation, "I did not do
it; I did not." He screamed still louder,
"I am not a murderer. Gold, gold, gold."
He fell to the ground. Unconsciousness,
happily or unhappily, had taken a hold
of his overtaxed mind and body. He lay
hopelessly inert.

The gold of which Mr. Jones spoke
was no myth. He was indeed a clever
swindler who saw endless ways of
making guilty profits. Careful planning
and speculation had brought compara-

tive wealth. His methods had been extremely simple. Unknown to Mr. O'Mara he had used the credit of the firm to speculate in those days when fortunes were found easily at the rainbow's end. He lost heavily, and that was the record for the books. But his gains had exceeded his losses. Numerous small accounts had been placed in many banks. He never used his own name in the recording of those accounts; in fact he changed his name for each bank account. Federal income experts would have had a long and arduous task of checking his varied assets, so he figured. His was the perfect method of reaping undue gain.

Then, as greed for unholy profits gripped him, he became a veritable miser at heart, loving money for its own sake, hiding it with zeal, and gloating over it times without number. With so many banks failing, he withdrew all of his ill-gotten fortune and stored it in crannies and nooks which no practised eye could easily detect. The secret hiding places were known to him and to him alone.

It is a difficult matter to look back to the beginning of a man's ruin. It is a hard task to check the progressive downward steps of a spiritual collapse. Ambition, vain-glory, love of honor, greed for money have been the destroyers of men from time immemorial. Mr. Jones was a typical example of an unscrupulous modern who throws caution to the winds in gratifying a craving desire for money and still more money. That insatiable want, which had developed gradually, needed but a chance opportunity to express itself. Like Judas he kept the all-consuming fire under control for a long time. He failed to understand that flames have a magnetic attraction that draws even unwilling victims to destruction. Continually to think of committing a crime is eventually to commit the crime.

Fanciful dreams of what money

would bring him crowded his mind often. Strangely enough he never considered that the honest acquisition of a comfortable income was easily his, and would have brought him the very same desired joys. He avariciously sought riches by methods which, once discovered, would send him to prison, and they would be discovered, for no crime is perfect. But even if he served a short prison sentence, he reckoned, there would be enough of life left to seek out the dreams that he dreamt. Europe and the Riviera in blossom time; a glance at the olden beauty of the wide world; Norway and the midnight sun; Palm Beach, California, cruises in soft southern seas; an endless going and coming; all these and the happiness thereof as long as life held a taste for joy, and life would be sweet even unto death.

The failure to consider one basic element rushed him to his present plight. There he lay in the tangled underbrush, hopelessly insane, and the money that was supposed to spell happiness and pleasure would never be his to spend. Conscience, which had never been fully stifled, had exacted its toll. Mr. Jones had been fighting a fierce war: skirmishes without number had taken place; battles had been fought; and now, it is plain, the war had been lost. The mad man, bleeding, mournfully crying in fitful anguish to the hazy moon, had gone into the valley of shadows. Conscience had conquered.

Of course, Captain Ryan quickly spread a description of Mr. Jones to the New York police force: "Wanted: Henry Jones; 48 years of age; medium height; solidly built; grey hair; thin face; ordinarily wears dark clothes."

The man hunt was organized. Searching parties, heavily armed and prepared for battle, threw their dragnet far and wide. Escape would be impossible. It was all so very pathetic: Mr. Jones lying helplessly in the brush not more than seventy yards from his home;

the police, mindful of warning of the dangers of their mission, roving the highways, watching and waiting anxiously, ready to battle with a dangerous and desperate character.

Captain Ryan, with four detectives, started at once for Mr. Jones' home. "Experience is a great teacher," he asserted.

"Meaning, Captain?"

"Do you know that this Jones was a partner of Jack O'Mara's?"

"Yes, I know that to my sorrow," one of the detectives replied. "To be exact, some five hundred dollars of sorrow."

"If my theory is correct," Captain Ryan continued, "and I'm almost sure that it is, this same type of failure happened twenty-three years ago, though in a smaller way—that was just after I got on the Force."

"You mean that the trouble with criminals is that they believe they have some new idea of swindling worked out—the perfect crime—and there is no perfect crime, as there is nothing new under the sun?"

"Exactly. You rush to the point, Jim; more power to you."

"Evidently you've been working on this case?"

"Quietly, yes; even Jack O'Mara doesn't know it."

"Would you mind telling us how far you've gone?"

"Of course not. I started as soon as I heard of the failure. I traced Jones' record through grade school; he was bright, but not dependable. At a boarding school he showed a woeful lack of the right spirit, so that more than once he was almost expelled. At college he was unreliable, independent, and even accused of dishonesty, besides being looked on as a bit queer."

"And what about him since he graduated?"

"He never graduated. He dropped out of college in his third year." Captain Ryan paused.

"His record after that?"

"Spotted, tending to dishonesty and oddity of conduct; wasn't faithful to the Sacraments—"

"Then, he's a renegade?"

"He is. Had no friends to speak of. But I doubt that you could prove much against him in a court."

"That's often true."

"The more deeply I followed his record, the more certain I am of one thing."

"What's that?"

"He has lost money, but he also profited considerably in the stock market."

"Did you discover that for a certainty?"

"I did not in a certain sense, and in another sense I did."

"Has he enough to cover the failure of the firm,—I need those five hundred dollars?"

"I'm not sure." Captain Ryan was silent for several seconds. "Right now I'm at the point that makes me believe quite sincerely that this failure is exactly like one that happened twenty-three years ago, as I have said."

"Go on!"

"He has been banking his gains under different names in small accounts in many banks, trying constantly to cover up all that he made."

"But why should he be willing to face a prison sentence when he could make money honestly?"

"That's what is queer about it all. Judas has always been a puzzle to me. Did you ever stop to think that the greatest traitor that the world has ever known was a thief at heart?"

"And Jones is both traitor and thief."

"He is." Then Captain Ryan continued, "he has been covering up."

"Is the money in the banks now?"

"I don't think so. He's dishonest and odd; and to make the two cases exactly alike, he's a miser undoubtedly, gloating over the money that now lies hidden somewhere."

"This is more than shrewd guessing on your part, Captain, isn't it?"

"I hope so, for Jack O'Mara has been my good friend times without number. If I am right, then I can repay him for all the favors he has done me, provided we can find the money that is hidden."

The machine slowed down.

"Captain, is that the house down to the right side of those woods?"

"It is."

The machine was turned from the highway to the road leading to Mr. Jones' home, from which only a few hours before he had fled in terror.

"The front door should be open," Captain Ryan asserted.

They went in.

"This is the room. Oh, don't bother with that gun now. Put the dog on the trail," Captain Ryan commanded. "Jones left by this door, I understand."

The bloodhound, keenly scenting the fresh trail, tugged violently at the leash.

"Captain, from the way this dog is pulling, Jones is quite near."

"So I see," he agreed. "Tom to the right; Joe, the left; Dick, right center; I'll cover left center. Don't spread too far, and try to keep Jim and the dog in the center, no matter how far we have to move to right or left." Then, as a final word of warning, "careful, now, and slow; take no chances; keep screened; and don't be too quick with your guns."

They advanced slowly but unswervingly to the spot where Mr. Jones lay in the tangled underbrush.

"Here he is," shouted Jim.

Strong flashlights showed them at once the terrible plight of Mr. Jones.

"My, he is in a bad way!" exclaimed Captain Ryan. "Evidently he cut himself running through the woods. Jim, tie the dog to that tree. Now, men, we must be easy in getting him out of that brush."

Pulling the tangled brush aside, they lifted Mr. Jones ever so gently and car-

ried him with all possible comfort to his home. There they placed him on a sofa in a side room near the one where the shot had been fired.

"Joe, call for a priest and an ambulance quick; Dick, search the house for first-aid treatment; Jim, some water," Captain Ryan ordered briskly.

He looked sharply at the unconscious man and then felt his pulse.

"Heart's strong," he whispered to Jim, who had returned with the water.

They stood watching in silence. Then it dawned on Captain Ryan where the trouble lay.

"This is not merely a case of unconsciousness," he explained; "he's lost his mind. That's what happened to the man twenty-three years ago—he went hopelessly but not violently insane."

"Did the other man ever recover the use of his senses, Captain?" Jim questioned.

"At times he had lucid intervals. Enough, I should say, to allow him to prepare for death. But he was never wholly rational."

Mr. Jones opened his eyes.

"Feel better now?"

"You won't hurt me, will you?" Mr. Jones asked in a voice like that of a pleading and fearful child.

"Of course not," answered Captain Ryan very gently.

"I knew you wouldn't. You look like a kind man." Then he seemed to understand the significance of the Captain's uniform. "I didn't kill him. I didn't kill him anyway."

"We know you didn't," was the reply.

"Don't come near; go back, go back; I'll kill you, if you advance."

"There! There! Quiet now. We won't harm you."

"I'll die first, and nobody will know where the treasure is."

"What treasure?"

"Gold, gold, gold—all mine. I won't tell; I won't tell."

"Mr. O'Mara wasn't really hurt,"

Captain Ryan said, hoping to soothe. There was no answer.

"Perhaps we better not question him any more, we might make matters worse."

They sat down, silently watching and patiently waiting. Then they heard three sharp toots of an automobile horn.

"A priest—Father Galven, or I miss my guess," Captain Ryan said.

He went quickly to the front door, opened it, and peered into the night.

"Hello, Captain!"

"Hello, Father; I'm afraid we brought you on a useless trip. When we called we thought that Mr. Jones—"

"Jack O'Mara's partner?"

"The same. He's insane, not unconscious."

"Poor fellow!" said Father Galven.

"Did he ask to see a priest?"

"No, Father, he hasn't been rational since we found him."

The clang of an ambulance bell still some distance away was heard. Captain Ryan moved toward the door. In a few minutes the ambulance was parked on the driveway a few yards from the house. A doctor hurriedly entered the room.

"Insanity, Doctor."

"So I see."

They carried Mr. Jones to the ambulance which started at once for town.

"I'll follow them," Father Galven explained; "he might change at any time. Good night!"

"Good night!" was the general response.

Captain Ryan and the detectives re-entered the house which was now strangely quiet and somewhat forlorn, as if it sensed the tragedy of all that was happening.

"Now," ordered Captain Ryan, "we'll go over the house carefully. You three upstairs; Jim and I down here."

They searched the house diligently, going over floors and walls with quiet

but minute care. They looked under carpets, back of pictures, and, in fact, in all places where objects of value might possibly be hidden. Tables and desks and drawers were examined thoroughly, but the talent and long experience of the detectives in solving criminal cases were of no avail. They found nothing. What was still more disappointing, they had no clue or sign of any hiding place for the gold of which Mr. Jones spoke.

"Nothing upstairs, Captain."

"And nothing down here," he responded. "I would be willing to believe that Mr. Jones was raving, but when I think of that other crime that happened years ago, I am quite sure that we are missing something. Moreover, Mr. Jones told Jack O'Mara that there was a buried treasure."

The detectives said nothing, waiting for their superior officer to continue.

"It will soon be light," Captain Ryan finally said. "We'll stay here and search the house again as soon as it is clear enough. Then we'll look carefully around outside."

Two hours later they went over the house again. They found nothing. A diligent search on the grounds about the house was also in vain.

"Dick," Captain Ryan commanded, "you stay here and watch the house. I'll have you relieved in a couple of hours. We'll have to keep this place well guarded for," and he hesitated, "for I don't know how long. At least until we find something, or decide that there is nothing to be found."

As a matter of fact the guard on Mr. Jones' house would have to be a long, long guard.

(To be continued.)

BEAR patiently the little contradictions which come to you from your neighbor without showing any resentment, for that is contrary to the Sacred Heart of Jesus Christ.

—*St. Margaret Mary.*

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—An instructive booklet on the general subject of Reverence is "A Plea for Three Beautiful Customs," by Rev. W. H. Walsh, S. J. (The Boy Saviour Movement, 986 Park Avenue, New York. Price, 10c). It teaches reverence for the Holy Name, and for the Blessed Sacrament.

—These are precarious days for the book publisher. Readers emerging from the lean years of the depression find a hundred crowding necessities upon which to spend reluctant dollars. Books must wait for a more comfortable purse. We had thought to put our serial, "The Bog," into book form before Christmas, but hesitate because many of our readers who would ordinarily want to have this volume, may find it inconvenient at this time. If the demand warrants it, however, we shall be glad to go forward with its publication.

—We learn from the *New York Times* that two important Shakespeare manuscripts known to scholars as "The Disputed Revels Accounts," and recording payment for the performances of various plays, including some by "Shaxberd," before the court at Whitehall in the winter season of 1604-5 and 1611-12, have been officially declared to be genuine by the Public Records Office, London. These documents are of special interest as proving Shakespeare's established position as a court playwright. They have now been placed on public exhibition for the first time, accompanied by a label stating that their authenticity has been established; and a similar statement appears in print in the new catalogue of the Records Office Museum.

—Considerable comment has been made by our Catholic papers on the policy of the *Scientific American* to admit the discussion of sex questions to their pages. This magazine has up to the present had the reputation of dealing in purely scientific questions with scientific method. How far the Editors have departed from that ideal is quite clearly

shown in a pamphlet, "Is Sexual Abstinence Harmful?" by Reverend Ignatius Cox, S. J., Ph. D. (The Paulist Press, 5c). This is an answer to an article in that magazine by Professor H. M. Parshley. Dr. Cox proves, it seems to us, from abundant testimony that Dr. Parshley is generalizing without warrant and is giving his personal opinion rather than the evidence of facts or experiment.

—Eyre and Spottiswoode have recently published a translation of Svend Fleuron's interesting work, "The Wild Horses of Iceland." For more than two hundred pages this well-known Danish author thrills his readers with stories of horses that seem almost human, while painting at the same time a picture of Iceland, its rivers and mountains, its marshes and lava beds, with the sure touch of an artist who knows his subject thoroughly. There is a note of almost human sadness in his story of the colts that are exported to foreign lands, and one who loves horses must feel a sort of pang as he sees these faithful friends of man torn from their native hillsides. This book is illustrated by Cecil Aldin, and has been translated into very readable English by E. Gee Nash.

—From Wichita, Kansas, we have received two interesting pamphlets: (1) "Radio Talks," by the Right Reverend Msgr. William M. Farrell, LL. D., V. G., which cover briefly and clearly the question of Faith in its relation to our daily life in the world. These talks, too, answer a number of objections to the Catholic religion which are often put to laymen by persons outside the Church. Published by the Catholic Action Committee of the Knights of Columbus, Council No. 691. (2) "The New and Eternal Testament," by Rev. F. J. Morrell and Angela A. Clendenin is a text-book on the Mass for Study Clubs. It is ideal for that work. It gives a brief but fundamental discussion of the various aspects of the Mass, a list of topics which may form subjects of discussion for the meetings, a list of questions that should provoke further discussion,

and suggestions for papers to be written. We have not seen anything more practical for this kind of study than the pamphlet before us. Published by the Catholic Action Committee of Women, 307 East Central Avenue, Wichita. Price, 25c.

—Probably nine out of ten people to-day think of the Holy Land and its surroundings in terms of Our Lord's time. Such things as hospitals and grammar schools and colleges in the modern sense of those words seem like far-away possibilities for that ancient country. Well, there are such institutions and many of them, as will be immediately evident to those who look through the pages of an interesting booklet on "The Franciscan Schools of the Custody of the Holy Land." On its pages will be found pictures and details sufficient to convince even the most sceptical of the magnificent work being done by the Franciscans in the sacred, if out of the way, places where Our Saviour sojourned. The booklet has been printed for free distribution, and can be obtained from the Commissariat of the Holy Land, Franciscan Monastery, Washington, D. C.

—"The House of the Spirit," a study of the contemplative life for lay-people, is the title of F. Pohl's late work, published by Burns, Oates and Washbourne. This author is of the opinion that there are a large number of lay-people who are not called to the marriage state, to the priesthood, or the religious life, but who, nevertheless, have a vocation to solitude and prayer while living in the world amid the turmoil and bustle of everyday life. While the writer very wisely recommends that no one should undertake such a life without the guidance of a good, sane, spiritual director, he points out the excellence of this manner of living, recounts some of the difficulties to be met with in such a contemplative state, and shows the rich rewards to be obtained. There is much in this book that will be useful for ordinary lay-people who find unemployed hours during their day that might be spent in prayer, or in useful spiritual reading, instead of being a means of annoyance and discomfort to them.

A Guide to Good Reading.

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In the list below there may be just the book that you need for your own use or as a gift to a friend.

Send us the titles you select and the purchase price, plus 15c for postage, and we will have the books mailed to you at once.

- "Butler's Lives of the Saints." Thurston-Leeson. \$2.90, postpaid.
- "The Oxford Movement." Shane Leslie. \$2.
- "St. Albert the Great." Rev. Thomas M. Schwertner, O. P. \$3.
- "The Church and Spiritualism." Rev. Herbert Thurston, S. J. \$2.75.
- "Bernadette, Child of Mary." Lawrence McReavy, M. A. \$1.25.
- "Canonical Decisions of the Holy See." Dr. Stanislaus Woywod. \$3.
- "Saint Ignatius and the Ratio Studiorum." Edward Fitzpatrick. \$2.
- "From Faith to Faith." W. E. Orchard. \$2.
- "St. Francis de Sales." Rev. Louis Sempé, S. J. \$1.25.
- "The Forgotten God." Most Rev. Francis C. Kelly, D. D. \$1.50.
- "At the Feet of the Divine Master." Rev. Anthony Huonder, S. J. \$2.25.
- "The Mirror of the Blessed Virgin." St. Bonaventure. \$2.
- "Talks for Girls." Rev. Aloysius Roche. \$75c.
- "Frederick Ozanam." Rev. H. L. Hughes. \$1.25.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Brother Mary Joseph, C. S. C.

Sister M. Carmelita, Sisters of the Holy Cross; Sister M. Pauline, Sisters of Charity; Sister M. Benigna and Sister M. Gertrude, Sisters of Notre Dame.

Mr. Peter J. Noonan, Mr. Patrick Keyes, Mr. Harry Reynolds, Mr. Bernard Reynolds, Mr. Angelo Mangini, Mrs. Ann Reynolds, Mr. Thomas McCarthy, Mrs. Louise Mignon, Mrs. Mary Fischer, Miss Martha Guerts, Mrs. Mary McCary, Mrs. George Guerts, Mrs. Mary Palmi, Miss Caroline Wagner, Mr. Leland Kimball, Miss M. Duffy, and Mr. J. L. Dennison.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indulgence.)

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CARMELITA	SECRET OF
CARROLL DARE	POCOMOKE
CON OF MISTY	SERGEANT TIM
MOUNTAIN	STORY OF RAOUL
JACK AND JEAN	TOMMY TRAVERS
JERRY'S JOB	TREVLIN TWINS
JOSEPHINE MARIE	WHITE EAGLE
KILLYKINICK	WINNIE'S LUCK

What Others Say . . .

□

"I have prayed for this day," said a woman to Mrs. Mary T. Waggaman a short time before the latter's death, "so that I could thank you personally for the many happy hours you gave my children through your books and the many hours of anxiety you spared me because I knew the souls and minds of my children were safe and with God while reading your books."

□

"A born story-teller—a dreamer of dreams," as her daughter describes her, Mary T. Waggaman's stories have been read with eagerness by old and young.

□

"She translated the Gospel of Christ to the hearts of little children," said Dr. William Kerby in preaching her eulogy. —*The Ave Maria*.

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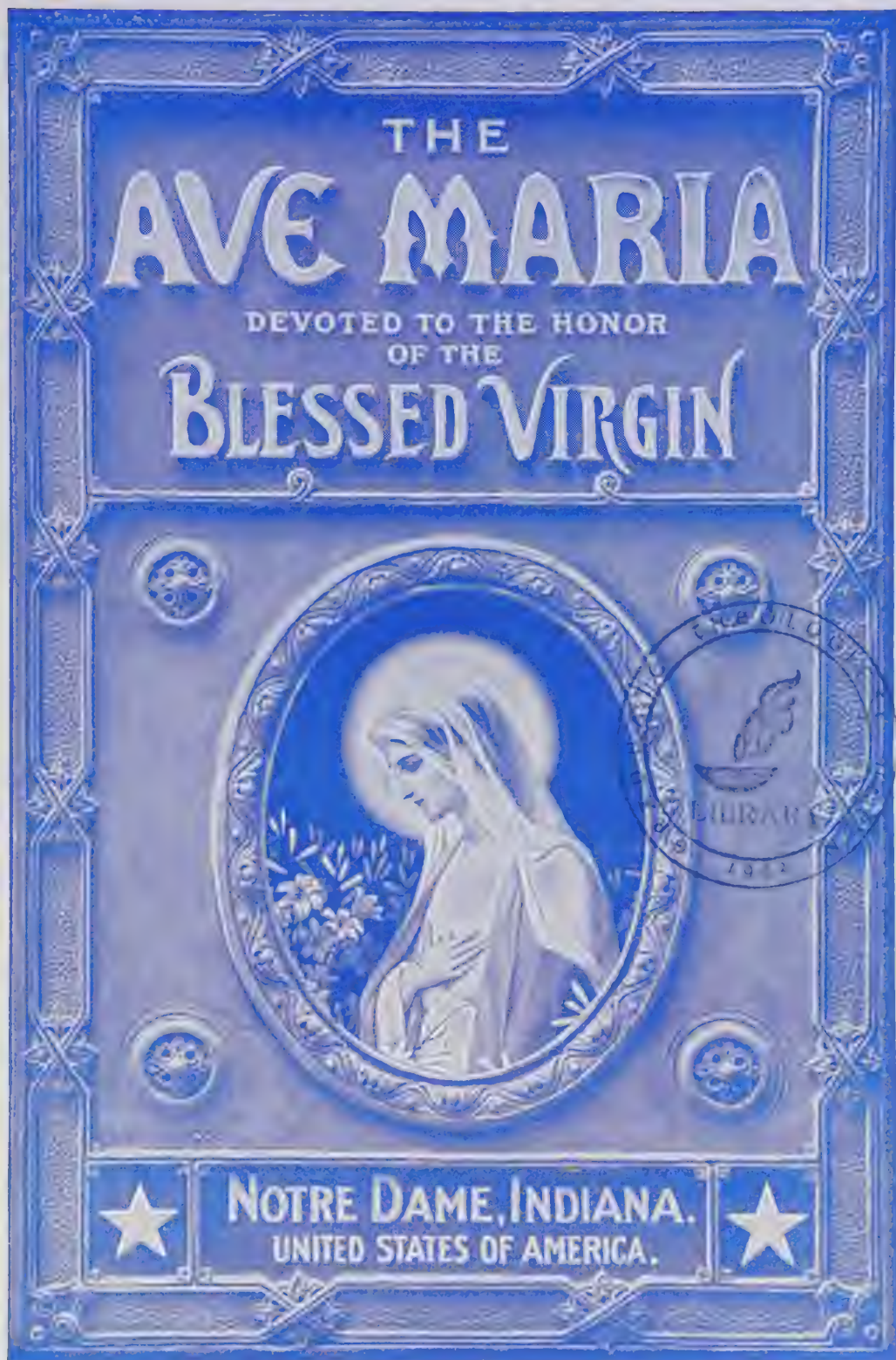
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CALENDAR OF THE WEEK

OCTOBER.

SATURDAY, 21.—St. Hilarion, Ab. Sts. Ursula and Comp's, V. M.
 SUNDAY, 22.—Twentieth after Pentecost. St. Mary of Salome, W.
 MONDAY, 23.—St. Severin, Confessor.
 TUESDAY, 24.—St. Raphael, Archangel.
 WEDNESDAY, 25.—Sts. Chrysanthus and Daria, MM.
 THURSDAY, 26.—St. Evaristus, Pope and Martyr.
 FRIDAY, 27.—St. Frumentius, Bishop and Confessor.
 SATURDAY, 28.—Sts. Simon and Jude, Apostles.

Blessed is the man that heareth me and that watcheth daily at my gates.—PROVERBS viii, 34.

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Now the time has come when all collections must be made from the office, leaving our Brother Canvassers free to do missionary work by devoting their efforts entirely to soliciting new subscribers.

We urge all our friends to mail their remittances direct to the office without waiting for a Brother to call. We feel sure that the great AVE MARIA family will understand and at the same time lend us their kindly co-operation as they have so often done in the past.

THE EDITORS.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, 1, 48.

Vol. XXXVIII. (New Series.) NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, OCTOBER 21, 1933.

No. 17.

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He Loves Us as We Are.

BY ELEANOR ALLETTA CHAFFEE.

HE loves us as we are: wearied with trying
The heights beyond our strength, or sought too
late.

The broken hearts made heavy with long sighing
He bears upon His own, a precious freight.

He loves us as we are: deaf to His pleading,
Calling on Him when lost in endless night;
Of His sweet voice and spirit all unheeding,
Yet never straying past His watchful sight.

He loves us as we are: but changed by glory,
He shapes each spent soul in His careful
thought.

He writes the last phrase in the gospel story;
Love is the final word by Heaven wrought.

A Noted Philanthropist.

BY ANNETTE S. DRISCOLL.

THIS year being the one hundredth anniversary of the founding of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul is calculated to arouse interest in the class of men who have served under the banner of this saint, or whose daily lives are actuated by the same motives of service to mankind.

Such a man was the late Dr. John Dixwell, who for many years was an outstanding figure in the streets of Boston and Cambridge, Mass. Outstanding in more than one sense: his exceedingly tall, commanding figure and military bearing, the overcoat with long cape,

the wide, black slouch hat which he invariably wore, his remarkably keen blue eyes, and the flowing white mustache so like to that of his distinguished brother-in-law, Chief Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes, as to produce a resemblance to him sufficiently striking to have been that of own brother, would naturally attract attention in his later years.

He was born in Cambridge, though he lived for many years on Beacon Hill, Boston, at 52 West Cedar St. He was the son of Rev. Dr. Epes Sargent Dixwell and Mary Ingersoll Bowditch. Dr. Epes Dixwell conducted a preparatory school for boys, which numbered among others who afterwards became notable figures, Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes and the Rev. James Kent Stone, later beloved in three continents as Father Fidelis of the Cross, the saintly Passionist, the story of whose life and achievements reads like a romance—as indeed the lives of the saints are the most absorbing of romances.

After graduating from the preparatory school, John Dixwell entered the medical school at Harvard University in the class of 1870, receiving his degree of M. D., three years later. There was evidently a family predilection for the science of medicine, as his grandfather was also a physician. Dr. John began his practice at 10 Beacon St., Boston, then known as Pemberton Square. Though he soon had a large practice, it was never a lucrative one, for almost immediately he began his life work of

devoting his time and talents to the service of the poor and the unfortunate, to an extent which would hardly have been possible to one born of less prosperous and aristocratic lineage. It has been said that he never accepted a fee, but perhaps it would be wise to take the statement with the "Pinafore" interpretation—"hardly ever." A gentleman who had business dealings with him says that he paid the doctor a fee on one occasion, after giving the assurance that a wealthy corporation was footing the bill, the doctor making it clear that there was to be no fee coming from the patient. The gentleman adds: "I strongly suspect that the fee was after all turned over to the patient, who was poor." Throughout his long life he became increasingly interested in suffering humanity, his charities becoming more and more remarkable, taking on many unusual and in some cases, unique forms.

He held many positions in various societies, one of the earliest being that of general agent of the Inquiry Office for lost or kidnapped children. He was a member of the Natural History Society and various medical societies, serving as physician of the Boston Dispensary for eighteen years without pay. In his early life he was Director of the Industrial Aid Society. As a very young man he made several long sea trips, practically around the world, and he was always greatly interested in the sea and seamen. With J. H. Hammond and Judge York of the Gloucester municipal court he succeeded in establishing a Home for Aged Fishermen in Gloucester. He was the owner of many valuable paintings, and he presented an immense oil painting of a marine view to the Pleasant Park Yacht Club at Winthrop, Mass., where a tablet has been erected in commemoration of the gift. He was made general agent of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, a visitor for the Providence Society and a

Director of the Invalid Aid Society.

When the United States entered the World War he was too old to serve on land or sea in the regular service, but he was a member of the Massachusetts Public Safety Committee, doing recruiting work, and was also identified with the National Defence League and the Intelligence Department. While holding this position he was approached by a German spy who attempted to bribe him. The doctor's indignant reply: "No man can buy me," so infuriated the tempter that he gave the doctor a violent kick in the abdomen, causing a serious illness, which, though he made a temporary recovery, no doubt was the beginning of the cancer which eventually caused his death.

His position as surgeon of the Kearsage Association of Naval Veterans furnished many opportunities for the exercise of his charity. In all his practice among the needy he not only gave his services free, but he also provided food and medicine. Because of his many well-to-do friends and connections he was often able to find backers and assistants for his charitable projects. He used to solicit clothing, books and magazines of all descriptions, which he would call for, pack into boxes, and ship at his own expense to hospitals and other charitable institutions, or to some lonely light-house where books were a luxury. Another, and certainly unique form of helpfulness, was to solicit all sorts of head-gear, which he took to the Tombs or the Charles Street jail for the many unfortunates, "picked up nightly in the police dragnet, minus a hat." When the time of these unfortunates was up, the jailer would go to the large box containing these hats and select something which would prevent their going home bare-headed.

When the circus came to town he would treat the children from the orphan asylums by taking them to see the sights. All of his philanthropies

were of this practical sort. It is said that auctioneers in all parts of the city used to hold crutches, wheel chairs and such things till Dr. Dixwell came to buy them for distribution among the poor and the afflicted.

In 1875, being then twenty-six years of age and a practising physician, he married the youngest daughter of Captain H. L. Gurney of East Boston. He and his wife were both very fond of plants and flowers, and every year he invited the poor children of the neighborhood to their home and gave each one a plant to raise. At the end of the season they returned bringing their plants with them, and besides being entertained, the children who could show the best results received prizes.

For many years he saw to it that no Civil War veteran was buried in Potter's Field. One of the duties of his secretary was to search the papers carefully every day and mark the stories of unidentified dead. If there was the slightest chance of there being a veteran among them, the doctor would immediately start an investigation.

After the World War he gave most of his time to the inmates of the Holy Ghost Hospital for Incurables in Cambridge, a truly wonderful institution in charge of the Grey Nuns. Their zeal and devotion to the poor sufferers were a revelation to him, and he exclaimed to an employee at the hospital: "O Kate, what a wonderful example these noble nuns give us!"

The present writer was once entertaining a convert friend who had previously been a Universalist minister. Some one made a reference to the Little Sisters of the Poor, and he remarked: "If ever I should have the slightest doubt about the truth of the Catholic religion, the mere thought of those noble women would immediately restore my faith, for only a divinely established religion could produce such charity." Such must have been the case with

Dr. Dixwell, for their example set him to studying the claims of the Catholic Church. He became convinced of the truths of her claims, but, like many another, various obstacles in his way prevented him from immediately embracing them.

One day, just outside the State House in Boston, he met the Rev. Father McCormack of St. Joseph's church in the west end of Boston, where his work was well known. Answering the priest's kind inquiry about his health, he said: "I have been very ill, Father."—"Oh," said the priest, "why did you not send for me?"—"Well, to tell the truth, Father, I was too sick to do anything."—"Did you have your passport?"—"What passport, Father?"—"You know that when we are going on a journey we have to procure a passport. You are getting along in years and must soon take the long journey, you know."—"I did not have it then, Father, but I will before the next time."

He was true to his word, and on the twenty-second of May, 1914, he was baptized by Father McCormack in St. Joseph's church, received his first Holy Communion in the Holy Ghost Hospital the following Wednesday, and later was confirmed by Cardinal O'Connell at the cathedral in Boston. For some time after his own confirmation he acted as sponsor for converts at the confirmation exercises held every year at the cathedral.

"The beauty of Thy house I have loved, O Lord, and the place where Thy glory dwelleth!" exclaimed the Royal Psalmist. This fervent aspiration must have found an echo in the heart of Doctor Dixwell when he presented three beautiful altars to the chapel of the Holy Ghost Hospital. This zeal for the beauty of the Lord's house was proof that his devotion to the spiritual and physical needs of his fellowmen, sprang truly from his worship of Him who gave as the first commandment: "Thou shalt

love the Lord thy God with thy whole heart, thy whole mind and with all thy strength," and added: "The second is like unto it—thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." The inmates of the hospital almost worshipped him as physician, friend, and ministering angel, calling him their "Sunshine."

He was very fond of music, and sponsored a Hospital Music Fund, besides going hither and yon, looking for talent to provide entertainments for the poor sufferers.

It is often said that every busy person should have a hobby. Dr. Dixwell's pet hobby was geology, which he studied under Professor Schaler, and he had an exceptionally fine collection of stones. Another decidedly unique collection was one of various kinds of instruments of self-defense used by men and animals. This collection came to the knowledge of the Jesuit Fathers of Boston College and one of their number went to the Doctor's house to inspect it. He found that the walls of one exceedingly large room were literally covered with the most amazing collection of defensive articles, which, upon its presentation to the College, took two days to clean and set up in the museum attached to the College. These curious articles had been collected by the Doctor during those sea trips of his youth. Baseball was another one of his hobbies, and he had the reputation of being a real baseball fan.

In 1929 occurred the death of his wife, after which he seemed to lose interest in life, and his own health failed so seriously, that after being cared for by his sister at home for a time, he was sent to the Corey Hill Hospital in Milton, where he died April 17, 1931, aged 82. This may rightly be called a ripe old age, though his father had lived to be ninety-one.

May his fame grow with the passing of time, and may his soul dwell in the blessed peace of eternity!

Carolina Abdicates.

BY ESTHER W. NEILL

XVII.—ENTER TONY.

CY MUNSTER, looking from the dead man on the table to the shrouded figure on the floor, began to regret his act of mercy in carrying the victims of this fatal accident into his house. Two deaths in one night would certainly bring the coroner, or the sheriff, or some other representative of the law to investigate this grim disaster, and Cy heartily abhorred all government officials. There was a promising pyramid of wooden kegs stored in his cellar that must be strategically hidden behind padlocked doors before any government agents arrived to carry on their prying business. And here was the young doctor, complicating affairs still further by falling in a dead faint which, to Cy's practical mind, was a silent demand for stimulant.

With one eye fixed doubtfully on the Curé, he hesitatingly produced a flask from his hip pocket and tried to pour some brandy down Eduard's throat. It was a difficult process, for he was awkwardly supporting the young doctor's whole weight with one arm, and he experienced some vague symptoms of disgust for Neddy Grogé's lack of stamina.

He had heard the story of his unhappy marriage in the village, but he had not paid much attention to the details at the time. He had preferred to sow his own wild oats outside of a conjugal pasture. Women were "queer" and sometimes hampered a man with the persistence of barbed-wire entanglements. A runaway wife might not prove such an undesirable hazard of everyday living. But Neddy Grogé had been too luxuriously brought up to stand the shocks that were always waiting around the corner to "hit a man like a tap hammer over the head." He had had some

sort of "brain storm" that had lasted for months, and now that he had found the faithless pair as "dead as door-nails," he had "passed out" and was lying like a third corpse in the silent room. Cy told the Curé that he was going to drive to the village. He would not remain in a house that was "nothing but a morgue."

But the old Curé had no intention of allowing him to desert him so soon.

"You can't go yet, Cy. Help me to carry Neddy to the couch in the front room. I want to get him out of here. The boy has only fainted. He will regain consciousness in a moment. Here, put him down flat; rub his hands; give him a little brandy; then telephone Madam Grogé, and tell her to send her car for us. Neddy will not be able to drive his own car, I know."

"Madam Grogé! She won't listen to my orders."

"Then can you take us back to the village?"

"Take you? Why, I ain't got nothing but a single seated buggy. I never did learn to drive a car."

"Then telephone Madam Grogé. Tell her I need the car. You can go with us. The storm is over. I must get back. We can do nothing here."

"And what will you do with the kid?"

"The kid?"

"The child upstairs. I reckon we can't leave him here alone with two stiffs."

"Go get him. Can't you carry him in your arms?"

"My arms! Why, the boy is ten or twelve years old. Husky as I am, he can walk. He's asleep now. Don't see any sense in waking him until the car comes. I'm going to spend the night with Lem Waters at the mill, if you will give me a lift that far."

"Yes, yes, we will all go together. Come with me into the back room and help me to lift the lady to the table beside her—husband. It does not seem

quite respectful to the dead to leave her lying where she is!"

Cy stopped in the hall to take a heartening swig of brandy before obeying the old priest's orders.

"This undertaker's job makes me sick," he said. "Keep her face covered. I don't like to look at dead people. She don't weigh much, does she? Now that's over. Shut the door. I'm through. I want you all to get somebody to take these dead people out of my house."

"Of course, of course," said the Curé soothingly. "We shall have to send them back to their home, to their relatives, if they have any. We must notify the coroner, the undertaker, but I must get Neddy home first."

Carolina had always enjoyed listening to Monsieur Courtenay read aloud, for he had a cultivated literary taste, and his selection of books never failed to interest her, while his youthful dreams of a dramatic career had led him to take some valuable lessons in expression and voice culture.

But to-night he was sadly aware that she was not giving him her usual flattering attention. She was tired, the storm had upset her nerves; she was growing a little drowsy over her knitting, when she was roused to wakefulness by the telephone ringing for a second time with disturbing insistence. Monsieur Courtenay, striving always to spare Carolina effort, put his book face downwards on the table so that he would not lose his place, and leaning over the arm of his deep-seated chair, he picked up the receiver.

"Allow me to answer it, my dear Carolina," he said. "Ephraim, no doubt, is at his dinner."

He listened for a moment in silence, and then she saw his rosy, round face turn pale in the lamplight. "*Mon Dieu!*" he exclaimed, "that seems impossible—*Mon Dieu!—Mon Dieu!*"

Carolina jumped up with the alacrity

of her girlhood and stood beside him.

"If you say that again, Jean, I shall go mad. Tell me—tell me at once what has happened! Is Eduard hurt?"

"No, no, not Eduard."

"Then, who, who?"

"Some tourists on the Munster Road. It is the same accident we heard about. They need your car."

"And Eduard?"

"He is at the tavern."

"Safe?"

"Quite safe."

She fell back upon the cushions of the sofa with a sigh of relief. "Send my car at once, Jean. Eduard may want to bring them here. His little roadster is so small it would not carry them in comfort. Please ring for Ephraim and get him to order out the car."

The little man, somewhat shaken, started to the door to do her bidding. "You—you must be prepared, my dear Carolina."

"Prepared?"

"For a shock."

"A shock? Don't talk in riddles, Jean. You said a moment ago that Eduard was safe."

"And so he is. But—his wife—"

"His wife!" her voice was shrill with displeasure. "What do I care about his wife? Hasn't she brought misery enough on us all?"

"She can bring no more," said the little man solemnly; "she was in the car that overturned. She is dead."

"And she sent for Eduard to come to her after all—all that she had done to wreck his youth, his life?"

"No, no," he interrupted her. "She was dead when they found her. But the shock was hard on Neddy. He—he fainted. Monsieur l'Abbé is bringing him home."

"Fainted! Are you sure it was only a faint?"

"Yes, yes, he is quite conscious now. But they want to get him home. He is quite weak. Finding her there was a

great shock. You understand, Monsieur l'Abbé feels that he needs care. We must get him into bed. I'm sure that is the thing to do, we must get him to bed."

"Then I shall go upstairs and get his room ready at once," she said, welcoming this practical suggestion.

"Suppose you ring for one of the maids."

"No, no, I shall go myself. I must keep busy. Men never seem to realize that women must keep busy when they are facing horrible fears."

She hurried out of the room, half sobbing in her excitement, and Monsieur Courtenay heard her retreating footsteps in the hall. Her fear and love had roused all her old-time energy. She had forgotten her age. She was almost running up the stairs. Her guest made his way to the kitchen. He was too nervous to think of bells. He interrupted the servants at their bounteous and leisurely repast, ordering the chauffeur to leave at once and to speed the car, if the wet roads would permit. He then returned to the library to wander aimlessly around the big room reading the titles of the familiar books on the mahogany shelves, and poking the fire until the blaze was unbearably hot. Then, opening one of the casement windows, he went out on the high balcony to find relief in the cool night air.

Monsieur Courtenay righted one of the wicker chairs, which had been upturned and covered with a sheet of oil-cloth to protect it from the driving rain, and sinking into its capacious depths he looked up at these swiftly-moving clouds, entering into this dream world as an escape from the problems which he knew were approaching.

In his early boyhood he had learned to study the heavens with awe and reverence. To-night, from this high balcony, isolated for the moment from all sound and intrusion, he looked out upon that immeasurable universe that had always filled him with breath-

less wonder. He was visioning light that had travelled countless centuries, whirling suns, flying meteors, an intricacy of stars millions of miles apart and yet so close in this incomprehensible setting that they seemed patterned in some tenuous scroll work against the sky. Surrounded by such immensities how could a man be troubled by the fret and fume of everyday living? The tragedy of the night was minimized. Death was but a part of the mystery of life, desirable perhaps, if it led one on to those distant worlds of beauty. For the moment the little man, so full of religious idealism, was enjoying the peace of the practised contemplative.

The little man leaned against the railing of the balcony and covered his face with his hands. He was physically dizzy. He had never felt so uplifted and so impotent before. If he could prolong this unusual experience he might bring faith and lasting joy to Carolina. Carolina! He seemed to drift downwards to perplexity again while he asked himself the question. Why had Carolina's happiness always seemed to him of more importance than his own? Why had she always had the power to penetrate his most exalted moods? She was too much of a pagan to have any real sense of the supernatural. If he had tried to interpret his present physical state, she would have smiled tolerantly at his fancies, and made some humorous comment on the "dank fogginess" of his cloud visions.

But even while he recalled her lack of sympathetic understanding, he was impatient at her absence. Why did she delay so long? And then the sound of wheels on the gravelled roadway roused him from further reflections. Eduard had returned, and, if he were ill as the Curé had reported, some one must meet him at the door and assist him up the stairs; and if any of the victims of the accident were in the car, Carolina must be shielded from the painful view of the

injured. He must hurry and go in at once and see what service he could render. But even while he fumbled with the latch of the screen he heard Eduard's voice.

"I'll come up, Miss Carrie. Of course, I can walk. I want to see you for a moment alone. I'm coming up."

"Where are the others?"

"What others?"

"The ones that were hurt?"

"They—they are dead."

"And you are alone?"

"I have Tony with me."

"Tony?"

"My godson, you know, the boy."

Monsieur Courtenay, finding the latch of the screen at last, stumbled over the window ledge into the library. He was dazed for the moment by the flood of artificial light after the soft glamour of the stars, and he was bewildered by the sight of a small boy of ten or twelve, lying on the long sofa in front of the dying embers of the fire. His head covered with a mass of tousled curls rested on one of the yellow satin cushions.

The boy looked up startled by the little man's sudden appearance.

"Who, who are you?" he asked with a child's frank curiosity. "Where am I?—How did you come?"

"I? Why, I came in the window."

"The window? Did you climb in the window?"

"No, no," Monsieur Courtenay smiled reassuringly; "I have been here for some time. There is a balcony outside the window. I was sitting out there when you came in the car."

"Whose car?"

"Madam Grogé's."

The boy sat up and looked wonderingly around the room. "Who is she? It was a big car. I thought I was with Neddy. Where has he gone? I was sure I was with Neddy. Didn't I come with Neddy?"

"Yes, yes." The little man patted the sofa cushion as an invitation to com-

mendable repose. "He has just gone upstairs for a moment,—you lie still and rest. I'm sure he will be back in a moment. You lie still and try to go to sleep."

"But I've been asleep. Why did I come here? Is this a hotel? Are you the manager? Where is my mother?"

Monsieur Courtenay felt his own helplessness before this bombardment of questions. He did not understand how to converse with children. He had always avoided their society when possible. His students of the past had all been of high-school age, and though their slangy phrases and boisterousness had been hard to bear, he had felt that he could deal with them on some intelligible basis. This child's presence in the room had been a complete surprise to him, and it did not dawn on him for some moments that he had seen him once before on his visit to Eduard in New York.

"You're Tony," he said, conscious of some satisfaction in his own retrieved recollection; "I saw you once before, but I am sure you have forgotten me. I came to New York to see Neddy. It was a long time ago; I am sure you have forgotten."

"I guess I have." The child viewed the little man with more interest. "I have been to so many places lately. I forget the people I see. I'm sort of mixed up. Neddy used to be my father before I got a second one. I was sorry that my mother did not stay with Neddy. He was so good. He gave me a bicycle, roller skates,—everything. Why didn't my mother stay?"

"God knows," said Monsieur Courtenay, hoping that some one would come soon to terminate this embarrassing interview, for the child's questions were becoming more difficult to answer. "Are you hurt, Tony?" he asked, striving for some distraction from these marital revelations. "You were in the automobile, too, I guess. Are you hurt?"

"The automobile? Yes, I remember now. We ran into a tree or a rock in the dark. The engine was smashed, I guess. I don't know how I got out. I got a cut on my knee." He held out a bandaged leg from which the woollen stocking had been rolled away. "Neddy wrapped it up. Is this his house?"

"Yes."

"And will I stay?—I've always wanted to stay with Neddy?"

"Away from your mother?" Monsieur Courtenay was beginning to see in this tragedy some compensation for the child. "Would you rather be with Neddy than with your mother?"

The boy hesitated for a moment, and then said resignedly, "She hasn't got much time for me. You see she dances in the theatre. We have to have money to buy things to eat. She dances nearly every night. She says she likes it better than nursing in a hospital."

"Then, perhaps you would like to stay here." The little man was congratulating himself upon his own progress. Perhaps he could prepare the child for the news of his mother's death by suggesting the advantages of his present surroundings.

"It's a fine house, isn't it?" said the boy staring approvingly around the handsome room. "Maybe Neddy is rich now. Maybe he will let me visit him for a while."

"I'm sure of it." Monsieur Courtenay now seemed unduly cheerful. "Neddy loves children. He seems to know how to talk to them, amuse them. It is quite a gift. You and Marie Antoinette would make a fine pair for him to look after."

"And who is she?"

"She is a little girl who lives near here."

"I do not like girls," he announced with decision. "I hope Neddy will not keep her here."

"No, no." Monsieur Courtenay felt that he had blundered in his hopeful planning. "Marie Antoinette lives in

the village with her uncle, but—but you may remain here."

"I don't know," the child seemed doubtful; "I guess I will have to go with my mother."

"But, but if your mother does not take you?"

"But she will. She always takes me even when my new father does not want me. They quarrel about me sometimes. I do not like to hear them. I would rather stay with Neddy, he was always good."

"Ah, yes, he is always good. I have known him ever since he was a boy, and he has always been good."

"He told me that he would come back and get me," the child said. "I cannot walk very well,—this bandage is so stiff. He said that he would carry me upstairs to bed."

"He will be down in a minute, then," said Monsieur Courtenay, pleased to know that relief was on the way; "I'm sure he will be down in a minute."

And even while he spoke these reassuring words he heard Carolina's angry voice in the hall.

"I will not have the child in the house, Eduard; I refuse positively to have him here. You may feel some responsibility for him as your godson. The idea is absurd. The son of the woman who ruined your life. I'll not have him. Not for a single night. Tell Jean Courtenay to take him away. I'll not have the child here. There is no use in arguing. My mind is made up. I'll not budge an inch when my mind is made up."

"Then, I'll go too." Her grandson's voice was as inflexible as her own.

"You will do nothing of the kind."

"Yes, I will, Miss Carrie. Would you turn a child out of doors at this hour of the night?"

"Yes, yes. The child has no place here."

"The boy's father was my friend. I promised to look after him and I kept my word as long as I could. Now, that

he has no one, the responsibility is mine."

"I do not want him."

"Then, we'll go in the morning. We'll go together. I can't argue to-night. I'm all in. I've been through too much. I'll put the child in my room for the night. To-morrow we can go away together."

"But where?"

"It makes no difference."

"It does to me."

"Then, give me my way, Miss Carrie. I'm all in. Don't you see I'm all in? I'm shaking all over. If I fall in another faint on these stairs I'll break my neck. Send Ephraim to carry the child upstairs. You've got to stand by me to-night. I'll go in the morning."

(To be continued.)

The Romance of Suffering.

BY JAMES A. MAGNER, PH. D., S. T. D.

AT Rome in the Vatican there is a marvellous piece of statuary, called the Laocoon. Laocoon was a priest of the pagan deity, Apollo. He had incurred the wrath of that god. While he was sacrificing to the sea god, two huge serpents, driven out of the water by Apollo, fastened themselves upon him and his two sons. The marble represents this legendary group in the agonies of death. The limbs of father and sons are strained in a tragic effort to escape. On their faces the sculptor has fixed the awful contortions of vain struggle against despair. The Laocoon represents perfectly the pagan idea of suffering.

The symbol of Christian suffering is the Crucifix. The limbs of the figure are stretched and nailed upon the beams of the Cross. The head is bowed. The eyes and mouth are stilled in death. This Man has tasted suffering in its bitterest form. Strangely, however, from His figure comes the spirit, not of despair but of hope, not of death but of life. From the depths of His anguish arises

an unspeakable consolation. His death cry is the sound of a spiritual triumph!

Suffering is no longer the ugly, brutish thing that pagan minds had pictured. The sufferings of Christ in His death upon the Cross have brought a new light to men. They have brought salvation. They have opened up the broad and beautiful vistas of a supernatural life. Purchasing grace, they have transformed this world into a place of hopefulness and of merit for eternity. The blood that ran down the wood of the Cross has made that symbol of suffering into a mighty tree with magnificent foliage and richest fruit. "I am the vine," says Christ, "and you the branches. He that abideth in me, and I in him, the same beareth much fruit: for without me you can do nothing" (John, xv, 5).

In the person of Christ we have all suffered. Suffering with Him, we have triumphed. The passion of Christ goes on within the Church, His mystical body. His victory is ours.

Was it not He who poured out His blood with those first fruits, the martyrs of the Roman arena who were the sport of the populace? Was it not He who withstood the blandishments of a Roman court when it would rob little Agnes of her purity, and put her to death? Did Nero triumph, or rather Christ, who burned with the Christians to serve as light for the gardens of the emperor? Where was He if not with Thomas More, Edmund Campion, and the other English martyrs when apostates were cringing and failing from the supreme sacrifice? Did not Christ go forth from France with the priests and nuns who were expelled in the days of atheistic government? Does He not suffer gloriously with the Church in Mexico to-day.

Apostles, martyrs, confessors, virgins, and good Christians, all these are the flower and the fruit of the passion of Jesus Christ. When in the Garden of

Olives, He lay prostrate in the agony of body and soul, they were with Him. They were His comforting angels.

To suffer for those who would suffer for Him,—this were easy and sweet. But to suffer for the heavy-eyed world, for the drowsy disciples who could not watch one hour with Him, for the shrinking, cowardly world, for the world of sin, betrayal, and rottenness,—this was the cup Christ had to drink. The cold sweat turned to blood. It purpled His garments and trickled to the ground. He cried: "Father, if it be thy will, let this chalice pass from me."

In the deserts of Africa and Asia there are ancient cities, once ravaged by invaders, now buried by the sand. They are silent witnesses of the love of liberty that prefers total extinction to a shameful surrender. The pathetic ruins of Greece and Italy, and the graves of modern Flanders, all tell a story of love, fierce love for war, for plunder, for country, for fireside. How many ships lie on the ocean's floor, wrecked in the love of adventure? Who will measure the love that has conquered the anguish of child-birth through the centuries? Who will count the mother's tears, shed for love of wayward sons and daughters? Love breaks down all barriers. Love suffers all, everything, to gain its end.

But the sufferings of humanity, all heaped together, cannot describe the personal sufferings of Jesus Christ. All the love—of self, of home and family, of country, of gold, of revenge, of pleasure, of power,—cannot approach the divine love that drove Him on, through the Passion to the Cross. That love was for us.

No banners, no hurrahs, no hope of personal gain, no fiery instinct urged Him on. His was a cause that launched itself from the ugliness and foul stench of Hell. His immaculate soul, joined with the Godhead, was crowded with the swarming filth of humanity, from the disobedient curiosity of Adam and

Eve to the unmentionable secrets that lurk in our hearts. But He reached out for it. He embraced it gladly. He had said: "I have a baptism wherewith I am to be baptized. And how am I straitened until it be accomplished?"

Judas came and kissed Him. He was led as a felon before the court of Caiaphas. They condemned Him for blasphemy. He was sent to Pilate. Pilate turned Him over to Herod. Herod set Him up for a court jester. Failing to produce any tricks, He was returned to Pilate. He was stripped. He was scourged. He was turned over to the mob. He was dragged through the streets of Jerusalem, followed by the dogs and hooted by the scum of the city. The soldiers cast lots for His garments. They nailed Him to the cross. The chief priests laughed and spit at Him.

Of His friends, only His mother, St. John, and a few pious women remained. The rest had fled. This was the consummation of His life work. He cried out: "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me." Three hours of this last agony. He bowed His head. He died. A soldier came and pierced His heart with a lance. "There came out blood and water." His soul had departed. His body had given its all.

There is no need of going into the frightful details of that passion. They are familiar to us. We have learned them from the Gospel. They are retold in the Way of the Cross, that beautiful devotion. Piously, we meditate upon them in the five sorrowful mysteries of the holy Rosary.

It is impossible to give any adequate conception of the love that made Christ go through what He did. We know, however, that one drop of His precious blood, one little stroke of the lash, one word, one glance, one thought of His, would have been enough to wash away the sins of the world. He was man. Therefore He could be obedient and offer a reparation for sin. He was God

also. His simplest actions, His words, His thoughts, each had an infinite value.

From this we learn the hatefulness of sin. We look at Him, tied to a pillar and beaten to exhaustion. We see Him, the God-man, kissing the Cross that He must drag through the streets of Jerusalem. We hear the strokes of the hammer that fastens Him to the Cross. We listen to our God. He groans: "I thirst." They put upon His lips a sponge with vinegar and gall.

We, who cry out against our little discomforts, look at our God upon the Cross. Lukewarm in the love of God, we see Him dying for love of us. Trembling to acknowledge our faith, we behold Him raised up before the scornful eyes of all men. If there be any of us living in sin,—in impurity, in dishonesty, in uncharitableness—we weep for shame. In many things we all have offended. With Christ we must all be nailed to the Cross.

The mystery of the Cross, the mystery of the excess of Christ's sufferings, holds the key to the meaning of life. It strips the glitter and glamor from sin, and shows the thing in all its indescribable hideousness. It brings home to us, as nothing else can, the infinite love of God. It teaches us that we also, as Christians, must sacrifice and suffer. "For unto this are you called," says St. Peter, "because Christ Jesus also suffered for us, leaving you an example that you should follow his steps."

It teaches the spiritual value, the triumph, of suffering. Through the passion of Christ, the friendship of God has been restored, heaven reopened, and an ocean of grace made available to men. The finest things of life,—the tribunal of Penance, the Holy Eucharist, and the other sacraments, the guidance of the Church, the consolation of prayer, the hope of eternal happiness,—all are made possible through the infinite merits of Christ's sufferings.

Does this suggest anything prac-

tical for life? It is not enough to stand on the side-lines and applaud the martyrs and saints in whom the passion of Christ has been so strikingly manifested. We cannot be satisfied to suffer mystically with Christ, as passive members of His Church. We have to take an active part. We have our own burdens to shoulder with generous love and divine patience. Poor health, financial troubles, family disorders, loneliness, accidents, death, and the dullness of life from day to day,—here are crosses plenty for everyone. God knows, there is little choice in the matter.

Life is truly a romance. But it is a romance of the Cross. "God forbid that I should glory," exclaims St. Paul, "save in the Cross of Our Lord Jesus Christ; by whom the world is crucified to me, and I to the world." Any other view of life is shallow and hopelessly miserable. We may ask ourselves frankly: Are we taking life as it comes to us, now bitter, now sweet, all in the spirit of faith? Are we accepting our hardships with cheerful, eager heart? Do we apply our sufferings as penance for the sins of our lives? Are we turning the harsh things of life into sources of grace and merit?

There are the souls of our dear ones in Purgatory to be thought of. Through our secret sufferings we can be second Christs for the salvation of the world. No one can tell what miracles of grace may be wrought at this very moment through the sufferings which we have borne generously for the love of Christ. This is to *live* the Passion. This is to make the Cross, not only a spiritual romance, but a personal triumph!

"OUR Blessed Lord saw the sin of sins which enabled Him in the Passion to expiate all sin, the sin of deicide, the murder of God, the martyrdom of the Creator. Thus He had to bear the weight of the Passion twice over. He had to expiate His own crucifixion."

Before the Door.

BY EDWIN CARLILE LITSEY.

BEFORE the doorway of my home
 I always pause a while,
 To see that peace is in my heart
 And on my face a smile.

I do not want to enter in
 Where only love should be,
 Until I've cast aside those things
 That nag and bother me.

So often in the daily grind
 I gather dross and tares,
 That come in valid, simple guise
 And catch me unawares.

And so I pause before my door
 For just a little while,
 To put a guard upon my tongue,
 And on my face a smile.

Little Sister.

BY AGNES M. BLUNDELL.

III.

MADAME RENAUD'S attentions were extremely embarrassing. Yves shook her off at last and entered his own room, the letter still unopened in his hand. Locking the door he went back to his chair by the open window, amusing himself by conjectures about his correspondent. He seemed poised between two worlds, and a stranger to each. Here was the world of the poor which he had attempted to enter, yonder the world of the rich to which he belonged by descent and which was yet alien to him. A terrible thought suddenly leapt into his brain. If people knew his true history all societies would cast him out. If it was true that his mother belonged to the Cagots, then he did also! For every Cagot it was said carried a curse—a sort of invisible leprosy, corroding both body and soul. Science had attempted to disprove the tale, but it was nevertheless generally

believed. Even the golden-haired girl who had gone fearlessly to succor the smallpox patient, might have shrunk back from him if she had known the truth—that he was born of a pariah race!

A craven fear had prevented Yves from making any inquiries after his father's death, except, very tentatively, from Anne-Marie. She seemed to know little.

"My lord Marquis, your father, God rest his soul, brought his lady from the South," she said. "Yes, from the Spanish border, near the great shrine to the Blessed Virgin—Our Lady of Betharran—she used to talk of it."

"Perhaps she went back—perhaps she returned to her own people?" faltered Yves.

The old woman's face suddenly changed. "God knows," she murmured. "We never saw her again."

He had asked no more, and now, thinking on these things, Yves sighed and opened his letter.

He was still reading the closely written page when the servant girl thumped on his door with the intimation that she had brought up his dinner. It was a greasy pot of soup and a helping from the family ragout.

"I am leaving this afternoon," she announced as she splashed his measure of thin wine into a pewter goblet. "They have *the illness* across the street and I'm not going to stay so near—no, not me."

"I suppose people will think I am leaving for the same cause," said Yves, extracting a gratuity from his silk purse. "I am invited to stay for a week with a friend. I must see your master when he has dined."

The girl hurried away to retail this piece of news, and Yves let his unappetizing meal congeal on the table.

His letter was from the Comte d'Aurély—a noble name well known to him by repute. He was an old man, liv-

ing in retirement and devoting himself to study, and he had been a friend of Yves' father in his youth.

"I had not seen him for many years," he concluded, "since our paths diverged early in life, but I should dearly like to renew acquaintance with his son. Pray, be so good as to grant me a long visit. I live very quietly, but my friends will be happy to entertain you. I have obtained your address from your father's broker."

"I will accept," thought Yves. It was just what he needed—a natural and easy means of obtaining that introduction to philosophers and men of letters which he had come to Paris to seek. Yet his eyes strayed down involuntarily to that open window opposite. Would he ever see Little Sister again? Why should he wish to seek her company—he could do her nothing but harm. A penniless man—a mere empty name—a blemished ancestry! What had he to offer to any woman? And besides, she seemed poised on the threshold of the Convent.

He ate his dinner gloomily enough and then youthful excitement banished despondency. The old man's letter was most kindly worded. No doubt his poor father's ruin had been widely talked about in Paris. Mr. Vernet, the broker, would scarcely be reticent, since he himself was one of the creditors, and professed himself not entirely satisfied.

"I shall mix with clever people and learn something of life at last," thought Yves, and he turned with some trepidation to examine his wardrobe.

"Ah, my dear Jean—you will allow me to call you by your name? But surely it should be Yves, since you are a son of Brittany?"

"My circumstances are so much changed that I translated my name too," said the young man. "'Yves' seems to presuppose a—a believing Catholic."

"Like me," observed the old Baron.

"And you are doubtless a Voltairian—a follower of Jean Jacques? A freethinker?"

"I suppose so. I believe in science and humanity."

"B'r-r-r!" cried D'Aurély, shivering as though under a sudden chill. "But I shall call you Yves all the same. Most of my friends entertain, as I do, comfortable beliefs in God who created us, who loves us, and who will receive us into paradise when this miserable life is over. Humanity and science wholesale are poor consolers in time of trouble."

"I do not wish to seem impertinent, Sir, but isn't there too much talk of trouble among religious people? Why should this life be termed a 'vale of tears'? The earth should be glorious and beautiful, if the human race were uplifted to its proper sphere."

"Its proper sphere is Paradise," cried the old man. "We are but pilgrims here. Alas! few people think of that nowadays. But you have had a sad time of late, my poor boy, and it would do you good to meet a few young people. There are many Breton and Angevin families at Court just now. You must know them already by name at least—the Lescures, Larochejacquelins, Kerroualds, De Couedics—"

Yves turned deeply red.

"They would laugh at me," he faltered. "I am rustic—I have not the manners of the world."

"You have quite sufficient dignity to hold your own; and to be brusque and original is in the fashion, they tell me," pursued the Baron. "Courage! Once you have taken the plunge you will no longer feel yourself an outsider."

Yves gave him a strange look.

"I am prepared to take your advice in all things," he said formally.

As St. Armand had ridden up from Brittany to Paris, he had been struck by the amazing ignorance of the people about current events, which affected them so nearly. This very ignorance

proved a hot-bed for rumors and there was no story too wild to be believed. Anyone who was perceived reading a newspaper, even should it be a fortnight old, was quickly surrounded by an eager crowd. But newspapers were rare indeed, hardly a coffee-house that could boast of one; and even when he reached Paris, Yves found it difficult to sift false reports from true. He was eager to talk over these things with his new friend who was equally anxious to obtain news of the provinces.

Victor-Amédée d'Aurély shook his neatly powdered head in ever deeper and deeper gloom as Yves responded to his questions. Most of the peasants on the big estates were loyal and quiet enough, but there was a fluctuating population of casuals always on the verge of starvation and ripe for mischief. Doubtless, rumor greatly exaggerated the numbers of these bands of "brigands," as folk termed them, but they had certainly burned several châteaux and had done a great deal of damage in isolated districts.

"It is curious," added Yves, "that the people everywhere have so great a horror of the Queen. They are convinced that she is in league with the Comte d'Artois and means to poison the King and devastate the country. There is nothing the people will not believe against her. It is not their own idea—everywhere I found the same—some one has been among them, spreading tales."

"Some one! A band of secret agents, I presume! Heard you the name of Orleans pronounced at all?"

"Frequently, and always with acclamations," returned Yves. The Baron sighed.

"This old Kingdom is whirling to its downfall," he declared. "The poor King, the best we have ever had, will be dragged down."

"If a really strong man comes to the fore, it may yet be saved," suggested St. Armand. "Lafayette, perhaps—"

"My dear young friend, no amount of clever steering will do aught but delay the catastrophe a little. Prayer and penance alone can save France—prayer and penance *will* save her yet, please God, but not till she has drunk the chalice to the lees."

"But, Baron, many of your priests even are for the new ideas—they take the oath without scruple, do they not?"

"Aye, because Rome has not spoken. Now everyone is raging over the question whether the National Assembly should be called the Commons or not! What does it matter! The disaster is that they were summoned at all, after nearly two hundred years."

"But the local parliaments are so biassed—so corrupt! Surely the King did well to call upon the nation to decide its own reforms?" urged Yves.

"My dear boy, the nation is like a child in leading strings. It has no education and no sense, and only knows that it wants bread. It is a strong, hungry and very dangerous child." He broke off with a sigh, but Yves did not believe him—he merely pitied him because he was old. It seemed to him that France was on the brink of a glorious renewal.

But Monsieur d'Aurély shook his head sadly. "You will see," he added, "this oath which they are trying to force upon the clergy is the beginning of the end."

Yves was friendly and adaptable; though diffident he had no undue measure of susceptibility. He responded warmly to the old man's great kindness, and his reserve melted to a certain extent.

"You seem to have led a very lonely life, my dear boy," said D'Aurély, one day. "But surely you must have had some friends of your own age? When I was young and spent my summers in Brittany, there used to be the gayest gatherings of young people."

"There still are," returned St. Armand. He reddened. "But—well, my

father lived in Paris, you see. Perhaps he did not realize that I was growing up."

After a moment he added, scorning the subterfuge.

"The real reason was that people shunned us. My father had given up the practices of religion, and our neighbors did not want me to mingle with their families. I ought to tell you though, that my father asked for the priest when he was dying."

"And you sent for him?"

"Of course. We have no right to interfere with other people, even if they are mistaken. At least that is what I think," declared Yves.

His friend said no more. Yves was aware that he went daily to Church, that he interviewed priests and religious people very often, and that he gave largely to the poor, but the Baron never spoke of his good works. It was the old valet, Lemaitre, who told about it.

"Monsieur le Baron would give the very shirt off his back," he often declared. "If there were only a few more like him, one would not hear so much wicked talk. You who are new to Paris would be amazed if you knew the things folks say—aye, even here, in the very shadow of the Court."

Yves was an early riser. He was served with his first breakfast—a cup of chocolate and a crisp roll in his own room, and generally went for a walk, exploring the great city for an hour or two before his host appeared. One of these morning strolls took him back to the quarter where he had had his first lodging. He sought out the poor widow who had befriended old Berthe, only to learn that the smallpox victim was dead and that Little Sister had gone away after the pauper funeral.

"And Little Sister," he asked. "Where did she go? where does she come from?"

The widow did not know.

Yves returned, feeling troubled, and D'Aurély noticed his silence.

"It seems so terrible to see such a contrast here between rich and poor," burst out the young man at length. "At least in Brittany we are all poor. Even in the big châteaux life is very simple."

"But the peasants pay all the taxes," returned his host. "Do the people die of hunger still in Brittany as they do here in Paris?"

"Sometimes, in outlying hamlets, but one nearly always hears of it in time. The priests get to know, or the Nuns who work among the poor."

"These misguided creatures are of some use, then," observed the Baron with a spice of malice. "But I must take you to see our young reformers. Oh, no, they don't read philosophy, and they abhor the name of Rousseau, but they are full of plans for helping the peasants. They want to drain the swamps and clear the bushes. Have you ever been in La Bocage? You know that central district between Poitou and Anjou? The tasks of Hercules are child's play to what they plan."

"They—who are they, Sir?"

"Why, a whole group, all related, or, at any rate, friends. There are first the grandchildren of my old friend the Marquis de Civrac, and then Henri de Lescure—you will like him, and his cousins the Larochejacquelins—all from La Vendée. Madame de Donissans, a daughter of the Marquise, is one of Madame Victoire's ladies. They have apartments at the Palace and we will visit there this evening."

Yves' first thought was to refuse, but he checked the impulse. It was cowardly—a man should be at his ease in all societies he told himself. Aloud he remarked diffidently, after a pause,

"I know nothing of the world; and my clothes—"

The old man looked at him kindly. Yves seemed unaware of his own good looks. He took after his Breton ancestry, with his broad shoulders, deep blue eyes

and well-cut features. His thick dark hair was tied in rather a clumsy queue. The Baron wondered if he dared call in a barber to thin it, frizzle it and powder it in the fashionable way. He made the suggestion and Yves laughed shyly.

"Do not you think you had better present me as a young barbarian? If you make my head fashionable it will scarce match the rest of me—nor yet my country speech, nor my old coat!"

"You have no rural accent, *mon cher*, and as for your taste it is better than mine," returned D'Aurély. There was a certain charm about the boy's frankness, he reflected, and though plain of speech, he was not stupid, nor yet clumsy in his movements. He seemed extraordinarily self-possessed, and yet as they mounted the stairs of the palace behind two lackeys with torches, Yves confided in a whisper that his legs were shaking under him.

(To be continued.)

David.

BY S. M. V.

THE last passengers to board a western train out of Chicago one winter night some years ago were a young man and a small boy. Except for the ride from an eastern city to Chicago, this was the boy's first train trip, and so far everything had been a source of wonder and interest to him. Now the made-up berths called forth all his enthusiasm, and his eagerness to know the how and the why of them was so great that his Dad had a hard time to keep his voice down to the pitch required by the surrounding sleepers.

When David, the boy, opened his eyes next morning, his delight knew no bounds. The sun 'was rising over the western plains, the first unobstructed view of it he had ever had, and his half-frightened query, "Dad, is the world on fire?" caused mirth all through the car.

Breakfast in the diner was an event not soon forgotten by those privileged to be present. The boy made friends with the steward and the waiters, plied them with questions, and made them all laugh with his droll remarks and his quaint replies. Each one of them contributed some help in the selection of his meal. Every minute was thoroughly enjoyed and David was reluctant to leave the car, nor would he until he had seen the chef. Then he tried to carry a tray on the palm of his hand to see if he could balance it as the waiters did.

The porter was making up the berths when they returned to the car, and at once he became the object of David's interest. The boy followed the colored man wherever he went, asking innumerable questions as to the why and the wherefore of all his various movements, and only Dad's veto kept him from helping with the baggage of departing passengers. The boy's frank curiosity, his pleasing manners and manly appearance caught the attention of the travelers in the well-filled car, and by noon he had interviewed them all and won the hearts of most of them. Not one was too interested in his paper or magazine to tell him what he wanted to know or to listen to what he had to impart. Delving into every nook and corner of the car, he found only one thing that puzzled him and that was the small room at the end, the door of which had been closed all morning. Several times when the porter entered or left the room, David caught sight of a young lady, and the fact that she was alone piqued the boy's curiosity greatly, but the porter discouraged any attempt to enter the room, arousing the child's sympathy by saying that some one belonging to the lady must be dead, since she had been crying. David's interest increased, for he could recall having seen his mother cry and the memory was not a pleasant one.

After lunch, he stretched out on the seat, and, with his head in Dad's lap,

was soon fast asleep. When he awoke he was ready for a lark of any kind. The open door of the stateroom caught his eye. Here was a chance to see the lady and the room, and before Dad realized the boy's intention he was in the act of jumping over the back of the stooping porter who was busily brushing up some dust. A sharp whistle brought him back, but not before the lady had seen him. When the porter laughingly said, "He sure did come mighty nigh gettin' in at last," the lady asked some questions, and soon the porter was dispatched with a message to Dad requesting that David visit her. Not long after the car rang with the music of a small boy's infectious laughter and shouts of glee.

As the hour for dinner drew near, Larry, the child's father, stopped at the stateroom door to suggest to David that it was time to brush up. David informed him that he was already brushed up, and he proudly displayed a pair of clean hands in proof thereof, and said he had washed them in Miss Allie's room.

"Oh, Miss Allie, I forgot. This is my Dad, and Dad, this is Miss Allie," glancing from one to the other hoping, no doubt, to see signs of approval in their faces for his correct form of introduction.

"My name is Crawford," said Dad, "and I am glad to know you, Miss Allie. You seem to have won David's heart."

"I am Miss Norton," the lady answered, "and I am happy in having David's regard."

The party that met later in the diner was a merry one, and no one realized the passing of the time till they found themselves the last in the car. Soon after David showed signs of weariness, and after seeing him safely tucked away in the berth, Larry made his way to the smoking car. An hour or two later the porter came to say that David was sick and wanted his daddy. Larry found the child with a temperature. The porter, in

making the rounds of the train to see if there was a doctor on board, stopped at Miss Allie's room to tell her of David's plight. She insisted that the couch in her room be made up, and soon David was as comfortable as they could make him. A doctor was found in the day coach. He thought the symptoms were those of ptomain poisoning, and suggested a stop-over at Salt Lake Hospital where the child could get the attention he needed. Larry decided to follow his advice.

"Your son does not look at all like you, Mr. Crawford," Miss Norton observed in one of the intervals when David seemed to be sleeping.

"David is not my son," was the reply. Seeing the girl's surprise, he continued, "This is the first time in seven years that I have been East. I am a civil engineer and I am working in the West. My mother is getting old and I felt I owed it to her to see her this year. There was another reason for my visit, though I did not realize it until I got home and found the girl I had hoped would wait for me, married to a school-mate of hers and mine. There was no engagement between us, but I thought she knew my feelings for her, and while I did not ask her to wait till I could take care of her, I hoped she would; and somehow it took the joy out of the trip to find she had not.

"One of my sisters is a nun, and on one of my visits she exclaimed when she saw me, 'Larry, you are an answer to prayer.'"

"I laughed and said, 'Now, sis, I have been many things in my short life, but an answer to prayer does not fit any of them. I never could be that, much as I'd like to please you.'"

"Just wait till you hear my story and you'll see that you are. I have been trying for some time to further devotion to St. Joseph among my pupils, and at precisely the right moment comes out the most attractive little book for chil-

dren, all about St. Joseph, and written so they can understand every word of it. I read the story to my little folks and encouraged them to make a novena to St. Joseph for his feast. They became very enthusiastic, especially one small boy whom I found in the chapel one afternoon. He was standing before the statue of St. Joseph with clasped hands looking up at the saint and smiling sweetly as though they were holding an intimate conversation. The picture was charming, but it disturbed me and I became fearful lest I had gone too far and led the children to expect too much and that a failure to get what they asked for might cause discouragement and a loss of faith in prayer. The next day I took occasion to say that God does not always give us what we ask for, but that He always hears our prayers and gives us what is best for us. At recess time David came to me and said, "Sister do you think I am asking too much when I ask St. Joseph for a daddy? You know mine went off and never came back, and it's terrible lonesome not to have a father, you know." There was my fear realized, for the little lad had taken me literally and was asking for the impossible. I tried to prepare the child for disappointment and at the same time not to discourage him altogether, and here you come to save me."

"Sis, you don't mean to say you are asking me to be David's father? What on earth would I do with a child way out West or anywhere for that matter? Mother will be glad to have him, and she'll know how to take care of him. I'll see that she has the means to clothe and feed and educate him."

"That won't be giving the child a father—not in the way he wants one, anyway. He is a friendly little soul and wants companionship, and particularly has he set his heart on having a father. He is the son of Ben Allen and Margaret Rooney. Ben went off and left them some years ago and Margaret is dying.

You used to care for Margaret, and now is your chance to do something worthwhile for her son. I am going to get David and let you have a look at him.' And before I could make any more protests, Sister left me. In a short time she returned, leading the boy by the hand. When he saw me he broke away from her and ran to me exclaiming, 'Sister, St. Joseph did find a daddy for me, didn't he?' There was nothing for me to do, you see, but adopt David. We went to see the child's mother and whatever hesitation I had about taking care of David vanished then. It was evident even to my untrained eye that she was dying, and her joy at giving her boy to me made me ashamed I had ever hesitated about taking him. Margaret said she did not know where Ben was and that she did not want him to have her boy, and begged me to have the deed by which she gave the child to me recorded as soon as possible. She died that night, and after the funeral, we left and you know the rest."

When the train pulled into the station at Salt Lake, the boy and his father were escorted to the waiting auto by most of the passengers who sent them off with many a good wish for their welfare. Larry's last glance was for Miss Allie, and he sent a special smile to her as he raised his hat for the last time before they were out of sight. At the hospital it was decided that David had pneumonia, probably due to lack of proper care and right nourishment. Larry stayed as long as he could spare from his work, and, knowing the child was in good hands, he left for California. More than a month elapsed before he could make the return trip. In the meantime David had regained his health, and he bade fair to be a spoiled youngster, for doctors, nurses, patients and Sisters were his slaves. He found the hospital an inexhaustible source of interest and amusement, and his Dad came just in time to save him, for he

had made up his mind to be everything but a Sister, and his only reason for rejecting them was that "Mens don't be Sisters."

Larry made arrangements to drop the boy at school on his way to work and to pick him up on the return trip. In this way they could be together in the evenings and on Sundays and holidays.

A year went by quickly. One Sunday as they drew up at the curb before the door of the church where they were to hear Mass, Larry was startled by a yell from David who threw the door of the car open and scampered across the pavement crying, "Dad, there's Miss Allie."

The congregation was leaving the church after the eight o'clock Mass, and the sight of the child alternately hugging the young lady and dancing around her amused them greatly. As soon as Miss Norton was free she turned to the lady and gentleman who were with her and said, "Aunt Nan and Uncle Tom, this is the little boy of the train."

Larry joined the group and was made acquainted with Aunt Nan, but when Allie tried to perform a like courtesy for Larry, Uncle Tom laughingly said, "No need, Alice, I have known my chief engineer for some years now."

"Do I have to go to Mass, Dad? I want to go with Miss Allie now."

"Miss Allie does not want a little heathen on her hands, I'm sure," replied Larry.

Miss Allie settled the matter by offering to stay for another Mass. She claimed it would do her good, and Larry's agreeing to drive her home afterwards brought a twinkle to Uncle Tom's eyes. Thereafter followed delightful times for David and Larry who spent all the time possible at Uncle Tom's. Miss Allie and David had ponies and they rode for hours all over the beautiful California countryside. Larry joined them often.

It happened that Uncle Tom and

Larry rode out to the works together one morning after Aunt Nan had said, "I think you and David had better take a room in this house, for it is too bad to spoil two houses when one will do."

With a mischievous look in his eye, Uncle Tom said, "I have a better proposal than Nan's."

"Have you? What is it?" asked Larry.

"First. May I ask a question?"

"Surely," was the reply, "who has a better right?"

"Well, then, why haven't you asked Allie to set up housekeeping with you? If signs mean anything, you want to do it and so does she."

"For one reason," replied the young man after some thought, "I told her a story about David's mother and me, and I hate to seem to be making her a second choice."

"Were you engaged to David's mother or married to her?" inquired Uncle Tom.

"Neither," was the reply, "but it would have been all right had I been, and once I hoped it would be, but she married David's father who deserted her. I got home in time to adopt the boy and to bury her. I dislike offering Allie a second-hand proposition. That's one reason and here is the other. I have doubted if I could give her all she has been accustomed to. I feel I am not well enough off to ask her to share life with me and David."

"I don't see anything to either of your reasons. She might have told you a bit of a tale herself. As a matter of fact, she is here because of that tale, and she'd probably tell you if she thought it would help matters any. As it is, I am going to. It seems there was a young fellow who was a little more than attentive to Allie. There was never an engagement, but things were heading that way. The Nortons are an old Catholic family who take their religion seriously, though they never parade it. Probably the young man never gave a thought to Allie's religion, or he may

not have been in earnest about marrying her. Be that as it may, it happened that he and my nephew, Tom Norton, belong to the same club. Once the lad in the presence of my nephew made some nasty remarks about the Church and Catholics in general. When he finished he was startled by the silence that prevailed, and on looking about to see what it all meant, saw the coolly contemptuous eyes of Tom focussed upon him, and everyone else's eyes on Tom. Tom said nothing to him, but he told Allie about the occurrence and advised her to drop the chap. Hence, the next time Jack Brown called, Alice was not at home. Soon after she accepted my oft-repeated invitation to visit us. So much for your first reason, and as for the second one, aren't you a bit squeamish? You have good health, a fine education, an excellent position and every chance of advancement. I don't know what more you'd like to offer. They say 'faint heart never yet won fair lady,' so go to it, my boy. I wish you the luck that is yours for the asking."

Before another year came around Allie and Larry had made a home for themselves not far from Uncle Tom and Aunt Nan. David's joy was unbounded as brothers and sisters were added to the family. Never once did he feel himself thrust aside for the new arrivals and his welcome was heartfelt and sincere, and though he tyrannized over them, they gave him love and devotion, and woe betide anyone who disparaged them in his hearing.

David grew in years but not in strength. Perhaps the hardships of his early life or the fact of some inherited weakness made him susceptible to colds and touches of pneumonia. Just after the mid-year exams, over which he worked and worried more than usual, David had one of his sick spells, and Larry not liking the looks of the boy had asked Allie to call the doctor who regularly attended the family. All morn-

ing a premonition of ill was with him and each phone call startled him, though he hoped there was nothing seriously wrong with the boy. Finally the call came and his worst fears were realized, for Allie said David's heart had failed him, that he was in great danger and was asking for his Dad. As Larry turned from the phone to tell Uncle Tom of David's condition and to say he was leaving at once, he caught sight of a man that he had seen several times hanging around the works. Recognizing him now as David's father, he talked loud enough for all to hear the message he had just received. There was no time to wonder what Ben Allen might do, for Larry was speeding to the bedside of the boy who had called him Dad for more than ten years of his short life and to whom he had given the whole-souled devotion of his loyal heart. When Larry reached the bedside, David raised his arms and his lips formed the word "Dad," but he was too weak to make a sound. Larry took him in his arms, and there he died with his head against the heart of the man who had been a real father to him.

At the funeral a few days later, Larry caught sight of Ben Allen in the back of the church, and he was thankful that it would never be necessary to tell David the sordid story that must have come to light had he lived. To the Crawfords, the little mound of earth marked by a simple stone with the one word "David" upon it is a place of pilgrimage, and they carry their joys and their sorrows there as they would have brought them to the David who had the rare gift of drawing hearts to him through sympathy.



THIS I hold firm:

Virtue may be assailed, but never hurt,—
 Surprised by unjust force, but not enthralled;
 Yet, even that, which mischief meant most harm,
 Shall in the happy trial prove most glory;
 But evil on itself shall back recoil,
 And mix no more with goodness.

—Milton's "Cosmos."

Truth.

BY P. J. C.

AN essence white, unmixed with any impurity, we describe as truth. We seek it, as men seek gold, where it lies embedded in exaggeration, prejudice, obscuration, suppression, misquotation, misinformation.

Truth is not often found in the pure state. In heaven we find it; not always on earth. That part of the Church Militant which belongs in heaven—taught of God, directed by God—expresses white truth. Those who, uncommissioned, undertake the delicate task of indicating the truth of the Church frequently make a bad mess of it. They are not always declared heretics, because good intentions and the virtue of humility save them.

We are said to seek, pursue, discover truth. Which indicates that truth is not always at our elbow, touching us, calling to us, seeking safe lodgment in us. Truths discovered, tested, established—these we often pick up without search.

Often in the pursuit of truth we arrive at a crossroads. The historian, biographer, essayist, philosopher, apologist marks the road of fact for us—as he asserts in paragraphs of surveys, quotations, distinctions, footnotes, documentation. He is the way and the life, it would seem; and we follow him to the end. And then we come upon another guide book which is the last word on the latest findings. We discover—or think we discover—that we followed the wrong lead, travelled the wrong way.

It is not that guides are lacking. Hardly in any past age have there been so many truth-directing agencies as now. Institutions of learning, behind every window of which is seen departmental agencies, employ hundreds of men who stake out roads that lead to knowledge. One tells us that all truth is found in Shakespeare; that the Bible is

filled with inaccuracies and half truths. Another sits in his chair and assures us that Moses is a type, not a person; stands the symbol of lawmaker. The thunder peals and flashes on Sinai were not divine manifestations but an emphatic expression of nature. Our Lord was philosopher, moralist, social reformer; gentle, kindly toward erring, sinful men and women; echo of Buddha and Confucius. You are given reams upon reams of learning to read, tabulate, memorize. You become intellectually bloated; your mental stomach is grown sour. You are the possessor of words.

Uncaptured truth is elusive, evanescent. And when captured, do we not find that falsehood worms in and expels it? A husband possesses full, white truth about a loyal wife. Iago prys open the door; lets in falsehood, suspicion. Desdemona is smothered. No need to make an index volume of illustrations. Behind the wings of the world's stage are millions of men and women enacting scenes of tragic frustrations wherein falsehood appears in truth's white clothing.

You may never reach that nebulous truth about relativity which Prof. Einstein is said to hold the tip of the tail of. You hold tight within your arms the truth that Christ Jesus is the Son of God. Do not let anyone, anything lessen your hold. The universe may have resulted from a titanic explosion millions of years ago, the rumblings of which you are expected to listen for reverently to-day. You are not sure of the explosion. Nobody is. You are sure that Christ lived, loved, died; saved us; will come again to judge the living and the dead. Hold fast to that. You know and possess it. Some day it will not seem so important to understand the exposition of the great explosion which caused our universe. To be in possession of the truth that you are white and right before Almighty God—that is a great truth to have and to hold.

Notes and Remarks.

The Cincinnati, Ohio, Presbytery went on record as opposed to State aid for denominational schools; meaning Catholic schools chiefly. Rev. William Tait Peterson, pastor of Norwood Presbyterian church, presented the resolution. The resolution passed. No discussion. At Columbus, Ohio, the Ohio Conference of the Methodist Episcopal church adopted a resolution denying State aid to parochial schools; again chiefly Catholic schools. And a committee was named to convey the disapproval of the conference to the Legislature.

You would think, would you not, that since the parish schools of Ohio are teaching Faith and good living to Ohio's youthful citizens, and since at the moment they need a lift from the State which is giving a lift to so many,—you would think that our Presbyterian and Methodist-Episcopal brethren would put away the old man and put on the new? You would expect them to say to the Legislature, "Go ahead! The Catholic parish schools are doing splendid work to keep boys and girls religious, wholesome, clean, honest. Give them a lift! We're for it." No! Perish rather the souls of children and the salt that saves them!

Among the news items in the English papers of a few weeks ago we find that the Queen of England and the Princess Royal on their recent visit to Yorkshire took occasion to visit Brigadier-General and Mrs. R. S. Tempest at their home in Broughton Hall. Broughton Hall, it will be remembered, has been the home of the Tempest family since the early Fifteenth Century, and it is one of the few places where the Mass has been continually celebrated since pre-Reformation days. "One member of the family," says the *London Universe*, "was Knighted at Agincourt and another took part in the Pilgrimage of Grace. Heavy fines,

confiscations, and constant persecution were inflicted upon the family, but they all remained loyal Catholics." This visit of the Queen to a stronghold of the Catholic faith will seem to many like a chapter from the long ago. Time is a great healer. It cures the wounds of yesterday, makes former foes forget their animosities, and even causes Royalty to remember the gratitude that is due those who have been faithful to God and the Crown.

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The Catholic Actors Guild of America has justified its existence a dozen times over long before this. As an organization we should like to see it duplicated if possible among Catholics of every profession. By means of it, for example, Catholic theatre-goers have been introduced, as it were, to those of their own faith who are making a living by means of the stage and the screen. In addition, the Catholic members of the profession have found in the Guild an admirable medium by which to help one another in a spiritual way on the many occasions when such help is necessary. One of the most recent evidences of the practical activities of this organization is the arrangement which has just been completed with Mentone Productions whereby thirteen two-reel variety and musical featurettes are to be made and released through Universal Pictures to leading theatres throughout the country. For example, the first picture, to be called "On the Air and Off," will include the following list of principals: "Nick Lucas, the crooning troubadour, known to vaudeville, motion picture and radio audiences; Adelaide Hall, one of the foremost colored entertainers of the world; the Bovard Sisters and Murray, popular harmony trio; Hizi Koyke, celebrated Japanese prima donna of the Metropolitan Opera Company; Eddie Carr, premier American mimic, who presents his impersonations of Chevalier and Ed Wynn; Leon Belasco, well

known musical maestro of the St. Moritz Hotel, New York. Also Oliver Wakefield, stuttering English comedian who was an overnight sensation on a recent coast-to-coast broadcast; Kelvin Keech, popular N. B. C. announcer, and Sam Liebert, prominent character actor." The Catholic Actors Guild announces that all the revenue accruing from the showings of these thirteen reels will be devoted to the sick and relief fund of the organization, a particularly praiseworthy distribution in these days of financial distress. Not less praiseworthy, however, is the fact that the theatre-goer will have an opportunity of seeing at least a few worth-while films which are not tainted with what seems to be the almost inevitable dash of filth.

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Everyone has seen evidence at one time or another of what damage can be done to the reputation of another by the activity of but one vicious tongue. Multiply that evil influence by a number of such tongues plus a small army of equally vicious pens and the innocent victim almost immediately becomes a veritable demon of wickedness. The exile of the Jesuits from Spain and the confiscation of their property offer an illustration in point. At the time of their exile the newspapers referred to the vast wealth which they had accumulated, as though the coffers of the Order were bursting with gold immorally squeezed out of the poor peasantry. What they did not bring out, as the Brooklyn *Tablet* graphically portrays, is the fact that the so-called wealth of the Jesuits in Spain amounted to only thirty millions of dollars, that it represented the fruit of four hundred years of labor on the part of thousands of religious in that country, and that it existed chiefly in the form of churches, colleges, asylums, libraries, and hospitals, one of them a leper hospital, if you please. And then, for the edification and the enlightenment of our money-minded

American editors, the *Tablet* stresses the fact that in a much smaller period of time Trinity Church in New York, a single Episcopal institution, has accumulated wealth totalling 13,844,843 dollars; Harvard University is endowed to the extent of 108,087,473 dollars; Yale for 89,918,017 dollars; and Columbia for 77,513,532 dollars. The point of the comparison becomes clear when the Brooklyn writer asks the question as to what our editorial writers would say if our Government were suddenly to confiscate the wealth and drive the professors and ministers of these institutions from the land?

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 "I watched," writes a Bostonian visiting in Blackstone, Va. (legal residence of Bishop Cannon), to a Richmond paper,—“I watched for several hours the parade of people drinking at the local restaurants. There were six dry Methodists, three dry Christians, two dry Baptists, three dry Presbyterians, and not a single wet Episcopalian or wet Catholic.” Very likely not many Catholics or Episcopalians are residents of Blackstone. If there be, and if “Bostonian” return to Blackstone, he will see “wet” Catholics, “wet” Episcopalians as “dry” as the driest; and going where “dry” Methodists, Presbyterians, Baptists go to get “wet.”

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 To be able to take what is good out of a system that has several bad points, instead of condemning the whole system, and refusing to have anything to do with it, is the part of a statesman. The Church, for instance, will not hesitate to recommend whatever she finds good in socialism, Darwinism, or any of the other isms, but she is also very exact about pointing out whatever evil she finds and condemning it in no uncertain terms. Dr. Dollfuss, the Austrian leader, has illustrated this point to a nicety by founding a Catholic Fascist State in Austria and stealing the Nazis' thunder.

The London *Catholic Times* has this to say regarding his action: “More than once we have said that a baptized Fascism would make a splendid instrument for Catholic Social Action, and it is interesting to find one ruler ready to christen it. Politically the move is a clever one. It is well known that the Nazis had many followers in Austria who will now be weaned from the German organization. This will restore unity to the Austrian anti-Communists' force, and so clear the deck for the struggle of paramount importance. The first Fascist groups have already been formed in Spain also, and General O'Duffy's schemes for Ireland have a Fascist ring about them, too. It must be exciting to Signor Mussolini in these days to see the movement becoming world-wide. The Duce, to do him justice, has always claimed that his ideas were capable of world-wide application.”

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 On the occasion of the hundredth anniversary of the founding of the conference of the St. Vincent de Paul Society, which was held in Lyons in 1833 under the leadership of Ozanam, the directors of organized charities from one hundred American dioceses, including almost forty bishops, met in convention in New York City a short time ago to discuss all phases of charitable work. The *New York Times* in an editorial on this convention says in part: “So excellent an example in organizing its charities has been set by the Archdiocese of New York under the direction of Cardinal Hayes that he has come to be known as ‘the Apostle of Charity.’ Such beneficent action as he represents was never more needed than now. It is expressed in the activities of the Catholic Charities, illustrated by the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, which is to-day celebrating its centenary. It takes its name from one who became for charity what St. Thomas Aquinas was for schools. There is scarcely a

single form of charity existing in America that was not successfully undertaken by him three centuries ago, though there have been many changes in method and treatment. Notably he recruited and trained his armies of charity, lay men and women as well as the Sisters of Charity, to visit and relieve the poor in their own homes, and made such provision for the relief of the destitute that in his field of ministry there was no excuse for street begging, which was therefore abolished. Pope Leo XIII., in 1883, declared him the special patron with God of all charitable associations emanating from him in France, and two years later he extended the scope of his patronage to include all charitable associations existing throughout the Catholic world."

It must be disheartening at times for Protestant ministers to find only a handful of people at their services on rainy Sundays when the Catholic churches are filled several times every Sunday regardless of the inclemency of the weather. For the Catholic, of course, it is a mortal sin to miss Mass deliberately on Sundays or holydays, and those who make a practice of missing Mass are those who do not frequent the Sacraments, although they may call themselves Catholics. Practical Catholics never think of missing Mass on Sunday or of eating meat on Friday, though they may occasionally fall into other sins. In the *English Methodist Recorder* a short time ago, the writer of the leading article, in lamenting the difficulty of bringing people to church, has this to say about the Catholics: "We complain of the spread of Roman Catholic education; we deplore the vitality of Roman Catholic missions. But when we reflect that much of that education is carried on by educated women who have given everything and will take nothing for what they do, and that the missionary is one who will never go on furlough

and will never ask to be suffered even to bury his father, we begin to see the reason. We may criticise or condemn the form which such Catholic devotion takes; we cannot deny the results. That is the worst, or the best, of devotion. Whatever its aim, it is effective."

The Ku-Klux Klan was voted not to be given the city auditorium for a meeting to discuss communism as a menace to the United States, by the City Council of Omaha, Neb. A discussion on communism as a menace to the United States seems patriotic, one should think. The City Council of Omaha thought not. Five to two, that body voted "no" to the request. Said Commissioner Trustin, who voted against the application: "The only question is whether this Council considers the Klan a patriotic organization and one that is for the best interests of the country. If you do, then go ahead and grant this request." They did not go ahead. The Klan in times past has put the mantle of patriotism over so many ugly realities, it will take a long period of probation until the patriotic projects of members are not subjected to a cautious scrutiny.

St. Benedict's parochial school at Roundup, Montana, has dropped tuition fees, and now calls on business men, clubs and societies to finance parochial education. Twenty-five dollar scholarships are asked for. A good plan with an *if*. Will the business men, clubs, societies contribute enough twenty-five dollar donations to do the financing? And will the financing be permanent? Likely the pastor of St. Benedict's knows his business men, clubs and societies. His knowledge leads him to think they will. Should they, the poor who cannot pay will not experience the contrast by comparison with those who can. And in future the pastor may omit from his book the announcement and exhortation on school dues.

FOR YOUNG FOLK

In the Park.

BY REGINA MARTIN.

I LOVE to play down in the park,
And fashion lovely dreams.
I think it is a magic place;
Of silver are its streams.

The great black swan's a pirate ship;
(He needs a banner red);
The white swan is a submarine—
He stands upon his head.

Down past my bench the shadows march,
Like soldiers through the grass;
The great wind sways the trees; the troops
Present arms, as they pass.

A robin whistles taps for them;
The sun hides in the west;
I clap my hands, and tell them: "Halt!"
They all lie down to rest.

Then quick I scamper to my home,
Up past the tulip tree,
Before my father sees it's dark,
And comes to look for me.

Tim.

BY JAMES A. REID.

XV.—AN EVENTFUL TRIP.

TWO days later Officer Sheehan said to Officer Krause, "How much can you spare?"

"Now where to?" asked Officer Krause, knowingly.

"Pittsburgh," laconically.

"Why?"

"For two reasons. First, to see some of our 'friends' on the way."

"And you'll be too generous as usual."

"Not more so than you."

"How many of our 'friends' do you expect to see?"

"Just six. Four of them on account of the new start are in a bad way. A few dollars would help them immensely."

"I'll see how much I can gather," Officer Krause said.

"I have nearly two hundred dollars."

"A gentle hint, is it?"

"No, not a hint, a command." Officer Sheehan laughed.

"But, what about that Allentown boy?"

"Captain Ryan said he'd look after him till we got back. We'll be gone only three days at most."

"Why Pittsburgh?" asked Officer Krause.

"That's the second reason for this trip. A hot tip on the long-lost brother of Tim's mother."

"Oh! now this is getting interesting."

"It is. And far more interesting, if it comes true."

"By train or machine?"

"Machine, of course," replied Officer Sheehan. "Tim and his cousin Ray would enjoy the ride."

"They would," agreed Officer Krause.

The next morning early Officers Sheehan and Krause, accompanied by Tim and Ray, were on their way to Pittsburgh. They planned to reach that great industrial city in one day. A number of times, six in all, short stops were made. Neither Ray nor Tim guessed the meaning of those calls on 'friends.' In reality those 'friends' were young men, who, on advice, had left New York City, so that away from the environment that had caused their downfall, they could get a new start in life. All of them had already received a helping hand from Officers Sheehan and Krause.

"Thanks, Uncle Dan, for your call," Tim and Ray had heard one of the young men say. "You have been good to me. It's tough going these days, but with the help of God I'll pull through."

The other five could have spoken the same words, for the money that Officers Sheehan and Krause had literally begged from fellow policemen was used generously. True charity keeps many a road straight. Tim and Ray, of course, did not understand all this. As a matter of fact they were busy with their own thoughts.

"Ray, how long would it take to go from coast to coast?" Tim asked.

"By train from New York to Pittsburgh, one night; a day to Chicago; and then forty-eight to sixty hours to California."

"America is a big country, to be sure. Why, in Ireland I think one could go from one end of the country to the other."

"It is a big country, Tim. To your right is Canada—it's Catholic."

"Thanks be to God!"

"Straight in front of you—to the west, and especially west of Chicago, are the great agricultural States."

"At home we have only small farms, very small."

"To your left is the South—they need lots of priests down there."

"Like the North of Ireland."

"The Southern people have been trained to hate the Church."

"So have the Orangemen."

"But the Southerners, bitter as some of them may be and are, are not as black as your blacks."

"More like the Black and Tans from England, I suppose."

"Perhaps, Tim. But, some say that the day is coming when the United States will have a great persecution as other important countries have had."

"Yet in no country has it lasted from

almost 1171, the year in which England took possession of Ireland."

"You're right, Tim, no nation has suffered so long for the Faith as has Ireland. That's her priceless heritage."

"We're proud of it."

"And should be. Great priests are needed, Tim, whenever persecution hits the United States."

"We have always had them at home."

As the machine glided smoothly over the highway linking the large banking city to the mammoth industrial city, there were many moments when not a word was said. Occasionally Officer Sheehan or Officer Krause would turn to the boys, pointing out some place of interest. At other times Ray would offer explanations to Tim about the places they were passing through.

"At what time should we reach Pittsburgh?" Tim asked.

Ray looked at the speedometer. "We have been averaging fifty miles an hour. Let's see; some four hundred miles. Oh, I should say around six o'clock."

"My, that's fast, isn't it?"

"Fast enough, anyway."

They arrived in Pittsburgh at six-thirty and had supper at once.

"Krause, as soon as we have finished supper, let's go to the North Side immediately."

The ride to the North Side and to St. Peter's Church, at which parish Officer Sheehan expected to discover something important about the brother of Tim's mother, was a short one. Leaving Tim and Ray waiting in the machine, Officers Sheehan and Krause went into the rectory.

"Father," said Officer Sheehan, after introducing Krause and himself, "we are looking for a family that resided in St. Peter's parish some thirty-five years ago."

"That's long before my time," the priest answered.

"To be sure," agreed Officer Sheehan, "but is there any old-timer here whom we could consult about some of the early parishioners?"

"There is and there isn't. There is a John Devine who has been sexton here for years, but he's up in Carrick now, visiting. That's a short drive."

"His address, Father, please?"

"I'll get it out of the telephone directory. Maybe I'd better call, to see whether or not he's in."

He left the room. Returning, he said, "He's not in this evening. They say he will be at home all day to-morrow."

"Thanks, Father," said Officer Sheehan.—"Thanks, Father," added Officer Krause.

When they reached the machine which had been parked at the curb in front of the priest's rectory, they stood at the front door to decide what to do.

"We'll drive about town for a while, then get to bed early," said Officer Krause.

After a short glimpse of the downtown of Pittsburgh, they went back to the hotel where they had arranged to stay for the night. Ray and Tim were off to bed at once. Officers Sheehan and Krause sat up, talking.

"Krause, how much money have you left?"

The policeman put his hand in a pocket.

"It's gone."

"Your money?"

"Yes."

Officer Sheehan reached into his side coat pocket.

"So is mine," he said.

"Well, we are dumb," continued Krause. "It must have happened when those two fellows passed close to us as we came out of that ice-cream parlor."

"It must."

"We certainly are a credit to the New York police force."

"Oh, wait till we get home and tell

them all about having our pockets picked in Pittsburgh," exclaimed Officer Sheehan.

They sat silent for several seconds, thinking.

"I'll call the police station," explained Officer Sheehan, reaching for the telephone, "maybe they can find our money for us."

"You'll do nothing of the sort. Do you want us to be the laughing-stock of the nation? Why, papers all over the country would print it in war headlines: 'Two New York policemen have pockets picked in Pittsburgh.' We'd never hear the end of it."

"And won't anyway, once the New York gang gets hold of the story. Krause, haven't you any money at all, at all?"

"Have you?" was the question in return.

"You have some, then?"

"I have a little that I put aside for fear you'd give too much away. And you?"

"I have a little, too, for I knew that you would be too generous."

Then, like a flash of lightning, both had the same thought.

"You old rogue, you picked my pocket for fear I'd be generous."

"And you picked mine for the same reason."

"How much have you?" asked Officer Sheehan, greatly relieved.

"Let me see," answered Officer Krause, now smiling broadly; "exactly twenty-seven dollars."

"And I have twenty-six. It was almost a fair exchange."

"Anyway, it will see us home, provided we are sparing."

"It will, and we'll be saving," concluded Officer Sheehan. "But, we spoiled a lot of fun for the crowd at home. Wouldn't they have had the long and merry laugh, if we really had our pockets picked?"

"Oh, we'd never have heard the end of it."

Early the next morning the two officers and the two boys were on their way to Carrick to see John Devine, the sexton of St. Peter's. They found him at home and quickly explained why they had come to see him, Tim and Ray again waiting in the machine.

"A family that visited England some thirty-five years ago?" questioned John Devine. "Let me think? No, I don't believe that there was anybody in the parish that had enough money to do so. Smith, you say, was the name?"

"Yes. Could it have been anybody in that neighborhood?"

"Not that I can remember." He paused. "No, I can't remember."

"The address on the steamship roster," explained Officer Sheehan, "would place that family in old St. Peter's."

"Smith? Smith? I'm not sure, but you can have this, if you want it?"

"Go ahead," urged Officer Krause.

"There was a Smith family in old St. Peter's, I remember that all right. But, they never went to Europe, so far as I know. They did go on a visit to some relatives in Philadelphia, and," with great excitement, "they did go to Europe. For some reason or other when they came back to this country, they never returned to the North Side."

"Where did they go?" asked Officer Sheehan.

"Philadelphia. They had relatives there, as I said. I can't recall the names of those relatives."

"Could it by any chance have been Robins—R-o-b-i-n-s?"

"I couldn't say. But, if you'll let me have your address, I'll send you any information that I can pick up."

"Thank you very much," said Officer Sheehan.

"You're very welcome," replied John Devine; "sorry I can't be of more assistance."

Somewhat disappointed and evidently downcast, the two officers went back to the machine. Little did Tim suspect the real reason of that visit to Pittsburgh, the North Side, and thence to Carrick. Slowly the machine moved toward Mt. Oliver.

"That looks like a crowd just leaving church," suggested Officer Krause.

"It does," responded Officer Sheehan; "rather early in the morning, too."

"Look at the cut of that fellow's clothes and watch his stride, a bit of an Englishman, Uncle Dan. Look at the peculiar twist of his elbow, and his military stride."

"An Englishman?" exclaimed Tim. "Where, Mr. Sheehan? Where, Mr. Krause?"

"In that dark blue suit."

"His arm, Mr. Sheehan! His arm, Mr. Krause! Let me out, let me out, quick, quick!" screamed Tim.

The machine was stopped. Tim ran with full speed to the man in the dark blue suit.

"Pardon me," Tim explained breathlessly, "are you Edwin Bruce?"

"I am," was the prompt reply. "How did you find out?"

"Your arm, your arm, Mr. Bruce. I met your father on the boat coming over. He's looking for you. Your mother's broken-hearted. Your father's dying in New York City."

Officers Sheehan and Krause, and Ray were now at Tim's side.

"Dying in New York City?" exclaimed Edwin Bruce. "Gentlemen, does this boy know what he's saying?"

"He does," affirmed Officer Sheehan. "My friend," pointing to Officer Krause, "and I have been trying to locate you. You see, we are New York City policemen. We thought you were in Chicago."

Edwin Bruce, offering no reason for being in Pittsburgh, said quickly, and with great emotion, "I must get to New York City at once."

"By train?" asked Officer Sheehan.

"No, Officer, by aeroplane. The airport's in McKeesport. I wonder if you could trouble to drive me there?"

"Do you know the way?"

"I do."

"Do you drive?"

"Yes."

"Then, you drive. We'll go with you."

Edwin Bruce, the minute he stepped into that machine, was on his way home: to England, to Essex in the summer time, to Bruce Manor.

In driving that automobile from Mt. Oliver to McKeesport, Edwin Bruce broke all records for speed, or was so close to doing so, that there was no room for argument. His was an experienced hand at the wheel. He wove in and out of the traffic skilfully, slowing down when necessary and gathering speed again quietly and quickly. Fortunately the road was not crowded.

Arriving at the airport, he made plans immediately for a special plane to New York City. His father's call, given by Tim, was hurrying him as no other message could. The hunger of his heart for home, pent up these many years, would, so he thought, be almost fully appeased with one glimpse of his father, whom he had always loved sincerely and whom he still loved very deeply.

The motor of the aeroplane had been warmed. Perhaps it was something that Edwin Bruce saw in Tim's eyes, or perhaps it was his ready way of being grateful, at any rate, he said,

"Mr. Sheehan," he had asked for all their names on the way to the airport, "Tim and Ray would enjoy a ride in an aeroplane."

"Not I," Ray spoke up quickly. "I was up once and never again."

"Krause?" said Officer Sheehan.

"Let him go, Uncle Dan, there's no danger." Then, to Tim, "Do you want to go?"

"I'd like to, but—"

"Go," commanded Officer Sheehan, smiling. "As a matter of fact Krause and I had already asked your uncle and aunt if you could go for a ride in one and they readily agreed. Krause's oldest boy is an experienced pilot."

"Thanks, Mr. Sheehan; thanks, Mr. Krause; good-bye, Ray."

"Good-bye, Tim."

Had either Officer Sheehan or Officer Krause foreseen the dangers of that particular aeroplane ride, they would never have given their consent.

(To be continued.)

Concerning a Common Object.

Saltcellars may be said to have been in use in prehistoric times. Homer declared that salt was a gift of the gods. The Greeks and the Romans gave the saltcellar the place of honor at their banquets, and every effort of craftsmen was employed to make it an object of beauty. Saltcellars were often heirlooms, handed down with great care from father to son. During the Middle Ages the saltcellar was the finest and most conspicuous object on the table, and was placed in the centre,—the members of the family and their guests occupying seats at one end, the servants and retainers sitting at the other. This is how the phrase "to sit below the salt" came to mean "to occupy an inferior position."

Wealthy people used saltcellars made of gold and silver and designed by great artists. Many of these have been preserved to this day, and are treasured in museums. Poor people, however, were content with more humble receptacles for the useful condiment, and often used a piece of bread with a place hollowed out to serve as a saltcellar.

WHEN you go to Holy Communion, clothe yourself with the virtues, the merits of Mary, your Mother, and you will communicate with her faith and with her heart.—*Père Eymard.*

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—The John Day Company is authority for the statement that the two most popular books in Germany at the present time are Hitler's "My Fight" and President Roosevelt's "Looking Forward." Travellers returning from Germany say that these two books are displayed together in all the German book stores.

—Two booklets from the Queen's Work Press by Father Daniel Lord, S. J., deserve wide reading, one for the young people, "Why Leave Home?" a word of appreciation of the beauty and joy of home and the family; and another for young and old, "The Call to Catholic Action," a discussion of the duty of Catholics to get out in front and do and live practically what they profess. Each, 10c.

—Among the autumn announcements of Scribner's publications are, "The Social Implications of the Oxford Movement," by the Rev. W. G. Peck, containing the Hale Lectures for 1933; "Richard Harding Davis," an illustrated memoir by Fairfax Downey, and the fifth volume of Mark Sullivan's contemporary history of the United States, "Our Times," which traces the steps leading to the War of 1914-18, and America's share in that struggle.

—"The Shrines of God's Friends," by the Reverend Frederick M. Lynk (The Mission Press, Techny, Ill. \$2), is a volume that takes the reader on a tour of the principal shrines of the world. Beginning with Nazareth, then through Italy, Austria, Germany, France and England, the reader is told the story of the various shrines of the world, and his eye feasts upon a host of illustrations, all of which are particularly well produced; nor are these the stock illustrations which usually go with the story of the shrines. It is an excellent volume for the family or the library table.

—An interesting catalogue comes from Mr. Charles J. Reilly, M. D., of Thomasville, Georgia. He has listed, following Scott's catalogue, a large number of religious stamps that have been issued throughout the world.

Austria has 12; Belgium, 28; Ireland, 5; Italy, 48. There are seven from the Virgin Islands—three of St. Ursula, and four of Our Lady. At a convention of the Philatelic Society of America, held recently in Fond du Lac, the grand prize for the best collection of religious stamps was awarded to the Reverend Ferdinand Cech, pastor of St. Wenceslaus' parish of La Crosse.

—Sheed and Ward announce a new book, "On History," by Mr. Hilaire Belloc, giving his reasons for regarding history as the most important of temporal studies, and discussing the rules which should guide the historian of to-day. Other announcements in their list include the third volume of Leonce de Grandmaison's study of "Jesus Christ" devoted to "His Person, His Message, and His Credentials"; a new work by Dr. Karl Adam, "The Son of God," and three additions to the series of "Essays in Order": "The Burden of Belief," by Ida Friederike Coudenhove; "On Being Human: St. Thomas Aquinas and Mr. Aldous Huxley," by Father Gerald Vann; and "The Nature of Aesthetics," by Father Thomas Gilby.

—A new book by Father James, O. M. Cap., must always be a welcome event to Catholics who enjoy keen analysis and scholarly thinking. A philosopher and theologian of distinction, he meets modern problems in a modern way, and applies Catholic principles to point out that the real solution of these questions is to be found in the teachings of the Catholic Church. "Life and Religion" (B. Herder Book Company. \$1.75 net.) is a series of lectures delivered before the students of University College, Cork. They point out as their main thesis that the Religion of Christ is the only factor that can round out and complete human life; that without this religion one cannot expect to live that fulness of life that man is capable of. He explains this in the mission of the Church which is to preach religion; but since she is universal, this teaching reaches out to, and must influence, every

department of life, the university and its education, the searchings of science, the daily activities of society and private human life. There is an excellent chapter on St. Thomas and his teaching, and another on the lesson from Augustine. Priests and Catholic professors and educated laymen will find this volume stimulating and instructive.

—Among the new books that have been inspired by the centenary of the Oxford Movement is a life of John Henry Newman by the Reverend J. Elliot Ross (W. W. Norton and Company. \$2.75). Father Ross does not attempt a complete life of Cardinal Newman, but rather a study of his intellectual and religious life from the day he entered Oxford until the day Leo XIII. named him a Cardinal of the Church. He sees in this life, so sincere, so deeply religious and keenly intellectual, five great failures, which turned out to be real triumphs even in the days of Newman. In the Oxford Movement, which was an attempt to bring the English Church into accord with the early Christian spirit, which was, of course, the Catholic spirit, Newman failed, and moved on to the Catholic Church where he found that spirit alive and active. Yet he injected that Catholic spirit into Anglicanism, so that to-day it is nearer the ideal of Newman than it was in his day. The failure of the Irish University has turned to a triumph in the National University of the Free State that is practically Catholic. Perhaps the greatest calamity to the Catholic Church in England, and indeed in America, was the frustration of his project to do the Bible into English. However, the Westminster edition of the Scriptures, though it will miss the magic of Newman's prose, is in line with the Cardinal's plan. So, too, with his editorship of the *Rambler* and his project to have the Catholic students study at Oxford. The *Dublin Review* has become in character much like what Newman intended the *Rambler* should be, and Oxford is dotted with houses for Catholic students. Father Ross gives a fine picture of the Cardinal, his sufferings, his disappointments, his noble friendships, and his final victory in the estimation of the English people and of the world.

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- "Butler's Lives of the Saints." Thurston-Leeson. \$2.90, postpaid.
- "The Church and Spiritualism." Rev. Herbert Thurston, S. J. \$2.75.
- "Whistles of Silver." Helen Parry Eden. \$2.
- "The Church in the South American Republics." Rev. Edwin Ryan, D. D. \$1.50.
- "Canonical Decisions of the Holy See." Dr. Stanislaus Woywod. \$3.
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- "St. Albert the Great." Rev. Thomas M. Schwertner, O. P. \$3.
- "The Question and the Answer." Hilaire Belloc. \$1.25.
- "Saint Anselm." Joseph Clayton, F. R. Hist. S. \$1.75.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Reverend T. O'Connell, diocese of Grand Rapids.

Sister M. Rosella, Sisters of the Holy Names; Sister M. Emerentia and Sister M. Margaret, Sisters of St. Dominic; Sister M. Gabriel, Sisters of St. Joseph; Sister M. Josephine and Sister M. Basil, Sisters of Charity; Sister M. Maureen, Sisters of Providence.

Miss Catherine Sisk, Mrs. P. C. Lynch, Mrs. Mary E. Casey, Mrs. Anna B. Collins, Mrs. E. Moss, Mrs. Anna L. Epping, and Mrs. Una Glynn.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indulgence.)

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What one man plus a little effort can do in the work of saving souls is evident from the following news item which was published in a Catholic paper some time ago:

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What J. Brennan has done you can do with no more labor than simply leaving a pamphlet where some one can get it or mailing it to some fair minded non-Catholic. We need more John Brennans in the church.

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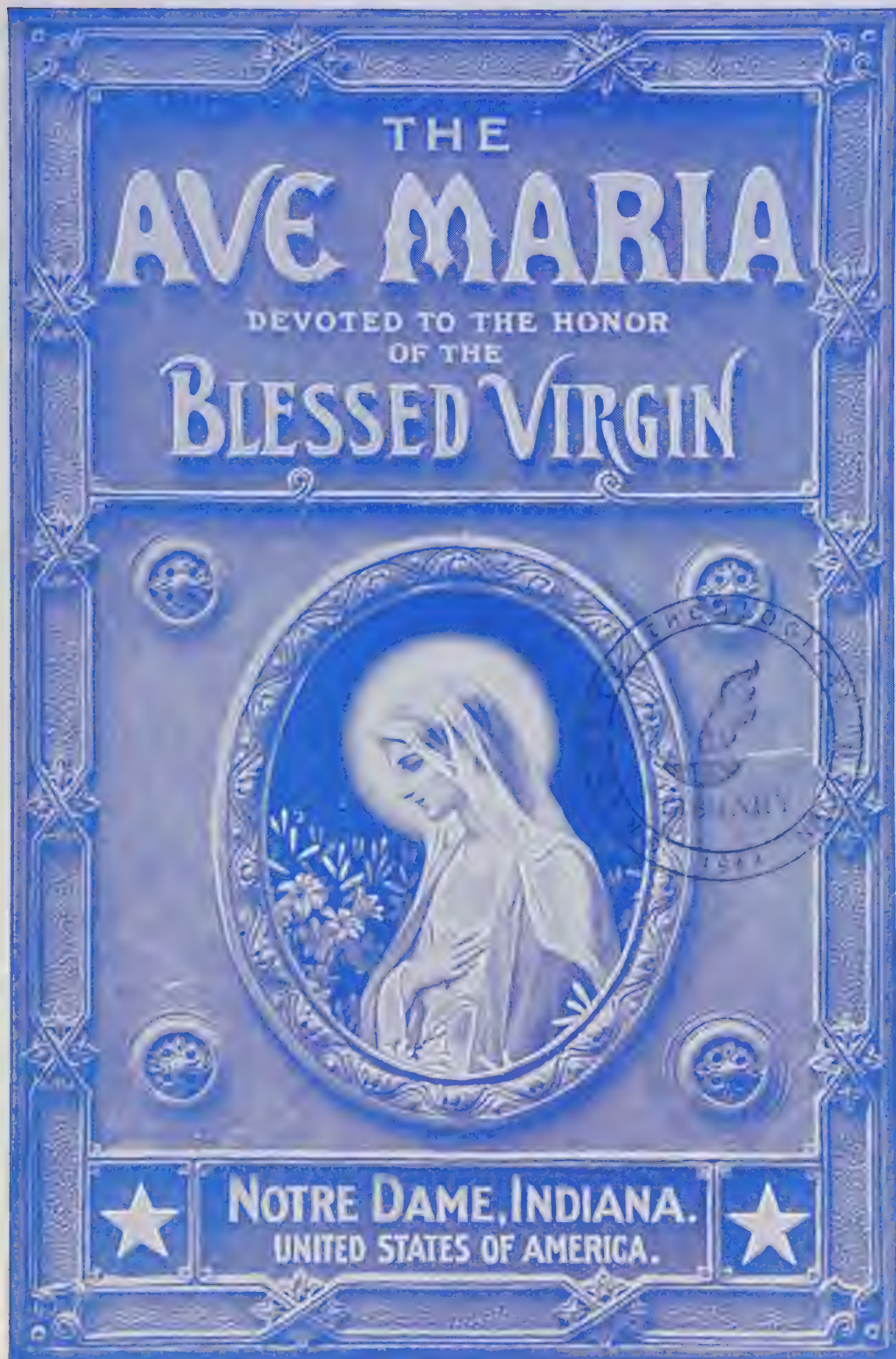
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CALENDAR OF THE WEEK

OCTOBER.

SATURDAY, 28.—Sts. Simon and Jude, Apostles.
 SUNDAY, 29.—Feast of Our Lord Jesus Christ, King.
 MONDAY, 30.—St. Alphonsus Rodriguez, Confessor.
 TUESDAY, 31.—Vigil. St. Quentin, Martyr.

NOVEMBER.

WEDNESDAY, 1.—Feast of All Saints.
 THURSDAY, 2.—All Souls' Day.
 FRIDAY, 3.—St. Malachy, Confessor. St. Hubert, Bp.
 SATURDAY, 4.—St. Barbara, Virgin and Martyr.



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HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, 1, 48.

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The Queen of the Hemispheres.

BY J. CORSON MILLER.

IN my heart of hearts I heard them,
The seven great sounds of Her name;
Across the far mountains of wonder,
Into my soul they came;
Like music of fire and thunder—
The fire that washed away shame.

And I saw the first white star burning,
With a brightness that blinded the earth,
As it sang of the joy of that morning,
When a Virgin brought God to His birth;
Beyond all the world's dream of splendor,
Beyond all the world's dream of worth.

The star that shone down for Her meekness,
And one that flashed out for Her pain,
I saw, and the star of Her goodness,
And one of Her soul without stain;
The star of Her beauty lit Heaven
With the star of Her sorrow and bane.

I listened, and over creation
The music of centuries rolled,
As seven stars sang in high heaven
The song that will never grow old;
Of a Maiden God chose for His Mother—
Of Mary, the House of Gold.

I heard those stars singing together,
From the cradle to the grave of the years;
The stars that are blazing like jewels,
With the Sign that will wash away tears;
The Seven-Starred Hymn of Our Lady—
The Queen of the Hemispheres.

The Divine Rag Picker.*

BY THOMAS A. LAHEY, C. S. C.

IT has been said that every successful institution is the lengthened shadow of some great person. Whether that be so or not, it is frequently a fact that the shadow itself gives us a very inadequate idea of the individual back of it. The reason is, of course, that however much personality may contribute towards the development of an institution, there are always certain conditions which play a deciding part in the progress of that organization irrespective of the personages who happen to be back of it.

Take for example the Congregation of Our Lady of Grace at Chatillon-sous-Bagneux (Seine), France. Its foundress and first Superior General was the Reverend Mother Chupin, and yet she never wanted to establish her own Congregation, and was never quite at home in it once she had founded it. In spite of that lack of a natural disposition, however, she did what she did with such a willing obedience that her actions can only be laid to what we might call a rare kind of supernatural enthusiasm not entirely familiar to our human eyes. Behind that apparent contradiction is one of the most delightfully human stories in the history of religious experiences. Directress of the famous Lazare Prison at

ALWAYS remember that your real character can be injured only by your own acts.

* Most of the facts of this narrative are taken from the English translation of the Life of Reverend Mother Chupin by P. Mortier, under the title of "Bonne Mère."

the tender age of twenty-three, unsung heroine of a Revolutionary riot, dictator extraordinary to the Holy Family—but that is proceeding too rapidly. Let us go back to the beginning of the story.

During the first years of the Nineteenth Century there lived in almost abject poverty on the outskirts of Nantes a certain Louis Chupin and his wife Julianne, surrounded by their little brood of six girls and three boys. One of the contributing factors to that poverty was Louis Chupin himself. He was an exceedingly religious man but with a cold, unbending disposition which seemed at times to chill the very veins within him. Although he attempted several business ventures which ordinarily should have succeeded, his natural austerity was such that few people really cared to approach him.

Strange that so human and loving a creature as Victorine-Teresa, or Teresa as she was commonly called, should have blossomed forth in such chilly surroundings; but blossom she did, thanks to the sunny disposition of Julianne, her mother. Perhaps it was all in God's Providence that this little girl should have taken her sturdy but affectionate nature from the rugged Louis and the tender Julianne. Certainly it was that combination of the dove and the eagle which later in life kept her always so simple and so unspoiled in her magnificently audacious work of making modern Magdalenes out of the cast-off women of the world.

Even as a little girl she began to give evidence of that sturdy self-reliance which was to serve her so well against those twin obstacles of poverty and prejudice which never seemed to have been entirely absent from her life. Having heard one day about the needs of the heathens, she slipped silently out of the house and started in a very determined and matter-of-fact way to walk to India. Hours passed. Her little feet

grew weary and her stomach empty, but her resolution never once wavered until some curious passer-by was moved to make certain inquiries about the destination of the doughty little traveller. Late that evening Teresa was returned to her anxious parents with India still unconverted but with the missionary bug still humming its merry tune into her curly little head—a tune, by the way, which was never again to be entirely silenced during her life.

Nor did Teresa lose any of that self-reliance when the "tomboy" age, during which she delighted in mimicking certain neighborhood Pharisees, gradually tapered off into the graceful and semi-bashful period of maidenhood. The story is told that one day on the streets she was taken by mistake to be the Duchesse de Berry, then in hiding for her life. The young girl after vainly denying the identity over and over again to the soldiers, finally took things into her own hands by raising such a hullabaloo as only an indignant woman can, with the result that people came running from all directions. In the confusion that followed, Teresa slipped easily away and, that objective accomplished, walked quietly back to her home.

We emphasize these things simply to bring out the fact that Teresa had her own way of doing things even during those formative years when God was preparing her for the more serious work of her later life. We must not forget, however, that the most distinguishing feature of this colorful character was a dislike for sin which fired her naturally affectionate nature with a holy zeal for the restoration of those unhappy creatures of her own sex who are generally known by the sad title of "fallen women."

It must not be imagined for a single moment that Teresa was what might be called a queer creature. God does not usually entrust His missions to persons

of that type. She was a simple, everyday girl, good to the core, but with a mind of her own. Indeed those very qualities were of so attractive a nature that, accompanied by her natural if somewhat subdued type of beauty, they soon caught the eye and fancy of several eligible young men of the neighborhood who from distant admirers soon became active suitors.

All this was very distasteful to one who without entirely knowing it was being prepared for a calling which would demand every affection of her overflowing young heart. She decided, therefore, for perhaps the only time in her life to run away from a difficulty; and this she did, not from any fear that she could not handle the situation, but rather that she might not offend the really estimable young men who so earnestly showered their attentions upon her. It seems, however, that in running away from her suitors she was really running in the direction of her own very special corner of God's vineyard.

Hardly had she arrived in Paris where her brother was studying when she was asked by one of the priests of the city to look after the neglected children of his parish. Here for the first time she came into contact with vice, not in its grosser forms, of course, but with sufficient reality at least to touch her soul with something of a saint's pity for the victims of sin. After that, she could no longer be satisfied with working among innocent children. After all, she persuaded herself, there would always be those to take up that pleasant work. But that other world into which she had looked—that world so horrible and at the same time so neglected—what a field it offered to her missionary yearnings!

In spite of that yearning, however, she so dreaded the ordeal that for almost two years she continued her work with

the children, hoping against hope in the meantime that others might step in where she half feared to go. Then a situation occurred which directly challenged her courage. A notorious woman had moved into the neighborhood in which Teresa was working. This infamous creature had become so hardened in sin that every effort either to punish or to reform her had simply resulted in a more flagrant flaunting of her shamelessness before the world.

Teresa meditated and prayed. Then she stuck out her chin and made an announcement. Things had gone far enough she said. Since no one else seemed to be doing anything about it, she would visit the woman herself. Of course, the young girl's friends rushed to protest. They reasoned with her, they pleaded, they cajoled. But her mind was made up. Disregarding their warnings and all offers of protection, she went boldly to the woman's apartment alone.

What went on there nobody knows, but when Teresa came home there was a new look of tenderness on her face. The fame of that conquest travelled all over the city until it came to the ears of the Superintendent of Police who had just been scratching his head over the shocking conditions which a personal investigation had revealed in the woman's prison at St. Lazare. He immediately sent for this wonder-worker who had so miraculously touched the heart of one whose complete degradation had been the despair of the police for so long a time. Perhaps she was just the person to attempt the much-needed reform. What was the surprise of the officer, however, when he found himself in the modest presence of a good-natured girl just out of her teens.

The Superintendent's first shock was hardly over, however, before he began to experience something of the power of this little lady, a feeling which was

more than substantiated after he had examined the record of her work among the neglected children of the city. The upshot of it all was that he offered her the Superintendency of St. Lazare to the accompaniment, it must be admitted, of a great deal of merriment on the part of those who knew something about the conditions in that unfortunate place. And without any doubt reason was on the side of the scoffers. For a young girl, immature and comparatively inexperienced in the ways of the world, to attempt the reform of these shrewd, vice-hardened sinners, certainly bordered on madness.

Teresa had a similar feeling herself it seems, for she not only prayed unceasingly for light but in her less devotional hours actually fought against the almost irresistible desire to accept this wild proposal. One day when she was pouring out her heart in protest against this offer which she yearned to accept but feared to undertake, Our Lady herself appeared to the young girl and chided her for thus begrudging God a service so pleasing to His eyes. Teresa, however, though somewhat of a sentimentalist in the carrying out of her work, was anything but that in planning it, so she did not exactly accept the authenticity of the miracle on its first appearance. When it was repeated, however, she asked no more questions but made ready at once to take over the Superintendency of St. Lazare.

The history of Teresa's first days at the prison are more than usually eloquent of the fine good sense with which God had endowed this unique worker in His vineyard. From a human viewpoint there was hardly a thing to recommend her. She was but twenty-three years old, comparatively inexperienced in the routine of prison work, and almost entirely ignorant of the degradation with which she was destined to come into contact. Indeed the unhappy inmates, had enough to begin with,

had become so hardened under a relentless prison discipline that they more resembled animals than human beings.

But there was one thing which God had given this little girl that none of her predecessors seemed to have had, namely, the power to understand and to touch the erring heart. Instinctively she felt that, paradoxical as it might seem, these poor creatures needed a soft rather than a hard hand to guide them. In her conception of softness, however, there was no thought of weakness or fear; simply the softness of sympathy and understanding. And to her credit be it said that she started at once to put her theory into practice.

There were two notorious woman characters awaiting execution at the time. Neither of them deserved any particular consideration on the part of the new Directress; but they were women, after all, and she saw in them as it were an opportunity of striking the new note of sympathy which was to mark her administration. For hours and days she pleaded in the face of the most caustic criticism until finally, more because of her persistency than anything else, the penalty was commuted.

There were no dramatics about her announcement of what she had done. If there had been, the prisoners might have suspected her motives. She simply told the two women about the commutation and let it go at that. Of course the news spread as such things usually do in penal institutions. And the beautiful part of it all was that a spirit of gratitude travelled from prisoner to prisoner along with the news. Teresa didn't have to persuade the prisoners of her sympathy after that. They had already established that belief among themselves.

That was the way in which the young Directress usually worked. For example, in the matter of introducing religious exercises among the prisoners, it was

really they themselves who established the practice. It happened in this way. One day Teresa told them that, as she could no longer live among them without prayer, she had decided to set apart a few minutes each day for that purpose. If any of them wished to join her on such occasions, they would be more than welcome, but there would be no obligation of any kind. For a second time the instinctively suspicious nature of the inmates was completely disarmed. One after another they began to appear at the daily prayers, and then a little hesitantly at the Sunday low Mass which had hitherto been patronized by only a few of the older women.

After that triumph Teresa's next step in the reformation of her charges was a much more open one. She determined upon a religious retreat. Of course the authorities, many of them anti-religious, were more than opposed to this over-stressing of religion as they considered it. They could hardly persist in their opposition, however, when confronted with the progress already made by the use of just such means on the transformation of St. Lazare.

The retreat was held, therefore, and what a retreat it was! For the time being the interior of the prison took on the appearances of a convent. Raucous voices were hushed and bold eyes miraculously lowered. For the first time in the lives of many of these women, religion was given a fair chance. Others were beginning to taste over again that peace and calm which had so completely disappeared with their childhood and innocence. When the final day of the retreat came around, the preacher could hardly believe his eyes. There before him stood the visible proof of God's blessing. Many who had never before heard the word of God came to ask for baptism, while over seventy of these poor creatures made their First Communion. From that day on there was little difficulty on the question of religion.

The young Directress might have retired with honor at this point in her work. She had accomplished the impossible by bringing about the complete transformation of almost the entire prison with the exception of a few really incorrigible cases. All that was really necessary now was to continue the program that Teresa had started. This young lady, however, was not one to get any enjoyment out of contemplating past successes. Her pleasure was primarily in doing. In fact, the eagerness of her nature was such that every height scaled simply opened up new opportunities to intrigue her.

That was exactly the case with her present success. Once she had satisfied herself of her ability to reform these public charges, another problem laid its compelling hand upon her. Would that reformation persist once these poor creatures were thrown back again among their old associations? Teresa resolved to do what she could to keep her penitent prisoners just as virtuous outside of the prison as they had become while within it.

Her very first step was an act of personal sacrifice which literally shouted good sense as well as sincerity. With a fine appreciation of feminine nature she spent her entire salary in the purchase of clothes so that her erring children might face the world with that feeling of self-respect which decent apparel always gives. As an additional safeguard around that first venturesome step back into society, she interested a number of charitable women in the establishment of a temporary hostel in which discharged cases might live under respectable surroundings until such time as they could completely adjust themselves to the demands of their new life.

Unfortunately, however, these well-meaning but inexperienced sponsors entrusted the management of the house to a woman who was not entirely

honest. As a consequence Teresa suddenly found herself with two jobs on her hands, a situation which she had to put up with until she was finally able to reorganize the outside work and place it under more competent direction. It is a question if she would not have attempted to carry on both activities indefinitely had not her duties at the prison been so exacting. Prisoners, however, were coming and going almost every day, each with some personal problems requiring individual attention. Indeed, it seemed to her friends as if Teresa was forever reforming and forever beginning all over again, often on the very same cases that she had dismissed with such hopes just a few weeks before.

In spite of such discouragements, however, she continued at her prison post during twelve long years patiently and persistently beginning her work all over again with each new arrival, but not without frequent supervisory visits to those outside the walls who were trying to carry on the work she had started within. Of course, there were remarkable conversions, hundreds of them, but she was too busy with her constantly changing congregation to do much more than thank God for His favors as she continued to busy herself about her duties.

(To be continued.)

FOR the sheer purpose of Redemption, the death of the God-Man needed not the lowly preface of human birth. The First Adam had no childhood, but stood up near the tree of ruin a complete man; the Second Adam came step by step to His tree of reconciliation by all the slow humility of dumb babyhood, childhood, boyhood and youth. Even Redemption was not enough: God and man must be identified: so that man could never say, "God was never this. *This* cross I must bear alone."—*John Ayscough.*

Carolina Abdicates.

BY ESTHER W. NEILL

XVIII.—Cy.

CAROLINA was not altogether so hard-hearted as her words seemed to imply. She was alarmed by Eduard's appearance. He was clinging weakly to the balustrade, his body was trembling, and his face, which had grown so thin during his illness, looked white and tightly drawn over his high cheek bones. She was afraid to argue with him further; so she made no objection when she heard him ordering Ephraim to carry the boy upstairs. She had capitulated temporarily before her grandson's courageous determination. She would wait until the morning before she delivered any more ultimatums in regard to the custody of the child.

But, the next morning, when her coffee was brought to her bedside, she received the unwelcome news that Eduard and Tony had already left the house, with only one small bag by way of luggage, and that no one had been informed as to their plans or final destination.

Carolina was irritated and nervously upset by this precipitate departure, and as soon as she was dressed she sent a commanding message to the old Curé to come at once and give her all the harrowing details of the tragedy in the tavern. She also wanted to find out if he had any knowledge that would cast light upon Eduard's present whereabouts. He obeyed her summons with sympathetic promptness, and he reassured her by telling her that, since there was no one else to look after the unfortunate victims of the accident, Eduard had gone back to the tavern in the night, taking the coroner and the undertaker with him, and that, after making plans for the shipment of the bodies, he and the boy had left for New

York on the early morning train to notify Collinswood's relatives, if he could find them, and to make arrangements for the double funeral, providing there was no one to claim that duty in the city where the pair had made their home.

"Neddy has acted with heroism throughout," the old Curé said. "The man had grievously wronged him. He tried to save his life, and now he has gone to perform the last sad office for the dead. God will reward his charity."

"It is a frightful end to a sordid story," Carolina observed without much feeling. "And the old tavern seems a sort of sinister place to die. Was—was Cy Munster there all the time?"

"Why, yes. He telephoned to us as soon as the accident occurred. He brought the injured ones into the tavern. He lent what aid he could. I am sure he did all that he could."

Carolina was silent for a moment. Her keen eyes had narrowed to a frown. She seemed to be thinking deeply.

"Did—did Cy Munster know anything about Eduard's marriage? Did he know that the woman had been Eduard's wife?" she asked.

"Why, yes. When Eduard found her he told us—he told us who she was."

"And Cy heard?"

"Why, yes. I don't see how he could have failed to hear."

Her questions sounded unimportant, irrelevant. He wondered why she asked them. It seemed to him it would have been more compassionate, more human, to express the pity she must feel for her grandson's grief. And as he bade her good-bye, she added to his perplexity by saying,

"I suppose we shall hear from Cy."

Monsieur l'Abbé had no inkling as to her meaning. His outlook on the world was so charitable, so simple, so different from her suspicious worldly viewpoint, that when he heard that Cy Mun-

ster had called upon her next day, her foresight seemed to him uncanny.

Carolina was sitting in her luxurious library, sipping her afternoon tea when Cy Munster was announced. He had come to the front door, but Ephraim had reprimanded him by directing him to the kitchen.

"These here pore whites don't know thar place," he said by way of comment. "But, I wa'n't so sure about sendin' him away. He says he's obliged to see somebody 'bout those dead folks in de tavern. He asked for Mr. Eduard first, and when he found he wa'n't here he says, 'I'll see de Madam.'"

Carolina put down her teacup. Into her tired eyes there flashed the light of battle. "Show him in, Ephraim. I used to know him years ago. Show him in." And while she waited for him to appear, she busied herself with the tea things, determined to further her guest's confusion by offering him the hospitality of the house.

Cy Munster had dressed with extraordinary care for this interview. He had shaved off his stubbly beard, put on his best clothes, rammed his feet into patent leather shoes, painfully tight for him, and encircled his red neck with a high bat-wing collar to prove his familiarity with sophisticated society. But his blustering manner which had buoyed him up through many choppy seas of embarrassment, failed him on the threshold, when Carolina held out her hand to him and said with her old charming appreciation,

"This is a great pleasure, Cy; I have not seen you for years. Eduard is not at home, so it is very kind of you to come in and talk to an old lady like me. I shall never forget how good your mother was to me, when I first came back to this place. This house was almost in ruins, and so we stayed at the tavern for some weeks. Sit down. Let me give you a cup of tea. Tell me something about your-

self. I suppose you have had many interesting experiences in all the time you have been away."

Cy gasped like a swimmer submerged in icy waters, and, still holding on to her hand in a death-like grip, he fell into a chair. He was altogether unprepared for this cordial welcome. He did not know whether he was being "kidded" or lured into some menacing "trap." He had never really spoken to this pre-eminent personage since the days of his infancy. Her stone statue in the market place had held him spellbound when he was a boy. Her adventurous activities had been exaggerated by his generation, and the stories, so often repeated, contained as many hair-breadth escapes as the ones he read in his yellow-backed thrillers. Now that she was an old woman, it was reasonable to suppose that most of her strength and glory had departed. He had felt that he had the courage to approach her and bully her if need be. But her pleasant greeting, her acceptance of him as an equal, paying her a neighborly call had juggled all his misty, preconceived plans. The furnishings of the house were oppressive; he felt smothered by so many curtains and hangings; the soft velvet carpet forced him to tread warily. He regretted the mud on his boots which seemed to symbolize the fact that even his underpinning was no longer dependable, and Carolina's assumption of his friendliness made him wonder if he had the nerve to broach the real object of his visit.

When she handed him a cup of tea he accepted it, because he did not know how to refuse it, and somewhere, in the dim recesses of his mind, his latent Irish humor made him conscious of the absurdity of his present position. Cy Munster calling on a French countess; Cy Munster aping the customs of society; Cy Munster, with a half a hundred kegs of moonshine whiskey in his cellar, drinking tea.

And the old lady "calm as a May morning" talking about the ancient days at the tavern when Abigail Munster had served "delicious fried chicken with corn fritters," and kept the place "as clean as a new pin,"—Abigail Munster, his devoted mother, who had dreamed and worked and plotted to give some advantages of education to her son. He had not thought of his mother for years. It was all "d—— upsetting." He had half a mind to get up and go away without saying anything. This old lady seemed "so cocksure" that he had just dropped in to pay his respects after long oblivious absence.

Then his ruthless spirit began to assert itself. The diamonds in her rings, the heavy silver service on the table in front of him, quickened his avaricious intention. He put down the egg-shell cup with grim determination. He would say what he had come to say. He would not be diverted from his purpose by a cup of tea, sugared to a sickening sweetness, and by an old woman's rambling reminiscences about his mother.

"I'm sorry Neddy is out," he began, and he stared fixedly at the fire, so he would not be obliged to meet the look of disbelief in Carolina's eyes. "You see—you see I came to talk to him about that operation in the tavern last night. It—it sort of looked a little phoney to me."

"Phoney!" she repeated questioning-ly; and her tone in some odd way seemed to be a challenge to his ignorance, his stupidity. "Phoney?"

He laughed unpleasantly to bolster up his courage. "Doubtful—I reckon that's the word to use. You see—you see, this man had carried off Neddy's wife. The operation was sort of ticklish—close to the brain, you know. Neddy's knife might have slipped,—might have been right natural for his knife—to slip—" He paused. He felt that he was not making much headway.

Carolina's lips were compressed into an almost invisible line, her hands clutched so tight that her nails dug into her palms. She had suspected Cy of an attempt at blackmail from the beginning, and she had tried to disarm him by putting forth her womanly tricks that she had practised on several like occasions when it seemed wiser to placate an enemy than struggle against him. But, she had never had to meet Cy's unintelligent type before. His methods were so rudimentary. It was like being attacked with a bludgeon, when she had been taught to fence with a rapier. Her eyes were full of fire,

"And your price?" she said.

He was totally unprepared for the quickness of the question. He had planned to feel his way, to lead up to this bargaining for silence by degrees, to hint at possible prosecution, manslaughter, even the gallows, if the old lady seemed too stubborn, too tenacious with her cash. Carolina's question had cast him overboard again. He tried to flounder to the surface.

"Keeping quiet might be worth a lot to Neddy," he hesitatingly suggested, moving uncomfortably in his chair. "Keeping quiet might be worth a lot to him—and to—me."

Carolina could stand his presence no longer. Her patience had astonished even herself. She descended from her pinnacle of prudence; the fury of her wrath transforming her from an old woman into a young virago able to cope with any iniquitous plot.

"You will leave my house at once," she cried, pointing to the door. "You understand—at once, and you will leave it without a cent. You have made the mistake of your life, if you think you can browbeat me. You're a fool,—a blundering, stupid fool—to come here with any such plan in your head. I've been playing with you like a cat plays with a mouse. We old women have to be

amused. I knew why you had come in the beginning. I was expecting you. I thought you might have some sparks of decency left, and I tried to make you remember that you had been brought up with some ideas of honesty, but I failed. Now you will leave my house at once,—you will go at once!"

She stood before his burly strength without a quiver of fear, though he could have crushed her slender body in his huge hands. She had not overestimated his subconscious acknowledgment of the supremacy of her class. She possessed the despotism of a princess discharging a peasant. There was a finality about her courageous attitude that seemed to preclude all argument. The change in her friendly manner had been so complete, so sudden, that he felt stupefied, abased by her contemptuous scorn of his power. But even in this emergency his bulldog tenacity kept him from following his first impulse to retreat at once. His next words came haltingly,

"When—I—talk—you'll—be—sorry," he said.

"Sorry!" she exclaimed, and for a moment her frail hand rested on his rough coat sleeve, as if she wished to detain him. "Listen, Cy, you talk like a blundering, overgrown schoolboy. I almost pity you. There is not one soul in this neighborhood who will believe one word you say. You seem to forget that the Curé was there, beside Eduard, a witness that no one could doubt. If you even hint at foul play, I'll send you to the penitentiary. You are in no position to work this sort of a game. What about that man murdered in your tavern a year ago? Buried in the woods back of your house. What about him?" Her voice was shrill with anger. Her sudden accusation reversed his position to one of defence.

"I had nothing to do with it," he said sullenly, "nothing to do with it."

"Nothing to do with it!" she repeated incredulously; "nothing to do with it! You knew all about it. You perjured yourself on the witness' stand. Judge Creyton, who heard the case, is an old simpleton as blind as a bat. The whole trial was a farce. The jury was afraid to convict those friends of yours—those moonshiners from the mountains."

"The case is closed," he said stolidly, but there was a look of fear in his eyes.

"And what about those kegs of whiskey hidden in your cellar?" she went on heedless of the interruption. "What about those kegs you are trying so hard to hide? If you say one word about my grandson, I'll have the revenue officers here next day. You bury your head like an ostrich, Cy. If you take my advice, you'll leave the county. You'll sell your wretched tavern to the first bootlegger you can find, and you'll leave the county at once. Now go. You will get nothing from me. You were a fool to come. Get out of this house before I call my servant to show you the door."

Her words seemed to whistle above him like the lash of a whip. He slunk away from her, intimidated at last by her threats. He knew that he had overplayed his hand. It had been a mistake for him to come to this stronghold which had ruled the village since its beginning. He might have known that he was no match for this powerful old woman who had acquired the accurate art of spying in her youth. How could she have gathered so many facts about his secret avocations unless she still went wandering, witch-like, over the mountains penetrating into old nooks and heavily wooded places when no one dreamed that she was about? Perhaps she had the "second sight" that his Irish mother had attributed to her long ago. He had no desire to prolong the profitless interview. Her perceptions were unaccountable, her anger awe-inspiring. It would be perilous to excite her further. It was time for him to retreat.

She did not move from her place before the fire until she heard the door close behind him, and then she went to the window, and, parting the heavy brocade curtains, she watched her disgruntled visitor climb into his shabby buggy and drive away.

Later in the day when she was entertaining Monsieur Courtenay with the account of this stormy and exhausting adventure, she said, "Of course I was only *guessing* about the kegs and the murdered moonshiner. I had only heard rumors. But, Cy is so stupid, he convinced me that I had guessed right. All this talk about women's intuition makes me tired. We guess,—I have always had a talent for guessing."

At the end of the week Eduard and Tony reappeared, but, instead of going to Carolina's big mansion on the hill, they settled themselves in the little house where Eduard had established his office. The tongues of the village gossips were busy again. The accident on the old Munster Road was as dramatic as a melodrama of the movies. It seemed too well contrived to be true. The runaway wife had met with her just deserts. Eduard was freed from her forever. But he and his grandmother had quarrelled and parted again as everyone had predicted. It was impossible to live with such a domineering old woman who had been spoilt by having her own way since the day she was born. She could not be content unless she was ruling or regulating life for somebody. But her grandson was no supine character to accept her relentless commands and bow before her outlawed supremacy. He would not return to her until she had pocketed her pride and asked him to come back to the home of his ancestors.

Some of these unpleasant comments reached Carolina's ears. In her heart she secretly admired her grandson for his effrontery in going his way without

her, but she was very lonely in the big house without him. Even Marie Antoinette failed to pay her daily calls. The strange boy, with the bandaged knee, occupying the front porch of Eduard's little office, claimed her care, for the cut on Tony's leg had become infected during the journey from New York and he could not walk without crutches. His helplessness seemed to add to his charm, and his first objections to girls were discounted by Marie Antoinette, who was unaware of his attitude and who soon proved herself to be a most sympathetic companion and devoted nurse. As the days passed he resigned himself to her presence and awaited her visits with ill-concealed impatience, for in his short kaleidoscopic life, he had had few acquaintances of his own age.

Marie Antoinette was altogether different from the artificial stage children he had known who had been drilled into acting and dancing for a sentimental public and who had played precariously with him amid shifting scenery, cursing stage hands, and in crowded dressing-rooms piled high with trunks and wardrobes of discarded properties. Marie Antoinette was keenly interested in outdoor living. She planned fishing trips for him as soon as his leg had healed. She brought him deserted birds' nests, Indian arrow-heads and captured butterflies. Then, hoping to humor him and compensate him for his semi-invalidism, she generously shared the fairy books that Eduard had bought for her, and since he could not move with any alacrity, she taught him to play quiet games with checkers, cards and dominoes.

He had never received such undivided and continual attentions before, and he could not fail to be pleased by them. This little house, sheltered by tall trees and hedged in from the street by white blossoming privet, seemed to his tired, travelled body a refuge of rest and joy. He had loved his mother with a child's

dependent affection, admiring her beauty and vaguely pleased when he went to the theater with her, and, standing in the wings, heard audiences applauding her dancing. But she had represented many restraints to him and multitudinous discomforts: endless journeys sleeping on the hard wicker seats of tourist trains, scrappy, unappetizing meals eaten out of paper boxes. Days spent in strange ill-smelling rooms in cheap boarding-houses where children were always regarded with disfavor. Nights of fear and loneliness when she left him to fulfil her engagements at the theater, going to a night club afterwards to dance until the dawn. And, then, as a culminating trial, this new father who did not want him and who showed it so plainly by his irritation at all suggestions that included him in any of his mother's plans.

He could not regret the death of this unpleasant person, and even his mother's loss was minimized when he reflected, with a child's dispassionate reasoning, that the catastrophe had brought him back to his beloved Neddy and to this little house so cosy, so clean, so free from fretful boarders and demanding landladies. He confided these past troubles to Marie Antoinette, and to convince him of her understanding, she told him of her trials before the "spot on her lung" had brought her to these medicinal mountains and introduced her into "Mr. Eduard's" captivating company.

(To be continued.)

No reasoning can create faith in those who have it not, for faith is the gift of God. The soul to whom grace is not given is insensible to argument; but the soul to whom grace is given hardly needs argument. Simple instruction is all such a one needs; the difficulties in the way of faith vanish of themselves, and he believes almost as spontaneously as he breathes.—*Dr. Brownson.*

Home.

BY ROSAMOND LIVINGSTONE McNAUGHT.

I'LL take a trip this spring, away from home;
I've wanted many a year to get away,
I told myself; but when the spring had come,
The orchard-trees were white as ocean-spray;
And I resolved to wait till I was free
From beauty tearing at the heart of me.

I'll go away in summer-time, I told
Myself; but when the summer-time drew near,
The garden promised roses, honey-gold
And crimson: roses to my heart are dear.
Earth holds no lovelier offering, I said;
I'll wait till autumn, when the rose is dead.

This fall I'll take the trip; when autumn came,
The trees were in conspiracy, I know,
Against my going, for a scarlet glow
Began to spread upon them like a flame;
They tempted me far more than foreign clime.
I said: I'll take the trip in winter-time.

But early snow descended on the hill;
The frozen stream a silver ribbon lay;
Such tender beauty has a winter day,
A singing of the wind, else all is still;
The winsome buds, though sleeping, seem to
smile.

I guess I'll not be going yet awhile.

Saint Anselm, Archbishop of Canterbury.*

BY G. C. HESELTINE.

WHEN the great Benedictine Archbishop Anselm of Aosta, world-famous for his sanctity as well as his courage and his learning, had been for some days so weak that he had to be carried to Mass on a litter, he was told that he would probably celebrate the Feast of the Resurrection with his Risen Lord: he was on the point of death. "If His will be so," he said, "I shall gladly obey it; but if He be pleased rather that I should remain amongst you until I have solved a question which

I am now turning in my mind on the origin of the soul, I should receive it thankfully, for I know not anyone who will finish it after I am gone."

That was indeed the death of a philosopher and a saint, fighting the battle for knowledge and truth gamely to the very end of his seventy-six years. The battles of the mind and the spirit are the most arduous in the world. They demand the greatest determination, endurance and concentration; on no other battlefield are the difficulties so formidable, the temptations to surrender so strong; nowhere else can success look so impossible; but the victory when it is won is the most worth-while of all. To know Truth as a philosopher like Anselm knew it, to know God as a theologian like Anselm knew Him, to know holiness as a saint like Anselm knew it, is to be truthful, godlike, and holy, as Anselm was.

In two thousand years the Church has declared only twenty-eight men of all her millions to be so eminently learned and so distinguished for their holiness of life, as to deserve the title of "Doctor of the Church" by special proclamation. St. Anselm and St. Bede were the two given by God especially to England. St. Anselm was an Englishman by adoption, a naturalized Englishman. He gave up the last sixteen years of his life to serving the Church in England as Archbishop of Canterbury, a temporal subject of King William Rufus and King Henry I., suffering the hardships and humiliations which those tyrants put upon him for defending the liberty of the Church, when he had all Europe at his feet prepared to overwhelm him with honors and dignities.

When he went to England, in response to universal appeals, he was already Abbot of Bec, famous for his learning, wisdom and holiness and his great abil-

* Doctor Magnificus, Confessor and Doctor of the Church, the ninth centenary of whose birth occurs this year.

ity as a teacher. He might have remained there to meditate, write and teach in peace. But he was a man who felt it his duty to take an active part in the affairs of the world in which he lived, though he had his own personal preference for the contemplative life of a hermit. The Church needed his abilities in the conflict with the temporal powers. Temporal rulers all over Europe, as well as bishops and abbots, sought his counsel. He gave himself freely.

His father was Gundulf, a Lombard landowner, his mother, Ermenburga, a Burgundian lady who brought him up properly in the Faith and encouraged his early inclinations to study. When she died, he set out with a companion to travel,—no doubt to visit the monastic centres of learning thickly distributed over Western Europe. After some three years, he found himself in Normandy when his father died, and he had the choice of returning home to succeed to his patrimony. He chose to enter the Abbey of Bec, lately founded by the ex-soldier monk Herluin, where, as an old chronicle tells us, "some were employed in clearing the land of brambles and weeds, some in manuring the ground, some in hoeing or sowing; none ate his bread in idleness." It was here that the great scholar Lanfranc, who was to precede Anselm at Canterbury, had established a school that was already famous.

After three years Anselm succeeded Lanfranc as Prior, and after another fifteen years he became second Abbot on the death of Herluin, and ruled in that capacity for fifteen years more. It was during these thirty-three years at Bec that he became famous as a teacher, philosopher, and theologian. Although truly ascetic, he was never a recluse, but always approachable and sociable as the wide circle of his friends and correspondents testified.

Over four hundred of his letters have come down to us, teeming with learning and holy counsel. In addition, he wrote

hymns and poems, meditations on the psalms, treatises on the Virgin Birth and original sin, and ranged over the whole of Christian doctrine in his writings. His devotion to Our Blessed Lady and the Immaculate Conception gained for him also the title of "Doctor Marianus." He made a brave assault on the knotty problems of free-will and predestination, and his famous arguments on the existence of God, in the *Monologion* and *Proslogion* have exercised the minds of the greatest philosophers ever since his day. In more recent times he has been attacked by Kant and defended by Descartes, Leibnitz and Hegel.

St. Anselm was a most bold and original thinker, especially in his confident appeal to reason. His Faith was such that he was confident it could come to no harm at the bar of pure reason. His reasoning was ruthless and rigorous, of an accuracy that demanded enormous labor and enormous courage. He was fully justified. He thus became the precursor of St. Thomas Aquinas and the Medieval Schoolmen, laying the foundations of scholastic philosophy and theology, although his claim to the credit for that has been somewhat hidden because of the Arabic and Aristotelian methods adopted by the Schoolmen, whereas St. Anselm was rather Platonic and Augustinian. He is the great connecting link between the early Fathers of the Fourth to the Sixth Century and the great Doctors, theologians, and philosophers of the Thirteenth.

In the world of affairs St. Anselm stood for the freedom of the Church against the secular oppression and interference of rapacious kings in ecclesiastical appointments—a fight in which St. Thomas à Becket was to be martyred sixty years later, and a fight which did not end, so far as England was concerned, until Henry VIII. boldly looted the Church *en bloc* as his predecessors had done piecemeal. We can better appreciate the importance of this fight

if we remember that it was the royal intrusion of a long succession of worldly men into the highest offices of the Church that reduced the Church in England to the state that made the "Reformation" or "Great Pillage" possible. St. Anselm, after suffering exile, confiscation, and many hardships, gained a settlement whereby the King gave up all claims to investitures of prelates, but the prelates did homage to him for their temporal possessions. It was St. Anselm's temperate counsel that prevailed, and he several times saved the King from Papal excommunication.

At the Council of Bari, in 1098, the Greeks were disputing the doctrine of the Trinity, when the Pope called out: "Father and Master Anselm, Archbishop of the English, where are you? Come up here and help Us to fight for your Mother and Ours, the Holy Church of Christ!" Anselm's argument won the day. When he had finished the Pope cried: "Blessed be your heart and your mind; blessed be your lips and your words!"

Stories survive that tell us the sort of man he was. Riding one day between Hayes and Windsor, a hare took refuge under his horse from the hunters and he saved it from them, giving them a homily in which he likened the soul to the hare, pursued by evil spirits. When an abbot complained that he could do nothing with his unruly novices, in spite of his severity, St. Anselm asked him: "If you planted a tree in your garden and tied it up so that it could not stretch forth its branches, what would happen when it got room to spread—would it not be good for nothing, full of tangled and crooked boughs?"

St. Anselm died in 1109. He was canonized in 1494, and declared Doctor of the Church in 1720. A splendid example of wise, courageous and holy manhood, he was universally beloved in his own day, and there is no end to the tributes, English and foreign, Catholic and Prot-

estant and pagan, that have been paid to him ever since. Freeman, the Protestant historian, says of him: "He has won his place amongst the noblest worthies of our island. It was something to be the model of all ecclesiastical perfection; it was something to be a creator of the theology of Christendom; it was something higher still to be the very embodiment of righteousness and mercy. . . ." Well might the Medieval chronicler Matthew Paris call him "*Philosophus Christi*—Christ's Philosopher."

St. Anselm, pray for us.

Little Sister.

BY AGNES M. BLUNDELL.

IV.

THE public staircases and galleries of the great Palace of the Tuileries were dirty and ill-kept, the populace of Paris ranged about them at will, but once within the private corridors luxury prevailed. Madame de Civrac kept no great state: all her surroundings were, as the Baron pointed out, "in good taste though simple."

The sound of music and voices heightened Yves' alarm as he crossed the threshold, but a few moments later the dreaded introduction was over and he was gazing eagerly about him.

Madame de Civrac, an elderly lady with a towering headdress and kind, clever dark eyes, sat upon the sofa near him. Her daughter, Madame de Donisson, a languid, delicate-looking woman, was in full court dress, for she was one of the King's sister's ladies, and would be going in a few moments to her attendance upon Madame Victoire. The gay octagonal room was lit with candles, though birds were still singing in the garden below. It was ornamented with formal bouquets of spring flowers, which to Yves' mind looked as stiff and unnatural as the Court ladies. The young people at the end of the room

were very different. Two girls were playing, one a harpsichord, the other a harp, and half a dozen young men and girls were dancing and chattering at the same time. A tall, dark, rather ungainly youth, was reading in a corner, apparently quite oblivious of the noise going on around him.

The girls were all young and almost equally lovely to Yves' dazzled eyes. They were simply clad in light, full muslin dresses, with scarcely a dash of powder in their bright curls. One presently detached herself from the group and came down the polished parquet floor, her hand resting on the arm of the Baron d'Aurély. The old man presented his young friend to Mademoiselle Jeanne de Kérouald.

"Monsieur le Baron commands us all here," said the young girl, with a friendly glance at the old man. "And I have my orders to amuse you. I hope you are willing to be amused?"

"Very willing," returned Yves, "if you will be kind enough to undertake the task, Mademoiselle."

"Ah, but you need not trouble yourself to pay compliments!" cried she. "We are all rustic folk here—anyone will tell you so! We form a little coterie of our own, and we are all more or less related."

Yves looked shyly about him. He had already made his bow to his host and hostess and kissed the hand of Madame de Civrac. Jeanne shot a glance at him. She hoped he was not shocked at her chatter.

"Court ladies ought to be proud and conventional," she declared. "But there! I shall never manage it. I am trying to acquire *tenue*, but it is very hard! Now I will tell you who everyone is. That adorably beautiful youth by the window talking with so much animation, is Henri de Larochejacquelin. He has no brains and no education, but we all love him dearly. The reader is his cousin, Henri de Lescure, who has both brains

and education and is almost a saint as well. That is his fiancée, Mademoiselle de Donisson. Is it not strange that clever people so often love beautiful fools?"

"Jeanne," said the Baron, "you would not speak so if Anne were here."

"It's quite true—I'm malicious and must do a penitence." She sighed, then looked up seriously. "Please forget what I have said—it was both ill-natured and silly. My sister Madeleine and I are the giddy ones of the family. And so you have come to Paris to seek the philosophers? Believe me—they are vastly overrated."

"Indeed," said Yves. He was furious with himself, but shyness overwhelmed him.

"Yes, indeed. It is all talk and froth, nobody will do a thing. Here has my father been struggling for years to get landowners to join together and drain some of the great marshes—surely the best way to get bread for the people is to grow corn? But, no! They will do nothing but talk about the rights of man, and meanwhile they let him starve."

"Everything seems unreal here," agreed Yves. "Such importance is attached to trifles, and the rich nobles, do not seem to heed the misery of the poor. They are all scrambling for places, or for the *Cordon Bleu*, or invitations to Court,—or something of the kind."

Jeanne listened with her head tilted a little on one side. After a pause she said hesitatingly: "I suppose if we all did personal service for the poor *every* day, something would be accomplished. It's a beginning, is it not?"

"It depends on the motive," he returned roughly. "If it is just to ease the slave so that he can go on working while other folks amuse themselves—if it is just that we may feel more comfortable—"

"Oh, but no one could make very great sacrifices for such miserable ends! Nothing but—"

She broke off, seeing that he was not attending to her. Indeed, the young man's eyes were bracketed on the group at the other end of the room. It had been augmented while they were talking and a lively gavotte was in progress. One of the newcomers seemed to belong to the household, for she had entered from an inner room. Everyone had greeted her warmly, and now all the men seemed to vie for the honor of dancing with her.

"A spoilt court beauty!" thought Yves contemptuously, but he ceased to follow his companion's discourse. The girl was so very lovely, with a fragile charm that perhaps only the pampered court atmosphere could produce. Her golden hair was unpowdered and arranged in soft curls, two of which were secured at the neck with a knot of blue ribbon. Her round throat was as white as milk, her eyes were fringed with dark lashes, but he could not see their hue. She was small and slightly built, her gown of light blue taffety was laced over a petticoat of pale rose. The spirited music rang through the air, and the girls' silken panniers swung out and rustled as they kept time to the measure.

Jeanne laughed as she watched him.

"Come, I must present you to my pretty cousin," she cried, and led the way down the room.

Yves was intent on making a successful bow. He heard his own name pronounced, then that of Mademoiselle de Certaines. As he straightened himself he met the glance of a pair of gentian-blue eyes—it was startled, inquiring. He too started back in amazement—where had he met that soft, veiled glance before? A sudden vision of a crumbling window-frame in a sordid street leaped into his mind. But still he was puzzled, staring in all the rustic simplicity that he sought to hide, first at the face which he associated with such very different surroundings, then at the rope of lustrous pearls rising

and falling with her quickened breath.

"Yes," she said with a little laugh, "we have met before, Monsieur." "Little Anne!" he breathed.

Looking back in after days, St. Armand decided that all the flower of his youth was crowded into the next few weeks. Paris was starving, France hummed with angry discontent, riots continually broke forth among the people, and in the palace, intrigues were rife. But Yves, made free of the friendship of the little colony of Vendéens, tasted exquisite happiness. Here, in the very core of all that he had thought most rotten and outworn bloomed the ideals he craved! Here were men and maidens gently born, educated, devoting themselves both hand and brain to the assistance of the crushed, ignorant masses. He joined enthusiastically in all their schemes, now bearing great baskets of food to the hospitals and centres of almsgiving, now closeted with Monsieur Boncerfs and Monsieur de Donissons, drawing out plans for better cultivation of land, tables of the rotation of crops, maps of land-draining and irrigation.

The old Baron had pressed him to share his home, his eyesight was indifferent, and Yves could render him many services, so that he felt able to accept without any loss of independence. He was the only one of them all who was outside the pale of the Church, but as Jeanne ingenuously remarked, no doubt his eager almsgiving and good disposition would soon cause the seeds of grace to germinate.

"No one," she murmured in the ear of Henri de Lescure, "no one could go on meeting Anne every day without profit."

"If only he does not fall in love with her," replied the young man.

"But of course he *began* by doing that!" she retorted, opening her eyes wide.

The date of Henri's own marriage was approaching, and he had a fellow feeling for his new friend; at the same time prudence forbade such an unequal match.

"It would be impossible, cousin. Anne is rich and wrapped up in fervent devotion, a man equally without religion or fortune could not aspire to her hand."

"But, of course," returned she, serenely. "Poor soul—Anne would not consider him for a moment, or anyone else, I think. She frightens me, our beautiful little Anne! It's the heart of a lion in the body of a flower."

Yves let himself go to the glamour of the moment without searching his own heart, or considering the future. It was enough to find himself a welcome guest at Madame de Civrac's apartment or in the Kérouald's gay little house, the Hotel de Poulguer. It was May, the weather was warm and sunny, lilac was blooming in neglected gardens, though the fashionable pleasure-grounds were set in formal parterres of clipped box and stiff Dutch tulips. Flower girls were selling violets and even early irises, and there were little golden leaves unfurling themselves on the elm boles. Yves had bought some violets in the market and was the bearer of an invitation from D'Aurély to the Comte de Kérouald and his family. It was to propose a riding party to Fontainebleau and dinner in the forest, where the wild lily of the valley should be in bloom under the giant trees. In his joyful preoccupation, he scarcely noticed the agitated looks of the old *concierge* who hobbled out of her lodge to unbolt the double door of light wrought-iron work.

"I do not know if you will be received, Monsieur," she called.

But Yves was already bounding across the little court, where the tubs of orange trees had been set out but yesterday. He and the Rochejacquelins had carried them forth from the little orangery, for the household boasted but

one man-servant. Jules presently opened the inner door, his eyes were swollen and red from recent tears and he shook his head sadly as he murmured in stricken tones,

"Madame does not receive."

Yves was startled—a sudden dread clutched at his heart. Before he could speak Jeanne called down imperiously from above, "Jules, allow Monsieur to ascend."

St. Armand's anxiety overruled his politeness. He rushed past the servant and reached Jeanne's side as she was about to re-enter the drawing-room.

"But what has happened? Is—is anyone ill? Is Mademoiselle Anne—"

"No, not *ill*," said the girl with a short laugh. "But—no doubt we should all have been prepared for it. Come in, Anne has gone."

Yves who had been following her into the elegant crowded little salon, paused thunderstruck.

The blinds were lowered and there was a faint odor of aromatic vinegar in the air. The Marquise lay propped up with cushions on a sofa at the further end of the room, holding a lace handkerchief to her brow.

"My poor mother is scarce recovered from a nervous attack," murmured Jeanne, "but I saw you cross the court and fancied you might know something."

"I? No! But gone! You mean she is nursing some case of pestilence again?"

The girl shook her head, and suddenly all the blood in Yves' body seemed to rush to his face.

"Not an elopement!" he cried in horror.

Jeanne gave another hard, vexed little laugh.

"Yes, and no!" she cried. "You may say she has eloped—but it is alone. And we know where she is, but—"

She led the way to her mother's couch, and Yves stooped to kiss the languid hand extended to him.

"But as I say to my dear parents, we

must not take it too much to heart," proceeded Jeanne briskly. "Anne is of the stuff of which martyrs are made—she has been so from a child."

"By her father's will, she came into control of her fortune at sixteen," murmured the Marquise. "Our guardianship has since been quite informal."

"She warned us, of course," remarked Jeanne, and bit her lip which suddenly trembled. "She began by begging my honored father to give her leave, and my faith! when he refused she went without it."

"Went where? Into a convent?" asked Yves in a hoarse whisper.

"Not at all! Our little cousin is a romantic—"

"Enough, Jeanne," interrupted her mother. A quick flush spread over her pale face; she already regretted her impulse to question the young man. "Monsieur must forgive us," she went on hurriedly. "I feel sure my niece made no confidences to you about this—this escapade. Briefly, then, she has absented herself from Paris upon an errand of charity—in which," she added firmly, "my husband and son will assist her."

"There has been trouble at home in our village," put in Jeanne irrepressibly. "The peasants have attacked the Cagot colony. And Anne thinks that by going among them—"

"Jeanne!" cried her mother sharply. But the fatal words were out. "Her uncle will overtake her," she went on hurriedly. "He will prevent the folly!"

"I doubt it," murmured Jeanne. "It has been a fixed idea with her for a long time. She thinks the prejudice against these poor people will never be broken down until some one of noble birth goes voluntarily to live among them."

"The poor pitiful child!" murmured the elder lady. "She heard there were many wounded and none to nurse them. But to work among the Cagots—it is unthinkable. If ever a word gets out people will think her contaminated."

Yves stood like a statue—it seemed as though his blood had turned to ice in his veins, the little bouquets of violets fell from his nerveless fingers and scattered themselves on the polished floor.

"Your secret, Madame, is inviolably sacred to me," he said mechanically. "I assure you on my honor—my honor!" he repeated, flinging up his arms with a sudden passionate cry. "Who am I to speak of honor—I who am myself of the hated race—I who am a Cagot!"

(To be continued.)

A Master's Tribute to Our Lady.

BY EDYTHE HELEN BROWNE.

GENIUS guiding the adroit hand of a pious Catholic painter depicting the mystic glories of Our Lady's Assumption—what happier convergence in art!

Of the 795 paintings, loan exhibits from twenty-three museums and over 200 private collections, now gaining the admiration of thousands of visitors to the Chicago Century of Progress Fair, one masterpiece is supremely honored by casual beholders and staid critics alike, "The Assumption of the Virgin Mary," by El Greco, the Seventeenth-Century Greek, who, although born in the ragged little island of Crete to the name of Theotocopuli, meaning "Bird of God," early adopted emotional Spanish types and bold Spanish landscapes as subjects for his stirring, dramatic brush.

El Greco painted this beautiful Assumption for the central altar of the Church of Santo Domingo Antiguo in Toledo, Spain, in 1577, one of nine ordered for the picturesque old church, one which established his reputation in Toledo, and therefore a record work of his career. In 1830 it was purchased by the Infante Don Sebastian de Bourbon, and in 1905 the Art Institute, Chicago, its present owner, purchased it from

Durand Ruel et Cie, of Paris. Even as late as 1905 El Greco was but one of many Seventeenth Century artists with a flair for gypsy color and recurrent choice of religious themes, especially those delineating the graces of Our Lady.

But the art world has since recognized the dash of genius in the works of the shy El Greco—dead now over 300 years, buried in the Church of Santo Tomé, Toledo,—and ranks him among distinguished painters of Spain, a predecessor of Velasquez, and his "Assumption," not only one of his major works and the most famous Spanish painting outside of Spain, but the most sublime reach of art in America to-day.

The subject of the Assumption, Mary's radiant feast haloing a day in middle August, filmy tableau of the Virgin Mother enthroned upon a cloud in miraculous ascent into heaven, has inspired artists everywhere in every century. Murillo envelops his Madonna in delicate veilings of chiaroscuro; Titian, in his altar picture in Parma, hides the ugly tomb, preferring to show the Virgin triumphant over death; the decorative Veronese, in contrast, lends her a luxurious burial bed. So every master, with different detail and technique, loves to interpret her mysterious ecstasy that raised her graceful form above earth, and sent it, fluttering blue, into heaven. Most artists repeat themes, varying mood, color and form, but El Greco painted but one "Assumption"; and, as the ten years' period from 1574 to 1584 were his golden years, the grandest flourish of his genius radiates from the immense canvas at the Fair.

The picture, called also "The Ascension," is spectacular, with twenty-one life-sized figures seemingly "sculptured" away from the flat surface of canvas, as if quivering with life. Mary, with her mantle floating about her, arms outstretched in gesture of rejoicing prayer, her foot brushing a silver crescent, has

just arisen from the simple coffin in which the gentle disciples of her Son have laid her, hovering radiant above them. Her face is raised, the slight inclination of her head to the right—one of El Greco's loveliest strokes of symmetry. Cherubs, dainty little winged posies usually flocking about her, are here confined to a corner under shadow of her arm, while lady angels, with large, dazzling wings and dark tresses, group worshipfully around her.

El Greco, the devotional artist, wished to render his Madonna exclusive glory and honor on her feast day, so he omits the conventional brooding, patriarchal figure of God the Father in His heaven. The animated gestures of discussion and the expressions of consternation on the faces of the mourners, as they huddle around the deserted tomb, intimate that for this master, at least, Mary's Assumption was an invisible glorification, that the miraculous event was not witnessed by those of earth. Although two faces seem to catch the glint of her robes and to perceive her as a vision in their midst, the other figures argue and harangue upon the mystery of the empty tomb. The portraits of the mourners are strong Spanish and Italian types.

El Greco is noted for his odd perspective, for his gold and blue-grey tones, for his strange, elongated figures; yet one characteristic of his works sets him distinctly apart from his fellow-artists, the formation of the spread hand. In many of his pictures, especially in the "El Espolito," or Disrobing of Christ, occurs this original treatment of the hand: long, tapering fingers so widely spaced as to form triangles between. In the "El Espolito" the right hand of the Saviour is thus shaped. In the "Assumption," the middle fingers of the left hand of the Blessed Virgin curl and cling together, leaving the thumb, index and the little finger gracefully free and at sharp angles from the others. Again

in this picture the right hand of an elderly mourner lies widely spread upon his breast.

El Greco is otherwise represented in the imposing Spanish Gallery of the gigantic art exhibition at the Chicago Fair by such important canvasses as his "The Feast in the House of Simon," a boldly original creation; "The Agony in the Garden," an arresting example of his magic ways with soft color; an "Annunciation," another tender courtesy to his Virgin patron, for El Greco was a devoted son of Mary; and a fine portrait of "Cardinal de Guevara," Archbishop of Toledo. Yet the magnificent "Assumption," truly the queen work around which lesser paintings in the Gallery are assembled, wins largest audience, not only for its worth as a piece of art, but for its message of the spiritual,—the tincture of the divine in all great art.

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The Christ of Peraleda.

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IT is not a rare experience in Continental cities, and even in remote hamlets, to meet with pious images venerated by the faithful during a long course of centuries. Who has not heard of precious Madonnas discovered in the most out-of-the-way localities, where they had been placed, no doubt, to preserve them from the profanation of the heretics or unbelievers of early times?

In the Spanish territory, not far from the French frontier, the tourist may see a remarkable crucifix religiously preserved by the people of the old city of Peraleda. It is of wood; the head crowned with thorns, is bent upon the breast; and the legs, comparatively short, are tied by a strap which encircles them at the height of the knee. This image, which is placed in a niche behind the altar of the Passion, is daily visited by many devout persons, and in its presence the gypsies of the neighborhood contract their matrimonial alli-

ances. The lateral walls of the church are decorated with *ex-votos* and gifts presented by the newly-wedded couples.

From an old parchment preserved in Peraleda, it appears that this singular piece of sculpture dates back to the Tenth Century. "In the year 975," runs the document, "Joachim Calort, an artisan of Peraleda, set out on the morning of December 17, to begin his day's work. He had left the city when he encountered a chariot drawn by an ass. He was about to pass on when he perceived that some mysterious force detained him. He then looked into the chariot and found that it contained the holy image of Christ. Calort hastened to inform the community of his discovery, and the citizens went in procession to receive the mysterious image of the Saviour."

Was there anything of the marvellous in the occurrence? Some persons say so, and base their belief on the text of the narrative itself. Some Christian family, they say, desirous of saving the image from the profanation of the Moors, placed it in the chariot and entrusted the further care of the precious object to Providence. It arrived thus providentially at Peraleda, a city worthy, no doubt, of being destined to be its custodian. Whatever may be thought of this explanation, it is quite certain that the image belongs to a remote epoch, as is clear from the parchment mentioned, and from popular tradition as well.

In a manuscript dated 1789 there is given a chronological account of processions with the Christ of Peraleda, made by the devout citizens at frequent intervals during every century from the Tenth to the Eighteenth; and the practice, we are informed, still continues. The special favor for which Peraleda looks to its venerated image is preservation from drought; and that this confidence has been abundantly rewarded is clear from the frequency with which public processions have been immediately followed by copious rainfalls.

Suspense.

BY P. J. C.

UNCERTAINTY as you wait for news that may mar or make, causes the heart to pound and then stop. You will get a word that indicates victory, possession; or defeat and prostration. That while of waiting for what breaks or saves you is tense. And yet the while of uncertainty is not without some comfort. The news may be bad. You are so fearful it will be, you cling to uncertainty as the lesser of two evils. And even when it does come, there is a sigh of relief if it be even less serious than we expected.

Think of all the harrowing waits. A man sits listening to sounds that come out of a jury room. He is innocent, let us say. It is not his innocence that counts at the moment. It is the impression made on twelve men by an attorney paid by the people to prosecute criminals. The reputation of this attorney depends on the number of times the word "guilty" is reported out of jury rooms. The attorney has the tricks of his profession: those simulations of sincerity, professions of concern for vindication of law and statute.

To be innocent is not to be shown innocent. The long wait is hard on the man, on the woman whose conscience is white. Twelve persons arguing in that room beyond may agree it is black.

You are wheeled along a hallway into an elevator. The cart moves slowly, the nurse silent and solemn-faced. Then the operating room, white and bright; white tables, white attendants, white nurses. In an apartment beyond, the plashing of water—surgeons making ready. You are settled and strapped amid little murmurs of direction. You are ready. The doctors come out, white-gowned, white-capped, gloved and masked. Some words of encouragement. Ah, but it is serious! No doubt about that. You may come out

all right. And you may not. The ether ends the uncertainty for the moment.

A student—layman or woman, cleric or nun—goes into chambers to be tested in learning. He or she may come out a Master, a Doctor; or denied the symbols of learning. It should not mean so much. John Smith, A. M., LL. D., Ph. D. It is not the letters. Shakespeare had none—or is not remembered for them. Cardinal Newman may have had—nobody seems to inquire. The great Cardinal will not be increased by the addition of a degree. And yet when a solemn-faced Examiner, bulging of learning, asks you, "What is the predominating note of Mid-Victorianism?" you ejaculate the three Holy Names. Your answer will help to make or mar you. You stand on the narrow edge. On one side, a *cum laude*; on the other—the exit. It is not the symbol so much. It is the suspense—victory or defeat.

And that great suspense which believers experience from the first day of reason to the last. A heaven of happiness or the loss of God. So many never feel that suspense—its issues do not belong in their calculations. Did they, Hollywood would stay wedded, young people would stay home. There would be less grasping for those profits which all must leave behind them. More thought for the one thing necessary; less for the million things not necessary at all.

That most arresting of all suspenses—heaven or the loss of it—is bearable if we think of God as merciful. He is. We dodge Him thousands of times. Short change Him. Are full of consequence, misranging our littleness greatness. We are foolish in a thousand ways; quarrel about nothings; are talkative, provocative, large with opinions. God is merciful. He shows that in spite of a million taunts and insults. Unless we are mad altogether, He will save us.

"Ah, but God's justice," you object. Yes—yes. But this happens to be the end of the page.

Notes and Remarks.

Bishop William A. Hickey of Providence, R. I., was 64 years when he died at his home, October 4. Sixty-four years are not so many in the reckoning of human lives. Men live on to seventy-five and are still active. Perhaps in a quieter pursuit, wherein obstacles and concerns were less pressing, or not pressing at all, Bishop Hickey would have reached the measure of four score. He lived a busy life, a life of conflict for Church principles during a period. He triumphed. He saw Church principles vindicated. The triumph meant nothing to him. It meant much to the Church. He took no glory in victory. He was modest and forgiving and made friends out of foes. Living a less active life in untroubled times he perhaps would have lived longer; would show more years but less services. We commend Bishop Hickey to the prayers of our readers.

Brother Crehan, a Christian Brother from Waterford, Ireland, attended the World Federation of Education held in Dublin some time ago. That in itself is hardly worthy of chronicle. So many attend federations of education who are no spell-binders. They answer "Present" at roll-call and "Aye" on the vote for adjournment *sine die*. And return home. Not so Brother Crehan of Waterford. *The Irish Times*, organ of Protestant Ireland, says of his activities at the Federation:

At the meetings of the World Education Federation there was no more interesting speaker than the Rev. Brother Crehan, a Christian Brother from Waterford. When any speech or paper championed a doctrine or advocated a form or type of instruction that was contrary to the teachings of the Roman Catholic Church, Brother Crehan, if he was present, did not allow the meeting to close without the attitude of his Church being made clear. It would have been possible to do that in a way at least slightly offensive to those who were not Catholics. Brother Crehan, however, by his courteous manner, his neatly

chosen words and phrases, and his friendly approach, could have offended no one. Those who differed very strongly from Brother Crehan inevitably looked forward to his remarks; for he always had something important to say, and he said it with a certain amount of charm. He had a neat sense of humor, too.

You probably could tabulate Brother Crehan's informative discussions as Catholic Action. And very effective Catholic Action, be it said.

The charges of persecution made against the Church by non-Catholics, even if they were true, should never be mentioned by those whose hands are red with the blood of their enemies. Lecky, the Protestant historian, has a passage in his "Rationalism in Europe," that those ministers who talk learnedly of the Spanish Inquisition would do well to read. "Catholicism," he writes, "was an ancient church. She had gained a great part of her influence by vast services to mankind. She rested avowedly upon the principle of authority. She was defending herself against aggression and innovation. She might point to the priceless blessings she had bestowed upon humanity, to the slavery she had destroyed, to the civilization she had founded, to the many generations she had led with honor to the grave. She might show how completely her doctrines were interwoven with the whole social system, how fearful would be the convulsion if they were destroyed, and how absolutely incompatible they were with the acknowledgment of private judgment. But what shall we say of a church that was but a thing of yesterday, a church that had as yet no services to show, no claims upon the gratitude of mankind; a church that was by profession the creature of private judgment, and was in reality generated by the intrigues of a corrupt court, which, nevertheless, suppressed by force a worship that multitudes deemed necessary to their salvation, and by all her organs, and with all her energies, persecuted

those who clung to the religion of their fathers? What shall we say of a religion which comprised at most but a fourth part of the Christian world, and which the first explosion of private judgment had shivered into countless sects, which was, nevertheless, so pervaded by the spirit of dogmatism that each of these sects asserted its distinctive doctrines with the same confidence, and persecuted with the same unhesitating virulence a Church which was venerable with the homage of twelve centuries."

His Honor and Her Honor, the Mayor and Mayoress of Tenby, North Wales, some time ago visited the Cistercian monks, Caldey Island in the Bristol Channel, off Tenby Coast. Before leaving, His Honor, who is not a Catholic, asked the Prior who had received and was now entertaining him, to pray for the town of Tenby. "Ah," answered the Prior, "Tenby has a very courteous, wise, efficient town council." His Honor bowed across the table—they were at luncheon—and said to the Prior, "As a matter of fact, Tenby is happy to be sheltered by an island of saints." Topping, Your Honor!

Very Rev. Milo Hudson Gates, dean of the Cathedral, St. John the Divine, New York, has received commendation from *Ave*, a publication of the Protestant Episcopal Church of St. Mary the Virgin. Why? Well, the Dean approved the rosary as a form of devotion to be used by Protestants. The *Ave* gives its approval in this paragraph:

So now we have the dean of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine warmly recommending the use of the rosary. Good for the dean! We heartily agree with him that it is an excellent and helpful method of prayer for everyone. Perhaps we shall now be able to say our beads in the cathedral without interruption. The last time we ventured to use our rosary in one of the unfrequented chapels behind the high altar, a verger quickly approached, and asked if we had seen the lacquer

cupboards which the King of Siam had given to the cathedral. We felt duly rebuked for our excess of devotion.

Vergers can be such busybodies. Interrupting a man saying his beads with a request to take a look at lacquer cupboards donated by the King of Siam is amazingly obtrusive. The writer should have urged the verger to join him in his prayers. That might have taken some of the *ego* out of him.

Since the recent upheavals in Mexico and Spain we have heard the time-worn statement reiterated that there is more irreligion in Catholic than in Protestant countries. So often and so loudly has this been proclaimed that many of the less thoughtful have begun to believe that there is some truth in it. Those who have made a thorough study of this question, however, have found such a statement unwarranted. What irreligion there is, they tell us, is rampant, because the Church gives no quarter, and her enemies are consequently driven into the open, whereas in other countries they may hide under the mantle of religion. James Kent Store has given a clear statement of the case in "The Invitation Heeded." Says he:

The Catholic Church makes no truce, holds no parley, with the world, the flesh, nor the devil. Her enemies can neither frighten her into silence nor cajole her into compromise. At every point they find her guarded, vigilant, and unrelenting; and driven from her citadel, they are forced to stand forth in open warfare and rail at her in furious defiance. In France and Spain and Italy a man is either a Catholic or an infidel. But in Protestant countries unbelief salutes Christianity; it puts on the livery of saints, and builds its chapels, and pays its preachers; and in the course of a generation or two it has made Protestantism as godless as itself. Read the history of Europe for the last two centuries. It is that of one long, desperate struggle, waged by all the anarchic powers of human nature, and with all the weapons that craft and hatred could furnish—against what? Not against Protestantism, but against the Catholic Church. Deists, Republicans, Jacobins, Ration-

alists, Freethinkers. They are good Protestants all; they laud the Reformation; they boast that they carry out its principles; and with one consent, though by divers arts—by argument, by satire, by blasphemy, and by guillotine—they assail Her within whom dwells the everlasting Presence, before which the devils of old cried out, saying, "Let us alone: what have we to do with Thee, Jesus of Nazareth? Art Thou come to destroy us?"

A cobra, over five feet long, attended night prayers in the chapel at Taganadapuram, Madras, India, some time ago. The villagers became panicky. Who would not, meeting a large cobra taking part in his devotions? The villagers decided to go from prayers to good works and procured stones. They aimed well enough and often enough to kill the cobra before he could bite anyone. Perhaps a moral could be taken from the presence of the cobra at the village devotions, and the dispatch with which the villagers killed him. So many people see cobras when they pray, but do not kill them. Temptations of distrust, unfaith, and so on. This is all we intend to say about the moral.

Why in the mystery plays of the screen are detectives monumentally stupid and given Irish names? Not all detectives are Caseys and Murphys; nor could they, if they would, be the nit-wits the builders of mystery stories would have them. It seems that motion picture humor—or much of it—is written for morons. Its contrasts are gross, violent; hit you to kill you. There is no subtlety of discernment in portrayal. Men are volatile heroes or monsters; cunning or indescribably stupid. Whiteness at its whitest, blackness at its blackest, without any shade between. The crassly ignorant, grossly pompous detective of moviedom is not found in life. He could not be and hold his occupation in any community. Seeing him—a Casey, a Murphy—strident, illiterate, blundering, loud, you do not see in him

the expression of a calling in which brave, capable men match their minds against the low, cunning instincts of criminals; nor do you think of Caseys and Murphys when you witness his hodge-podge of blundering. Rather you think of the writer, composer, maker, producer, or whatever you wish to call him, who offers you his Caseys, his Murphys—creatures that never lived upon any land or sea,—and thinks he entertains you with his dramatic horrors. We recognize a man in his art. We recognize in Casey and Murphy, detectives of the talkies, their creator—whoever he is.

In sending out a synopsis of a story by a certain writer to a producing picture company which proposes to film it, Mr. P. S. Harrison, who does "Harrison Reports," says of the story:

After reading this synopsis you will hardly believe that the Hollywood minds are so warped as to adopt for a picture material so vile. Perhaps you will obtain the book to read it. All I can say is that the quotations in the synopsis are verbatim.

You might think that this material is an isolated case. Let me assure you that in the last five years the material selected for pictures has been getting dirtier every year.

It is not unlikely Hollywood will accept the filth. Not often is a vileness too vile for it. Even what is wholesome Hollywood makes harmful. The "Industry" seems zealous in the pursuit of dirt.

The Public Ledger, Philadelphia, secular paper, is against any attempt to federalize education. Editorially it says:

Bureaucratic administration of popular education would eventually make every school board a political unit and every school an opening for Federal interference with private rights, opinions and local liberties and responsibilities. This is much too heavy a price to pay for whatever efficiency may be gained by putting the schools under National control and supporting them from the National Treasury.

Referring to advocates of Federal control of education, the editorial continues:

Their program would not merely lift the financial burdens of education from the local community, but would tend inevitably to destroy the sense of responsibility for education which is the real basis of the present school system.

It has become wearisome by repetition, noting the incursions made by Federal on State government. It used to be that the States represented the walls of the building supporting the Federal roof. The roof has reached far beyond its supporting and sustaining walls; and is much too heavy. The walls are bending and cracking. It appears as if some day soon we will write it, 'United State of America.'

According to our newspapers, the United States Government is closer to actual recognition of Russia than most people realize. For the good name of the present Administration we hope that the information is groundless. The Russian Government has been guilty of practically every crime in the calendar of sin, taking a daily delight in offenses so shocking that they make one's blood run cold even to think of them. It has reduced its people to the level of animals; it has destroyed every decent family association, and it has publicly and officially blasphemed God in the most horrifying fashion. And now we are asked to recognize the ruling power of this brutal government and to enter into friendly relations with it. Why? Well, the only reason we can see back of this pressure for recognition is the old curse of the dollar which has put this country where it is just this minute. Every dollar that the Russian Government offers by way of trade for this proposed recognition is blood money wrung from the impoverished veins of the poor peasants of that unfortunate country. Decent people want none of it; and if the present Administration wishes to keep the good name which it has already won for itself, it will have none of it also. We

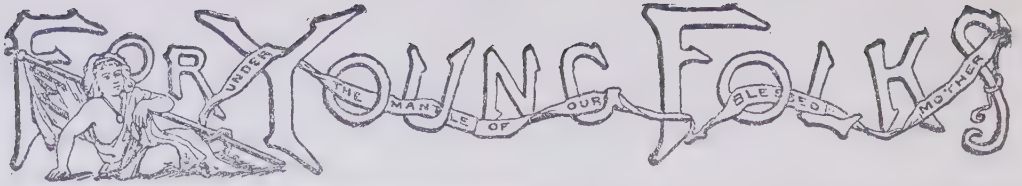
had better beware about opening doors of any kind to the influence of Russia. Missionaries will testify as to what that influence is doing in China, and the world at large has more than a suspicion of what it has done in Spain and Mexico and Cuba. Catholics the country over—in fact, all decent people—should protest singly and in groups against this proposed recognition of the Russian Government.

Not as illustrating his confident courage to get us out of depression, nor his preachment on the neighborly spirit, but to show his strong Christian Faith, we call attention to these sentences from President Roosevelt's address before the Catholic Charities Convention in New York.

It is fitting that this annual National Conference of Catholic Charities should celebrate also the centennial of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul. I like to remember the taunt of atheists and enemies of the Christian religion in the Paris of 1833, when they demanded of the churches: "Show us your works." I like to think of the acceptance of that challenge and the decision to show that Christianity was not dead, and that the deeds of Christians were in accordance with their faith.

Not all our leaders are so forthright in stating their religious acceptances. Not so President Roosevelt. He speaks of Christianity and Christian Faith.

The Hitler régime has not strengthened itself by driving such publications as *Der Wanderer* of St. Paul from the land. The time has passed when governments can expect to build a wall of silence about themselves. There are too many chink holes and too many eyes and too many means of communication to expect to obtain immunity from outside opinion by the forbidding of an occasional newspaper or magazine. The best way for a nation to protect itself against unfavorable publicity is to do things worthy of favorable comment.



The Holy One.

BY THOMAS E. BURKE, C. S. C.

I FOUND Him there amid the dust and heat
Of the grim city's stifling afternoon,
In sculs of little children on the street
As fresh and fair as opening buds of June;
I found Him in the humid breath of night
The grey and grimy tenements among,
In faces touched clean with celestial light
As mothers knelt to pray above their young;

But in the gaudy grandeur where the gay
Live in loose luxury and purple pride,
Where knave and noble never kneel to pray
And wealth and weakness waken side by side,
Though silently I sought Him everywhere
I never found His crimson footprints there.

Tim.

BY JAMES A. REID.

XVI.—JOURNEY'S END.

THE aeroplane which was carrying Edwin Bruce and Tim to New York City glided swiftly down the runway, rose gracefully into the sky, and with a strong tail wind helping it, caught a record-breaking speed almost immediately.

"The weather?" Edwin Bruce asked the pilot.

"Clear, visibility good, local showers, Captain Bruce."

"Captain Bruce!" in surprise.

"I heard them speak of you as Mr. Bruce at the airport. One look and I was satisfied that I had met you in France."

"Beastly memory I have at times. I beg your pardon, but I don't recall you."

"I was with the 165th, New York."

"Oh! a private?"

"Yes, Sir. I took up flying when I came back."

"I see. Your name, please?"

"Jimmy McGrory."

"I remember now," Edwin Bruce replied. "I met you once, but it was dark."

"I never had a chance to thank you for keeping me out of trouble."

"Don't mention it."

"I was a wild Irishman for sure. Yet, I had said, before leaving this country, that the first real Englishman I met over there I would take a punch at."

"So that was the reason?"

"It was dark, as you say. Still, when you in self-defense hit me—oh, oh!"

"I'm sorry."

"We all thought that you were a good scout."

"Thanks."

"I wonder what would have been the punishment had you reported it to our Captain?"

"I wonder?"

"Hitting an English officer was—"

"Just a foolish mistake."

The sky, which had been remarkably clear, when they left Pittsburgh, was growing black with clouds. A slight rain was falling. Heavier and darker clouds appeared in the distance. Flashes of lightning could be seen afar off. They were running into a heavy storm, even though only a local one.

"I'll turn south to avoid that," the pilot said.

"Do."

But to the south the storm was raging with more fury. The rain, swept by a high wind, luckily from the rear, was coming down hard. More frequent and decidedly sharper flashes of lightning ran across the sky. The pilot peered anxiously toward earth, as if looking for a safe landing place. Darkness, or

at least a heavy fog, covered the whole countryside. Then the pilot, hoping to rise above the storm, pushed the aeroplane to a higher altitude. His hope soon turned to despair. Instead of escaping the intensity of heavy falling rain, he had gone into the very heart of it.

Fortunately his long experience as a pilot kept him from getting panicky, though he realized the danger, as did Edwin Bruce. Tim was watching their faces with alarm. Then something in the machine went wrong. It was losing speed, dipping from side to side, as a great boat at sea would in the fury of a gale. Evidently one of the wings had been ripped. Then, too, the motor was functioning imperfectly. Danger, mortal danger, was crying its warning in many ways.

Finally the pilot nodded to Edwin Bruce and then to the earth. Tim saw but did not understand their exchange of looks. His heart jumped when Edwin Bruce said,

"Pray hard, Tim, we've got to jump."

Quickly adjusting the parachute for Tim, Edwin Bruce spoke again, "I'll see you off safe first, Tim. Stand!"

Tim, excited and bewildered, rose to his feet.

"You jump just as though you were leaping from a stack of hay to the ground."

Tim nodded, his lips moving in prayer.

"As soon as you feel yourself in the air, pull this rip cord. Understand?"

Tim shook his head affirmatively.

"As soon as you feel yourself free in the air," Edwin Bruce repeated, "pull this rip cord."

Tim nodded again.

"Now, one, two, three, ready? Go!"

Tim hesitated for a second. Then he jumped into the blackness and the fury of that storm.

Edwin Bruce peered into the darkness. He saw nothing. Possibly four sec-

onds passed. A flash of lightning, brightening the sky, showed him that the parachute had opened and was carrying Tim safely to earth.

All this happened very quickly. Edwin Bruce turned to the pilot questioningly.

"You're next, Captain."

"You," pointing downward.

"I've gone through this sort of thing."

"So have I."

"Some seven times for me. It's quite a thrill. Jump, good luck."

Edwin Bruce was in the air. A little bit later the pilot followed him. At that he was none too soon, for the aeroplane crashed into the mountain side.

Afterwards when Tim told others of that eventful and unexpected forced landing, he said, "I don't know whether I was more excited than scared. I jumped, so did my heart into my mouth. I tugged at the rip cord. Nothing happened. I pulled and jerked again, this time with all my might. I was going down fast. There was a terrible rush of wind. I yanked once more, praying. Then something stopped my swift flight. The parachute had opened. I was riding through the air. It was a glorious thrill. May I never have another like it!

"Yet it was all so pleasant in spite of the heavy rain, that, after saying 'Thanks be to God,' I chuckled to myself. As I floated I figured it couldn't be so hard to land, because I was not descending very rapidly. My, but it was dark! Once or twice the lightning seemed to come pretty close. It wasn't easy to look down; I couldn't see the earth at all. Then I hit it, like jumping from a high hay stack, only with a little more force. I just sat there, thankful, hoping and praying for the safety of Mr. Bruce and the pilot. However, I quickly realized that I should go in search of them. So I tried to figure out the direction we were going, and, after getting untangled from the parachute, I started for New York City."

Exactly four hours later Edwin Bruce

and the pilot and Tim were together again. All had landed safely.

"Here's my New York address, Mr. McGrory," Edwin Bruce explained. "I'll see you there about the amount we owe."

"Yes, Sir."

"Have you enough money to see you on your way?"

"I have."

"Perhaps you would like to come with Tim and me?"

"How?"

"I'm going into that house—see the automobile—and ask the owner to rent the machine to us for the trip to New York City."

"I'll go with you to the City," the pilot concluded.

The arrangement to rent the car was an easy one. The owner seemed readily satisfied to trust it to the care of Edwin Bruce.

Once more the ride to New York City was begun. It lay less than two hundred and fifty miles away. Soon they were on the main highway, and fortunately it was not crowded. Record-breaking speed was possible. Edwin Bruce, skilfully and cautiously, and now grimly silent, ran the speedometer from thirty-five to forty, forty to forty-five, fifty to sixty to sixty-five, keeping it there easily and smoothly. Whatever time was to be saved must be saved in the country. There were a few traffic-delays, and one detour that had to be taken very slowly on account of the mud, so that it was close to five o'clock when Edwin Bruce parked the automobile in front of the hospital where his father lay, so he thought, in a critical condition.

Early that same morning Sir Charles Bruce had whispered his story to Father Galven, the chaplain of the hospital. He told it with effort, but also with a sense of relief. Yet, not without interruption, for he was extremely weak, his breathing often coming in sharp gasps, which

were followed by agonizing fits of coughing. Father Galven tried to dissuade Sir Charles from making so taxing a recital.

"No, Father," Sir Charles asserted, "I will tell you. Maybe some one in hearing of me will take heart to do what I in my pride and timidity was afraid to do.

"When my son, Edwin, came home from war after being wounded, I discovered that he had entered the Catholic Church. That cut me to the quick. We, faithful, and yet none too bitter Protestants from the days of Queen Elizabeth, had harbored a Catholic. It was deeply humiliating. The day he left for America, my anger flared. I would not have him in my home again; and I told him so. I have not seen him since.

"He wrote often. I destroyed or returned all his letters before his mother had a chance to see them. In fact, she did not know until recently that he had written many times. God have mercy on me for all the pain and suffering that I so brought into her life! Edwin seemed to be very happy here and faithful to his new Church.

"Then I decided on a plan of action. In my love I was hungry for a sight of him, wishing that we might return to the old days when he and his mother and I would enjoy the merry winter days together before the big log fire in Bruce Manor. I began to read all the books on Protestantism that I could find; at the same time I studied what the Catholic Church taught. I would engage him in argument and show him the errors of his ways. I would argue him down, or out of his obstinacy. But, I reckoned only on the things of reason. A strange and, now I know, a wonderful light came to me. I was a Catholic at heart.

"I kept that secret to myself. No one else knew it, nor could anyone else guess it. I had not the courage, and my pride was too high, to follow that greatest

Englishman of modern time—Cardinal Newman. I realized that peace of mind would come only in accepting the Faith of our ancient Bruce family, one member of which, so I discovered, had been a martyr in the days of Queen Elizabeth; his name was Charles, my own name. Still I could not publicly, or for that matter even privately, do what my conscience declared I should do. I thought of facing all old friends—they would be friends no longer. I should be an alien among my own people, despised, ridiculed, perhaps hated for being so weak as to go over to Rome. It was a bitter-fought battle. Then my pride collapsed. So did my timidity. I understood how stubbornly I had been resisting grace. I knelt on the cold floor of my room in Bruce Manor one whole night, utterly sick at heart. Then toward the end of my long night vigil I promised, as sincerely as I ever promised anything in my life, that when morning came I should follow God's will regardless of consequences.

"I thought it would be polite to tell our Bishop, so that he, a friend for many years, would not feel hurt at my going to Rome. He met me at the door of his rectory. One look seemed to make known to him the ordeal through which I had passed. Very kindly he asked, 'Rome?'

"I answered, 'Yes.'

"'I wish I had the courage,' he declared finally. 'God bless you, Sir Charles; be the type of Catholic that our greatest Englishman have been.'

"May I say in passing, Father, he too is now in the Church. Then, I drove to Twykingham, a little village some two miles from Bruce Manor. I knew there was a priest there. When he came to the door in answer to my knock, I saw he was a cripple.

"'War?' I asked.

"'Yes, Sir,' he replied.

"'I want to be received into the Church,' I stated.

"'You will need instruction—'

"'I don't think so,' I responded. 'But, you may give me an examination, if you so desire.'

"'Merely to satisfy myself that you understand the step that you are about to take.'

"He went to the heart of things quietly and quickly and kindly. Quite a learned chap, I thought, to be stationed in such a small village.

"That morning in less than an hour I, who for many months had been a Catholic at heart, was so in fact, belonging to that Church which through the ages had had its great doctors and saints, its rich and poor, its worthy and unworthy. I was deliriously happy. I accepted the crippled priest's invitation to breakfast. We were both strangely silent. One thought troubled me. I knew my going to Rome would be a terrible blow to Lady de Vere Bruce. I mentioned that to the priest. He—"

Sir Charles paused.

"He?" Father Galven asked.

"He, by the way, is Father Murphy, England's great war chaplain."

"Yes?" very kindly.

"He had received Edwin into the Church."

"Did he advise you what to say to Lady de Vere Bruce?"

"He—"

Sir Charles, though not exhausted, stopped speaking. There was a smile of gentle peace on his face. He turned to a more restful position. "'Her love for Edwin and you will make her understand,' Father Murphy said."

"Her face showed unexpected joy, when I told her," Sir Charles continued.

"'Now, we must get Edwin home.' She was crying.

"I sent a cablegram to America to the address that he had enclosed in his letters. It was undelivered.

"'Why not go to America and bring him home?' Lady de Vere Bruce asked.

"'And you?' I questioned in return.

"I shall go on that long-resolved visit to my brother in Ireland!"

"We left for Ireland together. I took the boat at Cobh, got sick at sea, and here I am, having done nothing."

"As I told you yesterday, Sir Charles, a search is being made for Edwin. Surprising that he has not been found, for there is definite word that he is in Chicago."

"How long from here?"

"Eighteen hours by train."

"Oh, yes," sadly; "eighteen hours after they find him."

Sir Charles' lips moved as if in prayer.

"And now?" Father Galven asked.

"I'm ready, Father. I can face the next world with more courage and hope and faith than I faced my entrance into the Church. What a fool I was to put it off so long. How happy I have been. Oh, what joy would be mine if my boy were now at my side. But, I see the distant scene. One step—tell Edwin when he comes. He shall come and—"

In a few minutes Sir Charles Bruce, fortified by the Holy Sacraments, was gathered to his fathers.

That was in the forenoon. At five minutes after five that afternoon, Edwin Bruce walked into that hospital briskly. He went immediately to the information desk in the main office.

"My father, Sir Charles Bruce, is a patient here, I believe, Sister?"

The Sister looked at him with piercing eyes. "Was," she said, hoping that her message would be understood.

Edwin shook his head, understandingly.

"At what hour?"

"Eight forty-five."

"May I see him now?"

"Oh, there's Father Galven." She raised her voice. "Father?"

He turned toward the Sister and then walked over to where she was standing.

"Father, this is Mr. Edwin Bruce."

They shook hands silently.

There Father Galven told Edwin Bruce, now Sir Edwin Bruce, the story of his father's conversion. Great tears rose in the eyes of that gallant soldier and fell unchecked. He, who had walked and fought through the agonies of war, with all its bitter suffering and sorrow, was overcome with emotion, for he realized now more than ever that he loved his father with a fine Catholic affection.

"May I see him now, Father?"

"Of course."

Tim, who had been standing a little to the side, had not heard what Father Galven had said to Sir Edwin Bruce.

"Come, Tim," Sir Edwin Bruce requested.

Down the long corridor they went, up to the second floor, and into a room. There Sir Charles Bruce lay in the deep shadows, two flickering candles the only light.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Bruce," Tim said sympathetically.

"Thank you, Tim." Then turning to Father Galven, he asked, "Was word sent to mother?"

"It was, about noon."

"I think I'd better send a cablegram at once, telling Mother I'm here."

The following evening Sir Edwin Bruce was on his mournful way home with all that remained of his beloved father. Standing on the deck, he gazed with filled eyes at the sky-line of New York City.

"Dear old United States," he said almost aloud, "you have been good to me. I will always think of you with a deeply grateful heart."

(To be continued.)

LABOR now a little, and thou shalt find great rest; yea, everlasting joy. If thou continue faithful and fervent in working, God will doubtless be faithful and liberal in rewarding.

—*Thomas à Kempis.*

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—The October selection of the Catholic Book Club is Christopher Hollis' "Erasmus," published by the Bruce Publishing Company. Price, \$2.25.

—The consultation room in the Vatican Library which was badly damaged when the ceiling collapsed in December, 1931, causing the death of five people, was reopened last week, we read in a dispatch to the *New York Times*, and is fully equipped with the latest American library materials.

—"Mother Seton," by The Reverend Joseph B. Code (The Paulist Press), is the story of the inner life of the saintly Foundress of Sisters of Charity in America. It is a life of exceptional holiness and patient suffering under the trials that are the common lot of the saints. It tells us also of the efforts of many in America to bring the cause of her sanctity to Rome for the official approval of the Church.

—The *New York Times* announces that the editorial staff of the "Historical Dictionary of American Slang," from 1860 to 1900 is now gathering material for its comprehensive work. In connection with the Dictionary, Mr. Faber, the editor, is bringing out the "American Word Lists," a bi-monthly publication of contemporary vocabularies containing slang, colloquial and dialectical words and expressions. It is the intention of the editor to publish fifty separate lists.

—The encyclicals of the Holy Father are written for the whole world. They deal with general conditions, and with general religious principles. But conditions in our country may differ in many respects from those of other countries. The problem then of applying the principles of the encyclicals to specific conditions may not be easy for the ordinary layman. To help with just this problem, the Reverend R. A. McGowan has written a booklet, "Towards Social Justice" (The Paulist Press). He takes up the teachings of the Encyclical of Pius XI, "Reconstructing the

Social Order," and applies them to America; discusses the National Recovery Act in the light of the principles of the Encyclical, and points out our duties to one another and to other nations. It is a scholarly treatment of the Encyclical by an expert in the field of economics and sociology. It should be an excellent text for study clubs in Catholic Action.

—"Osborne of Sing Sing" will be published by the University of North Carolina on October 28. This book was written by Frank Tannenbaum and has an introduction by Franklin D. Roosevelt. In the first four chapters of the work we find a description of the prison and of American prison life as it existed back in 1910. The rest of the volume is a denunciation of the existing penal system now in use in our prisons, and a description of the great fight made by the author, and the reforms he was able to secure.

—One of the forthcoming books in which many readers will be interested is "Ballads and Folk Songs of America," compiled by John A. Lomax. Mr. Lomax is an authority on American balladry, having travelled the entire country in search of representative songs out of the lives of the lumberjack, the miner, the cowboy, the hobo, the convict, the mountaineer, the Negro, etc. The words and music will be printed for each song selected, many of which will be entirely new to the reader. Price, \$2.50. To be published in October by the Macmillan Company.

—David Lloyd George in his recent "War Memoirs," published by Little, Browne & Company, removes the halo from the brow of Sir Edward Grey who was Foreign Secretary of England during the World War and endeavors to show that his silence was a sign of weakness rather than strength. The strongest men in history, he affirms, have never been silent, and he instances Clemenceau, Foch, Lenin, Mussolini, Theodore Roosevelt and Hitler, not to speak of Napoleon, who, he says, was often garrulous. "But Grey? His appeals to the raging nations were weak and un compelling,

and in the din he was barely heard—certainly not heeded. Had there been a Bismarck in Germany, a Palmerston or a Disraeli in Britain, a Roosevelt in America, or a Clemenceau in authority in Paris, the catastrophe might, and I believe would, have been averted. The ideal Foreign Secretary," he adds, "would be a cross between a recluse and a tramp,—between Sir Edward Grey and Mr. Ramsay MacDonald."

—Distinguished converts from the North of Ireland are rare enough to give special significance to a sketch entitled "The Dilemma of John Haughton Steele," by Joseph Darlington, S. J. This little book tells in an interesting and intimate way how John Haughton Steele, son of a headmaster of Portora Royal School and minister of the Church of Ireland, gradually studied his way into the Catholic Church where he was ordained, but died before he could preach his first sermon as a priest. Publishers, Burns, Oates, and Washbourne, London. Price, 2s. 6d.

—In the autobiography of Floyd Dell, which the author entitles "Home-coming," the following summary is given of events that took place in the year 1912: "The year 1912 was really an extraordinary year in America as well as in Europe. It was the year of the election of Wilson, a symptom of immense political discontent. It was a year of intense woman-suffragist activity. In the arts it marked a new era. Color was everywhere—even in neckties. The Lyric Year, published in New York, contained Edna St. Vincent Millay's 'Renaissance.' In Chicago, Harriet Monroe founded Poetry. Vachel Lindsay suddenly came into his own with 'General William Booth Enters into Heaven,' and commenced to give back to his land in magnificently chanted poetry its own barbaric music. 'Hindle Wakes' startled New York, as it was later to startle Chicago. The Irish Players came to America. It was then that plans were made for the Post-Impressionist show, which revolutionized American ideas of art. In Chicago, Maurice Brown started the Little Theatre. One could go on with the evidence of a new spirit come suddenly to birth in America."

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Send us the titles you select and the purchase price, plus 15c for postage, and we will have the books mailed to you at once.

"Life and Religion." Father James, O. M. Cap. \$1.75.

"John Henry Newman." Rev. J. Elliot Ross. \$2.75.

"Butler's Lives of the Saints." Thurston-Leeson. \$2.90, postpaid.

"The Forgotten God." Most Rev. Francis C. Kelly, D. D. \$1.50.

"The Mirror of the Blessed Virgin." St. Bonaventure. \$2.

"At the Feet of the Divine Master." Rev. Anthony Huonder, S. J. \$2.25.

"The Passion and Death of Our Lord Jesus Christ." Archbishop Goodier. \$3.

"Saint Anselm." Joseph Clayton, F. R. Hist. S. \$1.75.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Most Reverend William A. Hickey, D. D., Bishop of Providence, R. I.; Reverend J. S. Lindsman, diocese of Syracuse.

Brother Alphonse, C. S. C.

Mr. William F. Tappan, Mr. Patrick Crimmins, Miss Mary Crompton, Mr. Wilfred Gerlach, Mr. Herman Kamps, Mr. Arnold Bongers, Miss Minnie Bongers, Mary McGillan, Mr. Henry Mesan, Miss Mary Hartman, Mr. Russell Brown, Mr. Joseph Rieschl, Mr. George Kelly, Mr. Frank Klarner, Teresa Klarner, Mr. Wensel Hassmann, Maria Hassmann, Mrs. Frank Keogh, E. J. O'Brien, Mr. Carberry, Mr. Sisung, Mrs. J. H. Levens, Mr. J. H. Levens, Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Mangan, Mrs. Margaret Kerwin, Miss Clara C. Sieck, and Miss M. Connolly.

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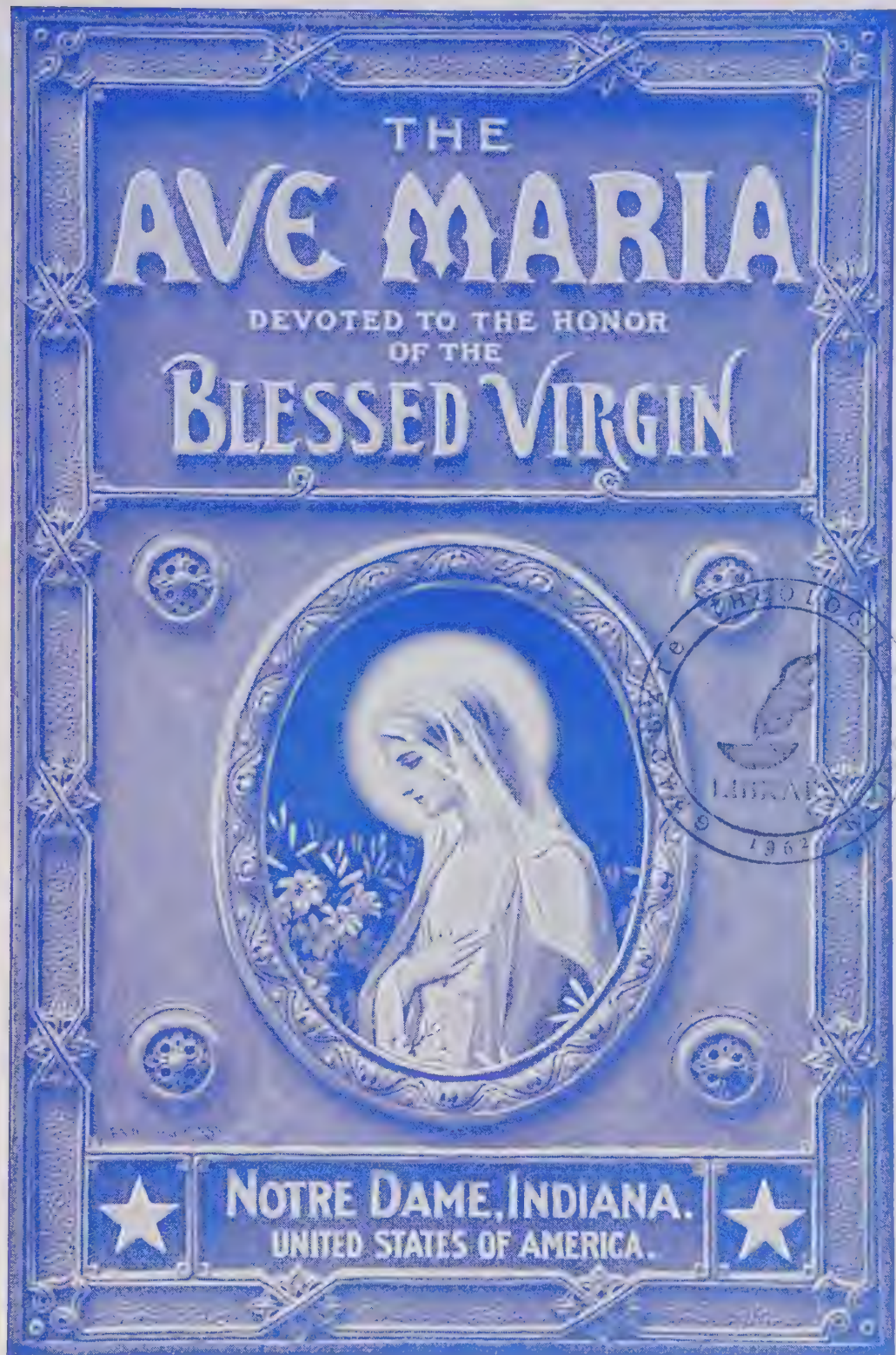
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CALENDAR OF THE WEEK

NOVEMBER.

SATURDAY, 4.—St. Charles Borromeo, Confessor.
 SUNDAY, 5.—Twenty-second after Pentecost. St. Bertille, Abbess.
 MONDAY, 6.—St. Leonard, Abbot. St. Severus, Bp. M.
 TUESDAY, 7.—St. Willibrord, Bishop and Confessor.
 WEDNESDAY, 8.—St. Maurus, Bp. St. Willehad, C.
 THURSDAY, 9.—Dedication of the Lateran Basilica.
 FRIDAY, 10.—St. Andrew Avellino, Confessor.
 SATURDAY, 11.—St. Martin of Tours, Bishop.

Blessed is the man that heareth me and that watcheth daily at my gates.—PROVERBS viii, 34.



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THE DREAM OF THE VIRGIN
(Elizabeth Sonrel)



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, 1, 48.

Vol. XXXVIII. (New Series.) NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, NOVEMBER 4, 1933.

No. 19.

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Thorns.

BY SISTER M. GENOVEVA, C. S. C.

TO speak with God, a mountain glen he sought.
Though deep his trust, he pondered in his heart
Why pain in God's all-loving plan has part;
And as he strove to set aside the thought
A shepherd's call he heard, with trouble fraught;
A straying lamb, he tried with gentle art
To lure. Over the crag with sudden dart
It frisked, but there upon a thorn bush caught.

The shepherd lifted gently in his arms
The frightened lamb, with pity for its pain,
With joy that it was saved from greater harms.
And he who questioned, read His answer plain:
When nothing else a soul from death can keep,
Entangling thorns may save it from the steep.

The Impoverishment of Literature.

BY STANLEY B. JAMES.

A CONVERT from Anglicanism remarked to me the other day with reference to the religion she had forsaken, "There wasn't enough of it." That conveys, with all the charming simplicity of the unsophisticated, what many learned tomes have tried to say and have failed to say. For what was the Reformation, after all, but the emasculation of Christianity? What strikes one in the amended version is its thinness. It is insubstantial, attenuated. We miss in it the robust certainty and the rich variety with which we are familiar in our own religion. The teaching carries no authoritative force and is,

besides, incoherent and indefinite. The secret has been lost, we feel, of dynamic energy and recuperative power. Decorum has taken the place of devotional passion. Instead of heroic sanctity we find a respectable piety and a type of character whose virtues are negative rather than positive. The supernatural has faded out, leaving only the husk of things. A certain assumed heartiness and emphasis on this-world values does but veil the inner emptiness. Corresponding to this interior impoverishment is an exterior loss. Catholicism has been shorn of those observances and ceremonies which enable it to influence our sensuous life and to form a part of our daily existence as a visible and ordered thing. Such rites as remain are but pallid imitations of the original.

The type of religion referred to by my acquaintance reminds us of those restaurants which cater for people desiring "light meals," but are totally inadequate for hungry men. It takes a great deal to satisfy an awakened human nature. The prodigal who has been living on the husks of this world craves the abundance of divine hospitality. He cries out for a religion that can be, not merely a polite acknowledgment of God, but all in all. A royal effulgence must characterize the régime that welcomes him. Meat, wine, the new robe and shoes, a ring for his finger—accompanied by music and dancing,—only these can meet the demands of his famished nature. For man is the meeting-point of heaven and earth. He is a

microcosm of the universe. In him the plenitude of creative power reached its climax. Such a being needs a Church which faithfully mediates the mercies of a wealthy God. And these (to speak bluntly) are lacking in such revised versions of the Old Religion as Anglicanism. In the language of the convert I have quoted, "there is not enough of it."

This impoverishment will make itself felt in the civilization to which a "reformed" Christianity gives rise. If what we have said be true, the culture of those peoples which accepted the Reformation will become increasingly thin and unsatisfying, incapable of nourishing robust personalities. And this is precisely what we do find. The task of examining from this standpoint the whole cultural sphere is obviously too great for the space at our command. We must leave such undertakings for a writer like Christopher Dawson who, drawing on large stores of erudition and writing with a rare breadth of vision and in a spirit of calm detachment, has demonstrated the close connection between the character of a religion and the type of culture to which it gives rise.

Let anyone interested in the subject turn to "Progress and Religion," "The Making of Europe," and the more recently published essays collected under the general title, "Enquiries into Religion and Culture," all by the writer mentioned; and he will be in no doubt as to the legitimacy of the assertion made. For the present, however, I content myself with a brief examination of the impoverishing effect of the change in religion on literature.

Catholic critics have confined themselves largely to noting the tendency toward sexual license in the writing of to-day. This, however, is but a symptom. It is not the disease itself, only the index of that disease. What is really the matter with the authors in question is

a spiritual emptiness for which they seek compensation by dabbling in physical passion, as a feeble speaker may make up for lack of matter by windy rhetoric and stentorian tones. The type of poet, dramatist or novelist I have in mind imagines that his realism indicates a robust temper; what it really indicates is an impoverishment of spirit. It is to this impoverishment that the critic should direct his attention. The thinness of modern literature is a more serious thing than occasional obscenity, and often exists where such obscenity is absent.

As to the existence of this disease and its connection with changes in the religious sphere I do not think there can be any doubt. I cannot do better in this connection than quote one who is not a Catholic but whose sanity as a literary critic is generally acknowledged. Writing in the *Atlantic Monthly* a few years ago, Mr. Robert Lynd thus summed up his impressions; "Many modern novelists," he wrote, "devote themselves entirely to the description of surrounding impressions. They are content to observe rather than to imagine; and as we read in their realistic novels about some uninteresting young man or woman in revolt against the uninteresting atmosphere of an uninteresting home, we feel the world growing emptier. Life at its best in such novels is a Canterbury pilgrimage without Canterbury, and with the fun left out.

"The aridity of most realistic—or, as it might be called, materialistic—fiction, I believe, is largely due to the fact that the realistic novelists are convinced that the world has outgrown Canterbury. Possibly it has, as it has outgrown Olympus. However, as Homer could not have written the 'Iliad' without Olympus in the background, and Chaucer could not have written 'The Canterbury Tales' without Canterbury in the background, so, in my opinion, a religious background, either expressed or implied, will

always be necessary to the production of great literature."

Now let us see with somewhat more definiteness what we mean when we speak of the thinness and emptiness of modern literature and how this is related to the impoverishment of religion already described.

"The whole of modernism," says an acute critic, "is an attempt to obliterate distinctions—to discover similarity and unity everywhere. All men are equal, men are the same as women, good is the same as evil, free-will does not exist, catastrophe has no place in the universe, and everything is gradually evolved." In the work of no writer is this criticism better illustrated than in that of Mr. Bernard Shaw, and it will be found that, in thus emptying life of its meaning and erasing its distinctions, Shaw has fatally impoverished the sphere in which he is supposed to be a master. His brilliance is that of a destructive fire which may present a fine spectacle but is to be judged when the flames have died down and there remain only the charred remains of what was once a noble building. If the teaching of this writer were accepted, an enduring literature would be made impossible, for the vitality of literature depends on a wide gamut of emotion and thought. But if life be reduced to a dead level of materialistic uniformity, poets, dramatists and novelists can only harp monotonously on one string. There will be in this case no conflict to set up vibrations, no dramatic, catastrophic events, no surprises to stimulate interest, no mystery to awaken wonder and no transcendent authority to provoke awe.

All those notes which give such depth to the Bible, considered as literature, would be rendered dumb. Despite Shaw's patronizing admiration for them, the Scriptures depend for their literary effect on contrasts and conflicts which his philosophy would abolish. And when we speak of the

Bible we must be understood to include those innumerable books which its influence has made possible. We can scarcely conceive how flat, dull and uninteresting life (and consequently literature) would become if this communistic puritan had his way. It is the glory of Shakespeare, for instance, to present us with an infinite variety of men and women, and it is in their reactions upon one another that the vitality of his plays is found. Here are saints and sinners, kings and subjects, men and women; and it is the tangled maze of their differences which makes the pattern of tragedy and comedy. If between saints and sinners, lords and servants, male and female, there are no deep and abiding differences, all that richly woven texture becomes a dull sameness. Impoverishment is too mild a word to use of the process which would lead to this result.

But, of course, the fundamental issue, that which gives our existence its poignancy is the cleavage which sin has created between God and Man. Milton found in the story of sin's advent into the world the theme which could most inspire his great genius. But if this tragic fact be regarded as a fable, then the Miltonic organ becomes dumb. The recognition of the fact of sin in the Hebraic and Christian sense is one of the things which has made our literature so much more profound than that of paganism. Even in writers not distinctively religious it supplies the shadow without which the light would be ineffective. "Literature to-day," wrote Professor Babbitt, "is less noble than the literature of Shakespeare, partly, we think, because men have lost the sense of sin." Deny free-will, deny the responsibility of the creature to the Creator, and there is left you only a number of insignificant mortals with their petty quarrels and amours, and even these are diminished if the Shavian philosophy be applied and dividing lines between man and man are erased.

With the obscuring of the sense of sin goes the loss of appreciation for the fact of Redemption. If it be asked what connection there can be between this and the condition of literature, the answer is very clear, at least so far as concerns one important branch of letters. If we trace the history of drama in the Western World back to its sources we shall find it rooted in the Mass—that Rite wherein is perpetuated the Holy Sacrifice of God for man. It was out of the enacting of this Sacred Mystery that sprang the beginnings of the playwright's art. Gradually under this inspiration the Miracle and Morality plays of the Middle Ages took shape, and it was these which laid the foundation of the modern theater, little as that theater may bear witness to its origin.

It was the tremendous drama of the Cross which most deeply and permanently stirred the sluggish imagination of our Christian ancestors. They found a satisfying joy in merely repeating its main outlines on their crude stages. For them it was so infinitely significant that, like children, they were content to have it repeated again and again. Slowly it gathered about it other than religious elements. Human pathos and humor entered into the telling of the Story, and so was established the basis on which Shakespeare and his contemporaries could work. Without that stimulus to worship, love, penitence and grateful praise, how incalculably poorer the emotional and imaginative life of the Western World would have been! No wonder that neglect of the Mass and forgetfulness of the Redemption to which it bears witness have meant the impoverishment of literature!

Obscuration of the tragedy of sin led inevitably to an impairing of the sense of comedy, for these two things are inextricably bound up together. Tears and laughter, as our proverb tells us, are

closely related. It was Christianity which raised comedy to its noblest heights. To understand what those heights are we must understand the word in the sense given it by Dante, who called his great poem "The Divine Comedy." The term, in that connection, strikes us now as strange. But his meaning was clear. It indicated a story which ended blissfully.

In all literature there is no account of blessedness like that to be found in the "Paradiso." But to appreciate it fully the reader must come to it out of the wistful suffering of the "Purgatorio" and the hopeless torture of the damned in the circles of the "Hell." Then, as we enter into the blaze of divine glory and look upon the dazzling beauty of tier on tier of the Blessed, we catch a glimpse of the joy which is prepared for home-coming pilgrims; a joy, which, as we think of the release from sin and mortality they experience, may be not inaptly described as being, like the festivities which welcomed the Prodigal Son, a holy merriment.

But such ecstatic blessedness is impossible under any materialistic conception of the Universe. It is possible only in the Christian scheme of things. Blot out this vision of Heaven and there dies with it that clean mirth, that joyful confidence in a happy ending which is the inspiration of poets like Chaucer. For comedy in the best sense, for comedy as it is exemplified in "The Canterbury Pilgrims" you must have that for which Canterbury, in those days, stood. You must have the Catholic Faith. Otherwise your humor will turn to the sourness of cynicism. Geniality will lose its warmth. Charity will cease to pardon and grow hard in an unforgiving censoriousness, or caustically satirical at the expense of poor human nature. For charity is the salt of comedy and charity is the sister of faith.

Modern literature has all but lost the

gift of real humor. It can sneer and giggle. Now and again it can chuckle. Innuendoes can stir it to mirth. Wit can cause it to smile wearily. But the robust laughter of an earlier age is no longer heard. And that is because unbelief, emptying life of its meaning, has, in the process, impoverished literature, reducing it to but a thin shadow of the noble craft once professed by Chaucer, Dante and Cervantes.

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Carolina Abdicates.

• BY ESTHER W. NEILL.

XIX.—THE HUNT FOR JOY.

CAROLINA, hearing that Eduard and Tony had actually set up housekeeping by installing an electric stove in one of the back rooms and engaging old Tonita to prepare their simple meals, repented of the stormy scene that she had staged upon the stairs the night of the fatal accident.

Reports of Tony's beauty, his gentlemanly behavior, his general inoffensiveness, his affection for Eduard had penetrated to the sacred precincts of Carolina's own boudoir. Her hairdresser had told her some tragic stories—short anecdotes enlarged and interpreted by Marie Antoinette—and these pitiful experiences seemed to place Tony in a position where he could share Carolina's grievances against one who had made both Eduard and himself suffer so needlessly.

Doctor Savarin, returned from his trip to Havana, rejuvenated by his long rest and enthusiastic over a country that did not deprive a man of "good liquor," espoused Tony's cause at once and declared that the boy was entitled to "a fair deal" since his own father had been a "gentleman"—the son of a distinguished Italian officer killed in the World War,—one of the most talented

and brilliant students that had ever attended Cornell's Medical School. He had heard all this on the steamer from a New York doctor who had taught Tony's father and who had recalled the young man's untimely death as a strange coincidence, when he read the newspaper account of the second automobile accident that had left Tony an orphan.

"You ought to have some heart, Carolina, for such a lonely child," he told her bluntly. "Eduard as the boy's godfather really has some responsibility since he promised to look out for him, and there are no blood relatives about. You forget that for two years they lived together and that they are both devoted to each other. Eduard won't come back, unless you ask him to come and agree to accept the boy. He is as pig-headed as you are. You ought to have more patience with each other. You're a pair,—a stubborn pair."

"I was beside myself the night he came home and told me of the accident," she explained crossly. "You know I've always had a frightful temper. The mere mention of that woman, who ruined his life, always made me blind with rage. Eduard should have known that it was only my affection for him."

The old doctor had arisen to go. He turned in the doorway. "You should talk less about hate and more about love," he said; "you are your own worst enemy, Carolina. These emotional sprees are bad for your heart—very bad. Young people are not as tolerant as they used to be. They won't stand for moods and for tantrums; they don't want to make allowances even for their grandmothers. If you want Eduard back, you will have to ask him to come. He thinks you ordered him out, and so he won't come back until you ask him."

"I'll think about it," she said, unwilling to surrender at once. "I'll have to acknowledge that I have been very lonely. Even Marie Antoinette has given

me up. She spends all her time amusing that boy."

"They are both learning to play," he said. "Poor children! They have seen so much sorrow that they have both had to learn to play."

The old doctor had not been gone five minutes before she went to her carved rose-wood desk and began a long letter to Eduard, trying to explain that he had mistaken her motives. Her affection for him had led her to believe that he was sacrificing himself in sheltering the child. She had not understood that he had grown fond of his stepson. Would he come back if she would agree to give a home to the boy?

Her excuses were not very convincing, but Eduard ignored their flimsiness. He had been waiting anxiously for some sign of amity from her that would bridge this unpleasant breach between them, so he no sooner received her note than he stepped into his yellow-painted roadster and went speeding up the hill to answer it in person.

She was in the library, trying to take her usual nap after luncheon, but she was too excited to sleep. Eduard, knowing her habits, showed his eagerness for a prompt reconciliation by leaping over the low railing of the porch, and entering by the casement window, he knelt down beside her chair and took her in his arms.

"Calm again, Miss Carrie?" he said, with his old boyish impudence. "Life is too short to fight. You and I seem to have no end of rows."

She was startled by his sudden appearance; she put up one blue-veined hand and stroked his heavy hair. "They have got to end," she said. "I'm an old woman, Eduard, and you should be more tolerant with my temper. I'm going to appoint you my physician, and then you can regard all my outbursts as hysterical symptoms. You will have to bear with me like you would with any other unreasonable patient."

"Then you are willing to acknowledge that you were unreasonable?" he suggested, smiling.

"Well, I suppose so. I sent for you to say something of the kind. I've been thinking of that night and I am really ashamed of myself. I didn't quite realize all you had been through: the strain, the shock,—operating on that man. It was a noble effort to try to save his life, no matter how it ended. I should have understood. It was like hitting you when you were down to scold you, to order you out of the house. It was despicable."

"Don't, don't go on, Miss Carrie," he pleaded. "I worked in a strange apathy. The mind only seems to stand so much, and then—"

"Then?" She repeated the word to encourage his confidence. Now that he was home and she was secure in his arms she felt that their misunderstandings were at an end. He might be willing to talk to her with more freedom. Since his wife was dead he could mourn her loss with less bitterness. He could no longer be haunted by vague hopes of a deferred repentance. Death would soften even the memory of her careless indifference to his love and tenderness, her faithless conspiracy to leave him. Carolina had always hesitated to question him before, but she knew that in the months of his slow convalescence he had emerged from his first despair and that he had struggled determinedly for some philosophy of forgetfulness. How far he had preserved his peace in this last crisis she did not know, and she had been consumed with anxiety to find out.

"And then?" she said again.

"He reaches rock bottom," he answered, and his lips were set. "Rocks don't feel. I've seen the same thing happen to other men when they are mortally wounded,—they don't feel. If I had only been old enough to go into the World War—I've always regretted that I wasn't old enough—a merciful bomb

might have carried me off, and then I would have been completely finished instead of just living on, a ghost of a man, bringing no end of trouble to you."

"Don't say that," she entreated gently. "You are so young, Eduard. You must have the courage to come back to life. Even wounded men are cured of their wounds and come back."

"But ghosts are different, Miss Carrie. You can run sword blades through them and they do not feel. If hope and joy and love and fear have passed from a man, he can no longer be hurt."

"My poor boy," she said, and there were tears in her tired eyes. "I have experienced many trials, but I have never felt like that. The joy of life has indeed passed away when one can no longer be hurt."

"Yes," he agreed. "But one can live without joy."

"I am not so sure," she said reflectively. "Joy is the tonic that makes life worth while; it gives both health and strength. We shall have to find it again. Come home to me and we shall find it."

The room was very still. In the scarlet trumpet vines that cast a faint tracery of shadow across the window, humming birds and bees were busy darting in and out of these yawning tunnels of bloom, finding hidden treasures of honey and proclaiming their triumphs in a whirring, buzzing sound that seemed to accentuate the silence. Then Eduard said,

"And where are you going to look for this joy, Miss Carrie?"

"I don't know exactly, but we will find it in the end."

"Then, let's go away," he said with new purpose in his voice. "I haven't any faith in finding it here. It may be like chasing to the end of the rainbow, but I would like to go away. I have about decided to go away."

"When?" she asked, alarmed at the thought of another parting. "When, Eduard?"

He drew closer to her side and kissed her on her smooth white forehead. "I'm asking you to go with me," he said.

"But where?"

"Europe—I was thinking of Europe."

"Why, Eduard?" and her mind reverted to Cy Munster's threats. "Why do you want to go to Europe?"

She was watching him narrowly. There was a dreamy look in his eyes as if his thoughts had wandered far away from the village. She was sure that Cy Munster had not approached him. Her counter threats had checkmated his blundering attempt at blackmail. She had sent him away in fear of her enmity. She felt that she could depend upon the certainty of his silence. There was no reason why she should tell Eduard of his visit.

"Why do you want to go to Europe?" she asked again.

"Well, you may smile at the reason. I've had so much time to think lately. On that journey to New York I had too much time to think. Since my own life seems finished, I thought—I thought—I might try to make it a little more bearable for other men. I've been haunted by the thought of Joe Bangué's legs—I didn't seem able to get away from them."

"Joe Bangué's legs?" she repeated in bewilderment.

"Well, of course, that sounds a bit mad, Miss Carrie, but I've come to the conclusion that a man never knows what sort of foolish outside fact is going to force his decisions. I'd like to straighten out Joe Bangué's legs and I don't know how. You see, I would like to learn how."

She did not speak for several moments. Her eyes were fixed upon a certain spot in the chairboard where a small, uneven hole had been, and her mind drifted back through the years to that beady-eyed little mouse that had seemed to lure her into marriage.

"Yes, yes," she said with sympathetic

understanding. "One never knows the force of trifling facts. They lead us on half the time without our knowledge. They have always led me on."

"Well, of course, Joe Bangué's legs are not exactly trifles. Not to him at any rate. But, they set me thinking. I like Joe,—we've gotten quite chummy over the gasoline pump. You know he was engaged to Alicia Pictou, and she eloped with a travelling salesman. Joe says he couldn't blame her. No girl would want to marry a deformed man. I'd like to straighten him out, if I knew more. I believe a good surgeon could straighten him out, so that when he meets another Alicia he could marry her and settle down and be happy. I thought I would like to go to Berlin, or Vienna, and study under some of those famous specialists that I have been reading about. I'd like to get into one of the big hospitals where they are trying to rebuild the wounded men. I've always had a sort of flair for surgery. Since you and Doctor Savarin plotted and planned that little office for me I've sort of waked up to the fact that I might do some useful work in the world. I was all for quitting, you know. Now—now I'm on my way. Thought you might like to go with me. You might play around Paris with some of your ancient royalists. Start another war restoring the empire, or some little thing like that, while I study my head off. Be a good sport, Miss Carrie. You don't think anything of a trip to Europe, you've been over so many times. Travelling is made so easy now. I'm really very fond of you; you are all I have left. We both have outrageous tempers, but I promise you that we won't quarrel on the boat, for, if I leave you then, there won't be any place to go except overboard. Be a good sport and come."

Her arms were around him and her eyes were full of tears. He had never seen her in such a softened mood.

"And the boy?" she said hesitatingly,

fearing that the question would halt his treasured confidences by arousing memories of his last unpleasant interview. But with characteristic directness she felt that she must know what his plans were for the child.

"I'm taking him with me. I'm going to put him in a good school in Switzerland; the one you sent me to so many years ago. I was happy there. He needs the companionship of other boys. He's frail, he needs outdoor sports. He won't be a burden to you on the boat, I promise you. The stewardess will look out for him. You pack up to-morrow, Miss Carrie, and we'll sail on Saturday."

"Saturday?"

"And why not? Since we have both made up our minds, why wait and worry?"

"I have not made up my mind," she insisted, but there was weakness in her words.

"Of course you have."

"How do you know?"

"I see it in your eyes. They are sparkling at the thought of adventure."

"Adventure?"

"Of course. Every sea trip is an adventure: may sink in a stormy ocean; get rammed amidship; meet a tidal wave; get punctured by an iceberg; maybe washed overboard;—anything can happen. You are not meant for the peace and quiet of country life. You're bored stiff by it. Let's start out together and look for this joy that you talk about so glibly. You are all I have left, and I don't want to put the Atlantic between us, so let's get underway."

She held his young face close to hers, stirred to unexpected happiness by his claim of possession.

"You really want me to go with you?" she said. There was so much humility and doubt in the question that he laughed aloud.

"Good Lord! Miss Carrie, don't abandon your Queen of Sheba attitude. It makes me fear for your health and

your spirit. Of course I want you,—I've decided that I can't put an ocean between me and all I have left. The trip will take ten years off your life. You can't grow old. The village will have to put in its curbstones without you. I need you near me. Pack a few clothes in a dress-suit case, and when you reach Paris you can go on a shopping orgy. I've made up your mind for you,—I'll telegraph and engage passage at once."

(To be continued.)

The Divine Rag Picker.*

BY THOMAS A. LAHEY, C. S. C.

II.

FINALLY a climax came which made a profound change in her life at the same time that it demonstrated in a most remarkable way what a bond of affection had grown up between this good woman and her wayward charges. In 1848 popular dissatisfaction with the government finally boiled over into a revolution. One of the first acts of the blood-thirsty mob was to make a rush for St. Lazare. Doors were smashed, warders killed, and part of the prison put to the torch. Indeed everything was in confusion, with inmates as well as guards fleeing from the fury of the revolutionists. Only one person in the entire institution remained calm and that was the *Bonne Mère*, the "Good Mother," as the prisoners had long ago learned to call her.

She alone stood her ground challenging, as it were, the right of this rabble to break into her domain. Her bravery, however, almost proved to be her undoing. Suddenly a frenzied plunderer rushed toward her gun in hand and eyes ablaze with fanatical anticipation. Then it was that the beautiful affection of those whom she had befriended came

to her rescue. One of the inmates, who had been watching from a safe distance, suddenly saw the danger which threatened her beloved mistress. With a cry of terror she seized a prison uniform and rushing up threw it over the shoulders of the *Bonne Mère*. "Do not harm her, do not harm her!" she pleaded. "She is one of us!"

Teresa must have experienced some of the same feeling that Our Lord Himself felt on a similar occasion when He stood before the multitude of His own day wearing a garment of shame about His shoulders. She did not reject it however as one of her frail nature might have been expected to do. To her the uniform of her children had long ago become as a garment of light, disgraceful though it might be to the eyes of the world. She had seen so many Calvaries scaled with that rude uniform upon the shoulders of the sanctified that somehow it began to reflect something of the sacredness of that other sign of shame which has since become the Christian's badge of triumph—the Cross of the Saviour.

She did not shrink from that uniform therefore nor did she seek to hide under it as the crowd surged about her. She wore it as a warrior might wear the insignia of his knighthood—proudly, defiantly. Indeed she was entirely too well known to the membership of that mob to expect concealment from that faded uniform. Nor did she desire it. She was the guardian, the protector of these weak children of the street. Her place was in front of the guns and the knives which invaded her retreat. The mob must have sensed that devotion and admired her for it, for they not only spared her life but gradually withdrew leaving her once more in peaceful possession of her prison home.

Unfortunately, however, the damage had already been done so far as the discipline of her establishment was concerned. Many of the less reliable inmates

* Most of the facts of this narrative are taken from the English translation of the Life of Reverend Mother Chupin by P. Mortier, under the title of "*Bonne Mère*."

had taken advantage of the broken gates and the general confusion to escape with the mob. The remainder were either too frightened to listen to reason or too inoculated with the general restlessness to pay any attention to the efforts being made to restore order. Outside on the streets the general rioting continued with a noise and fury which gradually transmitted itself to the terrified inmates. Excitement ran high. There was danger that, losing their heads, they would break through all restraints and become like the wild beasts in human form that were roaming the streets. Teresa decided that something must be done. She had herself bled and then, pale and wan-looking from the ordeal, appeared before her charges. Her pleas were in vain. For the first time in twelve long years there was no response to her words.

The little leader was not beaten however. She decided that only heroic measures would work now that their heads were on fire with the insanity of their surroundings. Then the inspiration came. With one sweep of her hand she tore the bandage from her arm so that the blood spurted from her vein like a purple rocket. The effect was magnetic. An awful silence descended upon the prison mob, a silence which continued long after the flow of blood was stopped and the unconscious form of their good friend had been carried to the hospital quarters.

In the cold light of reason Teresa's act may be subject to censure, but there can be no question about her heroism or the sincerity of her purpose or the success of her venture. The concern of the poor creatures for the life of their beloved directress so mollified their previous restlessness that they allowed themselves to be peacefully confined to their various quarters where they were kept until quiet was restored. As events turned out, however, Teresa was no

longer to be worried about problems of prison discipline. The restoration of peace brought out such a sympathetic attitude towards the question of prison reform that in a very short time a decree went forth putting the prison of St. Lazare definitely under the supervision of nuns.

That move gave Teresa the opportunity for which she had been yearning, the opportunity of helping her reformed children outside of the walls in their fight for respectability. She did not begin at once however. She wanted a little time to breathe and to make her plans. In the meanwhile, to keep her hard in as it were, she rented a tiny place with some of the pension with which the Government graciously rewarded her and began to teach the catechism to such children as she could pick up here and there. But the old girls of St. Lazare did not propose to lose her so easily. They pursued her with their petitions, finally surrounding her upon the street one day and demanding a promise that she would start a house for their protection.

It was characteristic of Teresa that she should go to the Blessed Virgin with her project just as she did in the old days preceding St. Lazare. On one such occasion as she was enumerating for the benefit of Our Lady just what she would need in order to get started, she distinctly heard a voice saying, "Begin, and I will help you." In her early and less experienced days Teresa would undoubtedly have gone to her confessor for some professional advice as to the reality of these words. Not at this stage of her career, however.

This little woman had drawn too often on the treasury of God's goodness to have any illusions about the reality of that assistance. In fact she had learned to lean so much on our Blessed Lady, who originally sponsored her undertaking, that she began to look

upon her as a sort of silent partner in this work of rescuing fallen women. She did not go into an ecstasy therefore over the wonder of this manifestation, but immediately laid down as shrewd and as cold-blooded a counter proposal as was ever passed over a conference table. It was as if she had said, "Very well. It's a bargain. I will start out immediately as you command, but I'm going to hold you responsible for your part in the work also." Actually her words were: "You are the foundress of this work; St. Anne will be the Directress; St. Joseph will be the treasurer."

We do not know just what the heavenly reaction was when these orders came from the earnest little prison worker down below; but if results mean anything the organization began to function at once. Two applications came in almost immediately, while just a few days later even the imperturbable Teresa herself was shaken to her sturdy heels when a hardened old sinner put into her hands the seventy-seven francs which he had stubbornly refused to pay during a period of over almost nineteen years. That was only the beginning however. In less than two weeks seventeen refugees of all sizes and ages almost crowded Teresa herself out of the little flat which she had rented as her first foundation.

The experience of those first weeks seemed to be strangely prophetic of what was to come. Teresa and her little flock seemed to be always in want, always on the point of being crowded out of their various habitations, but always at the last moment with enough good food to go around and with a corner for an extra bed. Of course the little General could be depended on for that. With a wizardry all her own she managed to make two inches of space appear where only one existed before by turning her flat into a workroom by day and a dormitory by night.

Getting food wasn't always so easy, but somehow Teresa generally managed that also. She knew just where to get the nicest remnants of meat and bread for almost nothing—and if money failed, there were always the pawnshops. What a picture she must have made with those shrewd old faces peering at her over the counter as she bargained for an extra sou on some keepsake or other not too valuable even in its best days. When even these efforts failed her, Teresa never grew discouraged. There were always the officers of her association to draw on—Our Blessed Lady, St. Anne and St. Joseph.

It must be admitted that Teresa never made any special demands for support until all human measures had failed. But when she made them, she did so with such calm insistence as could come only from an absolute assurance of the obligation of her heavenly partners. And the results of her prayers usually justified that belief. Once for example she and her girls were entirely without food for their evening meal. After Teresa had vainly tried all the usual devices, she calmly assembled her charges for prayer, telling them at its conclusion to go to bed quietly and to wait there until she should call them. A short time later the door bell rang announcing a gift of over sixty francs to be used in any way the Directress saw fit. Apparently St. Joseph, the treasurer, was already at work.

On another occasion when a rush order had come in for some sewing, which would probably take all night, it was suddenly discovered that there was no oil in the lamps with practically no money in the house with which to buy more. Once again Teresa presumed on her rights as a charter member of the organization. She simply ordered that the lamps be filled with water and that the work go on as usual. It is a significant fact that the sewing was delivered

at the exact hour required the next morning.

Other illustrations of supernatural intervention might be mentioned as, for example, the inevitable donation which always seemed to appear when a newer and bigger house became necessary, or, that extraordinary occasion when the ciborium was miraculously renewed for a period of time when the little family was forced by circumstances to be content with Communion without benefit of Mass.

Generally however Teresa did not have to depend on miraculous intervention to keep her institution intact. Human hands were not wanting in the hour of need. Cardinal Marlot, for example, was forever helping as were the Prince and Princess de Beauveau, the Duchesse d'Alençon, the Duc de Basseno, the Baron Zangiacomi, the Vicomte de Melun, Monsieur Keller, the Marquise de Lilliers, not to mention some very important if indirect assistance from the Emperor and Empress. The theatrical profession too, sent in contributions by way of its most distinguished talent whenever entertainments were conducted for her benefit. Nor was the literary world idle in the midst of this competition. Such well known writers as Louis Veuillot, Maxime de Camp, Henry Bordeaux, etc., enlisted their pens enthusiastically in her cause. Indeed she was even at one time made the central figure of the most widely circulated novels of the day.

It was particularly to this literary support that Teresa owed that growing appreciation which the public began to show towards her work. The fame of the authors of course added to the weight of their testimony, but above everything else it was the facts which they were able to present about Teresa and her work which fired the public admiration. In the original institution for instance there was ordinarily no fire

in cold weather, no furniture except some rude benches plus a few clumsy mattresses, and just enough food to go around. Yet the girls continued to flock there and strangely enough to remain there in spite of the discomforts which they were almost sure to encounter.

Anyone or all of the inmates were free to leave at any time if they so desired, but few of them ever did; and, of those few, the greater number were more than glad to return. That was the thing about Teresa's work that her literary friends never forgot. Hers was apparently an institution without doors, yet made almost escape-proof by the sweetness of the presence which dwelled therein. Naturally these writers one after another advertised this missionary center to the far corners of Paris with the result that Teresa got many a franc from people whom she had never even seen.

Perhaps the most unexpected and most astounding of all these converts to her work, however, was no less a personage than the notorious Alexandre Dumas, *fils* . It was no accident that his name was listed among Teresa's helpers. Certainly it was not his doing, at least not in the beginning. He would probably have been one of the very last men in Europe to have allowed himself, to be allied with such a cause had the situation rested entirely with himself. But it did not. There was the will of a little woman concerned, a woman who was used to doing things in her own way.

According to Dumas' own confession, Teresa had probably heard of his name in the first place from some of the poor creatures whose ruin had been hastened by the type of literature which commonly came from his pen. That was all that was necessary to stir the fighting spirit of this little Napoleon of the slums. This man by his writings had contributed to the downfall of her children. Very well then, it was only fair that he

should make the amend honorable by helping in their rescue. We may be sure that Teresa did not ponder long over that brilliant idea. In her life there was only one method of procedure between resolution and action, and that method was embodied in the old mathematical formula that a straight line is the shortest distance between two points. There were to be no round-about methods. She herself would go straight to this man and tell him his faults in addition to the reparation he ought to make. And of course she did.

One day the notorious novelist was almost swept from his feet by the announcement that Teresa, of all persons, was waiting to see him in the parlor. That shock was nothing, however, compared to what he got when the little generalissimo politely but firmly and to the point read her riot act to his literary majesty. To a less courageous attack Dumas might have replied with a sneer; but in this case he could not refrain from admiration, although he did not give up without argument.

"You might as well try to empty a leaking ship with a soup ladle!" he said, referring to the constantly increasing numbers of these unfortunate creatures.

"Even if we only save a few!" she begged. And then, eager to gain the assistance of this man whose influence was so powerful in spite of his viciousness, she showed him her proof.

"With touching good faith," he tells us, "Mademoiselle Chupin showed me the results that had been obtained. Since the beginning of the Institute 1109 girls had been received: six had been baptized; forty-one admitted to their First Communion; ninety-two confirmed; 230 reconciled to their people; 106 placed in respectable situations; seventy-five suitably married. . . ."

Of course, there was only one answer. Alexandre Dumas, after all, had a heart in his body. Shameless though he was

in his writing, he became at once an Apostle of the Refuge. One article after another came from his pen telling of Teresa's work and begging for help particularly from the rich and the opulent among whom his writings circulated largely. Not content with these individual efforts, he later collected his productions into an interesting pamphlet entitled "Repentant Magdalens" which quickly ran through two editions. We have space only to quote a few lines from his offerings, but by means of them the reader will observe how thoroughly he entered into the penance imposed upon him by his self-constituted little tyrant.

"I do not want to tell you," he writes, "that all these conversions are accomplished without upheavals, without a struggle, without drama. . . . The door stands open: nothing keeps these girls there. . . . Why do they stay? A gentle word, a melting look, have worked this miracle. It is very rare, almost unheard of, that any of these refugees have ever left the Refuge to return to their past life; and here one has the opportunity, if one cares, to study things as they are, to study the admirable faculty which a woman has for transformation. Before ever they have worn out the dress in which they presented themselves at the Refuge, these degraded, debased, numbered and marked creatures have become children again. Coarse words still rise to their lips for a time, then they are hastily suppressed. Their voices cease to be harsh, their eyes begin to look straight at things, their complexion becomes smoother, the tension of their nerves relaxes . . . tears rise to their eyes, the interior devil takes his flight, and the soul comes into her own again."

The resulting attachment which these poor creatures gradually acquired towards their crowded little residence and their motherly rescuer is dramatically illustrated by Dumas in some additional

lines: "The greatest punishment which can be inflicted on them when they are not good is to threaten to send them away. One of them was packed off thus one night, in spite of her entreaties and her promises. She was found next morning lying curled up against the door which was opened to her again." Then he exclaims in a burst of admiration for what he himself cannot understand: "And, still, these girls have no other pleasures but those at which they mocked in days gone by: the singing of hymns, Sunday sermons, and prayers to Our Lady."

No one can say that Dumas took the easy way of helping the Bonne Mère by paying her simply in the coinage of words in which he was of course immeasurably rich. "I gave from my own pocket," he writes, "as much as I was able." Nor did he consider "as much as I was able" to be any too much, for he tells us, "It was the least that I owed to my heroines." Dumas had been deeply touched by this heroic little woman who had come to him in her need. He wanted to do more than enlist his own pen and pocketbook in the work. And he did take measures which, to a man of his influence, were certainly not easy.

"Then I tackled those of my friends who knew life pretty well," he tells us. "I allowed myself to write to Her Majesty, the Empress, a letter which was by no means easy to write, and to which Her Majesty replied by a large offering; and finally I just came to saying to people, according to their position: 'Give me twenty francs. Give me five francs.'—'Here they are; what do you want them for?' When I got the coin I put it in my pocket and told them: 'It is for a good work; I will tell you about it another time.'" And then he continues in an apostrophe which is at the same time a confession: "As for thee, O man! O my fellow-creature! thou whom I know in myself and through myself; grotesque animal, hateful and sublime

being, capable of all things, even of good; as it is thou who art the cause of this evil, do thou strive to repair it, even as I am doing."

It was no easy thing for Dumas to play the rôle of penitent. Such a part was entirely out of character with his usual ribald nature. Nevertheless, he did make a simple and honest acknowledgment of his faults, following up that confession by a series of actions which must have been a real penance to his free and easy nature. Even at best, of course, Dumas' life does not make a very pleasant picture to contemplate, but then neither did that of the good thief. In matters of the soul, however, it is better not to presume too much upon the short-sightedness of the human eye. We simply relate as almost miraculous to us the external transformation which Teresa succeeded in making in the life of this self-confessed sinner. The depth of that transformation and its ultimate influence on the final summing up of his life must be left where it belongs—to the eternal Judge. There can be no mistake there.

(Conclusion Next Week)

Long Has Summer Lingered.

BY SISTER MARY PIERRE BOUCHER, O. S. F.

LONG has Summer lingered on the wing
Beneath this arch of blue unshadowed sky,
And long her fragrances have stirred the high
Enraptured mood of Autumn's crimsoning;
Her breath has touched the golden shrubs that
cling

To far-off crests where southing bluebirds fly,
And murmurs of her garments passing by
Have brushed the hills with scented whispering.

Yet death's white hand is near . . . O Summer,
pour

Your loveliness upon the amber brow
Of Fall while yet her ardent colors shed
Their warmth upon your eyes! Speed on before
The Winter's chill. O lovely one, go now,
And leave us dreams of beauty gently sped!

Little Sister.

BY AGNES M. BLUNDELL.

V.

THE long, rough road stretched ahead, straight as a die and glaring in the sun. The pollarded poplars, which had edged it for many miles, had here given way to mulberries, and these cast but a rounded pool of shadow at their own feet, for the sun was high overhead—it was midday. St. Armand plodded on, with no sound in his ears but the steady clop-clop of his stout Normandy mare. Her hoofs threw up a little cloud of chalky dust which hovered round him and powdered his coat. He had ridden since dawn, and had but just remounted after baiting the mare for an hour at a wretched little hostelry. The road from Paris was deserted, even at the gates of the city. Stricken France lay prone. Banking house after banking house had fallen, trade was strangled, credit unattainable.

Necker, the Swiss Minister of Finance, had finished what his predecessors had begun—his scheme of inflation of the currency had dazzled speculators, lulled the unwary into a false security, and slain at a blow the remains of France's trade credits in foreign countries. Prices rose and the ensuing panic rapidly concluded the ruin of an edifice long undermined. Territorial proprietors great and small were flinging their lands on the market. Estates were almost given away, and the scanty profit of sales invested abroad. Everywhere traces were to be seen of industrial enterprises fallen into decay. These mulberry trees had once fed a flourishing silk industry, these derelict fields had once produced the bread for which the country groaned.

A phrase of the old Baron's came into Yves' head: "My dear friend, it does not matter in the least how many people are too rich, as long as there is

nobody too poor." And now the majority of the whole country—sinister thought—were too poor, and even were all the fortunes of the rich divided among them, they would still be too poor—it was too late.

France's trade was at a standstill, her agriculture at the lowest ebb, and this new thirst for liberty, a dangerous wine,—inspired the hitherto inert mass of the population, and burned in their veins like fire.

Since his intercourse with D'Aurély and his friends, Yves had no longer been satisfied with Rousseau's dream of a return to Nature. He was obliged to agree that Nature—untempered by religion, is somewhat ferocious—*quelque peu féroce!* He was aware too, that six years spent in reading philosophy had done little to prevent his acting on impulse in a moment of stress. He hardly knew if he regretted it. That mad confession of his mother's birth to the Comtesse de Kérould and her daughter; and the subsequent determination to devote himself to the race of that mother who had abandoned him so long ago—would he recall it if he could? Monsieur d'Aurély's shrewd common sense had been unable to deter him.

"Mademoiselle de Certaines may succeed in this wild fantasy," he remarked. "She is a young woman of great determination, who has had an unusual education. She is, moreover, universally respected in the district in which she intends to work. But, for you to copy her, my dear boy, seems an idea foolishly quixotic, which might easily be misunderstood—especially by her uncle and cousin."

Yves had smiled.

"No one need know of it, since I am returning to Brittany. Believe me, I have no hope that this brings her nearer to me."

"Then why do it? No one could be worse equipped for such a crusade. You have no faith to give them, no hope that

their sufferings here will be turned by the Divine Alchemist into future joy. No, my poor boy, you will only get yourself knocked on the head by some exasperated peasant, and I shall be left alone in my old age!"

Yves had agreed ruefully, had thanked him from his heart for his kindness, but had set forth nevertheless upon his journey.

At first there had been a certain exhilaration about the adventure. There was physical delight in starting out on a balmy summer morning, but the mare's heavy trot soon became monotonous, and the future lost its glamour even before the neglected fields had lost their beautifying veils of rainbow mist.

He was on a fool's errand—the remains of his tiny fortune would soon be dissipated, and what could he hope to effect? He tried to make plans. A man could do nothing by himself; it would be best to find others to join him, some enlightened youths like himself who were prepared to devote themselves to humanity. The recollection of a conversation he had had with Anne de Certaines a few weeks ago rushed back vividly into his mind. He had been talking of what might be done, if only right-minded folk would gather together, prepared for self-sacrifice.

"All for the uplifting of man!" he had exclaimed.

He seemed to see Anne again, her dark lashes lifted over earnest eyes; he seemed to hear the tones of her low voice, with a certain solemnity in them. "All for the glory of God!" she had said.

He drew rein now as the road passed into the grateful shade of a little wood. A group of peasants were at work in a clearing—pale-faced, ragged fellows. A tax-collector stood near making notes in a book. They hardly glanced up as the solitary rider went past.

The storm was brewing—soon it was to break. Soon privilege would be no

more; rank, fortune, noble birth, honor, would be but empty names. Money would turn, like fairy gold, to withered leaves, and the masses, ruling supreme in Paris with blood-stained banners, would fill the air with hopeless cries for bread.

It was a strange summer.

Religion was at its lowest ebb in France, but in wild, poverty-stricken Brittany, the old faith seemed ineradicable. Nantes and the big towns near the eastern border of the province had long been strongholds of Huguenots and those other sects which had ravaged the country in the religious wars a century ago. The new agnosticism had germinated liberally in these places, the half-educated grasped eagerly at such attractive tenets, gilded as they were with a vague humanitarianism.

Yves soon found himself quite out of line. He had a great wish to believe as Anne believed. His mind had been fed from childhood on the impious and atheistic literature of the day. The insidious beauty of Voltaire's style had attracted him, in spite of his disgust at the blasphemous tone of the works he read. He had no faith to oppose to the poison thus instilled, only an inborn desire for goodness and beauty.

For a few blissful weeks he had seemed to be on the brink of paradise, but with Anne's flight, all illusion had vanished.

Monsieur le Marquis de St. Armand left his horse and baggage at Angers. Yves, the woodcutter, crossed the Loire, entered Brittany on foot, and doggedly set himself to the work he had planned. As kindred spirits were not to be found, he carried out his project alone.

The Château de Guénolé stood on a rocky crag, overlooking a broad tidal river. A wretched hamlet of mud houses clustered about its walls on the landward side, and close by, out of

the oak woods, rose the slender spire of the beautiful little Fifteenth Century Chapel-of-ease. The parish church was in the market town a mile away, but it was little frequented nowadays since the constitutional priest had been appointed to serve it. The previous Curé, Monsieur Calmet, had taken refuge with the woodcutters, and his congregation followed him to hear Mass in the little Chapel of St. Catherine. Every Sunday and feast day was like a "Pardon," the roads were full of people in their best clothes—men in round felt hats with long floating black velvet ribbons, embroidered coats and black velvet breeches tied at the knee; and women in wide striped, velvet skirts and beautifully worked bodices; their dark heads crowned with the delicate starched lace "coiffes," with collar and epaulettes to match. The Marquis de Marillac and his brother would occupy the front bench. These two young men were little known in the countryside, for they had hitherto spent all their time in Paris. The old Marquise and her daughters and all the hangers-on of the family, male and female, had emigrated, taking the head servants with them and all the plate and jewels.

"They have left us to our fate," murmured the woodcutters.

"And the young lords will but bring us into trouble," muttered the charcoal-burners.

The gentlemen at the Castle seemed to take little care to make friends with their humble neighbors. They spent their time riding about the country to other great houses, or sailing their boat down the river and along the coast. They gave offence by employing a troop of "Cagots," haphazard with other laborers, to fell a pine wood on the demesne. Maître Huguot, the forester, complained to the Curé about it, and was soundly scolded for his want of charity.

"Another ten years would double the

value of these trees," he grumbled, shifting his ground. "But no, his lordship must have money, it seems."

"I think he will put it to a good use, my friend," returned the Curé. He stood for a moment silent, his finger in his breviary. He had been walking to and fro on the pine-needles under the condemned trees, saying his Office. "Great dangers are come upon us," he went on at last, "and it behooves us Catholics to stand strongly together—yes, rich and poor, masters and men, peasants and Cagots—we are all one in the sight of the Church."

"Well, but the more reason for caution, Monsieur le Curé. There are spies about! Among these very Cagots—hush! look! There's the fellow now!" exclaimed the forester.

The priest glanced keenly through the tree-trunks at the advancing figure—a tall young man, in a worn leather jacket, bearing an axe. Then he smiled.

"Good-day, Yves!" he called in a friendly tone.

The woodman half turned, and the sunlight glanced on the red cloth knot on his shoulder. He saluted respectfully, and proceeded on his way.

"That man is my good friend," observed the priest, "though, alas, he has little faith."

After Mass, on the following Sunday, Monsieur Calmet came out of the chapel, and stood, still vested, in the carved porch. The wood without was full of people, many yet on their knees, prayer-book and rosary in hand, others withdrawing for a little mundane conversation before dispersing to their homes.

"People of Guénolé!" cried the priest.

There was that in his voice which instantly claimed everyone's attention. He came a step forward and began to speak vehemently, using Breton, their own language, every now and then translating a phrase into French, for the benefit of the inhabitants of the

Château. He reminded his congregation of the oaths which the Government sought to impose upon all the clergy, as well as on all who were state or municipal officials or in receipt of pensions.

"I swear to be faithful to the Nation, to uphold Liberty and Equality and to die in defending it." This oath had been condemned by the Pope, their own bishop had been cast out of his See, for his refusal to take it. Four hundred priests of Anjou had been marched in chains to the galleys at Nantes, and treated like the basest malefactors for the same reason.

"Now comes our turn!" the preacher's voice resounded among the trees. "I call upon you, faithful Bretons, to stand by your Faith, your Church, your King! Will you have this false 'Liberty,' which persecutes the innocent, this false 'Equality,' which tramples down the weak with bloodshed? What is this 'Nation,' which would cast forth religion? Is this our France—our holy France, so long known as the 'eldest daughter of the Church?' Our priests are in fetters, our King is a prisoner, the time has come to defend ourselves. But, brethren!" he raised his voice to be heard above the sudden clamor which had sprung up on every side. "As you draw the sword, never forget the cross upon the hilt! The people of La Vendée are already in arms. They fight to defend the right, and have sworn to do no injustice, to be merciful to prisoners, not to oppress non-combatants. In order that these precepts may never be forgotten, the badge of the Royal Army is the emblem of the Sacred Heart."

The tumult was stilled as though by magic, as he unfurled an embroidered banner. A hundred years ago, a saintly Nun had had a vision of our divine Saviour. He had shown her His wounded Heart pierced on the cross for love of sinful man. Sister Margaret Alacoque

had been commanded to make more widely known the devotion cherished by the Church since its first ages—the devotion to the loving Heart of Jesus. It was by her direction that little badges were made on which the Sacred Heart was depicted, flaming with love and surmounted by the Cross as she had seen it in her ecstasy. The Curé held up the banner in one hand and a tiny badge in the other.

Men sprang to their feet, waving their great hats as they cheered madly.

The Marquis, stepping gracefully out of the porch, his pale, cameo-like face as impassive as ever, was the first to kneel before the priest, and accept the badge. He rose then, and faced the people, with the emblem pinned upon his breast. He spoke in Breton too, though haltingly.

"My comrades, we dedicate ourselves to the same cause, and we must welcome all brave, true men to our ranks. You shall elect your own leader."

He paused, glancing at the priest with a slight grimace as though his task were not altogether to his liking.

"We must stand shoulder to shoulder," he went on firmly. "Let the name 'Cagot' be forgotten. Tear off the red cloth, friends, and replace it with the badge of the Sacred Heart. We have all received the same baptism. Christians, I call upon you—stand together!"

There was a loud cheer. The Cagots lost no time in obeying the command; the good Bretons stifled their repugnance, and knelt with the whilom outcasts at the priest's feet.

Huguot was called upon to serve out arms, the Marquis was acclaimed their captain.

St. Armand, or as he was now called, Yves the woodcutter, had kept on the outskirts of the crowd. He came forward at last and stood doubtfully before the priest.

"Sir, you know—I—I—I do not

believe, but I will fight against tyranny. Give me the King's badge, I pray you."

"Look," said the priest. "There are words upon it: 'Thy Kingdom come'! A royal aspiration, indeed! Will you say it daily?"

"Yes, there can be no harm in that! I'll say it," agreed the young man. And the Curé, to his surprise, having pinned the little token to his coat, touched his forehead in blessing.

The woodland was filled with excited talk. Bursts of cheering broke out from time to time; the men and boys made as much noise and seemed as joyful as though it were a fair-day. But the women—mothers with toddlers clinging to their aprons, matrons with grown sons, young girls, with a slender silver ring on their fingers in token of their being "promised,"—crowded into the chapel one after the other.

While the hubbub was at its height, a man came running up from the river. He was dripping, for he had waded ashore.

"Bad news, bad news!" he panted. "The soldiers are out! There's a column of the National Guard on the road, coming after Monsieur le Curé!"

"The Blues are coming! The Blues!" cried everyone in consternation.

"Scatter—each man to his own home!" ordered Marillac. "But at three o'clock to-morrow morning, let us meet at the Hermit's Rock, in the forest."

"They'll be afraid of goblins," said Yves in French. "Better say the Forester's Hut."

"Or, no, the Forester's Hut will be a better place!" repeated the Marquis in Breton. Then he turned and gazed inquiringly at Yves. "As for you, my friend, you will accompany me to the Château, if you please."

"Monsieur Calmet will vouch for me," cried the other proudly, forgetting his assumed status.

"Ah, I remember! You are the rene-

gade aristocrat," returned Marillac, lightly.

"Renegade is an ugly word," said Yves. His hand flew to the spot where the hilt of his sword used to be, only to touch his pouch of wedges.

"And comes ill from you, brother, after that noble speech of yours," put in the younger Marillac. "Come, Sir, which name are we to call you by?"

St. Armand had recovered his good humor.

"Yves, the woodcutter, at your service," he replied gaily. He glanced round, surprised to find that they were alone.

"Huguot has taken charge of the priest," observed Jacques de Marillac. "You had better disappear too, my friend. As for us, we await these famous National troops in the Château, I suppose? Are we to raise the draw-bridge, Florian?"

"Not for the world. We will simply prepare a barrel of wine."

"If you are seen they will be bound to carry you with them before a magistrate," said Yves in a low voice. "You had better leave the wine with the major-domo and go hunting. Take your best horses, I advise you."

He turned away, shouldering his axe. A few minutes later the musical notes of a hunting horn rang through the woodland. The troops when they arrived ransacked the Château, drank the wine, and ate the scanty provisions. They found no incriminating papers, no store of arms, and though they fired the castle in a half-hearted way, as was due to an abode of aristocrats, the flames were quickly extinguished on their departure.

"One thing disturbs me a trifle Jacques," murmured the Marquis to his brother, as they sheltered from a shower under a broad oak. "Did you notice that none of our own folk took the pledge? Those who joined were all peasants and farmers, but the men

from our own town—very few of them were even at Mass.”

“They’re a handful of miserable wretches!” exclaimed his brother indignantly.

“Nevertheless, the sooner we march our troop to Anjou, the better. They have been drilling for months, you know.”

“But not with muskets!” demurred Jacques.

“No, broomsticks and hay forks, I imagine! Shall we ride home now?”

Florien de Marillac, Sieur de Guénolé led the way, humming a little song.

“Our forefathers have sown the wind, it seems,” said Jacques, whose heart was heavy.

“And we shall reap the whirlwind, no doubt!” replied his brother.

He took up his gay little song again. The Marquis was said to have a pretty voice.

(To be continued.)

In the World But Not of It.

Though Sir Thomas More lived so much in the world and at court, yet his heart was kept unworldly by the singular virtue of his private life. If he entertained his equals freely, he also frequently invited the poor to dine and to sup with him; the more he was in the king’s palace, the more he resorted to the cottages of the poor; when he added to his house a library, he provided also a house near his own for the comfort of his aged neighbors; and when most involved in worldly business he built himself a chapel. He never entered upon any fresh public employment without an act of devotion and the reception of Holy Communion—trusting, as he said, *more to the grace of God thus derived than to his own wit*; and so long as his father lived he never sat upon his judgment-seat—that seat was the Lord Chancellor’s—without asking his blessing upon his knees.

Just a Minute.

BY P. J. C.

IT is assumed you are a woman on your way to shop, to meeting, to Mass. By agreement you are to call for a neighbor who will be ready when you arrive. She is not ready. Like Martha she has been busy about many things and now is rushing the work of personal decoration. “Just a minute,” she calls to you from her studio, where, through a glass, in a dark manner, vaguely, she eyes her creation. She is not satisfied. Who is? Art is long; beauty fragile, fleeting, hard to recapture. You wait. One minute—five—ten—twenty. And she comes.

“I’m so sorry to have kept you!” Is she? Not at all. When she said, “Just a minute,” she expressed a formula; as when we say, “Glad to see you; come again.” She knew well enough she could not be with you in “just a minute,” and expressed her formula, to silence impatience. If she had said, “Mary, sit down and rest yourself, I’ll be with you in twenty minutes,” you might have aimed a gun or used a dagger.

“Wait a moment” is a euphemism to cheer us. It is optimistic, although the optimism has no foundation of reality to support it. You know that you cannot by any miracle of speed accomplish in one minute what under any conditioning will take twenty.

This same deception is found in other expressions of life. In Ireland, when you travel the roads, you ask the first man you meet, “How far to the Rock of Cashel?”—“Ah, not far. You’ll find it a bit beyond the turn of the road.” He does not tell you which turn. And so you come to turn after turn, and begin to wonder if the Rock of Cashel is at the other end of Ireland. “Ah, not so far.” The phrase is not intended to confuse but to enthruse you. It does confuse you, however. It is better to set out know-

ing the worst at once than to go on and on, discovering the worst bit by bit. "Have you any idea of distance here in Ireland?" an American tourist asked a Cork jarvey. "Ah, we have, but we keep it to ourselves."

In hospitals they feed you on rain-bows. The operation will be minor; there will be no discomforts after it; you will be out in a short while. Net results: gas pains, slow healing, water diet, six weeks on your back. Why all the evasions? "To build up the morale," a nurse tells you in a formula after all the morale is knocked out of you.

Perhaps it is best to face the worst first. Some will say, no; evasion is a shock absorber. There are those who prefer their shocks now—not eventually. It is easier, more profitable, to wait twenty minutes knowing the wait will be just twenty, than to wait indefinitely minute after minute not knowing which minute will be the last. Assured you have a fixed twenty minutes, you may occupy the time reading a book or saying your beads. And, perhaps, it will serve better to tell a patient he will have to stay six weeks in bed, than to dope him with optimism. The bitter truth will come to him sometime.

When a man asks how far from here to there, do not sweeten fact with evasion. "Ah, not so far" is vague and relative. Chicago is not far from South Bend if you are coming from New York. Miltown is only four miles from Rexham. That is far if you are walking through midday summer heat.

And think of the man who has a tale for you, a proposition to offer, a sermon for you to read, a bit of writing for suggestion and criticism. "Just a minute." Is it just a minute? Not at all. Just an hour; or just two hours.

And then the callers, gadders, the pastor's special announcements before the regular sermon. All—"just a minute." A vague, evasive phrase it is. Nothing certain about it but uncertainty.

Notes and Remarks.

In the canonization of Saints, the obscure and the humble have impressive representation. In no distribution of honors is there so evident a disregard for those influences which trail position and name. The lowly of the earth are set in throne rooms and council chambers, and kings are bidden to pay homage. Saintship is true democracy. No whispered hint from high place can secure a commission in the sanctified army. There is no buying of honors; no giving of spoils to winners. That little Bernadette of the Pyrenees, who lived her loneliness in a peasant countryside, never hoped to be a great lady in Paris. It were a vain hope if she had. Peasant girls do not reach honors in the kingdoms of this world; they do in the Kingdom of God. She never saw visions of the queens of the earth. She had her visions of the Queen of Heaven. And so she has been awarded official ranking among the saints. She must be somewhere close to St. Joan d'Arc, that other French girl who was burned at the stake in retributive justice, and then crowned with a nimbus of sanctity to prove that earthly judges are often full of self-sufficiency and chaff. If human congratulations amount to anything to a saint in bliss, we congratulate St. Bernadette who planted Lourdes in the Pyrenees and reached fame by not seeking it.

A law which was passed by the British Parliament in 1670 and never repealed would cause quite a stir in a court room at the present time if some judge were to try to enforce it. It reads as follows: "All women of whatever age, rank, profession or degree, whether virgins or widows, that shall, from the passing of this act, impose upon and betray into matrimony any of his Majesty's male subjects by scents, paints, cosmetics, high-heeled shoes, or

bolstered hips, shall incur the penalty of the law now in force against witchcraft." It is a far cry from the days when these simple intrigues were considered evil, to the present-day styles when modesty is scarcely known among some of our younger generation. What, we wonder, would the people of that past generation think of young ladies who drank highballs and smoked cigarettes in public dining-rooms, or of those who stood on the street corner to make up their faces, to say nothing of the styles in vogue on our modern bathing beaches? What an epidemic of "burnings-at-the-stake" there would be if the law of witchcraft were invoked against the habits of the modern girl!

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That the Catholic news-stand in Detroit is doing a real missionary service has been noted in these columns before. An additional proof of that service came to our eyes not long ago in reading the *Michigan Catholic*. A writer in that paper stated that within a period of two weeks over 10,000 persons stopped to examine a pen-and-ink drawing of the interior of a confessional. It is vouched for by attendants that many of the visitors expressed surprise over the fact that there were none of those secret devices and compartments which they had been led to believe existed in that particular article of church furniture. The little item of this pen-and-ink sketch on a corner news-stand drawing the attention of 10,000 people in two weeks furnishes us some idea of the opportunity that was missed in the Century of Progress. Whether we realize it or not, non-Catholics are intensely interested in the Catholic Church; but they dare not exhibit that interest in their home town where everybody is watching them. Put this Church, about which they have heard so much and know so little, concretely before them in a World's Fair, however, where everybody is looking and nobody seems to

know anybody else, and even the Midway barkers will shout in vain for their attention. With several hundred thousand people from all over the country concentrated on this one spot every day for the mere sake of looking, the Church should have been explaining itself through every device that is known in the field of expression. The Christian Scientists had their building in which to look after visitors, while the Lutheran Church was particularly noticeable in its efforts to reach if possible every individual that entered the doors of the Hall of Religion. The one Church that had most to offer, not only in the way of religion but also in the outward expression of religion through art and architecture, etc., was there only in a hesitant and half-apologetic way. We hope that whenever a similar occasion arrives, the works of the Church will be exhibited—with proper dignity, of course, and with due regard for all those things that must be considered, but exhibited nevertheless,—for the glory of God and the salvation of souls. Unfortunately, however, it will be a long time until the Church will have such a pulpit offered to her again.

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Just as it is true that brave men are generally modest men, so is it a fact that generous men are normally appreciative men for any favors received. Wiley Post, who lately flew around the world in record time at his own expense, exemplifies both of these admirable characteristics, as all who have met him will testify. After his recent accident in Quincy, Illinois, in which his skull was fractured and a shoulder injured, the daring aviator was taken to St. Mary's Hospital for treatment. Long before the time came for his release, he had won the sincere admiration of practically everyone connected with the hospital by his modest bearing and his invariable good nature. That his own feelings were no less kindly is evident from the fol-

lowing well-deserved tribute which he gave to all Catholic Hospital Sisters just after being discharged:

When I had my eye removed the operation was done in St. Anthony's Hospital, Oklahoma city. After my experience there and in St. Mary's Hospital, my mind is made up that the only Hospital I shall ever go to is a Catholic Hospital—the Sisters are so very kind, and so absolutely conscientious; so impartial in waiting on patients whether paupers or millionaires.

Out at Helena, Mont., some of his Indian Braves greeted their new Bishop, Most Rev. Ralph Leo Hayes. Chief Martin Charlo of the Flatheads and Chief Andrew Bullhead of the Kalispells, both from the more rugged regions of Montana, journeyed to the Bishop's house to pledge him loyalties; and spoke their pledges in the dialect of their fathers; and in graceful tropes, you may be sure. The Rev. Louis Taelman, S. J., translated their metaphors and rhythms into English for His Excellency. We hope the new Shepherd of Helena will have many years of useful service for his scattered flock. And we hope all the Indians of the Montana diocese will be just as loyal as Chief Charlo and Chief Bullhead, even if they cannot say their loyalties in tropical speech.

"False Report" is how certain Catholic papers head a news item from Berlin. The item is a contradiction which appeared in *Le Journal de la Grotte*, Lourdes, France, of a weird story of a strange prayer said by German pilgrims at the great shrine. According to the original fiction the German pilgrims changed the invocation, "Our Lady of Lourdes, give us peace" into "Our Lady of Lourdes, give us vengeance." The Bishop of Lourdes, it was added, was obliged to call to task the leader of the particular pilgrim group because of the offensive petition. Of course, the Lourdes Journal states the story is rubbish. We would know that almost without the assurance. One cannot think of German

Catholics, or indeed of any Catholics, journeying to Lourdes, the shrine of peace, to petition the Queen of Peace to give them vengeance. The item should be headed not "False" but "Monstrous."

Mr. H. L. Mencken, editor of *American Mercury*, is to leave his chair. He is to do newspaper work and give more time to "contemplative writings." And he will write a book on morals "that will be different—quite different." We do not know, of course, what will be the nature of Mr. Mencken's "contemplations." People have not looked upon him as a contemplative. And as to the morals that will be "quite different": What can be said? At the moment, Mr. Mencken will be hard set to formulate a set of morals that will be "quite different." Hardly is there any extreme which has not had disciples. Morals are good, bad and all the way between bad and unspeakable. If Mr. Mencken formulate a code of good morals he will be like all good moralists; which will not be what he may want. If bad, how bad? It takes considerable badness to shock the America of this generation. We trust the recent editor of *American Mercury* will surprise us by giving sound advice on right morals to a nation that needs the preachment.

According to Rabbi Samuel T. Abrams of Boston, a new K. K. K. movement is on the way. Not impressive it would seem, but in motion. The new crusade is called Silver Shirts, and the Imperial Wizard is called Pelley. According to Rabbi Abrams, "the organization is a manifest extension of the Hitler movement in America, admittedly aided and financed by Nazi sympathizers and propagandists in the United States." The Silver Shirts state they are White, Protestant and Christians, and are opposed to Jews, Catholics and all who are not White, Protestant, and Christians. It is doubtful if the country at

the moment can be diverted from its depression by the Silver Shirts. The cloud is still too thick even yet to see the silver lining. People who lean to bigotry, require full dinner pails, full garages, a chicken in every pot, before they can turn with comfort to their favorite sport. At the moment, even bigots are too occupied with NRA to pay attention to K. K. K.

Dr. Alfred Booth, physician of Binghamton, N. Y., writes a letter to the *Catholic News* in which he commends enthusiastically the aid given the injured and dying by priests in a tragic wreck recently at Dr. Booth's town. What Dr. Booth found most noticeable was the suppression of notice of themselves by these priests. "It's all in a day's work," was their attitude according to the physician. Which is as it should be. Medical men, nurses, plain people everywhere often rise to heroisms in tragic happenings. It would seem jejune to take on a pose, walk into publicity when we become agents of mercy at mercy's call. We are not surprised that these priests worked to save souls and bodies. We cannot visualize a priest who would not. That they did not enlarge themselves to heroic size is not surprising either. Like firemen, priests are expected to be cool, vigilant, and not posturing when they deal with tragedy.

What "goes" in Chicago does not "go" in New York. Or so it seems. A dancer who appeared in a theatre of the Western city in a very objectionable dance, was called into court, fined and sentenced to jail. The dancer, however, continued to appear in the theatre while her sentence of imprisonment was withheld. Letters by hundreds were sent newspapers by indignant upholders of liberty at this persecution of Art for Art's sake. And then the dancer, victor over judge and censor, went to New York. In that city Commissioner of

Licenses, Sidney S. Levine, after seeing the dance, wrote the theatre that its license would be revoked unless the exhibitor appeared in costume. The theatre acquiesced seemingly; but it appeared to three inspectors sent by the Commissioner that the censored edition was still objectionable. Commissioner Levine gave the theatre until 6 o'clock to clothe the dancer or close the theatre. The theatre clothed the dancer. No fooling with Commissioner Levine.

Catholics who complain about the absence of Catholic books from public libraries can do something about it. If several persons ask intermittently for certain books, the librarian, who must have a care for the public's reading needs, will get these books. If he or she does not, you may ask why. Likely you will not have to ask. The books are usually bought if the demand for them is impressive. The chief trouble is: the general Catholic laity does not read Catholic books,—fiction or fact; does not like Catholic books. Frequently Catholics have too much human respect to make a request at the distribution desk which might identify them. Writing Catholic books, conducting Catholic papers is high, splendid adventure at which you labor all night and catch not much.

From Amsterdam comes report that the Catholics of Holland are gaining, while other denominations show losses. Catholics represent 36.4 per cent of the population; members of the Reformed Church, 34.4. In 1880, the Catholic population of Holland was 1,439,137; in 1930, 2,890,022. The Reformed Church had a total of 2,186,869 in 1880; in 1930, 2,732,333. The figures seem not to need comment or explanation. Except, perhaps, to call attention to the zeal of those who labor for souls in Holland. The figures in the record indicate that more convincingly than a sermon.



The Grouchy Fairies.

BY MARY MABEL WIRRIES.

AT our house, on a rainy day,
The Grouchy Fairies come to play.

Grumble, and Frown, and Scowl, and Tease—
I don't like visitors like these.

But I have thought of a lovely plan
To rid my house of the Grouchy Clan.

I went down town, to the Chief-of-Police,
And I told the man I must have peace.

So he gave me a permit to move away,
Whenever it looks like a rainy day.

Three hops and a jump to the Street of Smile,
And there we'll sit on the Sunshine Stile,
And we'll laugh, and laugh, to see the fuss,
Of the Grouchy Fairies, hunting us.

Tease, and Grumble, and Scowl, and Frown—
Looking for us all over town.

Tim.

BY JAMES A. REID.

XVII.—EAST TOWER IN BRUCE MANOR.

THE morning that Edwin Bruce sailed for England, Tim was serious with thought as he hastened to work. He wondered how his mother would feel should she discover her long-lost brother as Edwin Bruce had found his father. He tried to imagine the sorrow of Lady de Vere Bruce.

Lady de Vere Bruce was still in Ireland when she received word of her husband's death. She hurried home to Bruce Manor. There the cablegram from her son, Edwin, awaited her. Deep as was her sorrow, it was somewhat lightened with joy, for Edwin, away from home so long, was returning.

Throughout Bruce Manor there was an unusual sombreness. The servants, always graciously and kindly and generously treated by Sir Charles, were mourning with true regret the passing of their beloved master. They easily recalled the many ways he had shown times without number his great interest in their welfare. A quiet, solemn silence accompanied their tears. The occasion was not one for many words. Heartfelt grief need not be expressed to be understood. Unuttered sorrow is more keen. But they too were not a little gladdened at the thought of Edwin's return, for they loved him, the only child of the family, for his own sake as well as for the affectionate interest that he always had for their well-being. Many of them had seen him grow from babyhood to manhood. They remembered the joyous days, when Edwin, home from Eton and later from Oxford, would spend his vacation days at Bruce Manor.

Those were joyous days indeed. Even as a boy Edwin had a boundless energy that expressed itself in happiness. His was a merry heart that readily cheered others. He brightened his home with an ever-cordial, radiant spirit. True, he became more serious as he matured. But his seriousness was always lightened with a remarkably vibrating personality which could reasonably be described as roguishness: playful, charming, diffusive. For him life was a continual joyous adventure. Yet, it must be understood that if he possessed the secret of perpetual happy youth, he was in no sense a boy or a young man who failed to see the high responsibility of living according to the eloquent example of his widely popular father. The Bruce family for generations had prided itself on its stalwart manhood.

Then the Great War came. Out of its suffering rose a new Edwin Bruce: a man serious with purpose without losing any of the qualities of his rich personality.

Lady de Vere Bruce was thinking of these things in the great library of Bruce Manor where she had shut herself, seemingly to bear her sorrow alone and without sympathy. Still, that had not really been her purpose. She merely wanted time for reflection. Serious consideration of all that had happened to disturb her happiness was upon her. The past was history; the future, what of that? She wondered, meditating. This was no new mood for her. She had fallen a prey to its clutches ever since Edwin had sailed for America. Nothing could possibly fill the place that his absence had left. However, the death of Sir Charles and the return of Edwin had turned her thoughts to a new viewpoint.

She sat in the great library quietly weeping. Many times before she had sought comfort in the solace of books. To-day they were of no avail. She opened and closed several without interest. Finally brushing them aside, she stared vaguely at nothing in particular. Then she walked to the huge bay window that overlooked the great fertile fields of the Bruce estate. She peered with filled eyes at the grounds which held many sacred memories for her. There a rosebush that Edwin had planted; there a serpentine drive that Sir Charles had fashioned; the nestled summer-house; the spacious lawn sloping far down to the public road; the bird houses which Edwin had built and taken care of from the time he was eight years old until he left for war; the harbored walk where Sir Charles spent hot summer afternoons. Wherever she gazed she remembered the joys of other days. All about were reminders of the long years she had spent at Bruce Manor.

Then she slowly walked back to the

library table, a family heirloom for generations. Once more she sat down. It was not grief alone that placed a heavy load on her frail shoulders. It was something more vitally important than that. Sir Charles had found happiness in the Catholic Church; so had Edwin; why not she?

Realizing that she must make preparations for the home-coming of her dearly beloved husband and son, she rang a bell. Presently a servant appeared.

"Sir Charles died a Catholic," she said to the servant, hesitatingly. "I believe, therefore, that we should make arrangements for a Catholic burial."

"Yes, Madam," bowing.

"Have Thomas take the car to Twyningham to the residence of the priest there, and have him ask the priest if it would be his will to appoint a time for me to see him. Or, if he prefers, to call personally at Bruce Manor."

"Yes, Madam."

"I believe that is best. I could call him on the telephone, but I should rather that my message be conveyed by person."

"Yes, Madam."

"I shall inform you all later about what arrangements are made."

"Yes, Madam."

"And have Edwin's room fixed for his return."

"That has already been attended to."

"I am pleased that the servants know," turning away.

The servant, however, stood, as though he did not understand that he should go.

"May I suggest," he said timidly; "may I make a suggestion?"

"About?"

"The East Tower."

"What about it?"

"Your Ladyship knows the story?"

"Vaguely."

"There is a mystery connected with the East Tower."

"So I have heard, but indefinitely."

"In a time like this, it would be worth recalling."

"I do not understand what you mean exactly," Lady de Vere Bruce said in a puzzled tone.

"I mean no harm in telling you that the servants have always had a sort of fear about the East Tower."

"Why should they?"

"It's a long story, handed down among the servants for years and years."

"Do you know it accurately?"

"Your Ladyship was never told!" in a tone that was filled with surprise.

"Merely that there was some silly rumor. Once when I asked Sir Charles concerning it, he replied, 'Imagination, no doubt, nothing else.'"

"The servants have been talking since the news—" he stopped, fearing to add sorrow to sorrow.

"Talking?"

"Yes, Madam."

"Tell me what they say."

"Meaning only to be helpful, your Ladyship."

"Of course; go on, please."

"The story is that the East Tower holds a Catholic altar."

"It does?"

"That years ago Mass was said regularly at Bruce Manor."

"Possibly true," Lady de Vere Bruce affirmed quietly.

"That one Charles Bruce was a Catholic martyr."

"No!" with emotion.

"So it is generally told among the servants."

"Is that all of the story you know?"

"Quite a bit more."

"Tell me all of it," Lady de Vere Bruce requested.

"Yes, Madam." There was a slight pause. "In the days of Queen Elizabeth there was a Charles Bruce, a priest. He had been educated abroad, owing to the fact that penal laws made it impossible for anyone to study for the priesthood in England. Yet, the story is that this

Charles Bruce, the later priest, had gone to the Continent merely to finish his studies. While there he heard of priests being put to death in England, and hence that other priests were needed. He was ordained."

"You speak—in fact, I remember now—you are a Catholic?"

"I am, and thanks to the humanness of Sir Charles Bruce it never made any difference in my being employed here."

"We did not bother about the religion of our servants."

"So we all knew." Then he continued, "Father Bruce returned to England. From all accounts he was close to sanctity. Rumors spread that Bruce Manor was harboring a priest. But—"

"Yes!" anxiously.

"But, even his own family did not know that he had been ordained. He lived here, though it was noticed that he did not spend much time at home. He was usually out on horseback, hunting, so it was said. They did not dream of his true purpose. His renegade father, however, spoke to him about his extended absences. Little did the father suspect that his oldest son was a priest. Seemingly he had not heard of the rumor to that effect. Why he had not, when so many were speaking about it, is hard to explain."

"Evidently Father Bruce was finally discovered?"

"He was. A younger brother, the ne'er-do-well of the family followed him one day. The wealth of the Bruce estate would light in this younger brother's pockets, if Charles Bruce was discovered."

"The younger brother turned informer?"

"He did. There was a terrible scene between Father Bruce and his father, who had given up his Catholic Faith to keep in favor with the Queen. What was said, is not exactly known. But, the father, like the younger brother, was willing to be an informer also. He offered Father Bruce a choice: either to

deny the Faith or to be handed over to the authorities, who were searching desperately for priests, hounding them to death, if the truth must be told."

"Then what?"

"The word was spread through Essex about Charles Bruce's being a priest. Beside the reward of the Crown, another bounty was offered, so that it would be a pretty penny for the one who successfully captured him. The man-hunt was on. Eventually there was a report as to Father Bruce's whereabouts. They found him where they thought least of hunting for him—in the forest of Bruce Manor, not more than seventy yards away. He was sick to death with pneumonia. A frenzied officer, who would not believe that the illness was anything but feigned, dragged him to Bruce Manor to await final word from London as to where he should be sent."

"Did he die?"

"He recovered. He was sent to London for trial. Everything possible was done to force him to renounce his Catholic Faith. He refused, bearing all the torture inflicted on him with saintly patience. Finally, after a long imprisonment and much suffering, he was put to death."

"Still that does not explain why the East Tower should be a place of haunting mystery."

"He said Mass at the altar there."

"Yes?"

"And word has been handed down that his spirit hovers over the East—"

"That is foolish chatter," Lady de Vere Bruce interrupted.

"Haunts it until—"

"Until?"

"The Bruce family is Catholic once more."

"True or false as your story may be, one thing interests me—" Lady de Vere Bruce paused. Then with decision she said, "Give orders to break the inner wall of the East Tower. We shall see, if there is an altar."

"Yes, Madam."

Lady de Vere Bruce's orders were readily dispatched. The cutting through the stone of the East Tower, situated at the end of the long public hall of Bruce Manor, was no easy matter, however. The workmen plied their tools steadily, trying to find the original wall. Once found the work proceeded swiftly. Finally word was sent to Lady de Vere Bruce that the altar was ready for inspection.

"I shall go at once," she said.

"It may shock your Ladyship."

"No matter. I must see for myself."

Arriving at the East Tower, she saw the dust-covered altar. The long years had not altered its fineness to any marked degree. Then she looked more closely into the oblong room. She gasped. There was a skeleton on the floor.

She tried to speak. Her voice failed her.

"Your Ladyship," a servant stated, "that is all that remains of Father Charles Bruce."

"But, he was martyred in London."

"So one story goes. Another is that the report of the supposed martyrdom in London was spread abroad to cover the sin of an informing and treacherous father who had madly sealed his own son in that room, allowing him to die in an agony of inhuman torture."

"How could a father be so inhumanly cruel?"

No one answered.

Lady de Vere Bruce was thinking. She knew that, in a lesser way, of course, Sir Charles Bruce had made a grave and unhappy mistake in banishing Edwin from Bruce Manor,—a mistake whose bitter effects had been allowed to continue for years. She was not condemning Sir Charles any more than he had censured himself. She stood there, staring and lost in thought, wondering what she should do.

"Your Ladyship," a voice at her side said, awakening her from her reverie,

"there is a priest in the library."

"Clear away the stones and bricks," she ordered. "Leave everything else within the chapel untouched."

She turned and walked down the long public hall, going out the door at the far end which led directly to the library. A priest, seated near the door, rose when she entered.

"I am Father Murphy, pastor at Twykingham. May I offer you my sincere sympathy?"

"Thank you, Father," pausing. Then, after a little hesitation, she added, "As you know, Sir Charles died a Catholic."

"I know," Father Murphy answered kindly.

"The cablegram from Edwin—"

"He's found!" joyously.

"And coming home with his father."

"Thanks be to God. More than once I tried to get in touch with him, but my letters were always returned."

"It is such a joy in this sorrow."

Lady de Vere Bruce waited for several seconds before she spoke again. "Shall the funeral be here?"

"Here?" with surprise.

"Years ago the Bruce family had its own altar. A little while ago we found it in the old East Tower where it had been stoned up since the days of Queen Elizabeth."

"If you so desire, I could get permission to have the funeral Mass here."

"I think that Father Bruce of Queen Elizabeth's time would so have it. And, after all these many years, he too shall have the rest that he deserves."

"I understand," simply.

"Come," starting for the East Tower.

"Father, you know the story about Bruce Manor and the East Tower?"

"A Father Bruce was martyred there."

"Is it true?"

"There is sufficient proof, I believe," Father Murphy responded, "to substantiate the fact that Father Bruce was put to death in the East Tower. I spoke to Sir Charles concerning it. He said he

would look into it as soon as he returned from America."

"What is the proof?"

"The word of a gardener."

"Did no one else know?"

"Of course he told others," Father Murphy answered. "What may be surprising is how Father Bruce could have been secretly sealed in that tomb, as it proved to be. The inner wall was built by skilled workmen who were ordered to leave an entrance large enough for a man to get to the altar. Then Father Bruce was forcibly placed in the East Tower. The wall was finished by the ne'er-do-well brother."

"How did the gardener find out?"

"Through a song. If you recall, a famous Englishman coming home from the Crusades was imprisoned on the Continent?"

Lady de Vere Bruce nodded.

"You remember, then, that the song of the Englishman carried to a passing friend who soon effected his release?"

"Yes."

"Father Bruce sang an old Catholic lay. The gardener hearing it, tried to reach the barred window on a ladder. However, he was powerless to help, for there was no possible chance of escape through the window, it was so small. Still, he learned from Father Bruce what had really taken place. He timidly delayed, or had no early opportunity, to speak to the proper Catholic authorities. When he finally told them, they at first refused to give credence to his tale. Anyway, they declared, even if the story were true, Father Bruce must long since be dead. But, they put the gardener's account in writing. The document, once the property of Hildgard Abbey, has been lost for some years. To the present day, however, Hildgard Abbey has handed down what is believed to be a word for word account of the original document."

"May I ask how you learned all this, Father?"

"When I came home from war, I was an invalid. I spent six years at the Abbey hospital. One night the Abbot told me what I have just narrated."

"I do wish that we had been informed."

"Father Bruce would not have it so. He said, 'When the Bruce family is Catholic once more, let the East Tower be opened.'"

"Was he never given a chance to get out of that tower?"

"More than once."

"He refused to take them?"

"For the simple reason that they depended on his denial of the Faith. He chose death to apostasy."

"May his spirit enter my heart, as it evidently did that of Sir Charles and that of Edwin."

Four days later Sir Charles Bruce came home. A large delegation of nobility met him on his arrival at the shore of England. His honorary escort accompanied him to Twykingham. An immense crowd, composed in no small part of the poor of the surrounding country, had gathered early at the railroad station. The drab English morning was significant of the feelings of the sorrowful throng.

Slowly the hastily formed procession wended its way to Bruce Manor. Then they carried Sir Charles to the long public hall, placing his body near the altar in the East Tower. He rested there for four days. On the fifth a solemn Requiem Mass was sung.

It was a double funeral, for the Catholic services denied centuries ago to Father Bruce were that morning also carried out. A short sermon, explaining the Catholic position that life should be a preparation for a worthy death, had a reference in it to the days of Catholic England, when loyal sons had heroically sacrificed their lives that the light of Faith might not be extinguished in that country.

The whole ceremony was simple and unpretentious. Sir Charles had asked, and Father Bruce would have requested had he been able to voice his thought, that there be no eulogy or pompous ostentation.

A final blessing was given and a few short prayers were said, then the ancestral cemetery of Bruce Manor received two of its illustrious sons.

After the funeral, the mourners having quickly dispersed, Sir Edwin Bruce went from room to room of Bruce Manor to say a friendly greeting to the servants. Going out-doors, he walked about the grounds, occasionally stopping to speak to a servant or to gaze with loving eyes on the old familiar scenes.

Late that evening Lady de Vere Bruce asked him, "What now?"

"Mother," he replied, "I'm not sure as yet."

"Something more than your father's death is troubling you."

"In a certain sense not troubling me, only—"

"Only?" very gently.

"In a monastery in Pittsburgh in the States, I tried to reach a decision. I failed. Since coming home and especially since I heard the story of Father Bruce, my mind is settled."

"On what?"

"I have a vocation to the priesthood. I wonder if I am too old—"

"One is never too old to follow his conscience," his mother asserted.

Sir Edwin's face lighted with joy.

"With that smile you're the boy I used to know. I haven't seen it since you came home. I'm afraid that you thought I would oppose you?"

"A bit, Mother."

"I shall be happy in knowing that you are happy." She too was smiling.

"I will see Father Murphy in the morning," Sir Edwin concluded.

Undoubtedly Father Bruce smiled benediction upon them.

(To be continued.)

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—Hendrick Van Loon's new book, "An Elephant up a Tree," tells the adventures of an elephant who studies human beings to see how they live. It was begun as a book for children but has many asides for the grown-ups. Simon & Schuster.

—There used to be an aura of culture about the legitimate stage which seems to be lacking around the high-pressure movie lot. It is refreshing, therefore, to hear that at least one movie star is doing more than ordinary work in the field of art. Recently the New York Society of Etchers hung two of Lionel Barrymore's etchings in its National Arts Club in that city. Mr. Barrymore also works in oils.

—How genuinely active is the Catholic Action Committee of Women in Wichita, Kansas, may be seen from a second Study Club textbook, "Altar and Sanctuary," by Miss Angela A. Clendenin (Catholic Action Committee of Women, Wichita, Kansas. 25c). It is a study of the externals of the Mass—the Altar and its decorations, the sacred Vessels, and the vestments. There are given, too, a list of topics for papers and oral discussion, and a number of questions as an aid in reviewing the text. Study Clubs will want this as a text and as a model for other studies which they might prepare themselves.

—A priest frequently finds himself hard put to it to give instructions to children which will be simple and clear enough for their intelligences. Their interest must be aroused and held, and they are not easily attracted by doctrinal discourses that have the crackle of parchment. Father Frederick A. Reuter in a volume of sermons for Catholic youth, "In Season" (Joseph F. Wagner, Inc., \$2.25), offers a valuable aid to preachers. He has over fifty short sermons on all the seasons and feasts of the year which are filled with meaty doctrine but expressed simply, and abundantly illustrated with stories from Scripture, history, the lives of the saints, and the daily press. The preacher should find

plenty of material here to make the young ones all ears while he pours in the lessons of Catholic faith and morals.

—The Right Reverend Msgr. Schumacher, M. A., has written a very interesting and helpful volume in "How to Teach Catechism" (Benziger Brothers. Net, \$2). It is a book for teachers outlining in a series of cycles how the teacher may go over the Baltimore Catechism three times for grades I.-III.) without repeating the matter in the same way. He has brought together the Holy Scriptures, Church History, and stories from our daily life, to illustrate his teaching. The lessons, too, are arranged according to the seasons of the year. May deals with Mary and grace; June, with the Holy Ghost; January, with prayer, etc. Teachers should find it full of suggestion and genuine help.

—"Our American Music" is the title of a biography of Stephen Collins Foster which has just been completed by John Tasker Howard. Mr. Foster, it will be remembered, is the author of "Old Folks at Home" and other Negro and folk melodies which were so familiar to past generations. The author of this recently published work has secured many documents from the living members of the Foster family, and has been in constant touch with Foster Hall in Indianapolis where the most complete collection of Foster manuscripts in existence has been collected by J. K. Lilly. Many of our readers will remember Mr. Howard's series of Foster programs which were given over the NBC network during the last summer. The Thomas Y. Crowell Company will publish this volume.

—"Pier Giorgio Frassati," translated and adapted from the Italian by H. L. Hughes (Burns and Oates. 3s. 6d.), is a story of Catholic Action illustrated by the life of a young Italian student who, while living a very vigorous physical life, was genuinely human and enthusiastically religious. He loved the out-doors, was an expert mountain climber, and a lover of all sport; yet the

inner life held its place of first importance, and Giorgio was ready for any activity which would promote Catholic life; and his own was an example to the young men of his time who admired him and were proud to be his friends. The book is largely a collection of the impressions made upon his friends and acquaintances rather than the expression of the author's estimate of a remarkable young man.

—When the "New English Dictionary," commonly known as the Oxford Dictionary, was ready for publication in 1928 it was thought by the publishers that, owing to the fact that the work had been forty-four years in completing, a supplementary volume would be necessary because of the new words and the new senses of old ones that had come into use during that long period of time. This new volume is now finished. It contains 903 printed pages dealing with all the recent English and American words through the whole alphabet. As the publishers of the Oxford Dictionary promised in 1928, a paper covered copy of the Supplementary Volume will be sent free to all owners of the complete dictionary. Application must be made, however, to the Oxford University Press at its London office before December 31 of this year.

—Catholic priests generally, while realizing the danger of the mixed marriage, know also how touchy a question it is to discuss because of the feelings of those concerned. For that reason "Mixed Marriages and Their Remedies," by Rev. Francis Terr Haar, C. SS. R., should be a welcome addition to the library of every priest. Father Ter Haar has outlined the Church's attitude with clearness and correctness, supplementing that treatment with an excellent commentary on the Decree of the Holy Office issued January 13, 1932, on mixed marriages. In addition he has presented and interpreted the statistics of this practice in such a way as to enable the pastor or preacher to bring that matter into the most effective use in combating this evil. Translated by Rev. A. Walter, C. SS. R. Published by Frederick Pustet Co., Cincinnati. Price, \$1.75.

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"Butler's Lives of the Saints." Thurston-Leeson. \$2.90, postpaid.

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"The Doctrinal Mission and Apostolate of St. Thérèse of Lisieux: The Priesthood." Rev. Benedict Williamson. Two Vols. \$1.25 a volume.

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Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

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May they rest in peace!

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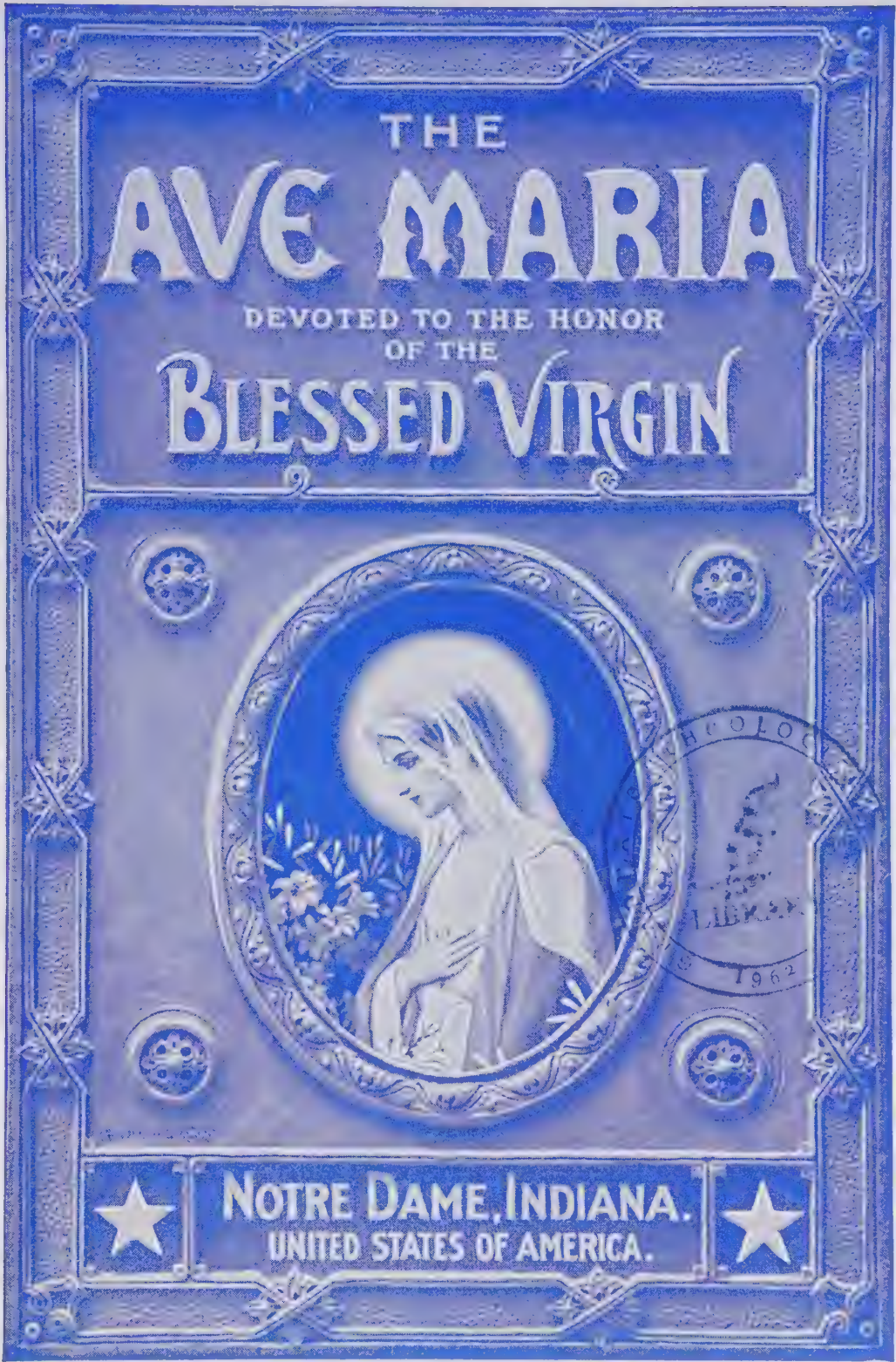
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CALENDAR OF THE WEEK

NOVEMBER.

SATURDAY, 11.—St. Martin of Tours, Bishop.
 SUNDAY, 12.—Twenty-third after Pentecost, St. Martin, P. M.
 MONDAY, 13.—St. Stanislaus Kostka, Confessor.
 TUESDAY, 14.—St. Josaphat, Bishop and Martyr.
 WEDNESDAY, 15.—St. Gertrude, Virgin.
 THURSDAY, 16.—St. Edmund, Bishop and Confessor.
 FRIDAY, 17.—St. Gregory Thaumaturgus, B. C.
 SATURDAY, 18.—Dedication of Basilica of Sts. Peter and Paul.

Blessed is the man that heareth me and that watcheth daily at my gates.—PROVERBS viii, 34.

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Petition.

BY BERT COOKSLEY.

THE roads men build are long and hard,
Far between do their shade palms meet;
Filled are their sagas with man's defeat—
Guard her in each brief step, and guard
Her littlest hands, her littlest feet!
Give her the smallest of hill and ledge,
She is so young, so dear and fair!
Give her unbreakable hopes to wedge
'Twixt fear and fright at the dayland's edge—
Give her a jacket of faith to wear!
The roads men build are hard and long,
Few who travel them reach their end,
Many fall back at the first steep bend;
Give the sweet rose of her heart a song,
Be Thou her Father—be Thou her friend!

A Twentieth Century Mystic.

BY ANNETTE S. DRISCOLL.

THE problem presented by modern youth is a very real problem, so widespread as to be well-nigh universal. Great waves of juvenile crime have been sweeping over our land and the other countries of the world ever since the devastating World War, which, in spite of all promises, has not yet made even our own land "safe for the Democrats."

Young men and young women—worse still,—High School boys and girls seem unashamed of habits which a generation ago were almost unknown among them. Now and then and here and there

an optimist will declare that these conditions do not exist, and that the youth of to-day are the very finest the world has ever seen. Unfortunately this claim does not seem to be sustained by court records, the pages of the great dailies, college quizzes, by reports of private observation at parties and night clubs, and by the modern novel, which is supposed to give a correct picture of the manners and morals of the day.

Lest we become too much disheartened by this picture, let us set against it the fact that the names of many young people have in recent years been added to the roster of Mother Church's calendar of saints. The thought of the Little Flower will come at once to everybody's mind, and that of Bernadette perhaps, of Blessed Gabriel, of Gemma Galgani, and others, more or less familiar.

A story in a recent number of THE AVE MARIA, "La Belle Dame de Beauraing," told of five little children ranging from 11 to 15 years of age, to whom the Beautiful Lady appeared and made known her desire to have a chapel erected in her honor. In this article reference is made also to similar apparitions in Banneux, in the neighboring diocese of Liège, when "the Holy Virgin of the Poor deigned to appear before the eyes of a good little simple child in her remote little hamlet," who may yet be known to the world as another Bernadette. Thus again does the Heavenly Court make use of the simple to instruct the wise.

A wonderful case nearer home is that of Mother Marie Sainte-Cécile de Rome of the Order of Jesus and Mary, who died at the age of 22 in the Mother House of that Order in Sillery, Quebec, in 1929. As it is only four brief years since this modern little mystic was called by her Divine Spouse to share with Him the everlasting joys of Paradise, there are very many still living who knew her intimately, though such was her humility few realized that in her presence they were "conversing with an angel unawares."

Dina Bélanger was born in Quebec, April 30, 1897, of "devout parents who were determined to raise their only child as a gardener raises a rare plant." The author of a charming little brochure called "a Nun of Jesus and Mary," says: "If you should be in the vicinity of the church of Our Lady in the parish of Jacques Cartier in Quebec, enter for a moment, follow the left side aisle and kneel down in pew No. 33. Here a little girl who was later to become a great mystic and the confidante of Jesus suffering, used to pray at her mother's side." In this church when she was only four years old she heard a sermon on hell, which caused a terrifying dream, and a dread of sin and the devil which never left her throughout her life. It is said that the devil had his revenge "by placing pitfalls, temptations and numerous struggles in her way, and even rendering himself sensibly present, when, as a nun, she was plunged in the continual contemplation of God."

By nature timid and sensitive, yet strongly tenacious in her feelings, from her very earliest years she displayed a strong desire for sanctity. The comparatively small number of Catholics who really love the glorious liturgy of the Church will find it very interesting that this little girl used to drape her furniture and toys with black and purple ribbons in Holy Week! She was only seven when, in spite of a happy home

and devoted parents, she begged God to take her to heaven, and this desire for heaven remained with her always—a real nostalgia.

The Scripture admonition, "Judge not lest ye be judged," is constantly being so flagrantly violated that it is a joy to read her admission in the "Canticle of Thanksgiving" which she wrote through obedience to her superiors: "I do not recall ever having judged anyone voluntarily." So we find that besides the virtue of humility, which is the foundation of all sanctity, she also practised the virtue of charity, which is its most distinguishing and glorious attribute.

She was only ten years old when she became absorbed for an hour and a half with the invocation, "My Lord and my God." Another incident of her childhood is related by her biographer. When about 13 she was making the rounds of the seven churches on Holy Thursday, when she had the misfortune to fall into a mud puddle, completely destroying her pretty dress. What daughter of Eve would not consider this a tragedy? Of course, she immediately hurried home, but at the foot of the steps she knelt down and thanked God for sending her this humiliation, afterwards stooping and kissing the ground.

She was educated in a Notre Dame convent in Quebec. Being told that she showed a talent for the piano, her parents determined to give her a musical education. She studied for two years in Quebec, and then was sent to the Conservatory of Music in New York, where she met with gratifying success, though she, in her humility, placed a low estimate upon her musical ability. Her biographer states that "she was astonishingly sincere, and almost suffered when she met with success, while small failures caused an overflowing of spiritual joy."

After two years of study her father bought her a beautiful grand piano,

which arrived when she was away from home. Eager to see and enjoy this splendid gift she hastened home the next day, though the family was away. Suddenly the grace was given her to mortify her very natural impulse, and instead of rushing in to try her new piano, she knelt down and prayed for some time, after which she felt that she could give herself up to a joy which had been "blessed and sanctified." She constantly practised the spirit of mortification in such small ways as taking her tea and coffee without sugar and her food without seasoning, refusing delicacies in the way of pastry, etc., and—*mirabile dictu*—in this modern age, refraining from crossing her feet!

She was only five when she witnessed a profession ceremony at the convent of the Precious Blood, and ever after she longed to be a nun. At the age of eleven she began to receive direct communications from Our Lord, which continued and increased in frequency. He told her that she had a mission to help souls which would be endangered by any failure on her part to respond to a single grace, saying to her: "I wish to use you because you are nothing; I wish to prove My power by your weakness."

Overwhelmed by a sense of unworthiness she was eager to co-operate with Him by strict correspondence with the graces which He poured out upon her. At sixteen she made known her desire to become a religious, and having been educated by the Sisters of Notre Dame she was naturally attracted to that Order, but having boarded, during the period of her musical studies in New York, at the convent of Our Lady of Peace of the Order of Jesus and Mary, she decided to unite with this great Order, and so she entered the Novitiate in Sillery, Quebec, August 11, 1921.

During her entire novitiate she suffered interiorly from homesickness as well as dryness, fear of illusions, etc. One day when passing the poultry house

she thus addressed the little chickens, with tears in her eyes, "Ah, dear little creatures, you are in your own home; make the best of it." Another time when out walking, she almost yielded to a strong temptation to go home without hat or coat. Her power of resistance to all forms of temptation gradually strengthened till she reached the point of asking Our Lord every morning for a new cross. After a meditation on heaven she wrote: "It is a mystery of love to reflect that up there our happiness will be perfect, and yet we will no longer have the joy of suffering for God."

All this time she was constantly carrying on actual conversations with Jesus, which, however, became known only when in obedience to her Superior she wrote the account of all that had taken place within her, without reading it over or signing it, for thus had Our Lord commanded, saying that it was not she, but He who wrote. He had already called her "My little Myself," telling her that He wished her to become completely absorbed in Him, while in return she addressed herself to Him as "Your little nothing." In the Foreword to her biography the Bishop of Quebec wrote: "Her life offers a perfect realization of those astounding words of St. Paul, 'I live now, not I but Christ liveth in me.'"

To the average Christian it might appear that these tremendous graces would produce perfect happiness and peace in the soul of the privileged one. In 1924, she suffered excruciating mental and spiritual torture, to which, however, she submitted with such perfect resignation that "her soul was bathed in joy." "We find it difficult to understand," said Father Plus, "how these tortures can yet permit perfect peace to exist in the depths of the soul. To us, Calvary is Calvary; Thabor is Thabor. But what of a hill that is at the same time Calvary and Thabor? It happens, nevertheless, and the mystic, in this stage of the ascent towards God, lives in

both of these stages simultaneously."

The present writer had the privilege of being told by a priest a similar experience of his own. While undergoing excruciating physical and mental agony, at the same time he felt such spiritual contentment and joy that he said: "Had I been asked, 'Would you be willing to accept this as your heaven?' I should have answered, 'Most certainly I would!'"

This makes it a little less astounding to read of the vision which Mother Sainte-Cécile was permitted to see—an altar, fairly high, on which brilliant flames were blazing. Obeying the command of Jesus, she ascended the altar, stretched out her arms in the form of a cross, and felt the flames consuming her. "It seemed to me that my nature grieved and moaned," she says. "Nothing remained but ashes. He substituted Himself for me—He showed me that my exterior appearance was nothing but a cloak which hid Him from human eyes. Since this favor of the substitution of Our Lord in me, His voice often said: 'Let Me act.' And I answered, 'Jesus, Your little nothing loves You.'"

After receiving another great grace she wrote: "I feel myself in an abode of infinite, unknown marvels. . . . The senses are completely banished. There is as great a difference between my former concept of heaven and my understanding of it to-day, as between deep night and day. Nevertheless, I do not see the light. . . . The brightness which guides me belongs to a radiance in which I am lost."

This experience was followed by six months of perfect darkness and complete silence on the part of Jesus, when again His voice was heard: "You will not possess Me more completely in heaven, for I have completely absorbed you." This was her explanation of these mysterious words: "I understood that I was lost in God. . . . When the endless beatitude begins for me, . . . my

place of existence will not be different."

At the opening of her retreat before making her perpetual vows, the Divine Voice declared: "I wish to absorb you, My little spouse, to such a point that I shall be in your place, with all the attributes and perfections of My Divinity." Four months before her death she wrote: "Oh! what unutterable joy to dwell in heaven while Jesus lives in one's place on earth." In December, 1927, she was inspired to write a long prayer of such a nature that her biographer says: "It is unthinkable that a young nun, with no theological training, could have imagined a prayer of such mystical significance."

So redolent is all this of the experiences and the writings of the great mystics, St. Theresa of Avila and of St. John of the Cross, that the reader feels transported to Medieval times, so remote is it from our materialistic age. And so went on these extraordinary graces till the soul burned up the body, and simply and quietly as she had lived, her beautiful spirit returned to its Maker, September 4, 1929.

To her companions at the convent she had seemed only an amiable, edifying Sister. It was only after her death that they knew anything of "her mysterious relations with the Beyond." When this knowledge came to them it brought a great desire to emulate her extraordinary virtues and her life-long efforts to carry out the precept of Our Blessed Lord: "Be ye therefore perfect as your heavenly Father is perfect." This desire even penetrates, it is said, to the pupils at the Academy at Sillery. What a blessed and far-reaching result is this! What wonder that the good religious of the Order of Jesus and Mary, in all their convents, are devoutly and confidently praying for the beatification and canonization of Marie Sainte-Cécile de Rome!



"LEARNING without charity puffeth up, love without learning goes astray."

Carolina Abdicates.

BY ESTHER W. NEILL.

XX.—PARIS.

PARIS.—Carolina joyfully acknowledged that Eduard's predictions had been true. The years had fallen away from her in these familiar scenes of her young womanhood. She could banish all thoughts of old age; she seemed miraculously preserved from infirmity. She was in perfect health, full of extraordinary energy, eager to renew her former acquaintances, and to take up life where she had left it ten years ago when she had made her last trip to Europe to bring Eduard home from his preparatory school to enter him in college.

Though most of Carolina's contemporaries were dead, she had kept in touch with their children and their grandchildren. She had sent some of the more talented ones to art schools and conservatories of music; she had supplied books, clothes, for others who were studying at the Sorbonne. She had spent several winters in Paris, when Eduard was at school in Switzerland, so that her coming back now to take up her abode did not seem surprising.

She was welcomed warmly by her own exclusive circle, for, in spite of her domineering disposition, Carolina possessed the rare gift of magnetic charm. She understood the strategy of arousing loyalty, having both insight and sympathy, and she had a disarming, humorous way of confessing her faults that seemed to rob them of all deliberate purpose. She dispensed her hospitalities with a sort of prodigal unconcern that made her humblest guests feel that she attached no importance to a difference in rank or financial standing, and in times of sickness or monetary trouble, she went to their assistance with a generous benevolence that suggested no

sense of superiority or expectation of gratitude.

She had not been in Paris a week before she had established herself in a luxurious apartment and engaged a corps of well-trained servants. She weeded out the pieces of furniture that did not please her and she replaced them with genuine antiques, for which she paid exorbitant sums; she changed the hangings, the carpets, the pictures until she felt that she had created the atmosphere of elegance to which she was accustomed.

Her friends helped her in this diverting and pleasant task of refurnishing, and though they had been forced by the aftermath of war to practise every conceivable economy in their own households, it was a satisfaction to witness once more the abasement of shopkeepers before such reckless purchasing power, for Carolina, apparently, gave no thought to her impermanence as a tenant.

They all agreed that her wealth must be incalculable to admit of such careless disbursements, for she ignored all their friendly advice when they warned her against the piratical proclivities of antique dealers, the craftiness of rug-makers, and the apocryphal value of certain paintings,—the work of impecunious artists who had exhibited their pictures with dwindling hope, but who had never received that most desirable recognition of a bona fide purchaser before.

"I know good pictures when I see them," Carolina defended herself from these unsolicited suggestions. "Some day these artists may be as famous as Detaille or Rousseau; they have to begin somewhere; I'll help them to begin."

As a patron of art her salon soon became crowded. She was the center of an interesting group. There was a restorative power in this sophisticated society where the supremacy of youth was disputed. Her judgment was respected,

her intellectual gifts applauded, her acceptance of an invitation was considered an honor, and wherever she went she was received with attention and consideration.

But Carolina was too clever not to be aware of the fact that Eduard's presence added to her popularity, for these anxious French mothers proclaimed him to be a most desirable matrimonial possibility. Young, handsome, the sole heir to a fabulous fortune, the victim of a tragic romance—so fortunately terminated—he would have been distracted from all his studious ambitions, if he had listened to the insistent demands made upon his time and attention. He broke away from these overwhelming hospitalities as soon as Carolina would permit him to leave her side, and going to Vienna, he lost no more days in idle dreaming of his grief. He engaged room and board in a bare annex of one of the big hospitals, and he lived like a Spartan, indifferent to his own comfort. His infrequent letters to Carolina explained that he had no news to write about. He was well; he was studying half the night; and he was spending his days in surgical wards and operating rooms. She was grateful when he omitted ghastly details, for she was enjoying life with a new sense of vitality. She did not want to be reminded of suffering or death. She felt that this present consciousness of well-being was but a brief interlude. The disabilities of age were stalking her footsteps. Any day, any hour she might have to surrender ignominiously to them and acknowledge the break down of a body that had served her whims and caprices through long years of extraordinary activity.

She did not voice her fears to anyone. She tried to conserve her strength by remaining in bed until noon each day and by eating sparingly of the feasts she spread for her friends. She forced herself to keep cheerful and she wrote long, entertaining letters to Eduard,

telling him of her plans and her purchases. She actually thanked him for persuading her to come with him. She was happier than she had been in years. Paris was the place to seek pleasure, immunity from old age. She sent him programmes of the operas she attended, favors from her own dinner parties, and tempting boxes of marrons, fruits and more substantial edibles to add to his plain hospital fare.

"I can't think of you, Eduard, running around in a bloody apron, or whatever you wear when you are busy with your butchery, without shuddering, so I'm trying to forget what you are about. Don't tell me anything about your patients. I don't want to think of pain or misery. How can you hope to keep cheerful? Why don't you come back to me and live like a gentleman?"

She always ended her letters with this question, but she expected no affirmative answer. He was finding forgetfulness of his marriage in his engrossing work. That was satisfaction enough for her for the present. He would come back to her when he had completed these advanced courses in surgery. He would come back with his old ambition rekindled. He would come back, having reclaimed some of the joy of his youth.

She smiled to herself sometimes when she remembered that all this brilliancy of life around her seemed to rest on Joe Bangué's legs. If Eduard decided that he had acquired enough skill to operate on Joe, who, all unaware of his intentions, was contentedly pumping gas and oil into the machines of far-travelled tourists, would she abandon this extravagant life of idle pleasure and accompany her grandson home? or would she stay where she was and persuade him to return to her and practise his profession in Paris when Joe Bangué's legs had been straightened to his satisfaction? She was perplexed and uncertain whenever she compared the peace of the village to this diverting life of social

activity. And then one day she received a letter from Monsieur Courtenay that decided the question for her.

It was a painfully written note, scribbled in pencil, telling her that he had had a stroke which "unfortunately did not carry me off. After some weeks I have recovered my wits; but my left side is helpless. I shall never walk again." Carolina read the short page over three times, the writing was so different from Monsieur Courtenay's precise script that she had some trouble in deciphering it, and she wanted to be sure of every word. She was greatly distressed by the news. The little man had always been so devoted to her service. She could not accept the doctor's diagnosis that he was permanently crippled. She would go to him at once and see if she could not alter the inevitableness of this medical opinion. All her life Carolina had accustomed herself to making quick decisions. She rang for one of her servants and she dispatched a long telegram to Eduard.

"I am going home. Jean Courtenay has had a stroke, and I feel that my place is by his side. He has stood by me in every emergency of life. No woman ever had a more faithful and unselfish friend. He has no idea of making himself comfortable. I don't believe he has the means to employ the doctors and the nurses that he needs. I can't go on spending money in this mad fashion, entertaining people who are young enough to be my grandchildren when my oldest friend may be suffering and in need!"

Eduard came rushing back to Paris on a night train to question the wisdom of this sudden resolution.

"My Lord! Miss Carrie, you've always taken my breath away by your way of doing things. I thought you were so happy here."

"Well, I was. I've been living in a sort of fool's paradise, but I can't go on. I've got to go home to Jean."

His eyes lighted up with his old boyish mischief. "Is this the tail end of a romance?" he asked.

"Don't talk nonsense, Eduard. I was never intended for romance. It always left me cold. You have been the only real passion of my life. You have led me from the beginning of your babyhood. I had to wait until I was a grandmother to understand the insanity that seems to be a part of love."

"Insanity?" he questioned.

"Of course. People do not reason when they love greatly. If one doesn't reason then one may be considered abnormal,—insane. I'm not at all sure that it was sensible for me to trail you to Europe. I had no desire to study medicine or live in a hospital. You really haven't needed me. Women like to be needed, and so I have decided to go home and take care of Jean."

"But, Miss Carrie, have you reflected that nursing is no easy job? I hate to remind you that you are not quite as young as you once were. You really haven't got the strength to go home and nurse a paralyzed man no matter how much he needs you."

"I've never felt better in my life," she said impatiently. "But, I've always had sense enough to know my own limitations. I have no idea of nursing him. I would drive any patient frantic by my awkwardness. I know nothing of temperatures, pulses, or diet; but I do understand Jean Courtenay. I can supply everything he needs and he will not know that I am paying for it. He's so full of idealism himself that I can convince him that the nurses are working with some transcendental idea of social service, and I can persuade him to be my guest until he recovers, or dies. He can have your big sunny room that opens on the wide veranda. His little house in the village is too small for a sick man. Since I have made up my mind, I wish you would arrange for my passage at once."

"It's a bad time for me to get away," he said hesitatingly. "If you could just wait a few weeks until I am through. Doctor Brinkner has been giving a course in plastic surgery—"

"I did not expect you to go with me," she interrupted him. "I am perfectly able to travel alone. I don't know anything more restful than an ocean voyage. You know I never get sea-sick. Telegraph to Cook. He will take care of everything. I've made the trip so often I do not need anyone to go with me. I may be an old woman, but I hate to be treated like one. I have made up my mind. There is no use in arguing, when I have made up my mind. I thank God that you are interested in your work, and I don't want to drag you away, but I can't let the rest of my life be directed by Joe Bangué's crooked legs. I shall have to travel in a straight line back to Jean. He's incapable of making himself comfortable. I shall have to go and look after him—it's the least I can do."

"And what will you do with all this?" he asked, making a mental inventory of the handsome furnishings of the room.

"Leave it," she answered promptly.

"Aren't a great many of these things valuable?"

"I don't care."

"I thought you were so keen about them?"

"Well, I was, or perhaps I am. But I can't consider them at present. We can lock them up. You may want to run up to Paris for a day or two, and occupy the apartment, or I may come back to it. I can't be worried disposing of so many things now. One of the great advantages of having money is that it enables one to move quickly without being pestered by the thought of things. Life seems so simple, when one can lock a door."

(To be continued.)



READ much, but not many books.
—*Sir W. Hamilton.*

The Welcome Guest.

BY SISTER M. HELEN, C. S. C.

DEATH comes so gently to our house,

We fear him not at all.

With folded wings he hovers

O'er each aged Sister's stall.

Sometimes he comes at dawning,

His wings all silver white,

Sometimes he creeps up softly

In the hushes of the night.

An angel of God's mercy,

A soother of all pain,

We, who are tired and weary,

Long he would come again.



The Divine Rag Picker.*

BY THOMAS A. LAHEY, C. S. C.

(Conclusion.)

HOWEVER little or much the pen of Dumas may have done towards the reformation of these unhappy creatures whose lives he helped to wreck, there can be no doubt of the remarkable conversions which Teresa effected with the aid of her benefactors. In that interesting translation of the life of the "Bonne Mère" by P. Mortier, from which most of the facts of this article are taken, a variety of those conversions are narrated for the edification of the reader. One famous stage beauty, for example, who lived in pagan luxury with no thought of God, ended her days on one of Teresa's cots with arms outstretched as she whispered to her companions: "Look, now, here is the Blessed Virgin come to fetch me. How lovely she is!" Another much more hideous type, so diseased in body and soul that her every expression was a profanation and her very presence a source of physical infection, finally broke down and confessed in Teresa's arms.

* Most of the facts of this narrative are taken from the English translation of the Life of Reverend Mother Chupin by P. Mortier, under the title of "Bonne Mère."

Then there was the irresponsible little gypsy who was always running away and who couldn't stop dancing in spite of a thousand resolutions. Kept from receiving Communion on Our Lady's birthday, she cried so long and so bitterly that Teresa finally relented. The poor butterfly's gratitude was so great, the narrator tells us, that she prayed continually for almost a day, and then passed peacefully away in the midst of that extraordinary thanksgiving. Finally for purposes of illustration there was the penitent who, though suffering agonies almost every hour of her later years, always answered every expression of pity with these words: "Oh, no, do not pity me. I am but too happy to suffer a little for the love of God whom I have offended so greatly." Then, looking at the crucifix, she would invariably add, "Lord, send me still more sufferings, provided only that You pardon me." Yes, Teresa had striking and abundant proof of the presence and power of God's grace on her work. Little wonder that she was able to carry on with such courage and such cheerfulness in the midst of what seemed so often like insurmountable obstacles.

There was another series of experiences which must be mentioned here if we are to understand the rather unexpected development which the *Bonne Mère's* life took later on. At one time in her "teens" she had some faint idea of joining the Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul, but it was not so much the religious life which had drawn her as it was the type of work performed by those heroic women. Indeed all thought of the Sisterhood apparently left her head the moment she found the doors of her ambition opened to her by other hands than those of a religious superior.

God was not to be balked in His designs however, although He drew her into the ranks of His chosen daughters by a gradual if rather definite compulsion. Very early in her work Teresa

learned to appreciate the existence of the Dominican Order. The Fathers were always ready to advise her and to offer even more substantial assistance. Added to that, most of her helpers were Tertiaries of that Order. It was rather natural, therefore, that she should show her appreciation for those benefactions by becoming herself a member of the Third Order under the name of Sister Vincent Ferrer.

So she continued for a number of years until the growth of her work and the need of a stabilized backing induced certain influential Dominicans to exert what pressure they could upon her and her companions to assume the status of Regular Tertiaries, and after that even to undertake the establishment of a new Congregation. Now above all things else Teresa preferred liberty of action in the running of her Institute. Besides, she did not relish the idea of binding herself to any kind of life for which she had no taste as well as no training. Deep down in her heart, however, she knew that she must eventually yield. She would not live forever, and the work, after all, was more important than the person. Others would have to be trained so that her hands might be multiplied and her labors carried on. As might be expected, therefore, she finally gave her approval, one after another, to each of the two propositions.

With those decisions behind her, the *Bonne Mère* began to suffer the first of a long series of crosses which she had somehow suspected would result from this sacrifice of her personal liberty. Since she had little or no direct acquaintance with the religious life, a nun of many years' experience was called in by the ecclesiastical authorities to direct the infant organization. It wasn't long, therefore, until the new Foundress began to feel the gall of the harness. Successful though her work undoubtedly had been, Teresa had always tolerated a certain easy familiarity between herself

and her charges which could not with dignity be continued now that she and her workers had assumed the habit of religious runs. It was thought best, therefore, by the Advisor that the everyday work of the new Congregation be placed under the spiritual direction of an experienced nun rather than under the not so spiritual direction of Teresa.

There was really no disrespect nor lack of affection in that re-alignment. Indeed as a result of it, the *Bonne Mère* became not only the Foundress but also the Prioress General of the infant Congregation of Our Lady of Grace, as the new Sisterhood was called. Teresa, however, was far from happy in her new honors, for she soon found out that problems of administration were keeping her increasingly away from the outcasts whose company she loved. Those who had taken her place in the work of reform, active and efficient as they were in the new method of conducting things, preferred that conditions should remain just that way. Perhaps deep down in her heart Teresa applauded their stand, but she could not get used to it. Her ways were not their ways and their ways were not hers. She was the pioneer by nature, eager, self-reliant, resourceful. But like all pioneers—an individualist. From the very beginning she had broken her own ground, had overcome each obstacle as it came to her by that remarkable combination of a sympathetic nature and an indomitable will which was her genius. In fact, only such a personality could have won the hearts of these poor girls and yet at the same time battled its way through the coldness and antagonism of an unbelieving world.

Teresa should have known that some day a new order of things would push her into the background. Perhaps she did know it, for the pioneer worker always eventually writes his own doom. Indeed the very path which such a one breaks simply opens the way to the mul-

titude wherein organization takes the place of individual effort. Anyway, Teresa suddenly found herself in just that situation. Her place had been suddenly taken by a system; a system in which rules and regulations began gradually to separate her, like so many bars, from her former charges. Like all pioneers she did not like the change, but she yielded to its evident advantages with a simple willingness that was as heart-rending as it was heroic.

Generous as she was, however, in turning the work of her life over to other hands, she could not accommodate herself to the restrictions which had been placed about "her girls," as she called them. She was forever slipping up behind them with a playful jab while they were in the refectory or at work. Even during the periods of most rigid silence she could be seen, Prioress General though she was, telling an innocent joke or whispering a word of kindness with all the guilty self-consciousness of a day-old novice.

Most of all she loved the erring cases. And how she mothered them during their periods of depression! Often she would slip a little money into their hands so that they could buy a ribbon or some other bauble to tide them over these darker hours. At other times when they were more able to take it she would administer little scoldings accompanying them occasionally with playful taps on the knuckles of her blushing penitents. She even maintained a little medicine cabinet of her own—also in violation of the rules, we presume—from which she would miraculously draw cooling drinks and soothing remedies for those who were ailing.

No wonder that she was at the same time the despair of the disciplinarians and the delight of the inmates. When she appeared in the distance all eyes were immediately turned in her direction, and when she walked with them, as she often did during their periods of

recreation, they would surround her like a flock of delighted children until, with a something of her old gentle shrewdness, she would say with a smile: "It is time for me to go to the chapel now and say my rosary." Then, with a playful nudge to one another, they would invariably troop along after her, to the amazement and consternation of the new directors who were decidedly not in favor of this mixing up of prayer and recreation in a way not provided for in the Rule.

It was a good thing for Teresa's peace of mind on such occasions that she held the highest office in the Congregation. Otherwise she would have been reprimanded and sent on her way in very short order. Even as it was her ears must have burned on many an occasion when indignant subordinates were discussing possible ways of preventing her good-natured but none-the-less real interferences with the routine of her establishments. Teresa never paid any attention to this murmuring however. Whether unaware of its existence or just totally ignoring it, she continued merrily onward right up to the last year of her life, talking when she shouldn't, glancing around when her eyes should have been modestly cast down, even breaking into laughter when contemplation should have been the order of the hour, until finally, with all due respect to her position, she was asked to eat alone so as to avoid those friendly little quips and those bursts of conversation with which she delighted to punctuate the spiritual reading which took place daily during meals in the Community refectory.

Let no one cast a stone at this little old lady laughing and talking her way through the last years of her life in violation of the Rule of her own Congregation. After all, God would never have called one of her type to the confinement of a religious life if it hadn't been necessary for her to prepare some sort of a

stabilized training for those who were to succeed her in the hazardous work of rescuing lost women. What if she did not understand the intricacies and finer practices of the interior way! Looking over the personal peculiarities of Peter and some of the other Apostles, we wonder whether Our Lord ever expected her to. Like those rugged characters, Teresa had a pioneer make-up with some of the pioneer's contempt for refinement of rules. Why condemn her then for those little extravagances which, under other circumstances, were the very success of her work. As a matter of fact, wasn't it God's Own blessing upon that friendly tongue of hers which drew thousands of girls from the gutter and sent them back again into society respectable women?

No, we can't see anything scandalous about these violations of silence. If anything they are touching and edifying when looked at through understanding eyes. God must have loved that motherly old soul as He saw her breaking her way day after day as it were through the walls of silence, which she never fully understood, to bring a word of cheer or consolation to her former charges. As we remember it, Our Lord Himself wasn't above breaking a few regulations when the sinners of His day needed the sympathetic word—"The Sabbath is made for man, not man for the Sabbath" (St. Mark, ii, 27).

Be that as it may the *Bonne Mère* in her simple and beautiful way continued to be pretty much of a rule to herself as long as she had a breath in her body. There wasn't a scintilla of pride in her assertiveness, however. She was simply what she was because she had been compelled to rely upon herself all during her life, and although that method had its inevitable drawbacks, in her case at least it produced a pretty good brand of sanctity. One striking illustration of how unselfish she was and how essentially humble underneath her strong-

headedness comes to us from one of the final years of her life after she had virtually retired from all work.

In recognition of her accomplishments it had been voted to honor her with the Medal of Encouragement for Good Works. When the news was brought to her by one of the nuns, she simply could not believe it; and when the President of the Republic himself came to make the presentation, she was so overwhelmed with the sense of her own unworthiness that she could not even be induced to go down to the parlor. In fact, it was only when the nuns impressed upon her that it was her duty to accept the honor for the good of the Institute that she blushinglly consented to do so.

That incident, in a way, might be said to sum up Teresa's entire career. The one passion of her life was the good of her girls. So long as they were taken care of nothing else mattered. Even in her last days when her old heart almost beat itself out against the rules of her own community which stood between her and her penitents, she made no complaints so long as they were being benefited. Even the fact that royalty cultivated her and great literary lights wrote about her, meant absolutely nothing. She accepted these attentions only in so far as they helped her to reach out the friendly hand to yet more and more of these bedraggled creatures. Indeed as some one once said, she was by nature a sort of "Divine Rag Picker."

What a magnificent title, and what a sure passport to Paradise! The *Bonne Mère*, as she was so affectionately known about Paris, is dead now, but her grave is kept moist with the tears of the girls that she saved. They come back by the hundreds, housemaids, happy brides, mothers of families, respectable all of them—thanks to Teresa's motherly old heart. Once in a while a character of the street slips in when nobody is looking and goes off again

with a more resolute step. Many times more than once in a while a white-robed Sister will pause for a prayer at the grave of her saintly and beloved foundress, who wasn't so good on the rule of silence while she lived. Evidently the *Bonne Mère* is still working with that subtle but friendly influence which was her genius during life.

"The Divine Rag Picker!" How she would have loved that title! It was that kind of rag picking which was her happiness upon earth. Let it be her glory also in Heaven. And we may be sure that it is, for, after all, didn't the Master Himself give her the very first lesson in the divine art of rag picking when He turned away from a wealthy man's table to lift the erring Magdalen to her feet?

Little Sister.

BY AGNES M. BLUNDELL.

VI.

YVES was early at the rendezvous, but he was aware as he made his way thither that the woodlands were alive with stealthily moving forms. The Bretons, like the folk of La Vendée, had adopted the owl-cry of their native woods instead of a pass-word, hence they all became known as the "chouans" or wood owls.

It was a breathless summer morning, the moss underfoot was dry over the hard, stony earth. As he drew near the glade, Yves paused, curved his hands and breathed into the hollowed palms.

Hoo-hoo! Hoo-hoo! The vibrating call rang out and was answered immediately. There seemed to be folk behind every tree, and groups presently slid into view from the shelter of lichened rocks.

In the centre of the clearing stood a knot of people, all wearing the white scarfs which denoted officers in the Royal Army. Among the men stood two

ladies, and though Yves could not see their faces, a premonition made his heart begin to beat wildly. The old man in the caped coat might be Monsieur d'Aurély—nay, it was! Behind him stood the faithful Lemaître.

"Ah!" cried the sweet gay voice of Jeanne de Kérouald. "Here is Don Quixote! Well met, Monsieur de St. Armand."

Jacques de Marillac turned in surprise. "So you know our gallant woodcutter?" he said.

The Marquis merely raised an eyebrow. But Yves heeded none of them; Anne had not yet spoken, and it was on her that his eyes were fixed. She had been talking eagerly to the Marillacs, but at Jeanne's cry of recognition she broke off and glanced towards St. Armand with a smile of pleased surprise.

"Well met!" she said. "We have come with Monsieur d'Aurély to implore you gentlemen to organize your troop at once. Monsieur de Lescure and Henri de la Rochejacquelein have marched through our country to the sound of the tocsin. They started with two score men, but all the villages have risen to their support, and when we left they were followed by 15,000. They will cross the Loire if you will join them."

"We are at your orders, Mademoiselle de Certaines," cried Marillac gallantly. "My children, come forward!"

In response to their seigneur's appeal every bush and fern tuft yielded up its man. They had brought such arms as they could find—pikes made of scythe blades, sickles in place of swords.

"God pity us!" murmured Anne. "All these poor fathers of families!"

"And you, ladies?" queried Jacques. "Is not this knight errantry rather dangerous?"

"We do wrong to speak playfully about it," returned Jeanne quickly. "This is war, Sirs. They have killed our King, and the royal family is in the hands of blood-thirsty murderers. We

women accompany the Army to tend the sick and wounded."

"All honor to your courage!" exclaimed the Marquis, doffing his hat with its white cockade.

Yves felt a certain irritation stir within him. Who could associate such an exquisite person with war? He turned abruptly to D'Aurély.

"Let me serve under you or under De Lescure," he said impulsively.

"Certainly, dear Baron! We make you a present of the woodcutter," observed Marillac, whose ears were sharp.

Yves felt the angry color mount to his brow at the disdainful tone. He might have made a quick retort had not Anne murmured: "We all serve the same cause—we strive for God and for our child-King!"

The inauguration of the Royal Army was something like that of a crusade. Men sprang to arms with the spontaneous desire to protect what they held most holy. Their religion was at stake, since heretical ministers and teachers were to be forced upon them—and the King, the upholder of the true faith, was in jeopardy. Not only were the lives and limbs of soldiers to be risked in the struggle, but, as soon became apparent, their whole families, their very homes. The National Troops—nicknamed "the Blues" from the tint of their uniforms—took the field with very definite orders. Prisoners were to be shot, food was not only to be requisitioned for republican troops, but surplus supplies were to be destroyed in all areas where disturbances had occurred, or might occur. The villages of royalist partisans or those suspected of royalist sympathy were to be burned to the ground. Non-combatants likely to entertain aristocratic sentiments were completely outside the pale of the Law. Anyone accused of anti-revolutionist principles, even on the most frivolous pretext, might be summarily executed. As a result of

this barbarous severity, whole families trooped about after the "White Army": old men, old women, mothers with babies at their breasts!

The very lowest of the population, tramps, cut-throats and criminals of all descriptions boldly came to the fore, and acclaimed themselves partisans of the "glorious Revolution." Of such were the 50,000 Marseillaise who terrorized Paris, and howled like blood-thirsty beasts about the guillotine. But every province and large town had its quota, and those in authority made use of them to terrorize their opponents. Who dared leave his wife and young children unguarded in a lonely château, knowing that they might fall into such hands? And if Duc and Comte went to war, followed by their mothers, wives and all the old folk, could they rebuke the peasant, if he did the like?

Marillac's brigade upon the march had the appearance of a somewhat tumultuous pilgrimage. First came the officers, with a picked detachment of men, all well-armed and mounted. The few pieces of artillery they possessed came next, after them followed haphazard an immense crowd of peasant soldiers, old folk, women and children, with here and there a white-scarfed officer. Some were armed, some carried bundles, some were wounded—all had a rosary in hand.

Baggage-wagons jostled against improvised ambulances, little children pattered in the wake of their mothers, older ones dragged the family goat by a knotted cord. The troop had already been in several skirmishes, for The Terror was now in full swing, and determined to quell insurrection in the west. Robespierre had launched on the harassed countryside an army which was to be stigmatized forever as the *colonnes infernales*.

Marillac was obliged to lead his men over wild moors and unfrequented paths in order to avoid unnecessary collisions before effecting a juncture with the

main body under De Lescure which awaited him at Angers. His fine plum-colored coat was soon so torn and dirty that he was glad to exchange it for a peasant's badger-skin jacket. Yves was obliged to concede an unwilling admiration to the man whose affectations never failed to irritate him. Food supplies were difficult to obtain, and every night, after the day's march, the Marquis would sit on a log or stone, using a drum for a table, and calculate the rations for the next day. His hair, no longer powdered, was carefully tied with a large bow of black ribbon, the frill of his fine holland shirt was disposed at just the correct angle above his embroidered waistcoat. His hunting-boots were cleaned every day, but the effect was spoiled by the ropes of hay which he wore twisted over them to protect shins and knees from the thorns and brambles through which he was obliged to force his way. He would pause in his labors every now and then, to inhale a pinch of snuff, and sigh for the departed glories of Versailles.

Jacques, his brother, was a more friendly soul. He had immediately adopted peasant clothes and mixed freely with the people. He organized the commissariat, and distributed the rations with the assistance of Anne and her cousin and a host of volunteers.

Yves had been given charge of the ammunition which was almost a sinecure until volunteers brought in news of a store of gunpowder at the quarry at which they had been working. All was at a standstill there, as every man in the district was under arms. The gunpowder was accordingly commandeered "in the King's name," and paid for by bonds countersigned with the name of Louis XVII.—that hapless little boy who had just been torn from his mother's arms and consigned to the brutal charge of the shoemaker, Simon.

The little town of Varades had been appointed as a meeting-place for the

two contingents. Marillac's force had tramped fifty miles in the first three days, forcing their way through the undergrowth of interminable woodlands, stumbling in the thick heather and bilberry bushes which cloaked rocks and stones. A halt was called near Auray, that the whole multitude might go in procession, with lighted candles, to visit the shrine of St. Anne.

Yves went also, partly out of curiosity, and was touched in spite of himself by the charm of the little chapel with its rude frescoes and stories of miracles painted on panels which had been hewed in the adjacent wood, and decorated by the village sign-painter with his most careful skill. It was touching, too, to see these hundreds of poor folk upon their knees on the open ground—the chapel being too small to contain more than a section of the crowd—their arms extended lovingly towards "Our Saint," as they called her.

"Have you no petition to make, no prayer to offer?" said a voice in his ear as he stood looking on.

Yves turned. An elderly woman, wearing a Cagot badge, stood beside him. Her skin was deeply tanned and wrinkled by exposure to wind and sun, her clothes were ragged but clean.

"Come," she went on, "is not St. Arne the grandmother of the holy Child Jesus? Do not little children love their grannies? Ask—He will not refuse what you ask in the name of His grandmother. You wear His badge already."

"I have no right to it," murmured Yves. "And you, *La mère*, you should no longer wear that badge of yours. We are bidden to cast aside such things, now that we join the army of the King."

He addressed her in the familiar fashion usual among Breton folk, but she turned as he spoke, and gazed at him searchingly.

"See," went on the young man gently. "Let me take away this thing and put in its place the badge of the Sacred

Heart. You believe in God's love for us—I, alas, believe in nothing."

He was startled at the sudden pallor which showed livid below the sunburn, and half regretted his good-natured impulse.

"I wore this badge like you, but a few days ago," he added hastily, dropping the hated red cloth knot on to the ground and grinding it beneath his heel. "And you can do your share also for this poor little prisoner King. You can tell me where I can buy food for—"

"The Prisoner-King!" she interrupted. "You are a good subject, it seems, young man! But is He not here, the Prisoner-King? Why do you not pray to Him?"

She made a gesture with her toil-worn hand towards the open door of the chapel, through which the sunshine sent a shaft of light. The gold doors of the tabernacle glittered at the far end, over the carved wooden altar.

"I cannot," he murmured; "it would be a mockery."

She pressed her clasped hands to her heart, turning on him a look of agony.

"Your name—Monsieur, *votre nom*?" To his amazement, she spoke in French.

Yves could not answer—he had sought his mother in vain among the Cagots in Finistère; but what if he were to find her unexpectedly at this shrine? His old horror of the Cagot caste had revived, as his fingers had touched her badge. He knew that now he had no wish to find her—now that he had seen again the lady of his dream.

Even as he turned away, struggling with his sense of nausea, Anne de Certaines emerged from the chapel. She glanced about her for a moment, and then suddenly came towards him with flying steps. Ah, if he had prayed, would he not have prayed for this! But Anne passed Yves by, and, kneeling, caught the Cagot woman in her arms.

"She is fainting, fetch water," she bade him.

Yves' own water-bottle hung from his shoulder, he slipped it from its cord with trembling fingers. Anne had never looked more lovely than at this moment. Her veil had fallen back from her golden head; she wore white in honor of the procession; her eyes were as blue as the blue sky overhead.

"She is mine," said Yves. He gently took the fainting woman into his arms, pillowing her head upon his breast. "My name," he added, as she opened her eyes, "is Yves de St. Armand."

"Is it your old nurse?" whispered Anne, as the color began to come back into the peasant woman's face.

"Nay, my mother, I believe." Some instinct convinced him of the truth even without evidence.

Lucie made a convulsive movement, tore herself from her son's arms, and flung herself on her knees.

"O St. Anne, O Mother Anne, have pity!" she implored. "My child has lost his faith through my fault!"

Anne knelt beside her.

"We will pray for him," she said gently.

As Yves gazed at the two women a cry burst involuntarily from his lips: "Oh, that I could believe!"

So the poor strayed sheep all unknowing, made his prayer at the shrine.

(To be continued.)

The Country of St. Dominic.

BY BLANCHE JENNINGS THOMPSON.

FOLLOWING the trail of that intrepid apostle, St. Dominic, through the hills of Southern France, one is moved to awe and wonder that frail human flesh could bear such hardships and accomplish so much. Even the zeal of an evangelist would seem hardly equal to the burden of cold, hunger and weariness that must have been the lot of those early saints. The pilgrim of to-day, following reverently in their foot-

steps and travelling with as much convenience as can be secured, finds himself worn with fatigue, and tries to comfort himself with the reflection that St. Dominic and his followers must have been of tougher fibre. He knows well, however, that it was their souls that were made of sterner stuff and ignored the weakness of the body.

In the ancient city of Toulouse in Southern France one may see an old Dominican convent, the third in actual chronological order, many times bartered back and forth between Church and State, and now belonging only temporarily, it is hoped, to the State. In those old cloisters with the frescoes almost obliterated, under that famous double nave with its high arches and pillars, must often have walked St. Dominic, and one can imagine his voice ringing out in that noble old building which only recently has been used as a stable for horses.

Up the narrow old Rue de Taur is the "Church of the Bull" which was built at the place where the bulls stopped, dragging St. Antoninus to his martyrdom. At the end of the same street is the Church of St. Sernin or Saturninus, in the crypt of which is found a collection of precious relics second only to those found in Rome. Here one may see relics of eight of the Apostles, a chasuble and other vestments of St. Dominic, the very head of the Saint himself, and a piece of the robe of the Blessed Virgin.

Carcassonne—dream of our childhood since our first acquaintance through an old school reader with the famous poem "Carcassonne" by Gustave Nadaud! How sad we used to feel for the poor old peasant:

And I have not seen Carcassonne;
And I have not seen Carcassonne!

And now to have seen it oneself, with its drawbridge and watch towers and battlements! The quaint old walled city contains in its beautiful Cathedral of

St. Nazaire a fine relic of St. Dominic, who, undaunted by the strongest fortifications, toiled even up those rocky steepes to save the souls within.

All the hills near Carcassonne knew the footsteps of the saints. Mary Magdalen and Lazarus travelled through Southern France preaching the gospel of Jesus. Every winding footpath bore the imprint of St. Dominic. At Montreal, after climbing the narrow cobbled street to the Church of St. Vincent, one may stand in the very pulpit where he preached. Going on over the rolling hills to Prouille one approaches the lovely Dominican monastery of Our Lady of Prouille. Nuns are washing linen outside in a running stream; inside the cloistered nuns are chanting Vespers. Here is the very cradle of the Rosary, the place where Our Lady appeared to St. Dominic and told him to preach her Rosary.

Up to that time St. Dominic had been having a very difficult time. He could make no converts and was fast becoming discouraged. He had been inspired to leave the luxurious retinue of his Archbishop and to go off by himself, barefoot, and with only a staff, the habit he wore, and his missal. Here at Prouille the vision of Our Lady gave him fresh courage and blessed his labors.

The country lying around Montreal, Fanjeaux, and Prouille was the scene of many of the miracles of St. Dominic, some of the actual sites being now marked by crosses or shrines. Such a crucifix is erected at the spot where assassins meant to kill the saint. He asked for a slow martyrdom that it might be more glorious, but the assassins were diverted from their purpose, and their victim lived to continue his good work, preaching, praying, and founding convents and monasteries. The long winding paths of his journeys may be seen overspreading all the hills, from the terrace of Fanjeaux.

Once while he was preaching, a ter-

rific storm arose and the peasants who were listening to his words, fearing for their crops, wished to leave and attend to them. St. Dominic said that if they would stay, the crops would suffer no harm, and so it happened according to his word, and the people believed in him. On another occasion the saint rebuked some workmen for garnering sheaves on Sunday. They protested that the crops must be saved, and nearly offered him violence. One peasant glanced down at a sheaf in his hand and found it covered with blood—so did another and another. They ceased their work in alarm and the saint's reputation grew.

In the church at Fanjeaux are the relics of St. Dominic's triumph in the Albigensian heresy. The Albigensians, a corrupt and spurious order under the guise of austerity, were leading the people astray with false teachings. St. Dominic chose the "ordeal by fire" to prove his claims. The manuscripts of each were cast into the fire, and while those of the Albigensians were consumed entirely, those of St. Dominic were miraculously cast out of the fire unharmed, striking a beam in the roof of the church as well as the pavement beneath. The beam and a fragment of the stone paving are still preserved in Fanjeaux.

At one time St. Dominic was anxious to know what to do with some young, newly converted girls, whom he wished to remove from heretical influences. While he prayed for light on a rocky ledge, a meteor fell from heaven and struck on the ground not far away. The saint believed it a sign from heaven and asked that it be repeated. It was repeated three times, and on the spot where the meteors fell he founded the convent of Prouille, the home of the Rosary and the place where began the cult of Blessed Imelda, patron of First Communicants.

Up a steep and rocky path in the

little town of Fanjeaux, the pilgrim finds the house of St. Dominic where he must have stayed for many years. It is a tiny, dark hovel wherein one may see his little narrow cell and the fireplace at which the good saint no doubt cooked his frugal meals.

When, later in Italy, the pilgrim visits Sienna, he is reminded again of St. Dominic in viewing the relics of that most blessed of all his followers, St. Catherine of Sienna. There in the house where St. Catherine lived are three little chapels. One is in the cell she occupied, narrow and austere, one in the kitchen where the altar is built right over the fireplace, and the third in the room where the saint was kneeling when she received the Sacred Stigmata.

All around the cell are murals depicting events in the life of St. Catherine—in one she is holding the Infant Jesus in her arms; in another, cutting off her long, beautiful hair; in another, healing the sick; and in still another, receiving the Stigmata. There are several touching relics, too: her veil, the lantern she used on her errands of mercy, and the scent bottle she carried to give some relief to the people suffering from the terrible plague. Truly St. Catherine followed faithfully in the footsteps of St. Dominic.

Back in France near Montreal there may be seen an old fountain, now known as the Holy Well because of the healing waters. Here St. Dominic was wont to rest and quench his thirst after his long, hard journeys in the broiling sun. Here, too, he probably bathed his weary feet that carried him so patiently on his far journeys to save souls. It is here that we like to think of him resting from his earthly labors and to say to him now at rest at last near some heavenly fountain:

Blessed St. Dominic, pray for us!



TRUTH takes no account of centuries.

—Wordsworth.

St. Peter and the Faith.

BY MARIAN NESBITT.

NOW that in this Holy Year of Jubilee our thoughts are turned so constantly towards Rome, the Mother and Mistress of all the Churches, and our voices ascend in still more fervent prayer for the Successor of St. Peter, it is not without interest to see how, from the very earliest ages of Christianity, the Prince of the Apostles has been held in extraordinary veneration. He was regarded as the "Core," the "Pillar," the Foundation of the Church, and, as St. John Chrysostom describes him, "that head of the Apostles, the first in the Church, the friend of Christ, who received the revelation, not from man, but from the Father—this Peter—and when I say Peter, I mean the unbroken rock, the unshaken foundation, the great Apostle, the first of the disciples, the first called, the first to obey."

No one can well be more definite than this. But St. Jerome is equally emphatic. It is as evident in the writings of his early manhood as in those of his later years—in fact, to the very end of his long life. "I am in communion with the Chair of Peter," he says; "on that rock I know the Church is built. Whosoever shall eat the Lamb (i. e. receive the Body of the Lord) outside that House is profane. If any be not with Me in the Ark, he shall perish beneath the sway of the Deluge." And once more, "If any is joined to the Chair of Peter he is Mine."

It is not, however, in the writings of the Fathers alone that we find such statements, every great saint, every founder of one or other of the noted monastic and Mendicant Orders—all these without exception have been loyal to the See of Rome to an extent which the history of their Institutions and the story of so many holy, learned and emi-

nently successful lives abundantly prove. Indeed their work flourished and their influence increased as it would never otherwise have done. Begun under obedience and with the full sanction and approval of Christ's Vicar on earth, we see missionaries going forth into far-off lands, preachers evangelizing Europe, and, like St. Dominic and St. Antony of Padua, destroying the poisonous roots of heresy and turning whole multitudes from sin.

When withdrawing from controversy in order to devote himself more entirely to his own spiritual advancement Blaise Pascal cries: "I do not adhere to anything on earth save the one Catholic, Apostolic and Roman Church in which I desire to live and die in communion with the Pope, its supreme head."

In these days of indifference, unbelief, and the conviction of many high Anglicans who persist in calling themselves "Anglo-Catholics," it is true that Rome regards them as her Catholic heritage, even if she does not say so in so many words. To children of the true Church who really love their country and desire its conversion to the Faith, England must present a sad and depressing spectacle. Her people, ever since the days of the Great Apostasy, have been reaping the fruits of the wicked propaganda spread broadcast by the so-called "Reformers" of the Sixteenth Century. With the exception of a few, they have lost the idea of One, Universal, Visible Church delegated by Our Divine Lord to teach all nations with authority and power, and cannot therefore understand the uncompromising and exclusive attitude of the Church of Rome.

Many sincere people entirely fail to understand this exclusiveness. Consequently the truth often comes to them as a severe shock. They mistake fidelity to a solemn and most sacred trust for "narrowness!" They become embittered and antagonistic to an astonishing extent.

Then we see around us a very large number of irreligious men—openly irreligious—the general run of whom "do not suffer from their unbelief to any great extent." That is the view taken by Cardinal Newman. "They are not miserable; they have neither great talents nor strong passions; they have not within them the material of rebellion in such measure as to threaten their peace. It is very different," he continues, "when the moral and intellectual principles are well developed. Then we have the melancholy spectacle of high aspirations without an aim, a hunger of the soul unsatisfied, and a never-ending restlessness and inward warfare of its various faculties, because gifted minds, if not submitted to the rightful authority of religion, are the most unhappy and the most mischievous."

What a picture we have here of the world to-day when the Divinity of the Son of God is boldly denied and "modern science" rules supreme. Surely here we find the solution of that problem which must be obvious to everyone—namely, that in the sense of the vivid patriotism of Poland or Ireland, "there is no patriotism in England. There are patriots but no patriotism," and this despite her Empire, the pride of her Imperialists who remain blind to the fact that "hampered and bound by the self-made fetters of her dominions, she is poorer than any in patriotic spirit."

These thoughts of a learned modern writer are eminently true. Yet above and beyond this we have the fact that when this land cast off all the links that bound her and severed herself from her allegiance to Christ's Vicar on earth, when in the pride of heresy she severed herself from the unity of Christendom and brought about more disastrous consequences than she knew, she not only lost the Catholic Faith and Catholic culture, but placed herself in that isolation from the rest of Europe which those who love her can never cease to regret.

Bishop Dunn's Beautiful Death.

TWO of the most beautiful things about the life of the late Bishop Dunn was the simple faith and concern for others which he always managed to demonstrate amid the constant accumulation of duties which pressed upon him as Auxiliary Bishop of the Archdiocese of New York. In a recent issue of *The Good Work*, published in memory of this beloved churchman, several touching stories are related in confirmation of these qualities. Here are a few extracts from the pen of Rev. Thomas J. McDonnell who waited upon him:

I finally gave the last blessing and began the consoling exhortation which the priest is accustomed to read to the sick person after all the rites of Holy Church are administered.

When I was finished he took the crucifix from the table beside him and said, "Father, before you, as God's representative on earth, let me make my profession of faith." Then, aloud, in the presence of the Dominican Sisters and in my presence, in a most devout and solemn manner, Bishop Dunn, for about ten minutes in his own words, professed his belief in God, in the One True Church of God, in all the mysteries of our Holy Faith, in all the dogmas of belief; he prayed aloud that God would forgive him his past misdeeds; that he hoped he had served Him as a good priest and a good Bishop; that if it was His holy Will to call him now, might it be his happiness to stand before God's judgment seat and receive his eternal reward.

What an edifying preparation for death, and what an inspiration, coming as it did from one whose whole life was eloquent of holy living! It is only from such a great soul as his that we could expect the thoughtfulness which led Bishop Dunn to expend his very last breath in thanking the nurse at his bedside for her care in attending him. The memory of those words, we are sure, would be sufficient to smooth all the pillows and soften all the sick-beds in the world if a certain little nurse had hands enough and arms enough with which to show her appreciation. But that was

always Bishop Dunn's way. He was forever thinking of others. In 1903, the first year during which he was assigned the work of collecting for the missions, \$4000 was considered a fair return. In 1928, just before the financial crash from which we are still suffering, that offering had gradually been lifted to the almost unbelievable sum of \$700,000. Little wonder if the remembrance of that work alone was sufficient to arouse in the good Bishop the frequently expressed assurance that when he arrived in the Eternal Hereafter his missionary friends would somehow look after him. Below are some of his delightfully human reflections upon that subject, written in a prophetic vein a few years ago on the occasion of the death of his good friend, Bishop Chatron of Japan:

Bishop Chatron, of Japan, is dead; but somewhere on the other side I will see him again, and he will hold out his arms wide for me, and his smile will be a reflection of the glory of God. And behind him I will see a long array of Japanese Christians and beautiful Japanese kiddies, and thunders of "Banzai!" will shake the air and beat a welcome to the Colonel, as he used to call me in his letters. And St. Peter will come to meet me, and Bishop Chatron will introduce me, and say: "He's all right and give him a chance for he was good to me and my people when we needed friends, and he sent us money when the kiddies were starving, and I bought rice for their mothers and I gave health to their bodies and I saved their souls; and many a time when discouraged a letter came from the Colonel in New York and it gave me a boost. And now I know you will give a chance and forget the things he might have done and didn't do, and the things he did do and shouldn't have done. And he isn't a bad sort."

And won't it be fine to meet the old Bishop in heaven and find him a real friend, right up near the throne of God whom he served so devotedly and unselfishly for forty-eight years? And I won't be a bit afraid of the Lord when I see how friendly the Bishop is with Him; and when the good Japanese priests and their people look at me and then at the Lord I'll know that everything is all right, and I'll get a chance for the top gallery in the back row with all the other fellows that didn't kill or steal or slander.

Coming and Going.

BY P. J. C.

YOU have noticed hurry, preparation, expectancy, solicitude where people make ready for people who come; be those who come many hundreds of thousands, or only ten. In any event things are put in order, plans are made for the comfort and well-being of the visitors.

In Dublin, some years were given to putting the house right for the spiritual hosting of the Eucharistic Congress. The city was garnished and white, half hid below waving, fluttering colors. The hosting was a long session within sanctuary—Masses, prayers, and a gradation of dignity from the Pope's Legate to acolyte. Great days that came to an end.

People went as they came; rivers they were immediately out of the city; then the rivers parted and ran along narrower channels as lesser streams. For days and days. Colors came down, altars were set away; pictures replaced on walls. The hum of the Congress ceased; the murmur of a mundane city was renewed.

Life is a succession of meetings, partings. The family reunion. Parents grown old—grandparents this long time, great-grandparents recently; sons, their wives and children; daughters, their husbands and children; in the Catholic group, a priest perhaps; or a nun. Old times, old neighbors, old scenes. Reminiscence, like a thread, holds the present to the past. Distance will stretch the thread to the breaking. Talk, chatter, laughter. The long table at which hungry genealogies, pedigrees, lineages are fed amid plate clatter, child talk; the business or legal wisdom of fathers. You remember it all. And then evening. Everybody who came must go. It has been a very, very happy day, but there is an end to it. Machine after machine, filled with a family, goes out and goes off. One this road, one that. When they

are gone, things brought out are put away, objects out of place are set back where they should be. The house eases back into its silence again.

Catholic colleges, which conduct Summer Schools, make ready for the religious Sisterhoods who come prepared to bear the burdens of the day and the heat in order to plant fields of knowledge and to reap the harvest of a degree. They appear without pomp or circumstance, variously vested; quiet, thoughtful, earnest—their eyes open. There is movement back and forth from this classroom to that; notebooks, textbooks; white, serious faces bent over great, grave library tomes that contain revered learning before which you must be reverent. Stray arrows of conversation shot from tongue to ear fall at your feet. "My comprehensive. . . . Terrible. . . . Just think. . . . No, we had 800 questions. . . . Not enough credits. . . . *Cum Laude*. . . . Knows his matter but can't put it over."

And then, one morning, satchels, trunks, busses, trollies, trains. They are going. In a few hours they will be gone. A robin grown fat from easy living watches the movement thoughtfully. Then chirps: "Comprehensive. . . . 800 questions. . . . Not enough credits. . . . *Cum Laude*. . . . Twit, twit, twit. . . . Knows his matter. Can't put it over." He sees a worm and aims his bill; and then possessed of his worm he muses, "Ah, well, I'll have to be going myself soon."

The last going—when we all go and do not come back. It is important, it need not be said, to be ready for that. All things in order, ourselves white and clean. In the fuss of human coming and going, getting and giving, we may not think so often or so deeply as we should of a midday or an evening, a midnight or a dawn when we shall go out not to return. There may be no time for good-byes. Not so important. The Welcome Home is what counts.

Notes and Remarks.

The Most Rev. John J. Swint, Bishop of Wheeling, has organized chaplain service for the twenty-four reforestation camps within his diocese. The West Virginia camps are divided into two districts: the eastern, with headquarters at Elkins; the western, its center at Charleston. There are twelve camps in each district, of which only a few are accessible by automobile. In six of these camps the average number of Catholic boys is about one-third, or sixty to each camp. In the other six the number of Catholics is small. The boys attend Mass on Sundays in the camps or are transported by the Government to near-by churches. Every co-operation is given the chaplains by the commanding officers, who show themselves anxious that these boys attend divine services. Chaplains and officers co-operate to provide wholesome amusement; and entertainments are now planned by the Knights of Columbus of Charleston. All said, these boys are well cared for spiritually and temporally. And they are not in bread lines.

Though it is commonly believed that few people die of appendicitis any more, since doctors have become so expert at removing the appendix, Dr. Alton Oschner, speaking recently before the clinical Congress of the American College of Surgeons, made the startling statement that one dies from this disease every 29 minutes in the United States. The mortality rate from appendicitis, he assures us, is fifty per cent higher than it was fifteen years ago, and is, from all appearances, steadily increasing. Seventy per cent of all the cases occur between the ages of ten and thirty; and prior to the age of fifty appendicitis causes four times as many deaths as cancer, which is the second

largest general cause of death. Men are more frequently attacked by this malady than women. It occurs more frequently among civilized people than among savages, owing, perhaps, to the more concentrated and richer foods that are eaten. Most of the doctors present at the Convention were of the opinion that a strong purgative is the very worst thing that one could take if he has even a suspicion that his pain may be caused by an inflamed appendix. These things may be good to know if they are true. Many people, no doubt, thinking they have just an old-fashioned stomach ache when their appendix is "acting up," do just the wrong thing and suffer as a result of their action.

"Machine-Gun" Kelly has often been in print recently. If you are an outsider who reads the paper by headings you may conclude Mr. Kelly is President of the United States. And you perhaps will exclaim, "At last they have an Irishman in the White House!" Well, Machine-Gun Kelly is not president; and neither is he Kelly. He is George F. Barnes, a native, not of Ireland but of Memphis, Tenn. We give Mr. Kelly his true orientation since we have not heard that Tennessee has rushed out of bounds to claim him.

In the Uganda mission field, Africa, there were 10,000 adults baptized this year; 15,000 infants. In all, the Vicariate of Uganda has now a Catholic population of 322,805. Of the thirty-six missions three number 15,000 souls each; twelve have between 10,000 and 15,000; five have between 5000 and 10,000. Caring for these Catholics are 500 Priests, Brothers and Nuns of whom more than half are native born. In Catholic schools are educated 60,000 children. And likely the school population will not grow less since 2200 couples were united in marriage during

the year. Three and a half million Communions were distributed. These figures will not be added to or diminished by comment. The missionaries in Uganda seem awake and zealous. The totals tabulated above are impressive.

“Serious disturbances,” “Trouble expected,” “Cracked heads,” are periodical headlines in American papers to indicate conditions in Ireland. Valid news is to the effect that there is no imminent danger to the peace of the Free State. The “disturbance,” and “outbreaks” are overstatements. A quarrel at a political meeting in which excited Irishmen of opposing political persuasions exchange greetings with emphatic hands is, of course, undignified. It is hardly “disturbing.” President De Valera has had a difficult assignment. He has gone to it with good will, and has shown himself conservatively progressive. In Ireland, as here and everywhere, times are not triumphantly prosperous. Likely they would not be more prosperous under some other executive. At any rate, there is a constitutional way of approach. If the majority of the Irish people want President De Valera to remain President, it seems bad procedure for a minority to institute force to remove him from office. And vice versa. Republicans and Blue Shirts should keep away from each other and let Ireland have a rest.

When we want a resounding paragraph on the antiquity and permanence of the Church we go to Lord Macaulay. You remember—London Bridge, traveller from Australia, ruins of St. Paul’s. This from Gladstone is less known but not less impressive:

She has marched for 1500 years at the head of civilization and has harnessed to her chariot, as the horses of a triumphal car, the chief intellectual and moral forces of the world; her art the art of the world; her

genius the genius of the world; her greatness, glory, grandeur and majesty have been almost, though not absolutely all, that in these respects the world has had to boast of. Her children are more numerous than all the members of all the sects combined; she is every day enlarging the boundaries of her vast Empire; her altars are raised in every clime, and her missionaries are to be found wherever there are men to be taught the evangel of immortality and souls to be saved. And this wondrous Church which is as old as Christianity, and as universal as mankind, is to-day, after its twenty centuries of age, as fresh and as vigorous and as fruitful as on the day when the Pentecostal fires were showered upon the earth. Surely such an institution challenges the attention and demands and deserves the most serious consideration of those outside its pale.

The *Strand Magazine* of London recently published an article of Lady Violet Bonham-Carter’s in which she describes an incident in the life of her father, Lord Asquith. While he was Home Secretary he used to worry a great deal about those who were condemned to death, knowing that he had power to commute their sentences, or to free persons who were condemned unjustly. On one occasion when he had refused to interfere in the execution of a certain person he was apparently ill at ease until he received the following assurance in a letter: “You may be in doubt as to whether you committed an act of grave injustice in refusing to commute the death sentence on X, who was lately executed for murder. I am a Catholic priest to whom the secrecy of the confessional should be sacred, but though I am violating the laws of my order in so doing, my conscience yet tells me that it is my duty to set your mind at rest and give you peace. The dead man was guilty. Before being hanged he made full confession to me of his crime.” An anonymous letter is the weapon of a coward, and the use of an anonymous letter to prove a point is considered bad sportsmanship among

the fair-minded. The letter in question might easily have been written by an enemy of the Church to throw discredit on priests and the confessional. Its tone is not theological, for the author asserts that though he feels bound in conscience to speak of the matter, he is, nevertheless, violating a law in so doing. As there was a Judas among the Twelve Apostles there have been unfaithful priests in the Church in almost every generation, but the number of bad priests is exceedingly small when one considers the large number of the clergy; and almost never do you hear of even the worst of them violating the seal of confession. It is very unlikely, it seems to us, that the letter quoted in the *Strand Magazine* by Lady Bonham-Carter, is genuine, and a person of her dignity should have had better taste than to use an anonymous letter in the public press.

Rudolf Hess, deputy leader of the Hitler party, announces the formation of a new Catholic party called "Society of Catholic Germans" under the chairmanship of Vice-Chancellor Franz Von Papen. This body has been given official recognition as the only competent organization to promote closer co-operation between Hitler and German Catholics. In establishing a *modus vivendi* of this kind, the Catholics of Germany are likely following the safer course in somewhat troubled waters. They will co-operate with Hitler as far as they can. In doing so they will not forget the duties they owe to Faith and nationhood. German Catholics have not in the past forgotten these realities.

The Most Rev. Arsene Turquetil, Vicar Apostolic of Hudson Bay, completes 6000 miles when he has made the rounds of his missions. The diocese of Bishop Turquetil covers an area of some 1,500,000 square miles—considerable

territory. Pond's Point, part of this wide field, is in the northernmost mission post for Esquimaux. It is one of seven stations located in the vicariate. The Bishop makes his long rounds in a motor boat, but is sometimes compelled to reach his headquarters by boarding a steamer to reach Pond's Inlet. A forty-ton schooner called "Pius XI." transports coal and other supplies from Canada to mission ports. It seems interesting, you think. Perhaps. Certainly it is a good test for a man's zeal. People who like the morning paper, the mail, the minute they arise from toast, coffee, bacon and eggs may not like Pond's Point.

For Catholics who understand that faith is a gift of God and cannot be purchased save with the coin of grace, it is quite easy to explain why a great intellect like that of Newman's was so long groping for the truth, but it is not so easy to understand why those Protestants who think themselves capable of seeing the truth when it is put before them can read passages from their favorite literary men and historians without being affected by them. Hallam says in his "Literature of Europe": "The prodigious increase of the Protestant party in Europe, after the middle of the Sixteenth Century, did not continue more than a few years. It was checked and fell back, not quite so rapidly as it came on, but so as to leave the antagonist Church in perfect security." Macaulay, in one of his essays, has this to offer: "We think it a most remarkable fact, that no Christian nation which did not adopt the principles of the Reformation before the end of the Sixteenth Century, should ever have adopted them. Catholic communities have, since that time, become infidel and become Catholic again; but none has become Protestant." And the historian, Lecky, says: "In the Sixteenth,

and to a certain degree in the Seventeenth Century, Protestantism exercised a commanding and controlling influence over the affairs of Europe. During the last century all this has changed. Of the many hundreds of great thinkers and writers, in every department, who have separated from the teachings and practices of Catholicism, it would be difficult to name three men of real eminence and unquestionable sincerity who have attached themselves permanently to any of the more conservative forms of Protestantism. Amid all those great semi-religious revolutions which have unhinged the faith of thousands, and have so profoundly altered the relations of Catholicism and society, Protestant churches have made no advance, and have exercised no perceptible influence. Whatever is lost by Catholicism is gained by Rationalism; wherever the spirit of Rationalism recedes, the spirit of Catholicism advances." Statements like these should at least make our Protestant friends doubtful as to the stability of the churches of the Reformation.

Spain is to receive and welcome Red Russia's ambassador. And, according to the *Tablet* of London, Britain tolerates Moscow's emissary within the home territory. Yes, Spain, that used to be called "Most Catholic," is to greet Russia's Mr. Lunacharski as Russia's representative. Here is how the new ambassador expressed himself at one time toward the Christian Faith which so many modern peoples accept:

We must hate both Christianity and the Christians. Even the best of Christians must be regarded as our worst enemies because they oppose our principles by preaching mercy and the love of one's neighbor. This Christian love is an obstacle to the Revolution's onward march. Down with it! Hatred is what we want. We must know how to hate. Only thus shall we conquer the universe.

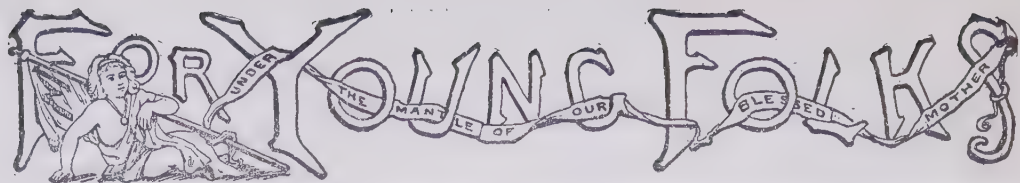
And this in addition: "God is a revolt-

ing spectre. Religion is a brutalization of the people, a humiliation, an idiocy." It is pure waste, commenting on this insanity. It seems a language let loose out of a madhouse.

Catholics generally are well aware of the reasons for clean and respectful speech, but it helps at times to hear the favorable opinion of men who are known for their secular accomplishments rather than for activities of a spiritual nature. The following order issued by General Washington to the officers of the American Army in July, 1776, ought to be of particular interest to the members of the Holy Name Society:

The General is sorry to be informed that the wicked and foolish practice of profane cursing and swearing, a vice heretofore little known in the American army, is growing into fashion. He hopes the officers will, by example as well as influence, endeavor to check it, and that both they and the men will reflect that we can have little hope of the blessing of Heaven on our arms, if we insult it by our impiety and folly. Added to this, it is a vice too mean and low, without any temptation, that every man of sense and character detests and despises it.

Politically minded persons are already beginning to heckle President Roosevelt and his NRA. Past President Hoover went out of office, it should be stated in fairness, leaving a dazed country when he left his honors. The country at this moment is less dazed than it was last March. Many things have been done to get people moving upward. It has been slow movement, but the jam was alarmingly tight. It is too soon yet to shout "Hurry up!" Critics should wait a year, even if the Democrats get the credit for getting panicky masses into motion. Wait for even two years when traffic will be better organized. Then let the season open for attacking the Administration. It will be good sport. And safe.



The Child.

BY CHARLES M. CAREY, C. S. C.

THE child is monarch in his world
Of miracles and mirth,
Who every day awakes to find
A new created earth.
He walks unskilled in every vice,
Untutored is to pain;
Who eats but crusts of sheer delight,
And always crusts remain.
He has a young king's laughter for
The inexperienced years,
And would go penniless if wealth
Were only wrought of fears.
Yet must his heart break hopelessly
Unless that life contain
Some bitter wine of sorrow and
The wholesome bread of pain.

Tim.

BY JAMES A. REID.

XVIII.—FORTUNE SMILES TWICE.

SUMMER and Fall passed by quickly. One morning in late November, Officer Sheehan stepped into the main office of the Robins Company. Tim went over to him.

"I wish to see Mr. Robins," Officer Sheehan stated, pretending that he did not recognize Tim.

"Your name, please?" requested Tim, keeping a straight face.

"Daniel Sheehan."

"Be seated, please; I'll see if Mr. Robins is in."

He walked to the door of Mr. Robins' private office, knocked, entered the room, and came out in a few seconds.

"Mr. Robins will see you, Sir," he announced gravely.

"You little rogue," Officer Sheehan exclaimed, smiling.

"Why, if it isn't Mr. Sheehan, to be sure. My eyes must be getting bad."

Had Tim heard what was being said in Mr. Robins' private office, his heart would have pounded with joy.

"Mr. Robins," Officer Sheehan began, "that nephew of yours is quite a lad."

"My nephew!" in surprise.

"Yes, Tim O'Mara."

"Now, Uncle Dan, stop your fooling. I know he resembles Donald, but—"

"Then, you never suspected?"

"Suspected what?"

"That your right name is O'Leary?"

"My right name?" puzzled.

"Yes."

"You'll have to explain, Uncle Dan. I don't follow you."

"Soon after Tim landed in this country, his mother wrote him a letter, saying that some thirty-five years ago she lost a twin-brother through his adoption by some Americans who were travelling in England. Tim's mother tried to find trace of her brother, but to no avail. Tim told me about it. I checked up on the boat that brought that American family back to this country. Their name was Smith, and they at one time lived on the North Side of Pittsburgh. However, they took up residence in Philadelphia on returning to the United States.

"Last week Officer Krause and I finally discovered this Smith family. The husband had died a year after his return from England. The wife married again." Officer Sheehan paused.

"Yes?" Mr. Robins questioned, still puzzled.

"Her second husband's name was Robins."

And I?"

"You are Tom O'Leary."

"Are you sure? I was never told anything about this."

"Absolutely positive."

"I do know that I have few relatives, none of them Irish. Strange no one ever said a word to me concerning this?"

"It is very doubtful if anyone but your adopted mother and one other person knew the facts of the case."

"You can prove what you say, Uncle Dan?"

"To be sure," reaching into his pocket and bringing out a packet of papers.

Mr. Robins examined each paper carefully, saying nothing. Possibly he spent fully twenty minutes in scrutinizing them. Then he looked at Officer Sheehan, who was smiling.

"Are you convinced?"

"This is all so strange and so sudden, Uncle Dan, I don't know what to think. The documents, however, are thoroughly convincing. But, Uncle Dan, even without the signed statements, I'd take your word for anything."

"Thanks. There is, furthermore, one fact that is even more important—the word of a priest in Philadelphia, a Father Kallard."

"He was assistant in our parish, when I was a boy?"

"The same man."

"What did he say?"

"Your adopted mother tried to find your relatives. The orphanage, from which the Smith family had taken you, had been burned to the ground, all records being lost."

"Why didn't mother tell me?"

"She never gave up hope of finding your relatives. And, wisely or unwisely, she thought it best to say nothing to you until they were found."

"But, I could have continued the search."

"True. Father Kallard was told for that reason and that alone. He was not to reveal the secret to you until he discovered them."

"He failed?"

"He did."

"Who are my relatives?"

"Lots of them in Ireland. Your twin-sister for one. The O'Maras—that is Tim's Uncle Jack and Aunt Anna; and many more."

Mr. Robins was lost in happy reflection. Finally he spoke.

"I'll get Tim and tell him," joyously.

"Won't he be surprised?" rising and walking toward the door.

"You'll do nothing of the sort," Officer Sheehan declared, smiling, "yet," in conclusion.

"What shall I do?" in a surprised tone. "It is all so strange that I don't know what to make of it. Evidently you have been thinking over what would be best to do under the circumstances?"

"I have. Your twin-sister, her husband and their other child should come to this country to see you. It would be a grand holiday for them."

"Indeed it would. I will cable the money for their passage, telling them that the long-lost brother has been found." Then as an after-thought, "will you sign the cablegram, Uncle Dan?"

"That might be best."

Officer Sheehan rose to go.

"Uncle Dan, when my mind gets settled, I'll see what I can do for you."

"I know a lot of poor people, Mr. Robins."

"Hereafter, Uncle Dan, my gifts to charity, more generous than they have been, will be made through you."

"And through Officer Krause, for he also knows how trying these times are getting to be."

"And through Officer Krause," Mr. Robins concluded.

Officer Sheehan, accompanied by Mr. Robins, started toward the main office door, leading to the street.

"I have just made arrangements with Mr. Robins to dismiss you, Tim," said Officer Sheehan, mischievously.

"Did you, Mr. Sheehan?" replied Tim,

laughing. "Sure I'll work so hard and make myself so useful, that, if Mr. Robins gets rid of me, the whole place will go to ruin."

Mr. Robins smiled broadly.

"Good-bye, Mr. Sheehan; sure if you come back before you go, it won't be soon enough," Tim said.

"Good-bye, Tim; good-bye, Mr. Robins."

"Good-bye, Uncle Dan."

Very fortunately, as later events would amply prove, Tim had not been told that Mr. Robins was his uncle.

Meanwhile in another part of the city, at the Court House, a matter of great importance was about to be settled. The trial of Mr. O'Mara was to start that day at ten o'clock. A jury trial had been waived. Hence the fate of Mr. O'Mara would eventually rest with the Judge alone.

A Mr. Prentice, the attorney for the State, had said in his opening address to the Court: "Your Honor: I can quickly make clear the case for the State. We do not believe, nor shall we try to prove, that the defendant, John O'Mara, is in any sense dishonest. In fact, we are convinced, and the record will show, that, being above reproach himself, he was altogether too trusting. Since, however, he was the senior partner of the firm, O'Mara and Jones, he must be held accountable, at least to some extent, for the faithful handling of the affairs of his company. Embezzlements, repeated embezzlements, took place. He was a guardian of public monies. Not exercising that duty, he must shoulder some of the responsibility for the failure of his firm. Culpable negligence would, of course, merit more severe punishment. We think that there was voluntary disregard for the public welfare in the handling of the affairs of O'Mara and Jones. So we shall try to prove."

Mr. O'Mara's lawyer, a Mr. Corrigan of the law firm Corrigan-Hall-Cor-

rigan-Swift, then addressed the Court. "Your Honor: We are one on the point involved in this case. Of the defendant's honesty, uprightness and integrity, there is no question, as the State's attorney has so ably stated. An examination of the records of the firm, O'Mara and Jones, will reveal that the defendant exercised ordinary prudence and sensible precaution in the conduct of his business. A careful perusal of the transactions of the firm will definitely prove that he was not too trusting. He was fooled thoroughly. Had he talent far exceeding that of an extraordinary capable associate, he would, we hope to prove conclusively, have been just as completely deceived. A full accounting shows that he cannot be charged with negligence, voluntary or involuntary. He—"

There was a sudden uproar in the court-room. The Judge was calling for order. Bailiffs were on their feet. An excited messenger had rushed to Mr. O'Mara's lawyer, handing him a slip of paper.

"Your Honor," Mr. Corrigan, the lawyer for Mr. O'Mara, said, "I think it best that you, the attorney for the State and I have a private conference. I have just received important information that will at least necessitate the delaying of this trial. It may close it altogether."

"I am willing, your Honor," Mr. Prentice agreed.

The three proceeded to the Judge's private room. In less than five minutes they were back in the court-room.

"It has been agreed," the Judge declared, "that this case shall not go to trial to-day. If the future warrants, and I do not believe it will, we shall hear evidence on the first Tuesday in January."

Mr. Corrigan was showing Mr. O'Mara, whose wife and children had rushed to his side, the slip of paper which the messenger had brought. The message was brief: "Discovered the

hidden treasure of which Mr. Jones spoke. Come. Bring heavy guard."

"Captain Ryan," Mr. O'Mara asked, "will you provide the heavy guard?"

"I will." There was a ring of sincere joy in his voice. "And you?"

"We'll all go out with you."

It will be remembered that the night Mr. Jones lost his mind, Captain Ryan had ordered that one guard be placed near Mr. Jones in the hospital, and another one at his home. Those orders had been faithfully carried out.

Nothing, then, had been learned from Mr. Jones about the hidden treasure. Moreover the guards, who took turns in watching his home, had discovered no clues as to its whereabouts. Diligent search of the grounds had brought nothing to light. A thorough exploration of the house was fruitless. But none of the early guards had been experts in seeking out possible hiding places. Their failure was due both to lack of ability and lack of experience.

The one man, Detective Delong, who should have reasonably been assigned to the case, had been engaged on another mysterious affair. Having solved the particular crime on which he had been employed, he was ordered at once to find, if possible, the gold of which Mr. Jones spoke.

Starting his work in the cellar of Mr. Jones' home, Detective Delong labored slowly. Nooks and crannies, which inexperienced eyes had not observed, he saw. Still, even he admitted that the investigation, which had brought to light only a few hundred dollars, was a failure. He was puzzled, visibly so.

A third time he went through the house carefully. While not a modern building, it was by no means a very old one. There was nothing unusual in anything he saw, except perhaps the presence of a few plumber's tools. That was the clue he needed. He investigated the pipe-system of the building inside and out. Nothing out of the ordinary was

seen. The various drains were the common ones to be found in any home. Still, Detective Delong was not satisfied.

By chance, or luck, or the result of prying experience, he decided to open a pipe that led from the roof to the ground on the east corner. He gasped with astonishment. It was not a drain at all. It had been partially sealed near the top, the water being carried off by a smaller pipe. He cut the large drain where it entered the ground, spying at once an oaken or iron box. He was not sure which. It proved to be iron. He tried to lift it, found it almost too much for his strength. After a great deal of labor, he got it into the house, opened it with a hammer and chisel, and saw it was filled with gold coins of very high species. Then he sent word at once to the Court House where the trial of Mr. O'Mara was in progress.

When Mr. O'Mara, accompanied by his family, Captain Ryan and the heavy guard, reached the house, Detective Delong had estimated rather accurately the total value of the discovered treasure.

"How much would cover your loss, Jack?" Captain Ryan asked Mr. O'Mara.

"Two hundred and fifty thousand."

"How much in that box?" to the detective.

"All of that and possibly some twenty-five thousand more, Captain."

Fortune had smiled twice. Once on Mr. Robins who was now seated before a great log fire in his home, musing happily. His surprise at the information which Officer Sheehan had proffered finally gave way to reflective joy. Friends he had without number, but friends, no matter how close and faithful they may be, do not fill the void of lonesomeness that follows in the wake of permanent family separations.

Fortune's second smile had fallen richly on Tim's Uncle Jack and Aunt Anna. The O'Mara household was en-

veloped with a kindly spirit that evening. A great calm had taken possession of their thankful hearts. A quiet peace was upon them all, like the gentle mood of restful comfort that comes at the end of a perfect day. The tide of fortune which had flowed in their direction had not overwhelmed them with its startling suddenness. In fact, Mr. O'Mara voiced the thoughts of all of them, when he said: "The finding of the money brings me a peace of mind which I did not think I would ever again enjoy in this life. I haven't minded—and I have been proud of all of you for the same reason,—I haven't minded the personal sacrifices involved in our failure. I thought only of the many who had trusted me. Poor people had suffered through the ruin of our firm. That's what hurt. Now they, as well as we, have their money back. In realizing how happy we are, we must not forget the many homes that are joyful to-night through the discovery of Mr. Jones' treasure.

Finally when time for retiring came, Tim went to his room with leaden feet. He stood at a window, staring in the direction of the city. The night was clear; great stars were brilliantly bright in the sky; fleecy snow covered the ground. A battle had begun in Tim's heart. Little did he dream that he would ever fight it. The very suddenness of its approach had surprised and disconcerted him. Yet, that same battle had been fought in countless souls.

He would soon be on his way back to Ireland. Reasonably his visit with his relatives could not be prolonged. If they had not failed in business, he would undoubtedly long since have set sail for home. Two or even three months ago he would have ended his holiday.

He faced the question squarely. Now he did not wish to return to the land of his birth. Deep as was his love for his mother and father, and Frank, and sincere also his affection for the Green Isle, his heart had been captivated with

the land he was at present visiting. It had taken a hold on him with a fierce grasp that could not be torn out except by ruthless methods. For him to stay in America was impossible so long as his family was across the sea; to go home was likewise impossible, for he realized, facing the facts truthfully, that he could never again be the contented boy of other days, when light-hearted he had enjoyed the blissfulness of simplicity.

Not that he had been influenced in a wrong way by the charms of America. No, not that. Of this he was emphatically convinced. It was—well, it was happy harmony of many things in the New World that held him entranced. Above all, he was positive that he loved it with an ever-growing patriotic devotion.

Standing at the window, he finally reached a definite decision. In the morning he would speak to his Aunt Anna about going home. He would ask her to be permitted to stay in New York until after the concert of the Petrine Choir in Carnegie Hall, for he had been training faithfully to sing a solo on that occasion. Yes, that would be honorable. He would speak to Mr. Robins about quitting work. That, too, would be right, for it would allow his employer to engage some one else easily and without inconvenience. He would thank Officers Sheehan and Krause for their many kindnesses. Nor would he forget to be spokenly grateful to his Uncle Jack and Aunt Anna.

He knelt down to say his night prayers, his thoughts homeward bound. "If I had known that I would feel like this," he said to himself, "I would never have come."

If he could have foreseen what the morrow should bring, he would have repeated that thought with added emphasis.

(To be continued.)



Do not all that you can; spend not all that you have; believe not all that you hear—tell not all that you know.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—A new booklet by Father Daniel Lord, S. J., "The Christmas Child," is designed to serve as a Christmas greeting. The Queen's Work Press, 10 copies with envelopes, \$1.

—"In Praise of Mary," by Mother Mary Philip, I. B. V. M. (P. J. Kenedy, postpaid, \$1.20), a series of readings on the titles and feasts of Our Lady, thoughtful and devout. A book that every sodality library should possess.

—"One Good Turn," a four-act Comedy drama, by John Kyte (The Catholic Dramatic Movement, 50c), is a story of a gangster, and the moral struggle of the district attorney to prosecute a man who once had saved his life. It has plenty of exciting action.

—"St. Francis of Assisi in Paragraph and Picture," by Father Aloysius, O. M. Cap (Gill and Company, 7s. 6d.), is a kaleidoscopic view of the Poor Man of Assisi. The chapters are short, each telling with the simplicity of St. Francis himself some incident in his varied life. The drawings by Séan MacManus are a delight, well worth the price of the book.

—The fourth volume of the "Medal Stories" series, by the Daughters of Charity, Emmitsburg, Maryland, contains, as did its predecessors, a nice blending of legend, history and fiction. The stories, in general, are as instructive as they are interesting. Children will be delighted with them. Publisher, Brown-Morrison Company, Lynchburg, Va.

—Mr. Bernard Fay who holds the chair of American Civilization at the College de France, and who is the youngest professor to be called to that college's faculty in the four hundred years of its history, is the author of "Roosevelt and His America," a volume to be published by Little, Brown & Co., toward the end of November.

—The *New York Times* says, in reviewing Mr. Odgen Nash's recent book of poems: "The *London Times* has weightily observed that Mr. Nash's verse would be improved if the author took more care with his rhymes. The *London*

Times is published in a country whose national anthem rhymes 'glorious' with 'reign over us.' As a matter of fact, Mr. Nash has obviously been influenced by some very fine inspiration to take more care than ever with his rhymes. What could be more scrupulously rhythmic than:

Spring is what Winter
Always gazinta."

—Bernard Fay is the author of "The Two Franklins: Fathers of American Democracy" which Little, Brown & Company has just brought out. In this volume the author gives the following sample of the journalism of the time: "William Cobbett told Benjamin Franklin Bache that he was a scoundrel, a hireling of France, an atheist educated in immorality by a grandfather who was master of the art, a wretch who had incited the rabble of Philadelphia to burn Cobbett's shop and cut his throat, a traitor who could neither respect Washington nor save his country." Then Cobbett added: "I wish to avoid all personal-ity whatever."

—The claims made for the oratorio, "St. Thérèse of the Child Jesus," in three parts for solo, chorus and organ, with words and music by Evangeline Lehman and a French text by Maurice Dumesnil (Theodore Presser Co.), as to its international acceptance, the significant performances with which it has been honored, and the high calibre of musician that has taken part in it, seem to have plausible grounds in the skilful musicianship that Evangeline Lehman has brought to her work. As a medium combining both piety and entertainment, and employing a pleasant melodic theme adaptable to a wide range of voice, it should have a strong appeal. The words, however, fall short of the music.

—Charles Scribner's Sons has just published "Bare Hands and Stone Walls," some recollections of a sideline reformer, in which the following statement is made which some of our readers may seriously doubt: "New York is a far better city than it was in 1894. Men

are but men; there is no place on this earth, so far as my observation has gone, where they dwell in a state of grace and perfection. There is graft in New York, and vice and gangsters and immorality and works of the devil. But slowly conditions better, evil loses, good wins and faith is justified. Anyone who knows what New York was when Lexow boomed down upon it, and what it was in 1932, will not be moved by the comparison to exultant and immoderate hosannas, but if he is honest he will admit the sure signs of advance, and once more give thanks for the same ineradicable sense in all mankind that leads it with many slips and turnings in a hunt for something better."

—The American Antiquarian Society of Worcester, Mass., has published Edward Larocque Tinker's late work, entitled "Bibliography of the French Newspapers and Periodicals of Louisiana." As a sample of the frank type of writings used during the political campaigns of the early days we quote this manifesto which the enterprising editress of a weekly printed on the first page of her magazine: "We take pleasure in announcing to our readers that Mr. John Smith, able writer and zealous American, has been engaged to conduct the political discussion on our newspaper during the approaching election. Although Mr. Smith has a charming character and is most courteous, he has already fought five duels and killed his man each time. He puts at the service of our editorial department, independently of a mass of excellent political arguments, two long swords, a Parson gun, two revolvers, and a remarkable collection of sword canes, not to mention two calves of steel. We bespeak for him a cordial welcome into the corps of political writers."

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"John Henry Newman." Rev. J. Elliot Ross. \$2.75.

"The Question and the Answer." Hilaire Belloc. \$1.25.

"Saint Ignatius and the Ratio Studiorum." Edward Fitzpatrick. \$2.

"The Oxford Movement." Shane Leslie. \$2.

"The Church in the South American Republics." Rev. Edwin Ryan, D. D. \$1.50.

"The Church and Spiritualism." Rev. Herbert Thurston, S. J. \$2.75.

"St. Albert the Great." Rev. Thomas M. Schwertner, O. P. \$3.

"The Passion and Death of Our Lord Jesus Christ." Archbishop Goodier. \$3.

"Frederick Ozanam." Rev. H. L. Hughes. \$1.25.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

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May they rest in peace!

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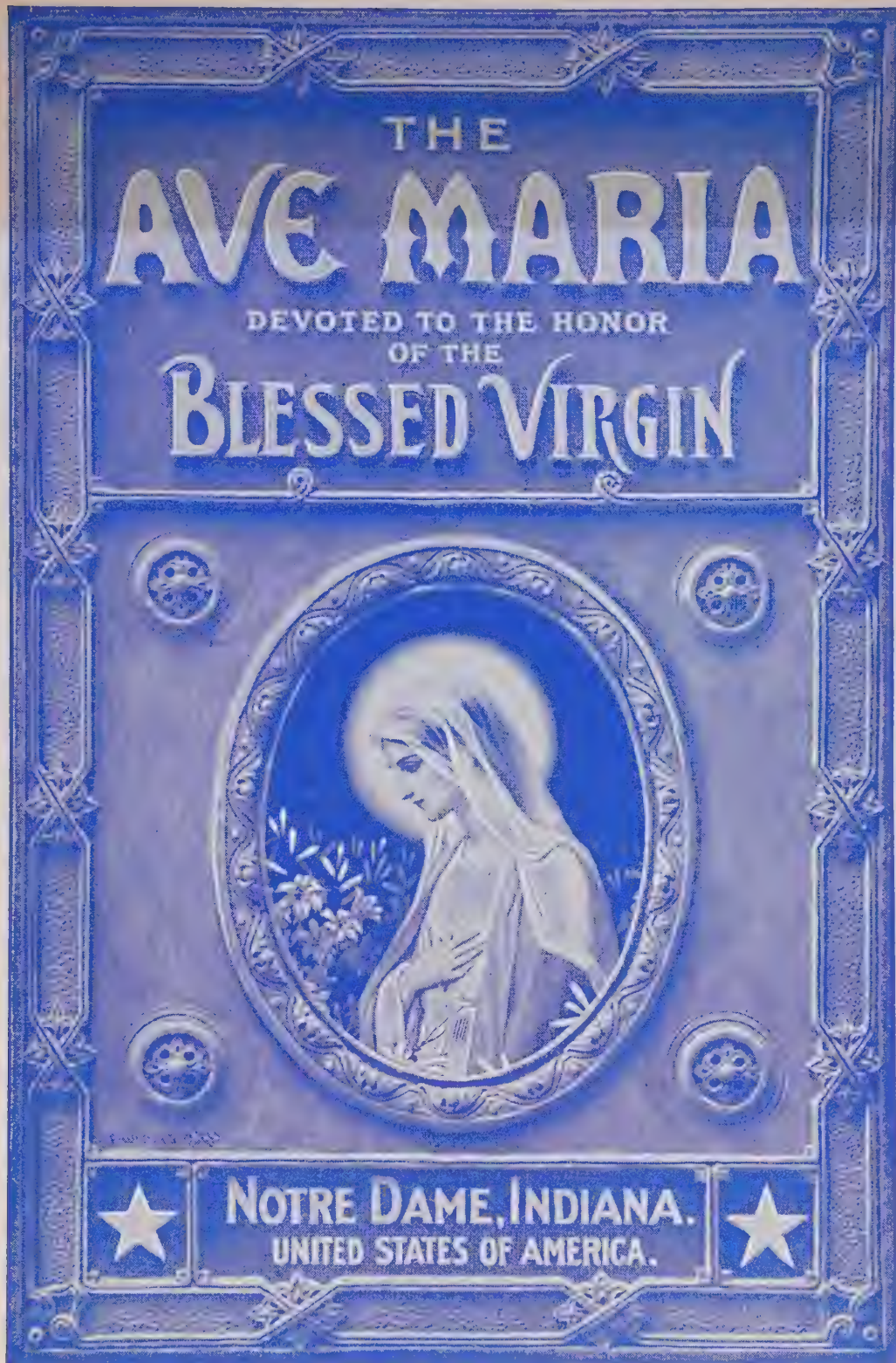
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CALENDAR OF THE WEEK

NOVEMBER.

SATURDAY, 18.—Dedication of Basilica of Sts. Peter and Paul.
 SUNDAY, 19.—Twenty-fourth after Pentecost. St. Elizabeth, Queen.
 MONDAY, 20.—St. Felix de Valois, Confessor.
 TUESDAY, 21.—Presentation of the Blessed Virgin Mary.
 WEDNESDAY, 22.—St. Cecilia, Virgin and Martyr.
 THURSDAY, 23.—St. Clement I., Pope and Martyr.
 FRIDAY, 24.—St. John of the Cross, Confessor.
 SATURDAY, 25.—St. Catherine, Virgin and Martyr.

Blessed is the man that heareth me and that watcheth daily at my gates.—PROVERBS, viii, 34.

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THE EDITORS.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I, 48.

Vol. XXXVIII. (New Series.) NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, NOVEMBER 18, 1933.

No. 21.

[Copyright, 1933: Rev. Eugene P. Burke, C. S. C.]

A Nun.

BY PATRICK J. CARROLL, C. S. C.

THIS way she comes armored in somber serge,
Helmeted in coif, sworded with swinging beads.
And yet she does not follow battle deeds,
Tales of romance and jousting at death's verge.
Out of a hushed chapel see her emerge
From commerce with God who makes loans for
all her needs!

Or in quietude, in the little book she reads,
She hears lyric stir as from a river's edge.
She seems human, kindly, mirth within her
mind;

Not solemn-wise—a woman of pious saws.
I think the heather that sweetens the South
wind,

Sky moods, the flow of waters, a forest pause,
All the new wonders young October wears,—
I think she follows these when done with
prayers.

Thackeray's Lecture Essays.

BY SISTER M. CHARLES.

THACKERAY'S literary and historical essays on "The English Humorists" and "The Four Georges" have taken their place in the classical literature of the Nineteenth Century, despite the objections raised against the latter at the time of their delivery. The author's writings show that his fondness for the Queen Ann period dated back to the early years of his life, and in these lectures he is thoroughly at home with his sub-

ject. The lectures enchanted and instructed countless audiences in England and America. Those on "The English Humorists," written in 1851, formed a part of his six months' lecture tour in the United States in that year.

The lectures on the humorists treat of the men and their lives rather than of their books. His warning not to look for a story that is otherwise than serious, and often very sad, was well made for the subject of his first lecture, Swift. Among his many biographers, Scott admired him but could not bring himself to love him; Johnson, forced to admit him into the company of the poets, gives the famous Irishman a bow of surly recognition, and passes over to the other side of the street. Thackeray himself would have liked to be Shakespeare's shoe black, to have lived on Fielding's staircase in the Temple, to have passed a night at the club with Johnson, Goldsmith, Boswell, or Addison—but Swift? The latter's pride and ambition for place and power in Church and society are utterly detestable to Thackeray. Perhaps he is too hard on the Dean, but what shall we say to Swift's own confession: "All my endeavors to distinguish myself were only for want of a great title and fortune, that I might be used like a lord by those who have an opinion of my parts; whether right or wrong is no great matter."

Though born in Dublin, Swift's heart was English and in England, his habits English, his logic eminently English. It

was under the roof of Sir William Temple rather than in Trinity College, Dublin, that he got his experience of life, and obtained his knowledge of men and of books. As for Swift's religion Thackeray believes the Queen, and the Bishops, and the world, were right in mistrusting its sincerity in a man who could advise poor John Gay, the author of "The Beggar's Opera," and the wildest of the wits about town, to turn clergyman, and look out for a seat on the Bench. Yet he acknowledges him a great man, a giant. "It is awful to think of the sufferings of this great man. Through life he always seemed alone, somehow. Goethe was so. I can't fancy Shakespeare otherwise. The giants must live apart. The kings have no company. But this man suffered so; and deserved so to suffer!"

"The Drapier's Letters" he would not call patriotism; they are masterpieces of dreadful humor and invective against the author's enemy. One admires not so much the cause as the strength, the anger, the fury of the champion. Marriage is another subject of his wrath; children a constant object of satire. In "Gulliver" and the famous Lilliputian kingdom he urges the inadvisability of conjugal love, and he illustrated the theory by his own practice and example. Swift's method is to present the grave and logical conduct of an absurd proposition. It is a surprising humor, a noble satire that he presents in "Gulliver's Travels"; as for the moral it is horrible, shameful, unmanly, blasphemous; and giant and great as the Dean is, Thackeray thinks he should be hooted. The two women whom Swift loved and injured are considered briefly: Stella, one of the saints of English story, and Vanessa Vanhomrigh, her proud and romantic rival.

The brightest part of Swift's story is his love for Hester Johnson, despite the tears which he caused her to shed. In all his reading to acquaint himself with

love-making, Thackeray knows of nothing more manly, more tender, more exquisitely touching, than some of the brief notes written in what Swift called "his little language" in his *Journal to Stella*. An immense genius, a great man, but a gloomy one, he appeared to Thackeray, and thinking of him is like thinking of an empire falling.

Among the many budding University poets of the Eighteenth Century who got "pretty little pickings out of the public purse" through the wit and humor of their complimentary verses, Thackeray finds William Congreve. With a sly humor he sums up all the preferences received by him—all for writing a comedy! In addition he was the most eminent literary "swell" of his age, a lion among his contemporaries. But poor Congreve's theatre he fancies to be a temple of pagan delights and mysteries not permitted except among heathens. There doesn't seem to be a pretence of morals at his comic feast.

His plays are full of wit, and such manners as he observes, he observes with great humor; but it's a weary feast to Thackeray, that banquet of wit where no love is. He does not pretend to quote scenes from the splendid Congreve's plays, but he does quote some of his verses which were pronounced equal to Horace by his contemporaries—this to give an idea of Congreve's power, of his grace, of his daring manner, his magnificence in compliment, and his polished sarcasm; and he is delightfully humorous in his interpretation of "the delightful rascal's lyrics." A touch of Steele's tenderness is worth all his finery—a flash of Swift's lightning, a beam of Addison's pure sunshine, and his tawdry playhouse taper is invisible. In Swift he sees a humorous philosopher whose truth frightens one, and whose laughter makes one melancholy; in Congreve, a humorous observer of another school, to whom the world seems to have no moral at all, and

whose ghastly doctrine seems to be that we should eat, drink, and be merry when we can, and go to the deuce when the time comes.

Addison's is a humor that flows from quite a different heart and spirit—a wit that makes for laughter, goodness, and happiness. Like Swift—but in this respect only,—he was also one of the lonely ones of the world. It is the nature of such lords of the intellect to be solitary. He must have stooped to put himself on a level with most men. He must have been one of the finest gentlemen the world ever saw: at all moments of life serene and courteous, cheerful and calm. Without his little weakness for wine, Thackeray says, we could not have liked him as we do. He plays humorously on the "angelical simile" in the "Campaign" poem, that brought Addison, like so many others of his contemporaries, government positions and a consequent income.

But it is not for his reputation as the author of the "Campaign" poem or of "Cato," or for his merits as Secretary of State, or for his rank and high distinction as my Lady Warwick's husband, or for his eminence as an Examiner of political questions on the Whig side, or a Guardian of British liberties, that we admire Joseph Addison. It is as a Tattler of small talk and a Spectator of mankind that we cherish and love him. In an artificial age he came the gentle satirist, who hit no unfair blow; the kind judge who castigated only in smiling. While Swift went about, a literary Jeffreys—in Addison's court only minor cases were tried. He wrote his papers as gayly as if he were going out for a holiday. Every one of the little sinners brought before him is amusing, and he dismisses each with the pleasantest penalties and the most charming words of admonition. He does not go very deep; there are no traces of suffering in his writing. This and more is Thackeray's lovable Addison. If Swift's

life was the most wretched, he thinks Addison's was one of the most enviable. For lessons of happiness, goodness, tenderness, pity, and piety he wishes to be commended to this dear preacher without orders—this "parson in the tye-wig."

Dick Steele has a paper for himself. Thackeray imagines what a deathblow must have been struck to the "British Apollo" when the "Tattler" appeared, and men of genius began to speak. He has no authority for the statements he makes of Steele's early childhood, but if the child is father of the man, he believes Dick Steele the schoolboy must have been one of the most generous, good-for-nothing, amiable little creatures in any school in Great Britain. He gave up the cap and gown at Oxford for the saddle and bridle, but he could hardly have seen any actual service, or he would have told us of his battles as he did of his mother, his wife, his loves, his debts, his friends, and the wine he drank. He was the first of English writers for a long time who really seemed to admire and respect women; it is this respect which makes his comedies so pleasant, and their heroes and heroines so genuinely cultured. His enjoyment of life presents the strangest contrast to Swift's savage indignation and Addison's lonely serenity.

Swift's scorn for mankind, Addison's sceptic placidity over its greatness, Steele's sympathy and tenderness towards it are aptly illustrated from their writings in the individual play of thought on death, sorrow, and the grave. Thackeray owns to liking Dick Steele the man, and Dick Steele the author, better than much better men. His favorite "Christian Hero" with his recklessness and his good humor, his professions of contrition and promise of amendment, his tenderness and confidences towards his wife, as revealed in the four hundred letters carefully preserved by her, was not much worse, and often far better and truer, and much

more delicate, than that of other men of his times.

A magnificent designer poor Dick was, materially and spiritually, but never at home when the bill came. But let him who is without sin throw the first stone, or any at all, Thackeray intimates: "Poor Dick Steele stumbled and got up again, and got into jail and out again, and sinned and repented, and loved and suffered, and lived and died, scores of years ago. Peace be with him! Let us think gently of one who was so gentle; let us speak kindly of one whose breast exuberated with human kindness."

Prior, Gay and Pope are treated in one lecture—Prior as a world philosopher of no small genius, good nature and acumen who loved, drank, and sang. His singing of "The Town and the Country Mouse" it was that obtained for him the position of Secretary of Embassy at the Hague. Prior seems to Thackeray among the easiest, the richest, the most charmingly humorous of English lyrical poets. His song, his philosophy, his good sense, his happy, easy turns and melody, his loves and his Epicureanism bear a great resemblance to the most delightful and accomplished master, Horace. Sir Thomas Moore is said to have studied his verses, and Dr. Johnson, who spoke slightly of them, to have studied them as well and defended them against Lord Hales' charge of lewdness.

John Gay is found to be a favorite in the great society of wits. Even Swift acknowledged him to be as honest and sincere a man as ever he knew. Jilted by court favor and fortune, his friends had small cause to be jealous, and were kind and fond of honest Gay. He was so kind, so gentle, so jocular, so delightfully brisk at times, so dismally woe-begone at others, such a natural, good creature that the giants, Swift and Pope among them, loved him. His letters present him as lazy, kindly, uncommonly idle; rather slovenly, Thackeray fears; for-

ever eating and saying good things; a little round French abbé of a man, sleek, soft-handed, and soft-hearted. For a while he basked in the favor of his patrons, the Duke and Duchess of Queensberry, while Swift was wishing he had some great work in hand, of seven or eight years' finishing, that he might be in less pain about his vagabonding. In graphic, yet dainty, imagery Thackeray describes the droll little antics and capers of the characters of this humorist, whose quality was to laugh and to make laugh, though always with a secret kindness and tenderness.

Pope is considered the highest among the English wits and humorists, with whom he must be ranked, and the greatest literary artist that England has seen. He polished, he refined, he thought. His closest friends were among the delights of the polished society of their age—Garth, Arbuthnot, Bolingbroke, Peterborough, Oxford. In estimating Pope's character we are to take account of the constant tenderness and fidelity of affection for his aged mother, which pervaded and sanctified his life, and the maternal benediction that accompanied his life and seemed to purify it. There was something sacred to Thackeray in the perfect benevolence, affection, and serenity that hallowed the departure of that high soul.

Commenting on the caricatures of Pope by Johnson and Dennis, Thackeray reminds us that the pillory was a flourishing and popular institution in those days, and it was easy to draw one's enemies there morally and heap them with foul abuse, easier still if the subject for ridicule was one with a deformed body. He admires the tastes and sensibilities of the man that led him to cultivate the society of persons of fine manners, and caused him to shrink from the coarse ridicule of his opponents. He must admit that Pope was more savage to Grub Street than Grub Street was to Pope, and in reading the "Dunciad"

and the prose lampoons he feels disposed to side against the "ruthless little tyrant"; for the libels and wicked wit of the former, he fears, contributed more than anything else to depreciate the literary calling. But not everyone could do what Pope did. In the closing lines of the "Dunciad" he finds the sublimest satire. It is ardor, truth, wisdom, spoken in the aptest, grandest, and most harmonious words. To him Pope's career is admirable, marked by courage and greatness comparable to those who combat in actual war, comparable to the actions of young Bonaparte or young Nelson.

In the fifth lecture he departs from literature in his first study to consider the historical painter, Hogarth, whose graphic prints we read. If his moral is written in too large letters after the fable, we are told to remember that the moralists of his age had not begun to be sceptical about the theory of punishment; the hanging of a thief was a spectacle for edification. It was as undoubting subscribers to this moral law that Fielding wrote and the honest Hogarth painted. He reads and interprets for his audience the famous set of pictures, "*Marriage à la Mode*," not forgetting the moral. He does the same for the "*Rake's Progress*" and "*Industry and Idleness*." In the latter we follow the industrious Frank Goodchild, and the indolent Tom Idle till Tom goes to Tyburn in a cart with a coffin in it, whilst the Right Honorable Francis Goodchild proceeds to his Mansion House in his gilt coach, with a brilliant escort, and his Majesty the King, and the Queen by his side, looking out from their royal balcony. These admirable works Thackeray considers invaluable to the student of history, giving, as they do, a complete and truthful picture of the manners and even the thoughts, of the Eighteenth Century. A holiday jaunt taken by Hogarth and four of his friends reveals the manners and

pleasures of Hogarth and of his time, of men not very refined, but honest and merry. He is a brave London citizen, with John Bull habits, prejudices, and pleasures.

Smollett's "Humphrey Clinker" is thought the most laughable story that has ever been written since the goodly art of novel writing began; Smollett himself a gentleman, through all his battling and struggling, his poverty, his hard-fought successes, and his defeats. His novels are recollections of his own adventures described with wonderful relish and delightful broad humor. For Fielding, who also described, though with a greater hand, the characters and scenes which he knew and saw, Thackeray has the greatest admiration. In him he recognizes a brave and gentle heart, an intrepid and courageous spirit. With his vast health and robust appetite, his ardent spirits, his joyful humor, and his keen and hearty relish for life he drank liberally of the cup of pleasure which the town offered him. Great as is Thackeray's admiration for the man and his powers of construction and observation, he protests against Mr. Thomas Jones' holding the rank of a hero, and feels he has a right to quarrel with the esteem of the author for that character. It is a proof that the great humorist's moral sense was blunted by his life, and here, in Art and Ethics, he finds a great error. Nevertheless, it is a great art, and a great gift of nature that could enable an author to produce characters that seize so strongly upon one's credulity as do those of Fielding.

Sterne and Goldsmith are the last of the humorists to be treated in these lectures. For Sterne as a man Thackeray has very little regard. He seems to take a malicious delight in summing up the apparent importance of the man who was tired and sick of his wife, and was pouring out his fond heart to another woman, Mrs. Elizabeth Draper, the wife of a respected gentleman.

Where the lie began, and where the truth ended in this man of genius, this actor, this quack, Thackeray did not know. He could not value or respect much the cheap dribble that flowed from Sterne's artistical sensibility. In his "Sentimental Journey" he feels the author's deliberate propensity to make points and to seek applause. In "Tristram Shandy" he finds wit, humor, pathos, a kind nature speaking, and a real sentiment; landscapes and figures deliciously painted by one who had the keenest enjoyment and the most tremulous sensibility. But there is not a page in Sterne's writing but has something that were better away, a latent corruption—a hint as of an impure presence. Neither can he attribute all this *double entendre* to freer times and manners. In thinking of these past writers he is grateful for the innocent laughter and the sweet and unsullied page which the author of "David Copperfield" gives to his children.

With Goldsmith it is quite different. The "kind, vagrant harper," a true son of the good, generous vicar of Wakefield, is one of his favorites, and he pictures delightfully and humorously his home life, his education, his youthful and professional oddities; his idleness, poverty, and pleasures; his fondness for colored clothes, his sweet and friendly nature blooming always in the midst of life's storm, and rain, and bitter weather. His friends and admirers were as illustrious as those who sat around Pope's table. A few more years of life would have brought him public fame equal to his private reputation, and he could have enjoyed the esteem that since his death has been paid to him as the genius who touched on every subject of literature, and touched nothing that he did not adorn.

(Conclusion next week.)

"HE lives long who lives well; time misspent is not time lived but lost."

Little Sister.*

BY AGNES M. BLUNDELL.

VII.

THE country people of Brittany were almost entirely unlettered. Their whole lives were spent in dragging a livelihood from the stony soil: their implements and hay-wains had not changed shape for four hundred years, and with old customs they kept their Mediaeval outlook. Their faith was the most important thing in their lives, and working hours were regulated by the ringing of the Angelus. Next came their loyalty to their feudal lord, with which was knit up their love for their own Brittany, or rather that small district of it in which they lived, and the distinctive costume which they wore. "Our priest, our parish, our seigneur," the words were on everybody's lips. They shared another belief—one which perhaps Monsieur le Curé did not approve—it was a belief in ghosts and goblins. These were all malignant and unlucky—it was not even safe to name them,—but anyone who had eyes could see proofs of their existence.

Those fearful stones that one found in the woods and moors—huge blocks, thirty feet high! And the dolmen on Pierre Kernadic's farm—no human hand could have lifted slabs of such size, to build so fearsome a den. And if not human, certainly supernatural—that was obvious! And since angels and saints could have no desire to rear such awful monuments with no Christian sign upon them, well, then, who

* SYNOPSIS.—Yves de St. Armand, an unbeliever, comes to Paris to study the Philosophers. He was the son of a wealthy Marquis whose wife at a review of the troops was accused by a beggar of belonging to the hateful caste of the Cagots. She admitted the truth of it and fled from the Chateau. The

did? But hush, it was not lucky to speak of it!

The newly recruited Royal Brigade was, therefore, decidedly unnerved when they found that a sudden detour which they had been obliged to take to avoid one of the "Infernal columns" of the Blues, had driven them down towards the coast-line and forced them to camp for the night in the very midst of a perfect town of hobgoblins, if one might judge by the stone alignments, the "kistvaens" the "peulvaens" which met the eye in every direction, their immense size dwarfed by the encompassing vastness of dark, gloomy moorland. Moreover, the morrow was Sunday, and Mass was to take place in the open. The inhabitants of the fishing villages, which fringed the coast, had been months without a priest. Father Calmet's little rushlight remained aglow all night, as the poor people came into camp to make their confessions. Each group was escorted by trusty guides, for there were spies about, and it was known that the Blues, having missed their stroke at Auray, were determined to exterminate the Marillac brigade before it could reach De Lescure's army. Still, for the Sunday Mass, and to enable all these poor people to get to the Sacraments, it was well worth taking a little risk. Faith, no one minded risking his life in such a cause; but to sleep in the open, only a few hundred yards from a menhir! That was enough to make the boldest tremble. And as a further test of courage, "notre Marquis" had forbidden camp fires lest they be marked by the enemy.

Marquis gave up his Faith and gambled away his fortune, but had the administration of a priest at his death. Yves meets the "Little Sister," a beautiful young girl, in the slum district of Paris where she attends a beggar. He does some errands for her and then she disappears. He is invited by an old friend of his father's to stay with him, and while at a reception again meets the "Little Sister" who

A bitter wind was blowing. It was now just before dawn, and a ghostly light crept across the sky and was reflected in livid streaks which betrayed the sea behind the low hills and between breaches in the scrubby oak-wood. The place was queer enough to cause qualms to the most stout-hearted. It was easy to fear that the evil of pagan times might have lingered here where horrible rites had once been performed. As the darkness lifted, the watchers under the trees, perceived a strange and terrifying world. Before them for mile upon mile stretched a wilderness of gravelly heath, clothed with heather bushes, out of which rows and colonnades of huge stones stood up as black as ink. The light had not yet touched them, except on the summit of a mound where the reddening sky stained the immense slabs as though with blood.

Yves was not superstitious, but he felt himself awe-struck by his surroundings and their strange contrast to the poor little flock gathered about him, sleeping upon the hard ground with their crucifixes clutched in their hands. Their faith was the one thing secure in a topsy-turvy world, and sadly did he wish that he had such a sheet-anchor.

Anne and Jeanne had shown no change in their manner towards him, either at their first meeting, when both were aware of his Cagot blood, or even after the amazing coincidence of his finding his mother at the Shrine of St. Anne.

The people had acclaimed it as an answer to prayer, for, did not "La Blanchette," as she called herself, admit that she had prayed without ceasing for

is Anne de Certaines. He learns later that she has disappeared to work among the Cagots to break down the prejudice against them. He goes to find her and joins the army that is being recruited to defend Louis XVII. During the march of the army they stop at a woodland shrine, and there Yves finds his mother, now an old lady, who, seeing that her son has lost his faith, falls in a swoon.

her son? She, too, accompanied the army, but she refused to be known by the rank she had abandoned. In any case the noble name could bring nothing but danger to her now. Yves thought of these things as he cleaned his gun and pistols. Though not further removed from Anne by the knowledge of his birth, he seemed no nearer to her either. She appeared to dwell on a plane apart, and though it might be said that this was no time for thoughts of love or marriage, Jeanne at least seemed to have no scruple on this head. It was plain enough that both the Marillac brothers admired the merry, courageous girl, while all the young soldiers looked upon Anne with a sort of veneration. She was aloof—as clear as running water, and as difficult to hold or stay. She seemed to be following a preordained course, compassionate for the suffering with which she was surrounded, but ever conscious of the crown it was to win. As during those blissful weeks in Paris, Yves began to feel that Anne's mere proximity was enough for his happiness, even if he might never urge a nearer claim. At least he could see her, work for her, perhaps die for her!

The light was growing, long lines of standing stones glimmered out of the mist, and yonder, where the dark slabs of the megalithic burial chamber crowned the hillock, there were figures moving, preparing the stone used of old for hideous human sacrifice as an altar on which Christ the King was to be offered up. The camp was astir, men and women were going forth to take their places, sentries were at their posts. Yves was about to seek for his mother when he perceived Anne and Jeanne coming towards him.

"We may have to scatter if we are set upon," he said. "Is it wise to be in white?"

Anne wore a long frieze cloak, but

she had a wide white scarf about her shoulders.

"Anne is the plover to-day, you see," remarked Jeanne. Then marking his bewildered expression, she added to her cousin: "He does not seem to know what it means!"

Anne explained cheerfully.

"There are a band of us, young, active women. We take the duty in turns. But hark, there is the bell!"

She moved away, furling her scarf under her cloak and disappearing into the devout crowd. Yves, eagerly watching, saw her emerge and kneel down in close proximity to the altar. The priest was now arrayed in his vestments, about the altar stood a guard of officers fully armed. Next came the villagers and all the women and children; then the main body of soldiers was drawn up in an outer ring. Yves had been chosen to command the whilom Cagots, and to-day they were to act as rear guard, to block the landward road in case of attack, while the remainder of the force escaped as well as they could over the trackless, story ground. The ammunition wagon had been abandoned, and the stores of powder and shot were loaded in the panniers of a ragged-looking troop of mules and donkeys.

Mass began. Yves climbed up one of the granite boulders and clung to its summit, taking care not to detach himself or show a movement against the sky line. It was a fearful thing to be responsible for this crowd of kneeling people. All was planned for sudden flight: the non-combatants arranged in bands of twenty, each with a leader. The ammunition and food mules were divided among different parties. Any section of the company who fell into the hands of the enemy was to be abandoned—all had agreed on that. It would be hopeless to attempt a rescue against such a greatly superior force. He strained his eyes, there was a move-

ment there to the west. It was only a few sheep, but why did they bound away and then pause, looking back? Master Huguot, the head forester, was kneeling at the foot of the rock, his horn-rimmed spectacles on his nose, his large prayer-book with its silver clasps open in his hands. He was wise, Maître Huguot. He could read.

"Tell the chief," whispered Yves, "there is movement in the west—about half-a-mile away. The priest must be as brief as possible!"

The forester slipped away, and presently came back to report.

"He says there are over five hundred for Holy Communion. The people can take cover in ten minutes. If there are cavalry, make a sign. If not, do not sound the alarm until the last moment."

Yves nodded and whispered an order to his ragged lieutenant, a young Cagot who had learned to handle a gun on poaching expeditions.

"Michelot, pass along the order. Face about and load muskets. Kneel down!"

With a sigh the little company obeyed, turning away their longing eyes from the flickering tapers on the rude altar. It had begun to rain, and four men were holding a blanket fixed on their pikes, over the head of the priest.

Presently the low owl-cry rang out from an outlying sentry in a spur of scrubby wood. The congregation recognized the warning with a shudder, but they did not rise from their knees.

"*Domine non sum dignus!*" The priest's clearly enunciated words reached Yves' ear: "Lord, I am not worthy!"

Now, moving in orderly rows, the people were approaching the altar to receive their Lord. There was a further stir on the horizon. An infantry column came into view and began to deploy.

"Advance three hundred yards," ordered Yves. "Scatter fifteen feet apart and be ready. Do not fire until the word of command!"

His men moved out. Yves dared wait no longer. He, too, sounded a long-drawn hoo-hoo, and sliding down, crept from rock to rock until he lay at the head of his men. Glancing back he saw that the people were disappearing like magic—they almost seemed to sink into the ground. The altar was stripped, the candles extinguished, but bending under the streaming rain, chalice in hand, Monsieur Calmet was still giving Holy Communion.

The throbbing drums of the National Troops reverberated grimly in the air. They were advancing, but among the rolling undulations of the moor, it was difficult to keep their objective in sight. When Yves glanced back again, the priest and his escort had vanished, and the peasants were making their way across the broken ground at incredible speed. An irregular volley from the Blues pursued them, but the balls went wide, spattering down harmlessly upon the stones. Yves drew off his men unperceived. They took cover behind a long double colonnade of granite which acted as a barrier between them and the foe and enabled them to continue their flight.

The birds of the moor, disturbed alike by pursuers and pursued, rose up with startled cries. At the sound of a plover's whistle, Jeanne's words suddenly rushed into Yves' mind: "Anne is the plover to-day!"

He laid down his musket, and kneeling up, peered anxiously between the stones until he found a crevice. The rain had stopped, but every heather bush was jewelled with sparkling drops. There were the republican soldiers, recruited in Paris and the North—fierce-looking fellows with red cockades in their hats. They were advancing steadily, and had nearly reached the trampled ground about the rock when the musical whistle rang out again, and was greeted by an excited outcry and a sporadic

rattle of shots. Yves' eyes ranged the moor, while his hands grew cold with apprehension. In a moment his worst fears were realized. A figure, with a white scarf fluttering about it, broke into view running swiftly along a ridge of ground. Now it was in view, now it vanished, dipping into shelter.

"Capture that boy!" roared the leader of the Blues.

Yves leaped for his musket, though it was useless. The enemy were running now, and the active figure was well ahead speeding away to lure them from the Mass rock, as the plover flutters to lead the hunter from her nest. Yves was not deceived by the boyish raiment, he had seen a golden head, gleaming in a shaft of pale sunlight. The priest then must be still hidden in the rock.

Anne was in danger! Not only of being shot dead, but taking the far more horrible risk of being captured alive.

They were gaining on her—she stumbled and seemed to fall, then sprang up again and dipped down behind a granite cairn. The whole enemy troop now intervened between the girl and Yves. He took aim and fired, but they were out of range and too hot in pursuit to heed a stray bullet. The slight boyish figure could no longer be distinguished, but the white scarf was still plain, fluttering bravely just ahead of the gleaming bayonets!

(To be continued.)

MAY it not be a comfort to those of us who feel that we have not the mental or spiritual power that many others possess, to notice that the living sacrifice mentioned by St. Paul is our "bodies"? Of course that includes the mental power; but does it not also include the loving, sympathizing glance, the kind, encouraging word, the ready service, the work of our hands,—opportunities for all of which come oftener than for the mental power we are tempted to feel envy.

Grace for Little Things.

BY A. P. C.

THANKSGIVING for the simple things:

The home-roof shelter overhead,
For sun enough, and rain enough,
And light, and air, and daily bread!

For friends who drop in on the way,
A neighbor's little child who comes;
For friendly books, the postman's call,
The cheery sparrows seeking crumbs.

Thanksgiving for the simple things!

Oh, keep life simple still, I pray,
And take my gratitude, dear Lord,
For little gifts of every day!

The Logic of the Finger of God.

BY MARIE LOUISE REDMOND.

TRANSCENDENT over all others seems this particular Holy Year. Not only is this because of the divine anniversary it marks or the welter of desolation to which it brings hope and consolation, it is transcendent also in the light of Faith, which is enkindled anew, and in the manifestations of spirituality and a return to the supernatural that are springing forth in many lands.

It is not only that pilgrims flock to the Eternal City in thousands and tens of thousands to fulfil the conditions and obtain the indulgences of the Jubilee. That is always the case during a Holy Year. But during the recent exposition of the Holy Shroud at the Cathedral of Turin, immense numbers flocked daily while the precious relic was exposed, as it is only at long intervals of years, to the veneration of the faithful.

In Germany, whatever political disturbances may be taking place, there has been a great revival of religious fervor. The Holy Coat, the precious mantle of Our Lord, said to have been

given to the church of Treves by St. Helena, mother of Constantine the Great, was recently exhibited for veneration in the Cathedral. During the several weeks of this period, more than two million Catholics passed in humble and prayerful veneration before the marble case containing this vivid reminder of the life and death of Our Redeemer. The number was, we are told, much greater than when it was last exhibited in 1891.

In England, very recently and quite accidentally, if such providential happenings can be called accidents, the statue of Our Lady of Grace was found. It had been buried for safety four hundred years ago, to escape the pillage and rapacity of King Henry VIII's minions. It received public veneration a few weeks ago in a great procession of devout Catholics, and has since been placed on the outside of the Church of Our Lady of the Martyrs, in Cambridge. The finding of another statue of Our Lady in alabaster, probably buried for safety at the same time, is reported, as well as the unearthing of a long-buried altar stone, used by two martyred English priests, who have long since been declared Venerable.

In Mexico, where the crushing out of religion is mercilessly proceeding, there has been formed a Union of Christian Fathers who bind themselves to instruct their children and dependents in the truths of their Catholic Faith and to practise the same as faithfully as possible.

In our own land Social Justice, the immortal phrase and teaching of our great Pontiff, is—*mirabilis mirabile*—expounded to us from the White House!

Are all these occurrences coincidences? Is it not more reasonable for a Catholic to see in them the logic of the finger of God. And is it another coincidence that the little land of Belgium is

all aflame with devotion to Our Lady of Banneux (Our Lady of the Poor) and Our Lady of Beauraing, and that solid fruits of these devotions are already visible in the lives of the people?

It is Monsieur Amand Gérardin, the scholarly editor-in-chief of *Rex*, who keeps us informed of the progress of events in Banneux in his second book on the subject, entitled, "Banneux, Page d'Evangile" (Banneux, a page from the Gospel). He it is also, who gives the information, unofficially and in regard to possible offerings for the little chapel of Our Lady of the Poor: "The chapel has already been constructed, with the authorization of the Bishop of Liège, and blessed on the fifteenth of August. Pilgrims come there from the entire world, and there have been numerous cures." He explains that offerings sent him for the Chapel have been forwarded to the Curé of Banneux for the poor and the hospital.

In his latest book Monsieur Gérardin has produced an exquisite literary idyl, and something very much more than that, for that which touches and inflames the soul with the spirit of living Faith and devotion is surely greater than the most perfect literary art.

In the judgment of Monsieur Gérardin, the eight apparitions to little Mariette and the words spoken to her, heavenly messages entrusted to a little child for their dissemination throughout the Christian world, all find their analogy in the life and teachings of Our Lord as recorded by the Evangelists. The One who commanded, "Suffer little children to come unto Me and forbid them not," surely permitted the same love of innocent little ones to animate the heart of His own Mother. And she, in her turn, favors children with the vision of her loveliness, the tones of unearthly sweetness, the words of celestial wisdom. Bernadette of Lourdes, the five children of Beauraing, little Mariette of Ban-

neux,—all were among the favored children of the Madonna.

"The eight evenings of Banneux," writes Monsieur Gérardin, "make me dream of the evenings of Nazareth. When Our Lady came to say good-night to her little Jesus, she leaned over Him as she did over Mariette, she bathed Him in the same smile, she lulled Him with the same affectionate words. This tenderness of long ago, these loving protective gestures of that ineffable young Mother, have been lavished by her, from century to century, over all the children who bloom upon our earth. It is her Son's will who confided us all to her, but especially the very little ones. In them she sees her Jesus more than in us who have learned to delight in ourselves."

There are still a good many Americans, even in these lean years, and in spite of our millions of unemployed, to whom poverty is somewhat of an elastic term, connoting many negative annoyances and irritabilities, but not very frequently meaning an actual lack of food and warmth and clothing. We perceive the biting actuality of poverty—poverty as a cruel reality—when we read Monsieur Gérardin's comparison of the poverty of Bethlehem, of Egypt, of Nazareth and its concluding phrase—*Notre Seigneur des Pauvres* (Our Lord of the Poor) with that of Banneux, the typical poor hamlet of Belgium, of probably, any European country. "Among the truly poor, everything is poor, even all that is within, even the mind, even the soul."

In spite of her simplicity, in spite of her innocence, Mariette had the roughness and uncouthness of her class. "Nothing is more touching than the reactions of Mariette towards her Heavenly Mother. All at once the child of the woods has become sociable. The fine ladies of earth might intimidate her, but not the Mother of God. Each time

Our Lady returns in the same charming intimacy, in the same silence. . . . It is the note of poverty which gives to the apparitions of Banneux their unity, their profundity and their charm."

In the title she gave herself, a title unknown to those versed in hagiography, "Our Lady shows to the poor a tenderness, a giving of herself which surpasses any understanding of charity here below. Only the Little Sisters of the Poor, inspired undoubtedly by Providence, gave themselves a title which immerses or confounds them in some way with the indigent. Yes, blessed are the poor, since Our Lady is the Virgin of the Poor!"

"When Mariette asked Our Lady for a proof, she replied 'Believe in me, I will believe in you.' This is to affirm, clearly and concisely, that we have no right to exact a proof, or rather, that this proof is in the apparitions themselves. How true this is! One must close one's eyes in order not to see this proof. On one side, a poor little peasant, and on the other side, a message which infinitely surpasses the imagination and even the intelligence of this child."

Our author draws a splendid picture of the optimism of the Middle Ages when "Christians believed in Providence and Providence believed in them, and never was there a time more fertile in miracles."

In contrast to this, his picture of our own times and our own attitude to the supernatural is enlightening as well as amusing. "Our position seems to us so advantageous, the tone of our voice seems to us so superior, when we exclaim before non-Catholics: 'Beau-raing? Banneux? Auto-suggestion, unconscious simulation, hypnotism, natural facts easily explicable. We are above all *that*. Our Faith is not *that*. Our Faith is an intelligent Faith.' Lack of simplicity! Lack of confidence also," comments Monsieur Gérardin. "We pre-

fer to consider such manifestations as a trick of the devil or malice of men; as if it were not more logical to recognize therein the finger of God."

This literary knight of the Faith stresses the fact that, in the message from Banneux, "The invitation to prayer is also the supreme exhortation. Three times Our Lady returned to the charge, on the three last apparitions, and she never failed on each occasion to add the adverb 'very much.' This repetition is evidently intentional. One feels that Mary expressed in this her chief preoccupation. If Our Saviour, as we know Him through the Gospels, had come to Banneux, we may be sure that He would not have spoken differently."

"The faithful," Monsieur Gérardin assures us, "have responded to the reiterated appeal of Our Lady of the Poor. They come in great numbers, not through curiosity, nor self-interest, but to join their hands in all simplicity. Oh, these crowds in prayer at Banneux, these voices which implore of God the conversion of sinners, these multitudinous unfortunates whose burdens are soothed in prayer! Who would dare send them away from Banneux? Who will dare find vain pretexts to deprive the people of God of the manna that Our Lady sends them? Who would dim this springtide growth of the supernatural in a wintry and sceptical epoch? Who would take the responsibility of refusing the Blessed Virgin the prayers that she demands? The hour is grave, since she has come to implore us to guard against it. You have understood it, innumerable pilgrims of Banneux! Let us reassure ourselves: Mary has not descended in vain. Already are mounting towards God, from this soil that her diaphanous robe has floated over, supplications and sacrifices. Our Father will be moved to pity. He will have compassion on the multitude. For Banneux will become, for His outraged

Heart, a refuge of sweetness and of consolation."

I have recently received some numbers of a little Belgian publication, a bulletin of Tancrémont and Banneux, giving a résumé of the apparitions and following events at Banneux, including the dedication of the little chapel with the vast throng of sixty thousand pilgrims in orderly and reverent attention. It gives news of Tancrémont also, a little village quite near the other shrine, which has been a place of pilgrimage of devout Catholics for many years. The shrine is in charge of the Benedictine Fathers and is famous for its crucifix, of marvellous Oriental workmanship, containing relics of Our Saviour's Cross, which is an object of great veneration. The Benedictines of Tancrémont labor and pray, as did the great Cardinal Mercier, for the reunion of Christendom. Recently they have formed, at the request of Pope Pius XI., a union of prayer for the conversion and salvation of Russia and its afflicted people.

The bulletin from Banneux gives details of many cures, among which every variety of person is represented. While it abstains from pronouncing them miracles (a prudence that is always exercised at Lourdes also), in every case the documentary attestation of the attending physicians describes them as incurable.

A cure that seemed to me particularly interesting was that of a Spaniard, a notorious anarchist, who was persuaded by his wife, a Belgian by birth, to come to Banneux. They came the long journey from Spain on foot. The husband plunged his arm, quite helpless and terribly injured in a foundry accident, into a little water from the spring that Our Lady had described as her property. He entered the church and, holding out his arm towards the statue of the Mother of God, exclaimed, "Here is my arm, cure it! Show that you

are really the Virgin of the Poor! I have come from so far in order that you may cure me!"

In a few moments he called out to his wife, "Do not pray any more. I am cured!" When they set out on their return journey to Spain, he had the firm intention of sowing the good seed of devotion to Our Lady of the Poor.

The bulletin relates several instances of unexpected and timely help received by those who have implored financial and other temporal aid from that Mother who long ago even took pity on the wounded sensitiveness of the bridal pair at Cana.

The Belgian Society of Caritas, which graciously assists and arranges pilgrimages and other good works, entirely gratuitously, has interested itself already at Banneux. It has constructed a shelter for the sick, containing a dozen beds, a room for the dressing of wounds, a pharmacy fully equipped, stretchers and wheel chairs. Stretcher-bearers and infirmarians are ready for their tasks, and charitable doctors have lent their skill. This is but a beginning, and the work is expected to progress with the need.

Meanwhile, little restaurants and similar business ventures have sprung up in the village of Banneux. Those pious Americans who shudder at what they call "the commercializing of devotion," would probably express their horror. Perhaps they would have been equally shocked at the feeding of the multitude with the five barley loaves and two fishes, or concerned with the proper disposition of the fragments that remained!

The Apostle of Banneux is a title preeminently due Monsieur Gérardin who was the first and will always remain the most eloquent introducer of Our Lady of the Poor to our apathetic, indifferent and discouraged world. He closes his little book with an exquisite

page or two of adieu, under the title, "Assumpta est Maria ab Angelis." It is too lengthy to quote and too beautiful to be touched by a pen that could not hope to equal the haunting charm of the phrases this master of *le mot juste* has found to honor the Madonna.

As a sort of epilogue our author has given us in Walloon and in French, a prayer in beautiful *vers libre* to Our Lady of Banneux. I offer herewith a reproduction in English which claims no merit save a possible exactitude.

PRAYER TO OUR LADY OF BANNEUX.

Our Lady of Banneux; Our Lady of the Walloons,

Even in a language of poverty,

In that of my ancestors,

I entreat you for the poorest of countries,

My country,

Where souls are still poorer than the bodies that clothe them.

It is not your wish that our country should perish,

Since you have come.

And you have descended there

Only to bring it back to Christ.

What happiness to see you leaning

Over my Walloon land,

And over Mariette, its image, the wild flower of my Country!

You have come to us, white as the dawn in a winter's night!

You have come to us, near to my brothers

Who have forgotten how to pray.

You have come

To read them from the Gospel,

The sweetest of all pages,

That which brings comfort, peace, and consolation:

Happy are they who are hungry,

Happy are they who are cold;

Happy are they who suffer;

Happy are they who are unhappy.

Oh, amiable Virgin of the Poor, save my poor country,

Where souls are still poorer than the bodies that clothe them!



"LIFE'S real heroes are those who not only bear their own burdens bravely but give a helping hand to those around them."

Carolina Abdicates.*

BY ESTHER W. NEILL.

XXI.—CAROLINA COMES HOME.

AND so Carolina, turning her back upon this brief recrudescence of her youth, came home to take charge of Monsieur Courtenay's case with her usual controlling energy. He brightened perceptibly at her coming, and the whole village seemed quickened into new life and hope, for her presence had always meant prosperity, and during her long absence many things had happened which no one had the means to remedy. The furnace in the school-house had burned out its grates, after many years of careless firing, and the two teachers, fearing to risk a reduction of salary by proclaiming a holiday, were holding their classes in rooms so cold that the children had to sit in their wraps all day; the steeple of the church had been struck by lightning, and the belfry tower had fallen into the graveyard almost killing old Tonita who had been resting on a tombstone saying her rosary for a departed friend, oblivious to the downpouring rain.

Business on Main Street was suffering from a protracted depression due to the fact that the road leading to the village had not been repaired, and no one seemed to have the nerve or the

persuasiveness to go after the county commissioners and bring them to a realization of its bumpiness by offering them a ride over its gullied surface. The new restaurant, though it had put up a sign a mile away, recommending itself as the nearest place where one could obtain "Home cooking and Home comforts," had received so little patronage that the proprietor had not been able to pay for the boards in the sign. Even the cheerful Joe Bangué complained of a lack of customers, though he had added another coat of red paint to his garage, which was brilliant enough to convince the distant tourist that the place was on fire and thus lure him over the rocky road to search for free excitement. While the curbstones, to which Carolina had given so much thought, were still piled in a temporary monument on a disused railroad track waiting for some one to engage a surveyor to settle the many arguments that had arisen over the boundary lines of unfenced gardens and the straightening of the crooked paths that should be developed into streets. Even the placid old Curé was at his wits end, for Marie Antoinette had finished at the graded school. What was he to do with her next?

Carolina's return was most timely. She listened patiently to these varied complexities and she made plans to settle them, but with her trained practical efficiency, she dealt with the most

* SYNOPSIS.—Carolina, a Southern girl, travelled to France with her young husband, a French officer. He was killed there and she returned to Louisiana with her son. He was attacked by yellow fever and died, and Carolina, taking her grandson and her servants, fled back to her old home in North Carolina where she established a colony which she ruled as a queen. Her grandson grew up and went to New York to study medicine. While there he married a girl, the widow of one of his friends who had one son. Carolina, because she had not been consulted, cast off her grandson, but later, learning that his wife had deserted him for another, received him into her home. He set up an office near her old

friend, Dr. Savarin, and was very popular. One night he was called to care for the victims of an automobile accident, and found his wife dead and her husband dying. He operated upon the man, but he died, and Eduard Grogè returned to Carolina bringing with him his stepson.

Carolina objected to the boy, and Eduard left the home, but later Carolina was reconciled. Eduard asked her to go with him to France which she did and revived the old days when she had made Paris her home. But receiving a cablegram that her old friend, Jean Courtenay, was ill, she decided to return immediately to America and leave Eduard at his studies in Germany.

important problem first, pushing more paltry affairs into their proper mental pigeonholes and bringing them out in due order.

Monsieur Courtenay in an impressive ambulance, so like a hearse that half the village thought he had died overnight, was moved with every care and comfort from his vine-covered house to the spacious quarters that Eduard had occupied during his long illness. Nurses were brought from the nearest hospital, and Carolina took command of his sick room with her lavish disregard of expense, introducing every new treatment that the highly-paid specialists suggested. After months of untiring effort, Monsieur Courtenay recovered the use of both hands, and he was able to take two or three stiff steps to the cushioned rolling chair that Carolina had provided.

On the morning that the chair was unpacked from its protecting crate and its owner was able to sit up and examine its mechanical contrivances that would minimize his own helplessness, he was so overcome by his feeling of gratitude that he could not express himself, for tears choked his speech, and in his weakness he broke down and cried like a child. Carolina was so moved by his dependence upon her that she decided then and there that she could not leave him and return to Paris. She wrote to Eduard, telling him not to renew the lease of her apartment and advising him to call in the auctioneer to dispose of her accumulated possessions.

Though she preferred to use Monsieur Courtenay's illness as an excuse she had no desire to cross the ocean again. The stillness of the encircling mountains had claimed her restless spirit exerting their hypnotic charm. She felt that she did not want to leave the peace they promised for the gaiety of that demanding society which she had so lately enjoyed. Monsieur Courtenay's sudden stroke had made her con-

scious of the unnatural stimulus that had upheld her in Paris. She had refused to acknowledge weariness or old age. If she had allowed her feverish vivacity to urge her to a continuance of that life she would have collapsed in a short time like an over-inflated balloon. Here in the village she need not force her failing strength. There was no hurry, no nerve-shattering noises, no confusing conventional standards that could not be laid aside. She had the power to regulate affairs in her own dominion. Here she was needed—it was a pleasant reflection—even in her old age she was needed. Eduard would have to work his way and seek for joy without her. Since he was determined to spend his time among "wrecks of men" that the incomprehensible war had left in its world-wide wake, she could not follow him. He was prolonging his stay in Europe, apparently unmindful of Joe Bangué's legs which had motivated him to this extreme career of service, or perhaps Joe had objected by letter to this painful ordeal, since Alicia and her travelling salesman were living in contentment with two or three babies to act as ballast preventing further flight.

Monsieur Courtenay with characteristic optimism, soon resigned himself to his crippled state. After weeks of absolute helplessness his power to propel himself in the new rolling chair seemed to him an extraordinary advancement on the road to complete recovery. He returned to his own house and busied himself in his little library among his cherished collection of books, profoundly indebted to Carolina again for the low bookcases that she had had built around the walls without his knowledge. With sympathetic foresight she had brought all his valued volumes in reach of his outstretched hands. The small carpeted ladder that he had formerly kept to climb to the old shelves that had stretched to the ceiling, had been thoughtfully removed. There were times

when Carolina's generous consideration omitted none of the trifles that mark a divine form of tenderness.

Every afternoon that the weather permitted, she called for him in her big limousine to take him for a drive into the mountains. The chauffeur and the footman could lift his thin body with ease, and when he was ensconced in the wide seat of the car beside Carolina, speeding over the familiar roads, he quite forgot his own disabilities, while he enthusiastically planned for the writing of a second history dealing with the early French settlements on the Mississippi; a work that promised to occupy all his time and compensate him for his enforced inactivity.

To these two old people, so mentally alert, the time seemed to pass with incredible rapidity. Now that her old friend's health had been half way restored, Carolina turned her attention to the demanding affairs of the village. Since so many catastrophies had overtaken it during her absence, she assumed her old attitude of sovereignty deliberating on its destiny. With her usual acceleration of action she sent a stream of her money flowing first into the rocky road that had caused the automobile map-makers to advise a detour that seemed to wipe the village out of existence. She quarrelled with the county officials until they agreed to reimburse her for her expenditures, for Carolina, with all her prodigality, had always objected to being "put upon." She restored the church steeple, and she bought a small set of chimes for the belfry, she unearthed old deeds that settled the disputed boundary lines, and she issued orders for the laying out of sidewalks, paving Main Street with bricks purchased out of her own pocket. She wrote long amusing accounts of all these absorbing interests to Eduard.

The letters he sent in reply were full of affection, and they brought Carolina untold satisfaction, for they proved that

he was, at last, finding happiness in his work. The years had steadied his purpose, brought him forgetfulness of the tragedy in his life. He had seen so much suffering that he could now underestimate the bitter experience of his youth. He had cultivated friends as she had advised him to do. He was gaining fame in his profession, for he had always had a flair for mechanics and he had invented a variety of braces, trusses, jackets that had enabled the wounded to move around with some ease and comfort. He had been appointed head of a large hospital in Brussels. He was receiving a generous salary. He was building an annex to accommodate crippled children. He described at length the cases he hoped to cure, and at times he went into such technicalities that Carolina had to hunt up the words in a medical dictionary before she could comprehend what he was writing about. But no matter how business like and serious these letters seemed he always ended them by sending some sort of whimsical message to Marie Antoinette.

"I can't deliver your ridiculous postscripts any more," Carolina wrote him one day, "for Marie Antoinette is no longer here. I have sent her to the Ursulines in Quebec. She is so clever she passed through the graded school in a flash, in spite of the months of her invalidism when you and she played around together. When I reached home Monsieur l'Abbé was passing through a sort of saintly struggle, feeling that perhaps he had misjudged Felicé and that I had been the devil's advocate, or something of the sort. Felicé had been writing him telling him that he knew nothing about bringing up girls,—accentuating the conviction that the poor man had already. She had almost persuaded him to send her back to her cookless kitchen. I'm sure the yawning basement would have swallowed her up, though Felicé wrote wily admonitions about the necessity of educating her. I arrived just in

time to send her to Canada, a safe distance from Felicé. Monsieur l'Abbé has a cousin with the Ursulines who will look after her. Address your letters to her there."

Later on she wrote: "Marie Antoinette has been home to spend the summer holidays. You would be amazed at the change in her. She is growing so tall that she looks quite like a young lady, but the Northern climate seems to agree with her, for she is strong and well, and she is developing into a real beauty. Her complexion is free from all freckles, she has a bright color, and her hair is full of glints of sunlight like mine used to be. Her brown eyes are deep and thoughtful. She has not outgrown the charm of her childhood; she has a keen sense of humor and a sweet appreciation for everything done for her, which seems to be an extraordinary trait in these days when young people accept everything as their due. She seems to be very fond of me. Only Heaven knows why. Yesterday we had a long talk about her future. I am advising her to take a course in domestic science. I suppose the child will have to make her living somehow—and most professions are overcrowded. But anything connected with the word domestic sounds like practical training for a woman. You may smile, but we talked about opening a tea room together. I might as well confess that, in my secret heart, I have always had a desire to go into business, and I am sure that this is my last chance. Marie Antoinette is the best cook I have ever known. I hate to credit Felicé with any good work in the world, but of course her villainous condemnation of the child to the kitchen has produced this result. You know how much I have always enjoyed new enterprises. We talked ourselves into a feverish enthusiasm. We planned to build a rustic cabin close to the old Munster Road, for thousands of unfed tourists pass that way. We even tried to think up a name for it. Marie

Antoinette had a brilliant idea and suggested calling it 'The Yellow Bowl,' so that our crockery and furniture could depict the simplicity of the early mountaineers with a little good taste and cleanliness thrown in." Eduard replied to this letter with unusual promptness.

"MY DEAR MISS CARRIE:—You are the most amazing woman in the world, and I am afraid you will never grow up. I see you pirouetting between the rustic tables in a flapperish uniform of bright yellow to match the bowls. Why don't you call the place the Egg Beater, or would such a name scare customers away? Anyhow, I don't like the name 'Yellow Bowl.' It sounds like a mix up of some sort. I'd select something a little more promising. Only undone things seem to belong in bowls, and I am sure you do not want to be undone. I think I'll come home and look into this business proposition. I may apply for a place as bus boy. I'm used to wearing a white coat and running around tables, and we might appoint Tony chief entertainer. To make the place complete you should put on a cabaret show of some sort, and Tony has developed a startling tenor that might lure passing tourists in and lift their spirits above the contemplation of the yellow bowls. The boy wants to go to Italy and study music, and I don't know what to do about it. I'm not used to dealing with would-be opera singers, so I think we'll both come home and talk to you about it. You've always been so decent about Tony since that first day. I've always had a great respect for your good sense and judgment, though I know there have been times when you haven't believed it. I'm getting homesick for the sight of you. Expect us soon, and kill the fatted calf. Do you realize that I have not seen you for three years?"

He came at Easter time as he had promised, but Tony was too busy with his final examinations to come with him. The old garden was a paradise of

beauty, the dogwood and the magnolias were in starry bloom against the black background of the pines, and the grey soil of the peach orchards was like a yielding aisle scattered with blossoms beneath the pink arches of the trees. He had asked for a month's leave of absence. He was home only two weeks. Marie Antoinette was not there, so he had to sail without seeing her.

Carolina, during these years of their separation, had consoled herself by cultivating an ambition for his ultimate success, and so with maternal unselfishness, she did not try to detain him. In these short days of his visit she had noticed a great change in him. His attitude towards his work was self-confident. He had been stimulated to further effort by his own achievements. She recognized in him a faint reflection of her own despotic desire for leadership. She could fully understand his anxiety to get back to the hospital which acknowledged his supreme authority. It seemed to her that his position was an enviable one, since his work was attracting the attention of skilled specialists in other parts of the world. But Joe Bangué, who had brought all this about, had refused Eduard's kindly proffered services. He was indifferent to his deformity, and he did not want to undergo the painful process of being straightened out for the mere sake of vanity, since his crooked legs in no way interfered with his chosen avocation.

"You will have to let him alone, Eduard," Carolina said resignedly. "If he prefers crooked legs to straight ones, leave him alone. He has altered life for you, fired your ambition, led you on to success. I told you years ago that trifles ruled our lives. In your case Joe Bangué's legs were the trifles."

He smiled. "And I still insist, Miss Carrie, that legs are not trifles. A man would have a hard time getting on without them."

"But Joe is quite agile on his and he is used to their crookedness, so leave him alone. I am more interested in knowing when you are coming home—to stay."

"Give me three more years, Miss Carrie, and I'll come back to you a famous specialist—three more years and you'll be proud to own me."

"Own you!" she repeated sceptically. "By that time some other woman will own you."

"You are my only love, Miss Carrie," he assured her. "I haven't time for anything but work. I have made some friends among the other doctors, but I do not care for women. In three years I'll come back to the States, and then you'll have me forever."

"Three years is a long time," she said wistfully. "It's a very long time when one is as old as I am."

"It will fly away before you know it."

"That's the trouble," she said. "Time flies so fast, Eduard, so frightfully fast. When I said it was long, I meant that I did not like to think of three more years added to my age. I have always been in love with life. That is the reason I want you to get all you can out of it. I want you to succeed. In some odd way I'll feel that I am part of that success. Women can always feel that a man's success is theirs."

"Of course it is," he said, taking her in his arms. "You urged me on, Miss Carrie, and now that I am on the road, I'm sure you don't want me to lie down in my tracks when there is important work ahead. I'm sure you wouldn't want to stop me, Miss Carrie. I've got the wing of my hospital half built,—I'm sure you wouldn't want me to stop."

"Of course not," she said, and her voice broke. "Of course, Eduard, I realize that you cannot stay. Kiss me good-bye. I would not have you stay."

(To be continued.)

A Chieftain's Word.

The son of a chieftain of the Macgregors, residing on his freehold at Glenorchy, went in the shooting season with a party of young associates to the moors in the braes of the country. They met with a young gentleman of the name of Lamont, from Cowal, who, attended by a servant, was going to Fort William. They all went to a sort of inn that was in the place, and took refreshments together. While there a quarrel unfortunately arose between Lamont and young Macgregor. Dirks were drawn, and before friends could interfere, Macgregor fell, mortally wounded. In the confusion Lamont escaped, and though pursued, under cover of the night got securely to the house of Macgregor, which happened to be the first habitation that met his eye at the dawn of morning. The chieftain had got up, and was standing at the door. "Save my life," said the stranger, "for men are in pursuit of me to take it away." "Whoever you are," says Macgregor, "*here you are safe.*" Lamont was just brought to an inner apartment and introduced to the family, when a loud inquiry was made at the door if a stranger had entered the house. "He has," says Macgregor; "and what is your business with him?" "In a scuffle," cried the pursuers, "he has killed your son; deliver him up that we instantly revenge the deed." Macgregor's lady and his two daughters filled the house with their cries and lamentations. "Be quiet," says the chief, with his eyes streaming with tears, "and let no man presume to touch the youth, for *he has Macgregor's word and honor* for his safety, and, as God lives, he shall be safe and secure whilst in my house." In a little while, after Lamont had experienced the most kind and hospitable treatment, the chieftain accompanied him, with twelve men under arms, to

Inveraray, and having landed him in safety on the other side of Loch Fyne, took him by the hand and thus addressed him—"Lamont, now you are safe; no longer can I or will I protect you; keep out of the way of my clan. May God forgive and bless you!"

Peculiar Chinese Customs.

The next time you are tempted to become impatient with your neighbor because he happens to disagree with you, just think of the Chinaman. In the course of his life he has occasion to express most of the sentiments that we express, but he does so with all seriousness by using external signs the very opposite of those which we consider appropriate. Here for example are only a few of the strange ways which the Chinese have of doing things as recorded in the *Southern Cross*:

The Chinese shakes his own hand instead of yours.

He keeps out of step when walking with you.

He puts his hat on in salutation.

He whitens his boots instead of blackening them.

He rides with his heels in the stirrups.

His compass points south instead of north.

His women folks are often seen in trousers accompanied by men in gowns.

He laughs on receiving bad news (this is to deceive evil spirits).

His left hand is the place of honor.

His favorite present to his parents is a coffin.

He faces the bow when rowing a boat.

His mourning color is white.

After we have had our laugh at these peculiarities on the part of the Chinese, we might stop for a moment and consider the following appropriate thought: An enumeration of the ways in which we express the very same sentiments recorded above would cause just as much laughter on the part of the Chinaman as his peculiarities arouse in us.

"If you wish your merit to be known acknowledge that of other people."

No Crosses.

BY P. J. C.

A GARDEN is planted in hope. The seed sunk in earth will show as a finger, rise as a stem and be crowned by a head. We plant because we hope. Flower and fruit are the fulfilment of promise. Things planted come to blossom.

You walk by a cemetery out in the country; feel October warmth and brooding calm. Shocked corn is seen row after row on stubbled land—fruit of promise. The grove at the road crossing is brown, yellow, saffron, green. It has fulfilled its Spring hope. It is dead or dying; but will show the buds of new hope with the new Spring.

This cemetery garden is planted with headstones on which blossom no Crosses. Some headstones stand tall; some are wide, oval-shaped at the top; and grow a few feet above the level earth. Out of no stone blooms a Cross. It is a secular cemetery. In secular cemeteries crosses do not grow out of headstones.

Many of those resting in these acres were Christians. Accepting Christ, they likely accepted Redemption through the Cross. The Cross to them was hope and salvation. And yet it does not grow out of their tombs. Urns do; statues; symbols of some kind.

It seems such a barren field, that field of planted stones on which no Cross blooms! Did those who laid away their dead have no hope of a Spring when dust and bones would join together to live the new life which never can be scorched by Winter? Is it unbelief, or human respect, or weak surrender to skeptics and scoffers that keeps the Tree which bore such fruit out of this field of graves? It is a compromising Christianity which has not the Christian symbol above tall houses where people pray, sunken houses where they rest and wait.

A Catholic graveyard is a garden of Crosses. High columns you see from a

far approach; simple stones of modest sculpture; ambitious tombs; lowly markers. Crosses grow from them all.

There is something so assuring in an acreage of Crosses. It quickens a sense of nearness between earth and heaven. You feel companionship with the tenants who sleep below. They were of the household, prayed the household prayers, worshipped the God of the household; believed in, hoped in the Sign.

The Sign is salvation; the assurance that things unseen will be seen, things unknown will be revealed, things dark made bright in the glory of vision. It has been the martyr's strength, the confessor's assurance, the virgin's anchorage. It has been borne over the dolorous way on the shoulders of Him who won everlasting emancipation from universal bondage. It is the hope of all who follow Him.

If you hold to the merits and mercy of Christ, a cemetery without Crosses is desolating. Seeing nowhere the symbol of Hope, the promise of Spring, you are chilled by depression.

All those graves are just earth filled in over flesh and bones which will become earth too. Those stones tell brief stories of a few years of aiming and doing, failing and falling. All that is over. The grave is the end. The stone above it grows no Cross with its fruit of promise.

The world shrugs its shoulders at death and lays away its dead quickly. At non-Catholic funerals there are no convincing, believing prayers. Perhaps a Scripture reading, and certain non-committal sentences by a clergyman. And then to the cemetery where grass is well cared for, shrubs well grouped; trees of aristocratic nurture and appearance; beauty of shape and shade on flat or terraced earth. No weeds, no wild grass growth. A graceful, many-laned park. Solemn, steel-closed mausoleums row on row. Graceful, white marble columns. No Crosses.

Notes and Remarks.

The Catholic women of the diocese of Cleveland passed a resolution at one of their meetings which states that the 8000 women who are members of the local council will refrain from patronizing "shows having for their basic principle sex motif," and will do all in their power "to induce those who come within the sphere" of their influence "to withhold their patronage from these degrading institutions." We advocated just such procedure in these pages last year. If the 8000 increase to 80,000 all over the State of Ohio; and if in New York, Illinois, California, Catholic women, and the Catholic women of every State, express a militant crusading spirit to drive out moral filth from moviedom, Catholic women will do more for national morals than all the sermons preached over the radio. The best way to make moving shows clean is the negative way. Do not see the obscene, the near obscene, the suggestive picture. That will be effective. A speech or a letter to the paper will not, very likely.

The growing practice of stripping from prominent Catholics all reference to the Faith which they practise in newspaper write-ups has left us in ignorance of many who are doing honor to the Church in various fields of activity. There is the case of Giovanni Boccardi, for example. He has produced over 400 publications on various phases of astronomy, his observations alone numbering fully 40,000. Indeed so high is his reputation in that particular field of science that he is consulted by astronomers the world over, whose calculations he checks and revises even at this late day, in spite of the fact that he is an old man now and has already lost the sight of one eye in the interests of astronomy. Some idea of the esteem in which he is held can be gleaned from

the fact that Giovanni Boccardi is a member of eleven academies, six of them foreign, and has been honored by each of them. All of these facts have been printed again and again in the various publications which specialize in such information. What is not so frequently published, nor so well known even among some astronomers, is the fact that Giovanni Boccardi is a very good Catholic. In fact, he is a priest, and a religious priest at that, being a member of the Congregation of Priests of the Missions, or Vincentians, as they are sometimes called.

The historic old prison at Castlebar, County Mayo, Ireland, has been transformed into a county hospital at the cost of some \$300,000. The foundation stone was laid by Dr. C. Ward, Parliamentary Secretary for Local Government and Public Works. Two members of the Dail present at the ceremony, were at one time political prisoners in the former jail. One of these, Dr. Hardy, said, in his words of welcome to the Parliamentary Secretary, that he little thought in the hard days of his imprisonment that on a future day he would see the old fortress that held within its dark cells so many ardent Irishmen, transformed into a hospital for the sick and poor. In Ireland, you see, there are activities other than breaking up political meetings.

President Roosevelt is working out a scheme to deflate inflated salaries. As evidence, it is quoted that the pay of railroad presidents has been cut to \$60,000 a year by Railroad Coordinator Joseph E. Eastman. They should be able to fight off the wolf with that. As indicating that some salary cuts are called for even from considerations of human decency, note the testimony of Mr. Albert H. Wiggin before the Senate's banking inquiry. Wiggin re-

ceived \$1,367,020 in salary and bonuses from the Chase National Bank, N. Y., and simultaneously \$20,000 from the Brooklyn Manhattan Transit Co., plus \$40,000 from Armour and Co. In contrast, Mr. Wiggin, January 1, 1931, urged a reduction in labor wages in this cryptic language: "It is not true that high wages make prosperity." Mr. Wiggin did not refer to his own wages. Motion picture directors and those leading men and women who speak and gesture at their bidding, are paid vastly too much for their contribution to the upkeep of human life. So are some highly advertised newspaper columnists. And many others—including Mr. Wiggin. A man or a woman can only spend so much, if the spending is to be wise. Beyond a certain height salaries should be taxed. If people are worth a million dollars a year to movie concerns out in California, the government, which protects and makes possible the concerns and the actors, should share somewhat in those salaries that dazzle us by their extravagance.

Dumping slaughtered pigs into the Mississippi at St. Paul, pitching milk on the highways in Wisconsin, burning bumper crops in the Corn Belt, destroying oranges in California, tossing millions of bags of coffee into the ocean off the coast of Brazil—all in these days of depression! Some of us are in food lines while others of us are destroying food. Perhaps an economist will explain it to suit himself; but the procedure will not therefore cease to be insane. God gives us food. We destroy it. And then rush into bread lines.

Newspapers reported that Alfred E. Smith and Mayor O'Brien were rather uncharitable at the Catholic Charities banquet held in New York. They sat at feast and did not speak to each other. Later Msgr. R. M. Wagner, newly

elected president of the National Conference of Catholic Charities, denied the newspaper stories. They did speak to each other. We never accepted the report, and were not surprised at the denial. Former Governor Smith and Mayor O'Brien may differ about things political and other things. People everywhere disagree. There is a neutrality area where differences are pushed away or obscured and where men meet and talk about the weather and the fish that got away. It would not surprise us to see the Happy Warrior shake hands with Bishop Cannon, Jr., and ask, "How's Virginia?"

Mr. Arthur Ringe of Watford, England, was known to his generation for his attacks on Catholic doctrine in letters to the local press. He was that type. When on his deathbed he sent for a priest to whose instructions he listened for four days. Then he declared his acceptance of the Catholic doctrine against which he had so often mailed correspondence to the local editor. He received his first and last Communion the day he died. The last days of his life were the best. They counted for more than all his letters to the press.

The English Catholic papers usually check up rather closely on public statements made by Anglican bishops when such statements touch on things Catholic and might lead to a misunderstanding. In speaking in St. Paul's Church a short time ago, the Bishop of London is reported to have said that it was unwise for the Church to turn its back on movements of which it did not approve wholly. And he added: "After the service last night a leading Anglo-Catholic said that I had played, toward the Oxford Group Movement, the part of Innocent III. with St. Francis; for although the Pope did not approve of St. Francis he blessed him." To which statement the

London Catholic Times replied: "It is true that this great Pope proceeded cautiously in encouraging those who desired to be allowed to live in evangelical poverty; but to say that he did not approve of St. Francis is a travesty of the facts. There is not a shred of evidence to warrant such an assertion. In fact, there was nothing in the Franciscan movement which could call for disapproval from the Pontiff. If there was any doubt in the Pope's mind, it was as to the ability of the saint and his followers to live up to the lofty ideals they had set themselves; a doubt which was speedily dismissed by the impression that St. Francis created. Moreover, it is not the habit of Popes to bless movements of which they disapprove. But what a light it throws on the mentality of the man who could accept this description of his own church—and the Anglican. To bless on a sporting chance that what appears to be harmful may turn out to be profitable is not the method of a Church which knows its own mind, but is not inconsistent with a body whose attitude toward the various movements embraced in its 'comprehensiveness' is frankly experimental."

Here are some queer wills, as mentioned by a writer in the *Catholic Press*, Sydney, Australia. "Charles Marlowe," authoress of "When Knights Were Bold," who died only this year, left thirty shillings a week to her favorite dog; a Hertfordshire woman named her small cat "Jerry" as her residuary legatee; a cat in Los Angeles, named "Mitzi," was left \$3000 and a palatial house in San Gabriel; a mule was left 27 acres of California land by his owner; a pet monkey was the beneficiary of a trust fund of several thousand dollars; and an English testator left 17 shillings and sixpence a week for life to an English cat. We have seen no record of any con-

test of these wills; nor of court proceedings. If there be any they must be unique. It takes all kinds of people to make up the aggregate which we call the human race. And the "kinds" we seem always to have with us.

The Mother Superior of the Carmelite Convent, Nottingham, England, has a near all-time record for founding convents. She has thirty-one to her credit. St. Teresa of Avila, Spain, founded thirty-two in the Sixteenth Century. The item from which this record is taken does not give the name of this remarkable woman. Her latest foundation is at Wichbrae, Dunfermline, Scotland. The Most Rev. Andrew McDonald, O. S. B., performed the enclosure ceremony. Perhaps some reader who has a turn for such things will write in and mention some Mother Superior who founded thirty-three convents. All right. Just the same, that Mother Superior in Nottingham, England, founded thirty-one. Which was what we set out to say.

The *American Magazine* has been offering a number of money prizes for the best letters sent in by readers on certain specified subjects. In the July contest the subject proposed was: "How I feel about the Family." The letter which won first prize in that contest was written by Lucy V. Bourne of 2406 Parkview Ave., Knoxville, Tenn. We do not know any more about Lucy than what she has written in the letter which follows, but we would be willing to bet our bottom dollar that the children come running and the dogs of the neighborhood wag their tails when she passes down the street. Here is her letter, Catholic fathers and mothers of the future. You have been instructed, of course, on the moral obligations of the matrimonial state, but if you have any doubts about the compensations which

God has attached to the sacrifices of rearing a large family, just read Lucy Bourne's letter below. Anyone who has been fortunate enough to have been brought up in similar surroundings will vouch for every word she has written:

I am one of a family of eight—a family of average means.

Do I feel cheated? Would it not have been wiser for my parents to have restricted the size of their family and centered their affection and money on me?

I laugh at the question.

I have hung my stockings with seven other pairs from the mantel. I have watched cooky dough magically change into bears and lions for hungry little children. I have been door-keeper at our barn when the famous circuses and plays presented by the "Bourneses" drew the neighborhood gang.

I have run about trailed by small brothers and sisters, barefooted and gloriously dirty, while the onliest child next door, starched and be-slipped, looked on enviously.

I have smelled and tasted great loaves of home-made bread, big kettles of steaming soup, and fat squares of gingerbread.

I am glad I was sent to live with my family. And Mother, happy and proud of her family, is glad all eight of us were sent to her.

Consider these samples of scientific reasoning by Prof. Max Ott, scientist, University of Wisconsin. They are plucked from his debate "Can Science Accept God?" His opponent was President Frederick C. Grant, Western-Seabury Seminary, Evanston.

God and science are irreconcilable opposites and they cannot be harmonized any more than ice cream can be improved by frying.

The entrance of God in a scientific experiment would introduce an uncontrollable variable which would utterly destroy science.

Nothing in the world is outside science's ken; religion always darkens and never illuminates man's mind.

Can you think of any three paragraphs more dictatorial, flamboyant, unscientific—and foolish? And from a scientist who, you would expect, pursues a cautious journey to truth, seeing the facts of life with a reverent mind

and making them serve the purposes of knowledge. Prof. Max Ott, scientist! Re-read the paragraphs above, and then orientate the Professor as you see fit.

Justice Joslin of the Superior Court, R. I., sent Robert C. Fairberg to the State penitentiary for thirty days for purveying indecent literature. "And when you come out," the Justice said, "I want you to go back to your publishers in New York and tell them if they send more agents into this State they will be dealt with very severely." The action and the warning should help to keep smut carriers out of Rhode Island. Only it seems a pity the producers of the vileness are not reached by an equally vigorous legal hand. It is to be hoped the State of New York will do to the sources of the contagion what Rhode Island did to the carriers.

In Munich, Germany, a Franciscan friar, Rev. Expeditus Schmidt, has been appointed stage manager of the Bavarian State Theatre with the approval of his Order. We have seen a Franciscan friar lead a team on to a hurling field in Ireland. And he was altogether in character; part of the beating heart of the race. We have never seen a Franciscan friar act as a stage manager; but from all accounts Father Schmidt will fill the bill. He is sixty-five, has written many magazine articles dealing with the theatre. And he has contributed interpretations to "Faust." Too, he has lectured on the relations between the Church and the theatre. Those relations could be much closer, to the profit of the theatre. Very likely Father Schmidt will bring that about in the Bavarian State Theatre, Munich. And our American directors might learn a lesson from him—that the right kind of drama skillfully and artistically united will please the public and not spell ruin at the box office.



When We Popped Corn.

BY MARY MABEL WIRRIES.

WHEN we popped corn on winter nights,
We didn't have electric lights,
But old oil lamps made light enough
For popping corn.
And all the kernels, in the 'kittle,'
Went hopping, popping, big and little—
When we popped corn on winter nights,
'Fore you were born.

And we could tell just by the pop,
Whenever it was time to stop,
And take the 'kittle' off the fire,
And dump the corn.
We'd let the empty popper sputter,
While we went hunting salt and butter—
When we popped corn on winter nights,
'Fore you were born.

The corn we buy's not half so good
As that we popped o'er apple wood.
You children needn't smile, and say
That corn is corn.
Do all the kernels in your 'kittle,'
Go hopping, popping, big and little,
Like that we popped on winter nights,
'Fore you were born?

♦♦♦
Tim.
—

BY JAMES A. REID.

XIX.—KIDNAPPED.

TIM awoke the next morning in a sour, dismal mood, arriving late at the breakfast table. That annoyed him, for he had set his mind on speaking to his Aunt Anna about his return to Ireland. Going down town, he was caught in a traffic delay. That somewhat peeved him, because it meant he would be late for work. The friendly gibes of the clerks in the main office, usually pref-

aced with: "Tim, you've spoiled your perfect record by not being here ahead of time," did not soothe his irritated feelings. To cap it all, Mr. Gallagher, seeing him in earnest conversation with the "Atheist" and remembering Mr. Robins' warning concerning such, spoke harshly to him. That made Tim, to use a popular expression, boiling mad. Still, it is to his credit that he tried not to show his anger.

The long Saturday morning, for so it seemed to Tim, intensified his rage instead of decreasing it. Consequently, it was with an unusual degree of relief that he started for the bank with the day's receipts at 11:30. On other Saturdays, after depositing the checks and cash, Tim would return to the office and then ride to the O'Maras' home in Mr. Gallagher's machine. This particular morning—the Robins Company closed at noon—Tim did not come back, undoubtedly because he was still mindful of Mr. Gallagher's sharp rebuke and hence did not choose to accept a favor from one who had unjustly reproved him.

At nine o'clock that evening Officer Sheehan was called to the telephone in his home. "Mr. Sheehan speaking," he said.

"Mr. Sheehan, this is Mrs. O'Mara. Tim's missing."

"What!" with evident surprise.

"Tim's missing."

"Since when?"

"Since about noon. At eleven-thirty he went to the bank with the receipts of the Robins Company. No one knows what happened to him after that."

"Have you any idea where he might be?"

"None. You see, I went shopping early this afternoon, leaving a lunch

ready for him. I did not get home till close to five o'clock. The lunch was untouched. As soon as I discovered that none of the others in the house knew of his whereabouts, I called all those persons that he might possibly be visiting. No one has seen him. May I say that I tried to get you on the telephone several times?"

"Krause and I were out in the country on a picnic."

"Have you any idea where Tim might be, Mr. Sheehan? I'm dreadfully worried."

"I'll get hold of Krause, Mrs. O'Mara, and we'll check up on Tim. I'll call you as soon as possible."

"Thank you, Mr. Sheehan, you're ever so kind."

Officer Sheehan, looking at a notebook which he had drawn from his pocket, sat down at a table to write. Five minutes passed. Then he called Officer Krause on the telephone, saying: "23-12-16/7; 14-12-17-4-19-19-8-7/2; 6-18-16-8/3."

The code used by the two policemen was a very simple one. The letters of the alphabet were numbered, but they changed the numbers frequently; and as a matter of fact they used the code rarely. A was 4; b, 5; c, 6; etc. The number following the sign / meant nothing. The message was quickly deciphered by Officer Krause. It read: "T-i-m; k-i-d-n-a-p-p-e-d; c-o-m-e."

In less than fifteen minutes an excited Officer Krause was in Officer Sheehan's home.

"When did it happen, Uncle Dan?"

"About noon."

"What have you done thus far?"

"I called the bank."

"It's closed."

"Was for an hour."

"You got no one?"

"No one."

"Doyle's son, Jimmy, works there; he knows Tim well."

"I called Jimmy. He said Tim was in

the bank about twenty-seven minutes to twelve."

"Yes?"

"Jimmy and Tim walked down the street together. Something seemed to be bothering Tim, Jimmy said. Anyway, in front of the Park Building, two young fellows, quite well dressed, spoke to Tim and he got in their machine."

"Jimmy didn't know the fellows, of course?"

"He did not."

"Could he describe them, Uncle Dan?"

"Very vaguely."

"The newspapers know?"

"Not yet."

"Was the secret signal flashed?"

"Yes, by Captain Ryan."

The secret signal, used only in extraordinary cases, was in this case a minute description of Tim and a vague portrayal of the supposed kid-nappers.

"And now," concluded Officer Sheehan, "I'm going to look up Terry Brogan."

"Terry didn't have anything to do with it, Uncle Dan."

"I don't know. I hardly think so. But, I'll find out, you may be sure."

"Should I follow?" asked Officer Krause.

"Won't be necessary. Still, I'm certain that that lad from Allentown will be hanging around the shack where the Park Club holds its meetings. It's about time we sent that youngster home. He's been here too long already."

"Then, I'll go along to take care of the Allentown boy while you're talking to Terry."

"All right."

Some ten minutes later Officer Sheehan knocked on the door of the shack of the Park Club. Hearing a loud, "Come in," he entered the slovenly room. As he saw at a quick glance, but two members of the club were present. One, whom Officer Sheehan recognized as the

young fellow from Allentown, was decidedly ill at ease when he saw the policeman enter the door; the other, Terry Brogan, smiled cynically, cupping his lips with a decided sneer.

Officer Sheehan lost no time in attending to the business at hand. "Terry, would you kindly wait outside with Krause while I speak to this lad. Then I want to see you for a few minutes."

Terry rose very slowly from the rickety chair on which he had been seated. He slouched toward the door, stopping there to take a final glance at the fellow from Allentown, as much as to say, "Don't let him bluff you." Then, swaggering and sneering, he left the room.

"You're from Allentown, aren't you?" Officer Sheehan asked, noting quickly the surprised expression on the face of the boy who seemed to be about seventeen years of age.

"Yes," was the surly answer.

"Do you know that your mother, worried sick about your disappearance, is now seriously ill?"

"No, I don't."

"Well, you're going home."

"Am I?" insolently.

"Yes, I'll tell you why. I've had my eye on you for some time. I know that the members of this Park Club are inclined to be a bit wild, though they keep within the limits of the law. I know more than that. You ran away from home, thinking you would have a wonderful time in the Big City. But, you're not happy here. In fact, you want to go home. You're sort of ashamed to. Am I right?"

"Yes," and the word came very slowly, "I guess you are." Then, with a break in his voice, "I can't go home now. Look at me: old clothes, ragged shoes, and not a cent to my name."

"And even begging your meals."

"Yes," the boy agreed. "But, I'm not going home until I can go back looking as I ought."

"We'll fix that. Krause, the other policeman, and I will take care of that. Here's your fare; here's a little spending money. Krause will go with you to get you new clothes and shoes."

The boy's head hung low. His eyelids were blinking rapidly. His voice was extremely grateful when he said, "Thank you, Mr. Sheehan. Everybody says you're the whitest cop in the city—even Terry's got a good word for you. Thank you, very much."

"Forget it. But, of this I'm sure—the mere sight of you will make your mother well." Then he walked to the door and shouted, "Krause!"

"Yes, Uncle Dan?"

"Everything—even to the train," Officer Sheehan whispered.

Officer Krause shook his head affirmatively.

"Now, Terry," said Officer Sheehan, "I want to have a talk with you."

"Go ahead," sneeringly.

"We know you think you're tough, Terry, but sometimes one goes a step too far, and then—"

"Why beat about the bush," very sarcastically; "what are you here for?"

"Do you want to know, now?"

"What do you think I asked you for?"

"Well, that makes matters easier."

"Does it?" contemptuously.

"It does. A certain boy has suddenly disappeared."

"Has he? Well, what's that to me?"

"That's what I came to find out."

"Who is he?"

"Tim O'Mara."

Terry whistled. The excited expression on his face proved that he was either a very clever actor or altogether innocent in regard to this particular case.

"You see, Terry, how badly your step needs watching. We had to check up on you to prove that you were not guilty. Yet, I'll say to you frankly, I don't think you know anything about Tim's disappearance."

"I don't, Uncle Dan, and that's a fact."

Officer Sheehan looked long and earnestly at Terry. Finally he spoke, "I'm taking your word for it," rising to go. He stopped at the door, saying, "Terry, you haven't followed my advice in the past. But, I warn you—"

"Oh, I can take care of myself."

"You have proved more than once that you can't. Still, what I want to say to you is this—if you are wise you'll keep quiet about Tim's disappearance. Can I trust you to say nothing to anybody?"

"All right. I'll keep mum."

"Do, like an honorable fellow," concluded Officer Sheehan, walking out.

Two hours later Officer Krause rushed into Officer Sheehan's home. "Did Terry know anything, Uncle Dan?"

"Nothing, I'm sure," responded Officer Sheehan. "What about the Allentown lad?"

"Getting on the train, he was very happy and grateful. Quite a nice lad, too, when all dressed up."

Late that evening and several times the next day, Officer Sheehan called Tim's Aunt Arna to tell her that absolutely nothing had been discovered concerning her nephew or his captors. "We have all been hopelessly at sea," he explained, "for, having no real starting clue, we don't know where to begin our search. To add to the confusion, the kidnappers have sent no word about a ransom. Captain Ryan told me, and I believe that he informed you also, that there has been no report of any value from anyone. Krause and I have Jimmy Doyle here now for further questioning—he was the last to see Tim, as you know. We'll place him near the telephone, so that you can hear every word he says—Now, Jimmy, tell us about Tim."

"Well, you see, Mr. Sheehan, Tim came into the bank around 11:37. Soon as I spied him, I said something's on his

mind, if any. He looked like an office boy practising up to ask the boss to go to somebody's funeral on the day of a good ball game. I said, 'Where's the flowers?' But he didn't even hear me. Then I repeated loud-like, 'Where's the flowers?' He didn't catch that one. 'Who's dead?' I asked. He sort of smiled sick-like, and didn't answer. Anyway, we walked back toward the Park Building together. As soon as we got there I said, 'So long,' and kept moseying along. I turned when I was some three downs away—thirty yards, I mean—and Tim was talking to a swell-dressed guy. Then Tim walked over to the curb and got into a machine. There was another fellow at the wheel. But I didn't pay any attention to all that. How could I guess that something wrong was taking place? Why, if I knew those fellows were kidnappers, I'd have rushed back, making a noise like a policeman's whistle."

"Jimmy, do you think you could recognize those fellows if you saw them again?"

"Maybe, but I don't think so, Mr. Sheehan. They looked just like a lot of other people."

"That, Mrs. O'Mara, is the story Jimmy told me over the telephone the day Tim disappeared. We haven't added a bit of information to it."

"I heard every word, Mr. Sheehan. What worries me most of all is that we have had no word at all—either from Tim or the kidnappers. I am still trying to believe that 'no news is good news.'"

"Rest assured, Mrs. O'Mara, we are all anxious to give you some encouraging word."

"Oh, that it may be soon! Thanks, Mr. Sheehan. Good-bye."

"Good-bye."

After Jimmy Doyle had gone, Officer Krause asked, "Who is to pay the ransom in this case, Uncle Dan?"

"His Uncle Jack."

"I'm not so sure."

"You mean he wouldn't do it?"

"No, not that."

"What, then, Krause?"

"I've been doing a lot of thinking."

"Yes?"

"And I'm taking a long guess, Uncle Dan."

"Meaning?"

"Mr. Robins is the man who's supposed to pay."

"Why, Krause, there are only a few of us who know that he is Tim's uncle."

"As I said, it's a very long guess."

"Much too long."

"Still, it's worth considering, Uncle Dan."

"You puzzle me, Krause. Why consider it?"

"For the simple reason that the kidnappers believe that Mr. Robins is Tim's father. Tim looks like Donald Robins."

"Well, then, supposing you're right, what's our next step?"

"Give the newspapers the story of Tim's disappearance."

"How much of a story, Krause?"

"Lend me a pencil, Uncle Dan." He wrote for several minutes. Then, looking up, he read: "An Irish lad, Tim O'Mara, who has been visiting in this country, has disappeared. When last seen, he was in front of the Park Building where the firm of Robins and Company is located, for which he has been working as an office boy."

"Of course, the newspapers could add a lot to that, giving a minute description of Tim."

"Of course."

"As I figure it out, Krause, you want to tell the kidnappers several things through that announcement?"

"Go ahead, Uncle Dan."

"First, Mr. Robins is not Tim's father; secondly, Tim is *working*, and therefore the people he has been visiting have no money to pay for ransom."

"Exactly. And every bit of that is

true. The business affairs of Mr. O'Mara have not been entirely straightened out. When they are, he could afford to pay a reasonable ransom, but not now—his money is tied up."

"I'm still unconvinced, Krause, but you have been right so often, I won't oppose you."

"As soon as the kidnappers see this, that is, if there is more than one, they will rush to the City to check up. We'll have all the highways and roads covered. Besides, we can do a lot of scouting around for miles outside the City. With just a small break of luck, we'll run into some one who might be guilty. I admit it's a long, long chance, but we might get quick and fruitful results."

"All right, we'll call Captain Ryan and have him speak to the Commissioner."

With the Commissioner's approval, the newspapers received the account of Tim's disappearance. The almost immediate effect was both usual and confusing. Reports from all parts of the country flowed into the New York police headquarters. From Memphis, Atlanta, Syracuse, Chicago, from North and South and East and West, word came saying that Tim had been seen. But the reports and rumors proved to be groundless, adding nothing but alarm to the situation. Tim was still missing. Where he might be was anybody's surmise. Uncertainty led to speculation. It, in turn, gave way to exaggeration, perhaps to deliberate falsehood. One newspaper suggested that he had been murdered.

Throughout the City, however, and for miles about the countryside, an alert and efficient police force was trying to solve one of the most baffling kidnapping cases of modern times. At the same time an excited and aroused Nation waited anxiously for the comforting word that the captive Tim had been rescued and his kidnappers taken into custody.

(Conclusion next week.)

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—This month the Robert McBride Company will bring out Emil Ludwig's new book, "Nine Etched from Life," a study of nine statesmen in modern Europe.

—The English Catholic Truth Society has among its recent publications twopenny guides to Westminster Abbey, the Tower of London, Catholic Oxford and Catholic Cambridge. The ordinary reader will be surprised, perhaps, at the wealth of Catholic history connected with these famous old places, which these excellent pamphlets so clearly explain.

—The American Art Association Anderson Galleries are disposing of the library of Charles P. Senter of St. Louis, Mo. One of the most difficult tasks for a collector is the locating of a first edition of Eugene Field's "Tribune Primer," printed in an edition of fifty copies by the Tribune Publishing Company of Denver in 1882, or the first edition of James Whitcomb Riley's "The Old Swimmin'-Hole" and "Leven More Poems," by Benj. F. Johnson, of Boone, published in Indianapolis in 1883. Both these volumes are in the Senter collection.

—We learn from the *London Universe* that Adolphe Rette, the French poet who made his reconciliation with the Church in 1907, wrote a deathbed testament, which has just been published by the friend to whom it was entrusted. In his agony he suffered great bodily pain, but his spirit, which had undergone torments, even to the contemplation of suicide, was filled with joy and peace. "Offering my sufferings for the intention of those I love, and also those who do not love me," he wrote, "I know that the more I forget myself the more I please the Divine Lamb whose meekness beckons me to imitate Him as exactly as human weakness will permit." Rette was helped on his way by another poet, François Coppée, who introduced him to a priest of St. Sulpice.

—"Mission San Luis Obispo," by Father Zephyrin Engelhardt, O. F. M. (Mission

Santa Barbara), is one of the most interesting of Father Engelhardt's monographs on the California missions. Father Martinez, the head of the mission, has much of the humor and the simplicity of Brother Giles, but with it the courage and self-sacrifice and charity of his own St. Francis. We read here, too, a story of Mexico and its government which is not unlike that of Mexico of to-day. Unscrupulous governors and officers in their greed for wealth and power did not hesitate to despoil the missions and trump up charges against the Friars in order to have a reason for their cruelty and dishonesty. There is a dramatic story here, as the author remarks in his preface, waiting for the playwright who will make it live for the stage.

—Almost a liturgical library in its completeness the "Daily Missal-Vespers," (C. Wildermann Co., Inc.) should satisfy the most exacting Catholic desiring to follow intelligently the divine services of the Church. This volume of over 2500 pages contains the Mass and Vespers in Latin and English of all the feasts and ferias of the Ecclesiastical year, the Commons of the saints, the Votive Masses, and those special to individual dioceses. There is also a brief but thorough explanation of the various Ecclesiastical seasons, of special feasts, and of extraordinary services, such as those of Holy Week, Pentecost, etc.; prayers for morning and evening, and an explanation of the Sacraments. The Reverend Father Berthold gives an explanation of the liturgical symbols that head each chapter. The prices run from \$2.75 to \$8.50 according to the binding.

—"Duchess Laura," by Mrs. Belloc Lowndes, is the story of an up-to-date Lady who, without sacrificing any of the dignity of her class, manages to make herself a sort of Mother Confessor to almost every erring creature within the range of her acquaintance. In a general way she has much to contend with. Her husband is of a cold disposition, her children one after another just escape being

troublesome, and her most disagreeable friends have a way of landing their most disagreeable difficulties right on her doorstep. She meets each unpleasantness as it arises, however, with such a sweet disposition that, somehow or other, she generally manages to bring to the surface some unsuspected but saving quality which finally averts what had looked for all the world like a tragedy. It is a little disappointing, however, to find no mention of religion in a life which surely must have been drawn in that direction. The book, in addition to being carefully done, is written in a leisurely and intimate vein which invites careful reading. Published by Longmans, Green and Co. Price, \$2.

—The twenty-third volume of the United States Catholic Historical Society's "Historical Records and Studies" contains three exceptionally interesting papers: (1) Francis X. Talbot, S. J., in "The Torture Trail," gives the account of his journey over the trail from Three Rivers to Auriesville which Father Jogues travelled August 1 to 14, 1642. Father Talbot, following the narrative of Father Jogues from letters, etc., identifies the topography of to-day with that of the contemporary story of the long journey; (2) "Gaetano Bedini," by Peter Guilday, the narrative of the Papal Nuncio's visit to America bearing a Papal letter to President Pierce, and his treatment by bigots. A strange contrast this to the picture of the President of the United States with Cardinal Hayes on one side of him and the Papal Delegate on the other when he attended the dinner of the Catholic charities in New York. (3) "Catholicism in New Netherland," by Rev. John Thomas Conlon, M. A., a chapter in religious development in the State of New York. Published by the United States Catholic Historical Society in New York.

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Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Reverend Thomas Boylan, C.S.C.

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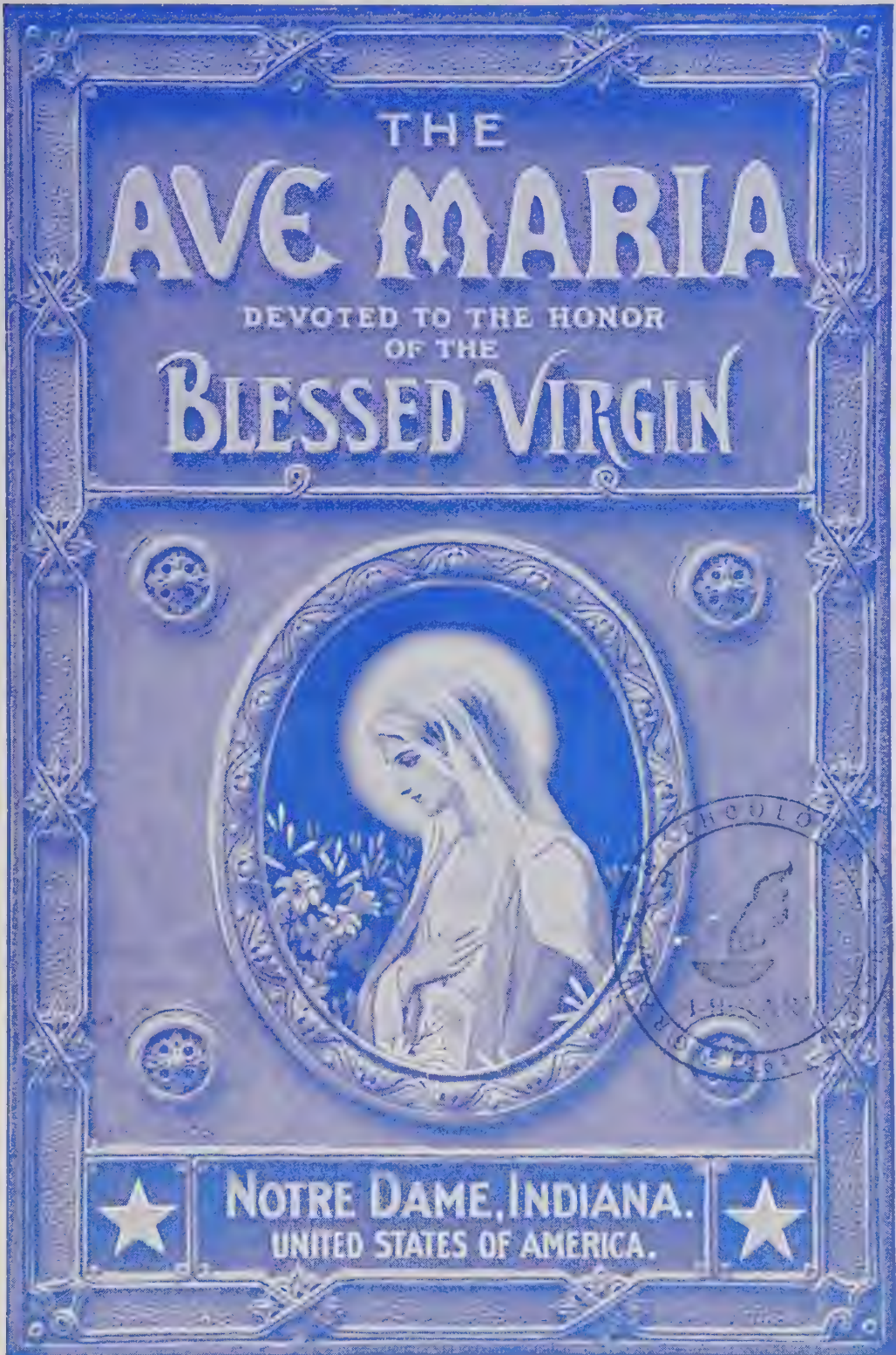
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CALENDAR OF THE WEEK

NOVEMBER.

SATURDAY, 25.—St. Catherine, Virgin and Martyr.
 SUNDAY, 26.—Twenty-fifth after Pentecost. St. John Berchmans, C.
 MONDAY, 27.—St. Maximus, Bishop.
 TUESDAY, 28.—Sts. Stephen and Comp's, Martyrs.
 WEDNESDAY, 29.—St. Saturninus, Bishop and Martyr.
 THURSDAY, 30.—St. Andrew, Apostle.

DECEMBER.

FRIDAY, 1.—St. Eligius, Bishop and Confessor.
 SATURDAY, 2.—St. Bibiana, Virgin and Martyr.



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HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, 1, 48.

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No. 22.

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Revelation.

BY ELEANOR ALLETTA CHAFFEE.

WHERE stands the tree against the sky
Remember Me: on a tree hung I.

Where shine the stars across the night
I look down from high heaven's height.

Where granite has its cities sown,
I am thy own true Cornerstone.

Where bread is broken in My name
I eat with halt, and blind, and lame.

Who lays him prayerful on his bed
Has My true spirit at his head.

I am not hidden, but revealed,
And on all faith My love is sealed.

The Contemporary Fact.

BY STANLEY B. JAMES.

A STARTLING scene is recorded by our Gospels as having taken place in the synagogue at Nazareth. That passage from the Prophet Isaias had been read which announces deliverance for captives, sight for the blind and liberty for those that are bruised. Having handed the roll back to the minister the Reader sat down. Then, in the awesome silence which followed His impressive reading, He said: "This day is fulfilled this scripture in your ears." To realize the nature of the shock which these words caused it is necessary to understand the

position of Judaism at the time. The condition of the Jews can be summed up by saying that they were in the grip of a petrifying traditionalism. A generation of erudite but uninspired teachers had reduced such vitalizing messages as that of Isaias to texts over which pedants might wrangle. The living truth had evaporated. If fulfilment of the promises made was expected, it was postponed to an indefinite future. No one thought of these vibrating announcements in relation to the actual present.

The monotony of repeating words whose vital import had become unintelligible had deadened the nation's soul. Hence the effect wrought by the dramatic declaration which focussed attention on the present. As the Speaker developed His theme the atmosphere became electrified. The hearers felt that anything might happen there and then. The dry, uninteresting present had been invaded by the possibility of miracles. God was not a remote Power but a contemporary Fact whose active intrusion into human affairs might be looked for at any moment.

It was the same note of immediacy which the Speaker sounded when He commissioned His disciples. "Preach," He told them, "saying, the Kingdom of God is at hand." John the Baptist had said that, but this Teacher said it with an entirely new emphasis. Unlike John, He pointed to no future Messiah. His hearers found their attention fixed on the Speaker Himself as the embodiment,

standing there visibly before them, of that Kingdom which He proclaimed. He drew their eyes both from the past and the future to a supernatural Present.

Nor was this note of immediacy lost when, the Teacher having been crucified, the Church which He had created, emerged into the light of publicity. The Apostles did not proclaim a dead Christ nor even One who had risen and ascended into an inaccessible Heaven. The Church, they asserted was His Body in which He functioned as once He had functioned in a fleshly body. Nay more: the central rite of the Christian Community was a sacramental act by which bread and wine re-presented Him, not merely in a symbolical sense, but literally and physically. Nor was this belief in an indwelling Christ based on undemonstrated theory. It could appeal to experience.

The Church tingled with His actual presence. The operation in it of a supernatural power was made evident in two ways: miracles took place; things happened which could not be accounted for by the ordinary agencies of nature. The same power which had startled the natives of Galilee and Judea now challenged the inhabitants of Ephesus and Corinth and Rome. In addition, the supernatural element made itself known in the sphere of character. A type of individual entirely new to the pagan world, endowed with graces that lifted it above the normal levels of humanity, was seen. The saint witnessed in an unmistakable fashion to the activity of Jesus in His Church.

If the Catholic Church merely asserted that it was the Body of Christ, its claim might be disregarded. A theory that was no more than a theory assigning to it the supreme and exclusive authority to speak in the name of Jesus would carry no weight. Such a cheap method of securing the obedience of the faithful could be easily attributed to ecclesiastical ambition. The astound-

ing dogma of transubstantiation, unverifiable as it is by any scientific proof, unless it were accompanied by signs that supported it, might be left to the ridicule of an incredulous world. But it is not true that the claims put forward in these respects by the Catholic Church are mere claims. They are accompanied by phenomena which the honest student cannot ignore; phenomena which can be submitted to the closest scrutiny, and which will be found to corroborate in the most remarkable way the otherwise incredible pretensions of Rome.

Protestantism has ceased to believe even in the possibility of modern miracles. "There are few among our ecclesiastics and theologians," says Dean Inge in his "Outspoken Essays," "who would spend five minutes in investigating one alleged supernatural occurrence in our own time." Bishop Barnes has been still more emphatic in discounting all reports of miraculous happenings in the contemporary world. With some this attitude implies a disbelief in the supernatural generally. They would explain even the miracles recorded in the New Testament as due to the obscure working of natural forces. There are others, however, who would admit that miracles have happened even while denying that they happen or could happen now. For these latter the interposition of the supernatural is merely a tradition.

The Catholic Church is not content with a tradition. It professes to be the living Body of Christ, and therefore it cannot deny that He may do to-day, through the agency of members of that Body, what He did in Palestine nineteen centuries ago. Though it is chary of demanding belief in any specific "miracle," it does, by asking for and accepting evidence of miracles in the canonization of a modern saint, assert its belief that such things can and do occur. But, apart from the authority of the Church, the proof offered by such

phenomena as are witnessed, for instance, at Lourdes is overwhelmingly convincing. Of course, there is an attitude of mind which no facts, however well authenticated, would convince as to the reality of the supernatural. Anatole France declared that, even if an amputated limb were instantly restored at some sacred shrine, one should not look for miracle as an explanation. Zola asserted that even if he were to see all the sick at Lourdes cured, he would not believe in a miracle. With such dogmatists it is impossible to argue.

Other unbiassed witnesses have spoken in a different sense. Thus the late Sir William Barrett, a non-Catholic, well-known as a doctor and as President of the Society for Psychical Research, closed the discussion after a lecture on Lourdes cures, given by Father Woodlock, S. J., to a Protestant audience including several medical men by saying: "If evidence counts for anything, and I am not without experience in weighing the value of evidence, I affirm that supernatural, miraculous cures have taken place at the Roman Catholic Shrine of the Virgin at Lourdes." When it is remembered that every "miracle" authenticated as such at Lourdes has been closely examined by a Bureau consisting of doctors of any nationality and of any or no religion, and that only when this professional jury pronounces favorably is the occurrence accepted as of the supernatural order, we can see that Dr. William Barrett did not speak as he did without good grounds.

But what does this mean? Put the facts together and see how they harmonize! Before He departed from His disciples' sight, Jesus declared that He would remain with His Church to the end of time, and indicated, as one of the "signs," the manifestation of the power to work wonders such as the healing of the sick. Strong evidence, vouched for by medical men not of the Catholic

Church, shows that such wonders do occur in connection with the Church which claims to have been established by Christ. Other sections of the Christian world have ceased even to expect happenings of this character. The inference that the Catholic Church is what it claims to be seems inevitable.

In the account which she wrote of her conversion, contributed to *The Dublin Review*, Miss Sheila Kaye-Smith, the English novelist, said: "In the Church of England one is given the impression that sanctity as well as miracles came to an end with the early Church." It is not strange, therefore, that the contrast between Anglicanism and the Catholic Church in this respect should have been a determining factor in bringing about her conversion. I have previously quoted in these pages the passage in which she referred to the impression made on her by St. Thérèse of Lisieux, but its appositeness in the present connection makes it permissible to cite it once more.

"It is difficult," wrote Miss Sheila Kaye-Smith, "to describe the impression this young saint made upon me. It was not only the beauty of her life, the charm, wit and sweetness of her recorded words, or the lovely simplicities of her Little Way. It was rather the realization of that sanctity, that heroic virtue, that sublime love, being offered to the modern world. Here was a saint who, if she had been alive to-day, would scarcely have been old . . . a saint of our times, whose features and expression have been given us not only by the painter and ecclesiastical image-maker, but by the photographer. In Lisieux are still living men and women who knew her and spoke to her, including her own sisters; her canonization miracles were not found in documents or in tradition, but on the lips of living witnesses. And when I looked at her I saw not merely herself, but the living, unfailing fountain of sanctity which is the Church

that made her what she was." It is in this context that occurs the remark concerning the Anglican attitude towards contemporary miracles and saints.

The fact is that the type indicated by the word "saint" does not occur outside the Church. Indeed it might be said that, outside the Church, the mystical life generally fails to flourish. And, though all mystics are not saints, the fact is relevant to the present discussion. In a book, which has been recently republished, on Richard Rolle, the Fourteenth Century devotional writer, we find this confession. "It is best," says the author, "to go to the authorities in the Latin Church for a well-grounded estimate of mysticism, for none can deny that as a whole, they have greater experience and a clearer understanding of this subject than we have to-day in the Church of England, since in that Church there has been no intermission of monasticism; and monasticism is indeed the mainspring of the mystical life and supplies it with vital force and energy. Besides which their study has been constantly devoted to mystical theology, more especially of late years, and the greatest names among the mystics, both in past ages and in modern times, have been enrolled within the Latin Church."

The incorrectness of describing the Universal Church as exclusively Latin and the inadequacy of the explanation given for Catholic pre-eminence in the practice and study of mysticism will be noted. Miss Compers, the author in question, has not truly fathomed the matter. Nevertheless, her admission, coming as it does from one who has made a special study of the subject, is significant. It is not monasticism which is the ultimate explanation of the continuance in the Church of the type represented by Richard Rolle. A truer explanation of that fact and of the disappearance of the type elsewhere will

be found in the fifteenth chapter of St. John's Gospel. "Abide in Me: and I in you. As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself, unless it abide in the vine, so neither can you unless you abide in Me . . . for without Me you can do nothing." The branch that is cut off from the vine, the Christian who is out of communion with the Universal Church inevitably forfeits the power that rewards dependence. Surely it is more than a coincidence that schism has resulted in an incapacity to produce the kind of spiritual genius known as the saint.

Because the Catholic Church is ancient, it is customary to speak of it as though it was living wholly on its past. A common charge is that it is "Medieval." We are told that it "has failed to move with the times." But if what has been here set forth is true, the very opposite of what these charges assert is true. It is here, and here alone, that the supernatural life flows with uninterrupted strength. It continues to produce both miracles and saints when the rest of Christendom appears to be losing faith even in the existence of these things. Supernatural power, whether manifested in events which defy natural explanation or in personalities characterized by heroic holiness, is, among us, more than a tradition. It is a contemporary fact. We can repeat to-day the same message as that proclaimed by the first disciples: "The Kingdom of God is in your midst." Here, in this feverish and materialistic Twentieth Century, stands the life-giving Lord. The Catholic Church is not a mausoleum enshrining His memory. It is not an organization contrived by His followers for their religious convenience. It is His Body, the vehicle of His power and the sure witness to His presence among us.



WHERE a man has no design but to speak plain truth, he may say a great deal in a very narrow compass.

Carolina Abdicates.

BY ESTHER W. NEILL.

XXII.—CAROLINA PLANS.

MONSIEUR L'ABBE was dining with Carolina, and they had been discussing with affectionate interest Eduard's apocryphal plans. He had postponed his home-coming so many times that Carolina wondered if his whole future was not bound up in these engrossing projects in Europe now that his success in his profession seemed assured.

A German medical magazine had arrived by the morning's mail describing an extraordinary operation performed by "a young American, Doctor Grogé," which had won such admiration from a famous orthopaedic surgeon that he had felt called upon to express his praise in print. Carolina did not read German with any fluency, so she had sent for the Curé to come and translate this commendatory document for her. She also wanted to share the gratifying news with some one as soon as possible. She did not like to appear as her grandson's publicity agent, but she felt that his undeniable skill should be broadcasted by some one in the village, and the Curé's pronouncements had always been accepted as gospel. He had become a little garrulous in his old age, and though his loyal parishioners dreaded the length of his sermons, they welcomed any charitable tidbits of gossip that he cheerfully circulated when he went to visit the sick. For he held to the theory that health could be hastened, if invalids could be kept in close touch with life.

"There's no use in pretending that I'm not thrilled by all this good news," Carolina said, smiling her satisfaction. "Does not that word, *wunderwerk*, mean a miracle? If a German scientist calls an operation a miracle, Eduard must be acquiring great skill. I'm delighted for

so many reasons. It proves that Eduard is finding happiness in his work. He writes so enthusiastically about piecing people together, while I can't imagine anything more depressing than living among maimed men."

The old priest regarded her sympathetically across the gleaming breadth of damask with its bewildering array of cutlery, its silver vase of roses.

"There is something worse," he said reflectively, "a maimed soul."

"But souls have the consideration to remain out of sight," she said lightly, "while cripples demand to be cured. I have always worshipped physical perfection, Monsieur l'Abbé—that's the reason I object so strenuously to growing old."

"Growing old," he repeated; "I do not find it hard. There is a certain peace that comes when we have to acknowledge our limitations."

"How can anyone decide her limitations?" she said crossly. "The lazy talk of limitations. I've always felt that all sorts of things were possible to men and women, if they would but bestir themselves. There's Eduard's case, for instance,—he thought his life was finished. What a time we had to rouse him from his lethargy! I do not like to talk of limitations. I have never been willing to acknowledge mine, and so I have always found life most interesting."

"Even now?" he asked with some curiosity.

"Even now," she answered with conviction. "I am always making new plans. I can't begin to tell you how interested I am in Marie Antoinette's tea room. The cabin is finished, some of the furniture arrived by freight yesterday. We are studying out color schemes, ordering hook rugs to be made by the mountaineers. There are so many things to think about, crockery, curtains, cooking utensils. I designed the fireplace and embedded a big yellow bowl in the stone work. You must go and look at it. I'm really quite proud of it."

"I have been promising Marie to go," he said half apologetically. "I had planned to take a look at it to-morrow."

"I shall send my car to take you there," she said. "You will find the cabin full of sunlight, for we have hung yellow gauze curtains to brighten up the dark woodwork, and we have brass jardinières of trailing vines in all the windows. I shall be bitterly disappointed if it fails as a business venture, even though I regard it only as a stop-gap."

"A stop-gap?" he repeated questioningly. "I don't believe I quite understand. Perhaps, Madame, if you could express the idea in French."

"French!" she repeated scornfully. "I'm afraid I could not express myself so well in French. You surely know what a gap between two hills may mean. Well, suppose I undertook to build a temporary bridge over the gap. Would that not be a stop-gap? Let us suppose the gap lies between events in life. The tea room will bridge the gap until Marie Antoinette marries. Where are you going to find her a husband?—now, that she has graduated from school, where are you going to find her a husband?"

The old man put down his knife and fork, and dropping his napkin he stared at her in astonishment. "Why, why, I never thought of such a thing," he said.

"Exactly. That's just the trouble, Monsieur l'Abbé, people do not think enough about this vital question of marriage. If I were only a few years younger, I'd pack up and take the child to Europe. How can she find a husband here? Can you think of one eligible man in the village?"

"Perhaps, perhaps she does not want one," he said hopefully. "She seems to be most interested in this little business which you have so generously provided. I think she has been well trained by the good nuns. I hope she will be able to make her own living. Women are not

dependent upon support as they used to be."

"I should hope not," she said decisively. "Marrying for a home was a despicable performance. I know all about it. I married my husband for his money, and we never agreed about anything. I was not a model as a wife or a mother. I made both my husband and my son unhappy. Eduard and I have managed a bit better, because he has inherited my courage. We have had our differences, but we have always made them up. He didn't mope. He knew how to push unpleasant episodes into the shadows. As one grows older there are so many things one wants to forget."

"Yes, yes," he agreed. "We are all blunderers, but I think the good God always makes allowances for our mistakes. A tender father always makes allowances."

"You are so good, Monsieur l'Abbé," she said a bit impatiently. "Sometimes I think you are altogether too good. You have a spiritual outlook on life that makes even death seem easy, while I am blind,—I go on groping in the dark."

"Perhaps it is because you do not try to see," he suggested with that eager concern with which he always met her allusions to the supernatural. "You have always been so charitable, so generous, my dear Madam, that I am sure the good God would help you out of the darkness if you would only pray to Him."

She fanned herself with her napkin as if she was waving away all disquieting thoughts. "I was brought up a little pagan, Monsieur l'Abbé, you can't understand that. My father believed in nothing. I can't pretend to have a faith like yours when I haven't. I have never been a hypocrite. I thank God I have never been a hypocrite."

"And that prayer proves that you are not a pagan," he said triumphantly. "I

was sure you were not a pagan, Madam."

She smiled faintly at his exaggerated joy. "You are too good to everyone, Monsieur l'Abbé; you always believe the best when sometimes you should believe the worst. Come out on the balcony and let me abuse you to my heart's content. You are so amiable, you invite abuse."

She pushed her chair back from the table and led the way from the dining room through the library and out upon the high-swung balcony.

"It is a wonderfully beautiful world," she said, as she leaned over the stone railing. "I never grow tired of this view of the valley. Look at that soft foliage on the mountain, the leaves are beginning to turn. What a variety of color! We will stay here and watch the moon rise. Ephraim will bring us the coffee. Sit down, Monsieur l'Abbé. That low chair is very comfortable. Light a cigarette. You must not disturb yourself about the state of my soul. I want to talk to you about Marie Antoinette's marriage."

"Her marriage?" he repeated in bewilderment; "I thought you said a moment ago that there were no men for her to marry?"

"Then we must find one."

"Find one?"

"Of course," she said, smiling. "If I am blind spiritually, then you, my dear Monsieur l'Abbé, are hopelessly blind in a worldly way. Husbands must be sought after like any other commodity in life. One can't conjure them out of the air, as a trick magician. Eduard must come home."

"Eduard?"

"Yes, I want him to come home and marry Marie."

The old priest leaned weakly back upon the cushions of his chair. "Why—why, Madam; that—that is impossible," he said.

"Impossible!" she repeated, "and why is it impossible?"

"Because—because I am quite sure that Marie never thought of such a thing."

Carolina was amused by his vehemence. "Of course not," she said.

"And—and he is years older."

"Ten or eleven. That makes no difference."

"And I am sure that Eduard has never thought of such a thing."

"Well, no, perhaps not," she agreed. "But when he sees her he will think. She is very beautiful. She would make any man think."

"How can you know that?" he asked from his austere heights of self-chosen celibacy.

"Have you never looked at her, Monsieur l'Abbé? Do you not realize that she has developed into a beauty in the few years that she has been away? Eduard has always been very fond of her."

"But as a child—"

"It is a good beginning," she assured him.

"It—it seems to me quite impossible," the old man said again—"it seems to me quite impossible. Young people are too independent nowadays. I do not think it wise to arrange marriages."

"Ah, leave that to me, my dear Monsieur l'Abbé. They will not know that it is arranged."

"Then, I do not see."

"That is what I have been telling you all along, Monsieur l'Abbé,—you do not see. I shall contrive to have it happen. I do not ask you to help me to contrive."

"I would not know how," he said helplessly; "I am sure I would not know how. I do not think it wise to meddle. The times have changed, Madam, since the days of *les filles a la cassette*. I do not think you could persuade the girl of to-day to consider those methods of marriage."

"But it does no harm to plan," she said. "Some one has to plan."

(To be continued.)

Catholics Should Know.

BY REV. P. W. BROWNE, D. D., PH. D.

A FICTION prevails, even among Catholics, that the Holy Father is immensely wealthy, has countless millions at his disposal, has large estates, and has no need of the collection that is annually taken up in our churches. It might be said, however, that the Catholics among whom this fiction is almost a fixed canon of belief are generally of the same kidney as the omniscient parishioner whose usual contribution to the needs of parish is—advice to the pastor.

The Holy Father has no fixed income, owns no kingly estates; but, as Head of the Church, is the custodian of the Patrimony of Peter. Were we permitted to invade the sanctuary of the Pope's private life we should doubtless find that his daily personal expenditure, such as we know of the saintly Pius X., would not exceed that of an ill-paid Government clerk in the City of Washington.

As Spiritual Head of three hundred and fifty millions, scattered throughout the world, the Pope needs necessarily an aggregation of officials to conduct the administration of the Church. At the head of the list there is the College of Cardinals, who may be termed the Senate, or Supreme Council, of the Church. Cardinals are of three orders: Cardinal-Bishops, Cardinal-Priests, and Cardinal-Deacons; but it should be understood that this distinction is not hierarchical. Cardinal-Bishops take their title from the Suburban Sees of Rome, of which the Pope is Bishop,—Porto and Santa Rufina, Albano, Palestrina, Sabina, Frascati, Velletri. Cardinal-Priests take their title from "Titular Churches" in Rome. Cardinal-Deacons derive their title from churches, known as "Deaconries." It is interesting to note that all the Cardi-

nals in the United States at the present day are Cardinal-Priests: they are not Cardinals *in curia*, for all of them preside over archdioceses in the United States. Each of them has a titular church in Rome: Cardinal O'Connell, San Clemente; Cardinal Dougherty, SS. Nero and Achillea; Cardinal Hayes, Santa Maria in Via Lata; Cardinal Mundelein, Santa Maria del Popolo.

The administrative body of the Church is known officially as the *Roman Curia*, and comprises twelve Congregations: The Holy Office; The Consistorial; Oriental Church; The Sacraments; The Council; Affairs of Religious; Propagation of the Faith; Sacred Rites; Ceremonies; Extraordinary Ecclesiastical Affairs; Seminaries and Universities; Basilica of St. Peter's. Three Tribunals: *Sacra Poenitentiaria*; *Sacra Romana Rota*; *Signatura Apostolica*. Five Offices: The Apostolic Chancery; The Apostolic Datary; The Apostolic Camera; The Secretariate of State; Secretariate of Briefs and of Latin Letters. Each of these has special Departments staffed with expert officials, as only trained men are eligible for positions. Those who are interested in the personnel of the *Curia Romana* may find a complete list, published annually in the *Annuario Pontificio*.

The billions expended by national administrations are raised from taxation, enforceable by law, whereas the revenues of the Papacy, at the present day, are, for the most part, voluntary offerings of the faithful. This is why a "Collection for the Pope" is taken up annually in nearly all the self-supporting dioceses of the Catholic World.

For many centuries the Papacy was a Temporal Power; and Popes, or their representatives, participated in Conferences, and in Councils whenever matters of international import were deliberated. Without venturing into a lengthy discussion of this subject, it may be said that in former times

"Temporal Power" was a logical necessity. Says Bryce: "The whole fabric of Medieval Christianity rested upon the idea of a Visible Church. Such a Church could be in nowise local or limited. To acquiesce in the idea of national churches would have appeared contradictory to the nature of a religious body, opposed to the genius of Christianity" ("Holy Roman Empire," p. 91).

At the end of the Napoleonic era the Papal Dominion comprised about 17,218 square miles; but as a result of political chicanery, the Papacy ceased to be a Temporal Power, when on September 20, 1870, Rome was occupied by the Piedmontese King. Then followed a disastrous period in the history of the Papacy. On May 13, 1871, the Italian party, of which Rome had become the capital, passed the Law of Guarantees, and an annuity of 3,225,000 lire (\$622,425) was offered the Holy See. Pope Pius IX. refused to accept this so-called settlement; and succeeding Popes refused it. The question is often asked: "Why was this refused?" It was simply a "law" and not a treaty. The law created only an internal, not an international agreement. It was "merely a grant from the Italian Government, not a recognition of sovereignty. Such legislation could be changed by another legislative enactment. The Vatican palace and grounds were declared extraterritorial, but not an independent piece of land. Sovereignty was, therefore, implicitly denied; the instrument of sovereignty, namely, free territory, was not acknowledged, and to have accepted it was to renounce his sovereignty, which no Pope was at liberty to do by virtue of his Supreme spiritual mission of the universal care of the souls committed to him by the Chief Shepherd."

For many decades no Government in Italy was willing, if able, to come to terms with the Holy See, for Freemasonry was in the saddle, and any attempt to effect a settlement was im-

possible; every effort was made to destroy Catholicism. Anybody who lived in Rome during the 80's particularly was fully aware of this attempt; and I recall the time when certain sections of the Eternal City were regarded as unsafe for ecclesiastical students.

The World War effected a great change throughout the Italian peninsula. Sectionalism was burned out in the fires of the War, and a new spirit of unity brought about an inevitable reaction. When Fascism appeared, one of the first things that Mussolini saw was the necessity of settling the serious difficulties with the Holy See that had distracted Italy for such a long period. In October, 1926, conferences were initiated between the Italian Government and the Holy See, and on February 11, 1929, three documents were signed at the Lateran Palace by Cardinal Gasparri, for the Holy See; and by Hon. Benito Mussolini, for the King of Italy. These documents were of momentous import: (1) The Treaty settling the Roman Question; (2) The Concordat; (3) The Financial Convention.

The gist of the settlement was contained in three articles: (1) Recognition of the sovereignty of the Pope over the "City of the Vatican"; (2) Recognition of the Vatican City as territory independent of Italy; (3) The abolition of the so-called "Law of Guarantees" on the part of Italy, and the declaration by the Pope that by the present Treaty the Roman Question is finally and irrevocably settled. The financial settlement was that the Pope should receive, in settlement of existing obligations of Italy to the Holy See, the sum of 1,550,000,000 lire, part of the amount in Italian 5% bonds, and the remainder in bank credits.

The term Temporal Power is no longer used, though the sovereignty which the Pope enjoys "involves the use of civil government both in aim and execution." There is "a world of differ-

ence, however, between civil government as it operates in the nations of the world, and as it is exercised by the Holy See: the prime object of the Pope's government is his own independence, solely that he may be unhampered in the pursuit of his vocation, which is to teach the Revelation of Christ and promote the eternal welfare of all men."

The legal basis of the right of the Catholic Church to hold property was recognized even by pagan emperors, and it was renewed in fact and theory by Constantine the Great, in 321 A. D., when the legal right to inherit by will was added. "From that time the Popes acquired estates in Italy, Africa, Gaul, Dalmatia, and the Orient, and the incomes from these landed estates, called 'Patrimony of Peter,' were used for educational, social, and religious enterprises which the spiritual vocation of the Popes led them to undertake in a world that was falling to pieces, and in which it was the only stable thing." These donations ceased about the year 600 A. D.

The Pope, however, was not the sovereign of these lands, as the title in them was held by the Roman Emperor at Byzantium. In the chaos which ensued as the result of conflict between Byzantium and the Germanic tribes, notably the Lombards, the Popes were naturally regarded as the protectors of the smaller nobles whom Byzantium was powerless to aid.

Pope Stephen II., called "The Father of the Temporal Power," crossed the Alps in 754, and sought the intervention of Pepin, at Quiercy, who promised to make the Pope the Sovereign of the Duchy of Rome, Exarchate of Ravenna, the Marches of Ancona and the strip of land that lay between them. In 756 Pepin redeemed his promise. In 774 Pope Adrian I. called upon Charlemagne, son of Pepin, to renew the promise, and in 781 Charlemagne established the Pope on his throne by

force of arms. The territories formerly bestowed upon the Pope remained the possession of the Pope until 1870, in *fact* and by *right*, until the latter voluntarily signed nearly all of them away in 1929.

It used to be fashionable with certain historians to ascribe the Temporal Power of the Pope to a forgery—the Donation of Constantine; but "nobody has ever been able to prove that any Pope claimed Temporal Power previous to Stephen II. on that basis, nor that any Pope subsequent to him . . . made the basis of temporal power any other juridical fact than the Donation of Pepin. . . . All non-Catholic historians now agree on the small part the Donation of Constantine played in the growth of the Papal power" (Parsons, "The Pope and Italy," p. 15, *footnote*: New York, 1929).

From the early Middle Ages it was customary for the people throughout northern Europe to make an annual contribution towards the maintenance of the Holy See. Among the Anglo-Saxons this tribute was known as "Romfech," or "Romescot," which meant an annual contribution of a penny from each householder holding land of a certain value. This custom became known in later days as Peter's pence. It is said that the custom originated in England, and its origin is usually ascribed to Ina, King of Wessex. Thurston says, however (in Catholic Encyclopedia, art., "Peter's pence"): "We are possibly on firmer ground if we identify the beginnings of this contribution with a sum of 365 mancuses yearly, promised by Offa, of Mercia, and confirmed to the Pope's legates at the Synod of Chelsea, in 787."

It seems certain that Ethelwulf, after his visit to Rome with his son, Alfred (known later as Alfred the Great), ordered that three hundred mancuses (a mancusa was the equivalent of about 60 cents in our currency) were to be sent

annually to the Holy See; but it is not known if these mancuses were to be provided out of the royal exchequer, or collected in pennies from the people. There is a reference in the *Anglo-Saxon Chronicle* during the reign of Alfred of the conveyance to Rome of the "Romfech," as a contribution paid by the people. During the reign of Edmund (941-46), at a Council of the clergy and laity, held in London at Eastertide, "Romfech" was declared to be one of the dues which must be paid by every man; and a later ordinance sets forth that the "Romfech" must be paid by Lammas Day (Feast of St. Peter in Chains, August 1). In 1883 some 835 coins, all of Anglo-Saxon silver pennies, were found in Rome, none of them later than 947.

There is a remarkable letter of King Canute, written in 1027, at Rome, to his people in England, expressing his devotion to the Holy See, and enjoins that Peter's pence be paid before his return to England.

After the Norman Conquest (1066) Gregory VII. wrote to William the Conqueror: "We charge you to watch over Peter's pence as if it were your own revenue." Henceforth Peter's pence seems to have been paid regularly in England until the reign of Henry VIII. The custom was abolished in 1534, but it was revived during the brief reign of Henry's daughter, Queen Mary.

The custom of paying Peter's pence was not confined to England: it was in vogue in the Scandinavian countries, including Greenland and Iceland. We find the following regarding Greenland: "In the year 1327 and the eleventh day of the month of August, I, Bernard d'Orteil, have received from the lord archbishop of Drontheim, as St. Peter's Pence of the bishopric of Greenland, three liess-pounds of walrus-teeth (a lispund, or liess-pound, was the equivalent of about 16 pounds avoirdupois). And afterwards, in the above year and

the sixth day of the month of September, I have sold the same teeth to John of Ypres, a Flemish merchant. I have had for each liess-pound two sous tournois of silver. The said three liess-pounds amount to six sous tournois of silver" (DeRoo, "History of America before Columbus," p. 409).

The custom of paying Peter's pence does not seem to have survived the Protestant Revolt; and not until Pope Pius IX. was driven from Rome by revolutionists, and took refuge at Gaëta (November 24, 1848), do we find mention of a contribution made by the Catholic laity to the Holy See. Then contributions came from various countries in Europe. In France, Count de Montalembert, working in harmony with the bishops, raised a substantial sum for the Pope, under the name "*denier de Saint-Pierre*." Austria also contributed; and an association for the purpose of assisting the Pope financially—"Confraternity of St. Michael"—was organized in Vienna in 1860. Prior to this, however, Ireland had raised funds for the same purpose. It is not generally known that as early as 1849, the Seventh Provincial Council of Baltimore had taken action, and in pursuance of the Council's decision, Archbishop Eccleston issued a pastoral letter "reviving the custom of Peter's Pence, and inviting Pius IX., then in Gaëta, to attend." Since that date Catholics in the United States have contributed large sums towards the maintenance of the Holy See; and within recent years have contributed most generously. It is a matter of record that during one year, since the World War, one Archdiocese in the United States contributed more towards the maintenance of the Holy See than did all the countries in Europe combined.



To divest one's self of some prejudices would be like taking off the skin to feel the better.—*Gréville*.

The Ballad of the Lady Lorraine.

BY PADRAIC GREGORY.

THREE horsemen dark 'gainst a daffodil sky
 (O red is the mouth of the king's fair daughter!),
 Sir Jors, Sir Manns, and Sir Brathlby,
 And far have they fared; and for long have sought her.

Three knights spur down from the high hill's crest
 (O blue are the eyes of the king's fair daughter!),
 And each one quoth him: "I love her best;
 And jewels and odorous spice have brought her."

Three knights through the dark'ning valley range
 (O white is the throat of the king's fair daughter!),
 The skies from crimson to jasper change,
 And the gold stars gleam in the dark moat water.

Three trumpet blasts at the king's tower gates
 (O wan grow the cheeks of the king's fair daughter!);
 Hid in her bower for a space she waits,
 And the knights know not that they have distraught her.

Three mailed steeds prance o'er the lower bridge
 (Panteth the breast of the king's fair daughter!);
 She flees through the gloom to the dark crag's ridge,
 And the knights wit not of the harm they've wrought her.

Her sire refused her a nun's bare cell
 (Dishevelled the hair of the king's fair daughter!),
 But sware he would wed her passing well
 And puissant princes for long had sought her.

Red torches flared through the listening night
 (Like a wild-eyed fawn fled the king's fair daughter!),
 The whole court searched till the dawn's wan light
 Made the pale stars fade from the cold moat water.

Three pale-lipped knights kneel with King Ullthroë
 (Like a crumpled flower lies the king's fair daughter!);
 They found her dead on the rocks below,
 And smiling in death as though nought distraught her.

And the castle's chapel bell doth toll
 (O deep is the sleep of the king's fair daughter!),
 For God's sweet rest to her virgin soul;
 The chantry priest blesses the wine and water.

And the White Friars say she is Christ's sweet bride
 (O green is the grave of the king's fair daughter!),
 For she loved the Wounds of the Crucified
 Far beyond the love of the lords that sought her.

Little Sister.

BY AGNES M. BLUNDELL.

VIII.

IF Anne was to die, at least Yves could ensure that her sacrifice should not be in vain. He whispered instructions to Michelot, and as soon as his lieutenant had led the little patrol away in safety, he himself crept out across the moor. The brave white scarf had vanished, but the hoarse cries of the Blues drifted back upon the wind.

In a short time they would return to search for fugitives among the crags and standing stones. He made the best haste he could, sometimes running, when rocks or bushes provided cover, sometimes crawling over open spaces, through mud, and round brackish pools, until at length he reached the primeval altar which had been used that morning. There, kneeling down, he breathed an owl call into the fissures of the stones.

"Monsieur Calmet—are you there? Quick! Escape! It is I—a friend!"

To his amazement the block of granite on which he leaned—a mass weighing twenty tons at least—began to tremble. He sprang back, staring at it with startled eyes. The immense block moved, slid a little aside, and disclosed a hole out of which the Curé scrambled, pulling after him the knapsack into which his vestments and sacred vessels had been hastily packed. He glanced quickly round and then looked back into the black cavern out of which he had climbed. Yves saw a small hand emerge, grasp the firm edge of the lower stone, and while he still crouched, paralyzed with a wild, insensate hope, a second small hand shot out, and Anne's yellow head appeared.

"It was not you then!" he cried. In his despair he had kept his wits about him, but now the sudden relief left him weak and trembling. It was the priest

who helped the girl out and replaced the magically balanced stone. Anne was panting violently, she stood pressing her hands to her heart.

"Swift!" she gasped; "they will return!"

Yves led back the way he had come, and in the shelter of the "alignements" they found La Blanchette waiting. She knew the country well and was one of the appointed guides.

"Brave child!" she said, and kissed Anne's little earthy hand.

"Ah, the scarf must have had your prayers behind it," returned the girl. "It fluttered on so bravely! I hope it escaped into the sea."

The guide led on by devious ways between marshy patches likely to ensnare the uninitiated, and Yves, as they followed rapidly, whispered to the girl:

"You were the plover then?"

She nodded.

"Yes, to-day it was easy. I went over the ground last night. When I grew tired I let the scarf blow in the wind and hid in a sepulchral chamber which communicates with the Mass rock. This moor has many secrets."

"But if your scarf had caught among the bushes, instead of leading the Blues away?"

"Well, then, I think it would have been quick," said Anne simply. "They were angry and would have killed at once. Unless they had hoped to get information."

"It is no task to set a woman!" burst out Yves.

"Yes, for we must save every man! Every soldier is needed in this dreadful struggle," she answered. "God knows what the end will be, but *we* know where our duty lies."

The future looked black to Yves' troubled thoughts. How were these gallant, untrained peasants in one corner of France to strive against a maddened nation in arms? What if the Infernal Columns were resisted or conquered,

could not the pitiless group presiding in Paris recruit another army and yet another to replace them? Had they not already two brigades of foreign mercenaries under arms? Yet, patriot to the core, he recoiled from the thought that the royalists also might call in foreign intervention.

In an hour they had rejoined the main body, which had re-formed when safe from pursuit. Marillac pushed on, gathering recruits as he marched, until at length the little town of Varades was reached. Here sore news awaited them. The White Army which Monsieur d'Aurély and his charges had left in the full tide of victory, had been almost entirely encircled. Their desperate resistance had nearly turned the day in their favor, but the blow had been so sudden that communications between the six royal generals had hopelessly failed. They did not act in concert, and De Lescure's brigade rushing up too late to save defeat, had been decimated and was flying in confusion, carrying off its beloved general mortally wounded. Hard pressed by the Blues, the royal army was hurriedly crossing the Loire.

In a little wood not far from the town, Yves came upon a piteous group. Henri de Lescure lay dying on a litter improvised from blankets and four pikes. Beside him crouched his young wife, haggard, in rags, her pinched wailing baby in her arms, the picture of despair. She had followed the stretcher for miles, in her little broken shoes; her feet were bleeding, but she did not heed. Her agonized eyes were on her husband, who complained faintly of the cold.

Overhead the storm clouds gathered, and the roar of artillery broke sullenly upon the air. The roads were blocked with fugitives. Marillac's corps was ordered to press forward, to guard the passage of the river. Yves was obliged to go on with his men, leaving Victorine cowering with her child, with no shelter against the pitiless wind—she

who had been brought up like a hot-house flower!

A few hours later Marillac led his men to the attack of Cholet. Yves heard a column of Vendéen troops break into wild cheers, as the figure of a young man on a horse sprang by, followed by a company of hussars. He might have stood for the figure of an archangel, so classically beautiful, so young, so fair was he. Never was a more gallant horseman, there was something inspiring in the mere sight of such perfect youth and beauty.

"Monsieur Henri! Not Monsieur Henri!" shouted the men. Henri de la Rochejacquelein was leading his men to the assault for the last time.

It was the winter of 1794. France lay inert, frozen with horror beneath the iron grip of the Terror. The command had gone forth that the population was to be drastically reduced—blood must flow, so many heads must fall a day. Each town must set up its guillotine.

Marat had demanded 200,000 heads a day! His death did little to stay the hideous plans that he had set in motion. Robespierre, Danton, and the Hébertists organized massacres in the prisons, where thirteen thousand people were butchered without trial by hired assassins.

The King had died nobly. "God is my comforter," he said to his confessor. "My enemies cannot take His peace from me." On the scaffold he had wished to speak to the crowd, but it was forbidden.

"People, I die innocent!" he exclaimed, and went firmly to his horrible death.

The Queen in her dungeon, separated from her children, from all her friends, from her devoted servants, forbidden even the visit of a priest, save one who had accepted the condemned oath, was wasted by illness contracted in her dark, damp cell, prematurely white-haired and growing blind.

The Committee of Public Safety now sent emissaries to all towns where it was considered the glorious work of the revolution was being indifferently carried out. Orgies of murder were the result. At Toulon the inhabitants were selected at random, driven into an open space and shot down wholesale. The guillotine could not work quickly enough even though pupils of the renowned executioner Samson were sent down from Paris. In a few weeks the population of Toulon was reduced from 29,000 to 7000.

But, La Vendée, the stronghold of those who clung to Royalism, was marked out for even greater horrors. "We are able to say to-day that La Vendée no longer exists," wrote a republican envoy proudly, after the White armies were shattered in October. "One could travel far in these parts without encountering a man or a cottage, for we have left nothing behind us but ashes and piles of corpses!"

The emissary Froucastel wrote this blithely to General Grignan, in perfect confidence of his approval.

At Nantes the brutalities reached their height, the Committee of Public Safety had sent down one of its choicest favorites to teach the people the meaning of Liberty and Equality. Carrier was a follower of Marat, whom he called "his divinity," and like his master he was a misshapen human monster. His is the infamous distinction of having invented the *noyades*—or mass drownings of men, women and children, which were even more dreaded than his colleague Freron's plan of having men and women tied together in bunches and blown to pieces by cannon. The first experiment in drowning was carried out upon ninety old priests. They were made to go on board a worthless boat, which rowed into midstream, where it was scuttled. The men of Marat's legion to whom this task was entrusted, rowed away in skiffs leaving the helpless

prisoners to struggle until they sank.

"I have never laughed so much," declared Carrier.

He considered that he had made a good beginning. The next to suffer were cargoes of women and children who had fled from the devastated provinces. No judgment was needed any longer. France was to be depopulated that the surviving element might live in plenty. Carrier further invented "Republican marriages," which meant that men and women were tied together in couples and flung into the water. But this was too slow! Marat's disciple wished to see hundreds perish at once, and returned to what he facetiously termed "bathing parties." At Angers, the huge river ran red with the streams from the guillotine, and travellers turned miles out of their course to avoid the hideous sight.

Brittany was further to witness the death of nearly a thousand of her sons who had returned from England and Jersey, and who had been captured at Quiberon. They were marched through the famine-stricken countryside in chains and shot down in cold blood at Auray, while a holy bishop, standing in their midst, gave them the Last Blessing and died with his flock.

Brittany was broken, crushed, but still loyal. The starving peasants opened their doors, not only to their own seigneurs, but to the fugitives from La Vendée. They hid them, in spite of savage threats on the one hand, and promises of reward on the other—they died to save their helpless guests.

Victorine de Lescure, the hapless young widow, soon to be again a mother, wandered in the fields, guarded by a faithful young shepherdess. All the *ci-devants* had taken peasant names, but Victorine narrowly escaped detection several times. These delicate white hands of hers would not look like a country girl's, no matter how often she rubbed them with earth and clay.

Yves had survived the defeat of the

White Army, and had resumed his work as a woodcutter by which he supported his mother and two supposititious "sisters." It gave him a certain pensive joy to call Anne by the first name under which he had known her—*petite soeur!*

They had found shelter at a poor farm—the inhabitants sleeping with the beasts in order to give up their solitary room to the refugees. In truth it was little better than the stable, for the hayracks of the oxen occupied one wall of the kitchen, while the row of box beds of black carved oak stood opposite. La Blanchette, used to the roughest couch, slept placidly enough, but the girls woke in a fright each time the beasts stamped or rattled their mangers. A fragrant bundle of hay in the loft served Yves for a bed, and he was early astir, as he had obtained work with a landowner of republican principles. This honest gentleman by no means approved of the present tyranny, and was careful not to make too many inquiries into the antecedents of his new workman.

A remnant of D'Elbée's army was still in hiding, and Yves desired to get the women to England and then to return and be in readiness, should a further rising have any hope of success.

The Marillac brothers were also concealed in the neighborhood. They dared not issue forth except at night as the place was but a few miles from their own lands. The Curé had not been seen since Henri de Lescure breathed his last. Guenolé was in the hands of the republicans, "patriots" from the neighboring town had looted the houses of all those who had followed the Marquis to battle.

On Christmas Eve Jacques de Marillac knocked at the door after nightfall. The kitchen, lit only by firelight, was full. The children of the family were in bed, and good Farmer Demoustiers and his wife were setting out their little wooden shoes in a row by the hearth. For in spite of war, trouble and terror,

the children were convinced that Little Jesus would certainly lay a present in each small sabot. Anne and Jeanne—who now went by the names of Marie and Jeanneton—were busy putting the last touches to the gifts they had managed to fabricate—a rag doll, a home-made boat, and the like. All had paled at the sound of knocking, and Demoustiers opened the door with the utmost precaution, until he identified the visitor. Even then he looked anxious.

"If any one should come," he murmured, "I had better say that you are courting one of the girls."

"But certainly," returned Jacques, gaily. "And to make it the more natural, I have brought a gift."

He colored violently as he spoke, and cast a supplicating glance at Jeanne as he offered her a cherry-colored ribbon.

"My brother would speak to you—he is in the barn," he whispered to Yves. "Bad news!"

(To be continued.)

Thackeray's Lecture Essays.

BY SISTER M. CHARLES.

(Conclusion.)

THACKERAY'S criticism of the world's attitude toward the literary man may be applied to his own method in these lectures. "The great world . . . has its good sense as it has its good humor. It detects a pretender, as it trusts a loyal heart. It is kind in the main: how should it be otherwise than kind, when it is so wise and clear-headed? . . . It treats you as you merit in the main. . . . It deals not ungenerously with your weaknesses; it recognizes most kindly your merits; it gives you a fair place and fair play."

Thackeray admired genius, greatness, nobility, honesty, kindness, manliness, and courage wherever he found it. It was these qualities in his favorite characters—Pope, Steele, Goldsmith, Field-

ing, Addison—that won his respect. They were the great friends and benefactors of mankind in that they tried to awaken and direct love, pity, and kindness; scorn for untruth, pretension, and imposture; tenderness for the weak, the poor, the oppressed and the unhappy. But he was intolerant of meanness, dishonesty, and lack of respect for sacred things—love, purity, the home. His abhorrence of sham or pretense forced him to expose them, eloquently at times, and most frequently with an original and genial sense of humor. If he must be blamed for being unfair to Swift, the fault should be laid to his sympathy and reverence for mankind,—qualities of the heart that he found almost entirely lacking in the Dean.

In "The Four Georges" Thackeray again treats of the Eighteenth Century, of its manners and morals in court and town life. It is a vast, brilliant, busy society that he peeps into in order to contrast past manners, fashions, and pleasures with his own times. It was not his intention to attempt grave historical treatises, but to amuse for a few hours with talk about the old society. The lectures were given first in America, in 1855, then in England and Scotland. His introductory statement establishes a familiar connection between the two ages: "I knew familiarly a lady, who had been asked in marriage by Horace Walpole, who had been patted on the head by George I." She had been the friend of Dr. Johnson, of Fox, had known the Duchess of Queensberry, the admired young beauty of the court of Queen Ann. Then follows a short sketch of the ancestral life of the German Hanovers under the pious discipline of their great grandfathers. Despite the influence of Louis XIV., the Protestant faith continued in the Hanoverian family, so when England looked for a ruler among the successors of Charles Stuart, luckily for her, a defender of the faith was found in Duke George, the son of

Sophia, Electress of Hanover. He was a cheaper, better, and kinder king than the Catholic Stuart in whose chair he sat, and so far loyal to England that he let England govern herself. The absurd and amusing situation of a German being welcomed on bended knee by the English peers, as their king, is summed up in the supposed soliloquy of the new monarch:

Loyalty, as applied to me—it is absurd! There are fifty nearer heirs to the throne than I am. I am but an accident, and you fine gentlemen take me for your own sake, not for mine. You Tories hate me; you archbishop, smirking on your knees, and prating Heaven, you know I don't care a fig for your Thirty-nine Articles, and can't understand a word of your stupid sermons. You, my Lords Bolingbroke and Oxford—you know you were conspiring against me a month ago; and you my Lord Duke of Marlborough—you would sell me or any man else, if you found your advantage in it. Come, my good Melusina, come, my honest Sophia, let us go into my private room, and have some oysters and some Rhine wine, and some pipes afterwards; let us make the best of our situation; let us take what we can get, and leave these bawling, brawling, lying English to shout, and fight, and cheat, in their own way!

George was not a lofty monarch; he was not a patron of the fine arts. With him went the strange religion of king-worship. He kept his compact with his English subjects, and if there were stains in his portrait and traits in his character which none need admire, Thackeray accredits him with justice, courage, and moderation. George II. is characteristically represented in his dramatic reception of the word of his father's death. "Dat is one big lie!" he answered Sir Robert Walpole who disturbed him in his sleep to give him the message.

It was fortunate for England that the first two Georges were not more high-minded men, and especially fortunate that they loved Hanover more than England. The chief troubles began when George III., who gloried in the name of Britain, proposed to rule. George II. is

ludicrous to Thackeray in whatever posture he is seen; Caroline's devotion to him a prodigy to read of. Sceptics multiplied, morals degenerated under a defender of the faith who chattered or yawned while the chaplain preached. An honest or pure man was hard to find in his court. Statesmen and persons of condition, in his merrier England than the present, passed their time with drinking, dining, supping, and cards and games that were to be found only in novels in Thackeray's day. Country towns amused themselves with wakes, maypole meetings, morris dances and the like, while the great folks made trips abroad. Books were not fit objects for the drawing-room table. George himself was furious at the sight of books, and Caroline had to practise reading in secret.

In the seventy-fifth year of his age George departed, decorously bewailed by poets and clergymen. The good parson, who afterwards wore George III's lawn, claimed Heaven for the poor old man "who had neither dignity, learning, morals, nor wit; who tainted a great society by a bad example; who in youth, manhood, and old age was gross, low, and sensual." But Mr. Porteus, afterwards my Lord Bishop Porteus, thought the earth was not good enough for his bones. "Friends," Thackeray adds, "he was your father's King as well as mine; let us drop a respectful tear over his grave."

As already stated George III. was determined to rule England. He accompanied his people through revolutions of thought, government, and society. Around the young king, himself of the most exemplary life and undoubted piety, lived a court society as dissolute as England ever knew. The extravagant, idle, and dissolute fashion in those days led Thackeray to say that it was to the middle class that England must look for her safety. The Marches, Selwyns, and

Chesterfields looked small to him beside Johnson, Goldsmith, Burke, and Garrick. Though he respected the happy, simple, domestic life of George and Princess Caroline, there is nothing more amusing in all these lectures than his description of this model of an English Gentleman's household, of George himself as a man of slow parts and imperfect education striving for the refinements of culture, and at the same time pretending to control the thoughts of millions and exacting their obedience. Princes ran away from the dreadful dullness and stifling sobriety of court life. The king made himself the subject of numerous undignified stories by his visits to his gentle and simple subjects. Yet there was something grand about his courage and honesty, and nothing is sadder in history than the figure of the old man, blind and deprived of reason, holding ghostly courts, and praying in his saner moments for his family, the nation, and himself. With a feeling of awe the poet in Thackeray breaks forth in his closing reflections on the death of the unfortunate king:

O comrades! enemies no more, let us take a mournful hand together as we stand by this royal corpse, and call a truce to battle! . . . Driven off his throne; buffeted by rude hands; with his children in revolt; the darling of his old age killed before him untimely; our Lear hangs over her breathless lips and cries, "Cordelia, Cordelia, stay a little!"

"Vex not his ghost—oh! let him pass—he hates him

That would upon the rack of this tough world Stretch him out longer!"

Hush! strife and quarrel, over the solemn grave! Sound, trumpets, a mournful march. Fall, dark curtain, upon his pageant, his pride, his grief, his awful tragedy.

The heart of Britain beats kindly for George III., he says, not because he was wise and just, but because he was pure in life, honest in intent, and because according to his lights he worshipped heaven.

After reading through scores of vol-

umes, and hunting through old magazines and newspapers for a word portrait of Henry IV. he finds he has nothing but a coat and a wig and a mask smiling below it—nothing but a great simulacrum. Flattered and pampered from his cradle upwards he turned out a prodigious spendthrift, a spoiled prince, incapable of having an opinion about any question graver than the button for a waistcoat or the sauce for a partridge. No better stories could be found of him than a few trivial ones—kindness to a housemaid, generosity to a groom, criticism on a bow. All the others related to his amusements—drinking, gambling, coarse language, coarse manners. Thackeray held that there was no stronger satire on the proud English society of that day, than that they admired George—a monstrous, shocking image of pride, vanity, and weakness. He has a word of praise for the changed condition of society under the rule of the then reigning sovereign, Queen Victoria. In his lecture on George II. he says:

In laughing at these Old-World follies and ceremonies, shall we not acknowledge the change to-day? As the mistress of St. James passes me now, I salute the sovereign, wise, moderate, exemplary of life, the good mother, the good wife, the accomplished lady, the enlightened friend of Art, the tender sympathizer in her people's glories and sorrows.

As might be expected, many charges of disloyalty were brought against the author in connection with these lectures, and while they were being delivered in America many newspapers and people asserted that he would never dare to read them in England. When, nothing daunted, he made arrangements for their delivery, a certain class or school of persons waxed exceedingly angry. These absurd charges of disloyalty annoyed Thackeray; he did not like the stigma of "traitor" with which he was branded. He thought his lectures rather extra-loyal whenever the Queen was

mentioned; as for George III., that he left off just with the people on the crying point. Neither did he believe that in speaking the truth, as he saw it, of a bad sovereign, he was paying disrespect to a good one. He was also charged with cynicism, but that, such as it is, was strongly tempered with tolerance and pity, and could not conceal his kindly heart. Art is nothing if it is not sincere. Himself one of the manliest, the kindest of human creatures, it was the love of his art that exposed himself to misinterpretation. He could not be dishonest. A man of his humor is driven to satire by his hatred of vice and insincerity.

A Modern Miracle.

PEOPLE to-day have somehow become attached to the idea that miracles very seldom happen in this modern world of ours. It is a good thing, therefore, occasionally to bring to light some of these evidences of God's Providence as demonstrated in Twentieth Century surroundings. Recently, for example, we ran across a rather striking description of such a miracle from the pen of a certain Australian lady, Mrs. Jean Armstrong, who profited thereby. Mrs. Armstrong and her husband are now Catholics as a result of that miracle; but before their conversion they were engaged for many years in travelling, lecturing, and doing newspaper work, a combination which certainly does not lessen their value as intelligent witnesses. Here is Mrs. Armstrong's account of the miracle which brought about their conversion as recorded by the Fides news service:

In 1930 I was critically ill in India, and Catholic Sisters cared for me. Frankly, I was amazed at the conversation of these "narrow-minded" ladies. Their knowledge of natural law, topics of the day, literature, art—to me it was a startling revelation.

Their broad vision enabled them to know

world-wide topics, and yet, in their sequestered walls, to continue their life-work, the seeking of higher spiritual ideals which lead to the goal where Truth is fully known; where Beauty completely expresses itself; where Wisdom radiates; where Eternal Life is a realization.

I began to study their religion mainly because these Sisters did not talk religion. They did speak of St. Francis Xavier at Goa, but to the stories of sensational cures my prejudiced mind whispered "Exaggeration."

However, I suddenly wanted to go to Goa. Not from religious motives, but I was desperate from my long illness, and I was willing to try anything.

It was the month of the exposition of the body, and my husband and I took a pilgrim boat. It was a soul-stirring event in the lives of the Catholic pilgrims, but to me merely another of life's experiences.

With such crowded conditions, with the sick in all stages of diseases lying around everywhere, how these pilgrims prayed, how they chanted their hymns in different languages!

But even on the boat I decided most emphatically that I would not do what these specimens of diseased humanity were going to do at Goa; I decided most emphatically that I would not under any circumstances kiss the feet of the saint.

In the first place, I considered it superstitious and sacrilegious; secondly, it is against all the laws of hygiene. Contagion is prevalent in the Far East, where disease is not controlled or regulated. Anyone of common sense would not kiss the spot already kissed by thousands of Indians and low-caste people from all races.

Thousands filled the church of the Dom Jesus at Goa and crowded all around the edifice. We waited on the outskirts of the huge throng, when an unknown man came to us. "Come with me," he said, and I soon found myself lying near the body of St. Francis.

Soon there appeared Fr. Le Tellier, S. J., whom I had seen on the boat and to whom I had refused a written petition, because I did not believe. Father pointed to me and said, "Kiss the feet." My previous firm determination vanished. I asked the bearers to move me to the sacred body, and I *did* kiss the feet of Xavier.

When they carried me back, I was thrilled and trembling. "I can breathe easier," I said. The Father heard me and said, "Kiss the feet again." I immediately did so, I cannot explain why; not once but twice.

Usually when I make up my mind not to do

a thing, I stick to it. But the grace of God took from me all resistance; I obeyed immediately, unquestioningly, as a child.

The cure began at the shrine itself, and in a few weeks I was entirely well. I asked St. Francis Xavier to cure my mind only, for with the use of reason I could still write and forget that I couldn't walk. But Xavier was generous; he cured me completely. I feel thoroughly normal again.

I have just walked through the villages with Fr. Cairns here at Sancian, and to and from the Tomb of Xavier, where the Saint was first buried and where the first miracle after his death took place. For here it was that the Sacred Body was covered with quick-lime to hasten decomposition; and here, several months afterwards, the same body whose feet I kissed at Goa was found incorrupt.

❖❖❖ The Silent Hundred.

THERE existed in ancient Greece a strange association called the Academy of Silence. It was composed of one hundred members, each one pledged to do away with all unnecessary sound as far as possible. All the meetings were carried on in silence, ideas being conveyed by signs.

One day a stranger appeared at their council, signifying that he wished to join the society. The one in charge, in order to indicate to the would-be member that there was no vacancy in the Academy, showed him an urn so filled with water that not a drop could be added without causing the contents to overflow. The applicant, understanding what was meant, bowed low and started to withdraw, then hesitated and returned. The assembled members were curious to know the meaning of his action; but it was made clear to them when the neophyte, picking up a rose-leaf, deposited it so lightly and deftly upon the water in the urn that not a drop was displaced.

It is pleasant to add that his brightness of thought was rewarded. The Academy of Silence was at once enlarged, and afterward included an extra member.

Faith.

BY P. J. C.

PREJUDICE is a fog so thick it sometimes hides from us broad-daylight realities. Because of it we see mistakenly, act wrongly. The thousands who write and preach about the demands of Faith—its arrogances, impositions, contradictions, exactions, requirements of surrender—do not see in themselves illustrations of the very thing they condemn. It is often so. Christian scientists have rejected the existence of pain while subjecting to a hypodermic injection to ease pain. And people deny faith, whose every second act is an inference of faith.

What we call human society could not function without faith. Because we are not all-knowing, all-possessing, we take much of what we call our knowledge from people who stand on a hill which we have not climbed, hence from which we cannot see those regions of reality that lie beyond it. The butcher, the baker, the candlestick maker—we accept their "word for it" every morning. This make of bread is priced at so much; the loaf is wholesome, nutritious, good to the taste, stocks the human system with vitamin A. Most of us know little about it all—whether the bread is good or inferior, costing too much or just enough; or whether it is the repository of vitamin A or B. We could find out; but it takes too much time, too much trouble.

Pass on to safety razors, to the watch which needs repairs, to the catch in your chest. The advertisement which is got up subject to all the rules of the "ethics of advertising" tells you such and such a safety blade is self-operating and saves you time and money. You make your act of faith and invest. Says the watchmaker: "Main spring broken, balance wheel out of gear. And it needs cleaning. Six dollars." You leave him the watch. You visit the doctor. He is a grave man who uses a techni-

cal language that staggers you. Some strange organ in your chest, which you never heard mentioned before, does not function. A prescription is written, not a word of which you understand. The druggist squints at the paper, nods and goes back into his holy of holies. You wait and wonder how long yet. He emerges and hands you a bottle. "One teaspoonful after meals." How do you know the doctor is right? Doctors are often wrong. How do you know the druggist did not make a mistake back there in his sanctum sanctorum; did not give you a big dosage of poison? Well, you act your act of faith. You cannot prod into everything with a doubting finger. If you did you would end up where inmates take exercise together.

It is not necessary to pursue this road further. Napoleon lived. You never saw him, but have been told so and believe it. Thousands of items are offered every morning in your metropolitan paper. You say at breakfast, "June Sunshine, the Movie Actress, is to become a nun." "No!" your wife shrieks in a near collapse. "Yes, the paper says so. *Credo*."

Faith in God? Some scientists, some savants, some magazine writers, some novelists, some historians, some word-juggling lecturers—they will not take anybody's word, any expression of nature, the universal consciousness, life and death which are as regular a succession as night and day—they will not accept any of these evidences as an evidence of Him. "I accept what I see and know." You do not. You do not see and know one-thousandth part of all you accept. "Well, I prefer to wait till I'm sure." Why not say the same thing to the butcher? Why not tell that to the doctor after he listens to your heaving chest, his ear at the end of a rubber tube, and declares so profoundly, "Incipient pneumonia." So profoundly!—as if he had discovered America. Why do you not say, "I don't believe you; I prefer to wait till I'm sure"?

Notes and Remarks.

The Rev. M. D. Collins, pastor of Mary Queen of Peace church, announces acceptance of an invitation to use Webster Hill's Methodist church for Sunday Masses. Father Collins' church was burned, and is now in process of rebuilding. The Rev. B. M. Ridpath, pastor of the Methodist congregation, gave Father Collins the welcome word to use his church. Under present arrangements Catholic parishioners will attend Masses from 6 in the morning to 10:45. After that the auditorium will be vacated for the 11:00 o'clock Methodist service. "See how those Christians love one another," is often spoken in irony by smart moderns. It may not be spoken in irony of the Christians in Glendale, Mo., where this example of charity served unto edification.

Some of our non-Catholic friends who are continually referring to the "Dark Ages" in their articles, would do well, it seems to us, to read what their own distinguished historians have to say about these so-called dark centuries before making themselves vocal in the newspapers and magazines. Dr. Ewer, for instance, says that the real cause of the light and progress of modern times is "a general awakening of mind, which began far back in the Middle Ages, four hundred years before the Protestant dogma was ever thought of—an awakening of mind, of taste, of the genius of invention, which, abandoning the rude structures of the seventh, eighth, ninth, and tenth centuries, brought out long before the Reformation the most ornate specimens of architecture the world ever saw; which in the eleventh century invented paper, and, before John Calvin and Martin Luther ever saw the light, produced the art of printing—paper and printing,

the two conservatives of human intelligence; which in the twelfth century devised banks of exchange and discount, and, not long after, invented gunpowder, conceived the idea of the post-office, and discovered and applied the principle of magnetism in the mariner's compass, thus giving such a start to commerce and magnificent geographical discovery as they had never had before; which in the tenth century contrived clocks; which invented painting in oil colors before Luther was born; which in the thirteenth century introduced astronomy and geometry into Europe, and not long after brought in algebra and fostered all three sciences; which discovered America a quarter of a century before the Reformation opened; which, centuries before Luther, produced a Dante and a Petrarch and a Chaucer and a Boccaccio and a Roger Bacon—Roger Bacon, who, three centuries before his successor, Lord Francis Bacon, announced to the world the very method of legitimate investigation in accordance with which all modern science is pursued, and upon which Lord Bacon afterward built his fame—Roger Bacon of the so-called Dark Ages, who had this immense advantage over the Bacon of the Sixteenth Century, that he personally put his method into practice."

Via St. Louis comes word that the novelist, Mrs. Samuel A. Eliot, came into the Church in 1925. Likely it was mentioned at the time, but may be mentioned again. Mrs. Eliot (Ethel Cook to her readers) is the daughter of a Presbyterian minister, wife of a professor in Smith College, mother of three children. Mrs. Eliot's spiritual attitude is informing. She tells it in her own way:

In spite of my minister father, and in spite of the fact that my husband's father was a Unitarian minister, I had never had one atom of Christian faith. I had even no idea how

ignorant I was. The Church was something not even worth speculating about. It was materialistic, dogmatic and unreal. I loved and honored the philosophers, Plato especially. Eastern mysticism seemed reasonable. But art was really my religion.

Then some Anglo-Catholic friends interested me in Christianity as a possible religion. But it remained for Father T. F. Cummings, the pastor of St. Mary's in our college town, to wake my spirit. I am convinced that it was his prayers and the prayers he begged from others that brought me into the Church. It is one thing to be persuaded intellectually. That took only a few months. But faith came all in a twinkling, several months later.

The conversion of this novelist should more than ever encourage people who have not the time, opportunity or talents to spread the teaching of the Church to pray for conversions.

If Mr. Randolph Hearst's newspapers represent him at all editorially, then he is a queer creature indeed. A few weeks ago when one of his papers was fighting Catholic school interests in California, another was attempting to further those same interests in a different section of the country. Recently we witnessed an equally inconsistent attitude towards President Roosevelt's recovery efforts. Although Mr. Hearst's publications are enlisted under the Blue Eagle, he himself has not only been writing against the NRA, but has actually propagated that opposition through the medium of paid advertising. Mr. Hearst would do well to discontinue such activity. The American people are apt to be somewhat impatient right now with publishers who attempt to interfere with Mr. Roosevelt's efforts to pull the nation out of the depression. The *Chicago Tribune*, also a paper of many contradictions, found that out recently through the medium of indignant letters which followed publication of certain cartoons unfriendly to the NRA. Indeed, Mr. Hearst has heard the first rumblings of a similar indignation in the full-page

advertisement with which the *Bloomingdale Store* of New York City enlarges upon its headline, "Mr. Hearst, we disagree with you." While certainly not agreeing with the opinion that opposition to the NRA is necessarily unpatriotic, we do believe it is distinctly unfair and unfriendly to do anything which would in any way embarrass the President in his heroic efforts to save the nation from what may in the end be more than a depression. Certainly the progress already made merits the enthusiastic support of every American. Here, for example, is a report from *Standard Statistics* based on the current earnings of eighty-nine industrial corporations as reported by *Printers' Ink* for November 9, 1933: "The whole group of eighty-nine corporations showed earnings 160 per cent above the 1932 level. The six automobile companies whose figures were given, for example, excluding General Motors, showed a 1933 net profit of \$7,630,000 as against a deficit in the corresponding period of \$12,400,000. There are eleven companies manufacturing food products in this list, and they showed a total gain of \$3,000,000 in 1933 over 1932; \$41,000,000 approximately as against \$38,000,000 before. Even the Class 1 railroads show a gain of almost \$30,000,000 against a year ago. All of which makes pretty good reading for people who are going ahead on the new road."

In view of all the hard things that have been said of Fascism since it came into power in Germany, it might be well to point out some of the good things which this form of government has accomplished in Italy and elsewhere, and to remind our readers that since the Pope has made concordats with two Fascist States he probably considers Fascism an altogether legitimate form of government. Father Owen Dudley, the English novelist, speaking recently

in England on "The Menace of Communism," paid this tribute to Fascism: "Even those who dislike what they consider the harsh arrogance of Fascism will admit that it crushed the efforts of Bolshevistic Communism in Italy. They will admit, too, that it appears at present to be the only political and social system powerful enough to conquer what the older systems, through moral inertia, are failing to conquer—the most widespread social menace to which the world has given birth, a revolt as I have said, against the whole order of Christian civilization. Without advocating it, may I state that Fascism is a political and social movement to re-establish a political and social order based upon the traditions that have formed our European civilization—traditions created first by the Roman Empire, and subsequently by the Christian Empire. Fascism does not necessarily deify the State, though certainly in practice there has been a dangerous tendency in that direction. In principle it acknowledges God and the divine law above the State. It stands for the complete repudiation of materialism and any mere naturalistic theory of the State; it stands for supernaturalism." Any form of government may go to extremes in practice, and it is bad in so far as it is extreme; but there seems to be every indication that Fascism, in the hands of reasonable men, would give the Church a fuller exercise of her rights because of its opposition to Communism and Freemasonry.

After meeting Father Mathew, the noted Irish apostle of temperance, in Cork, Ireland, in 1842, Thackeray said of him: "Avoiding all political questions, no man seems more eager than he for the practical improvement of his country. Leasing and rents, farming improvements, reading societies, music societies; he was full of these, and of

his schemes of temperance above all."

The reflection is inescapable that if all those forces massed back of Prohibition had put away the bludgeon of compulsion and given themselves to persuading to temperate habits by appeals to the better moral instincts of men and women we should have gone on, not back. Drinking alcoholic beverages would be looked upon as social expressions of life which may become and often do become harmful to the individual and to the race.

An evangelist at a revival slandered Canon Maurice Hayes, parish priest of St. Werburgh's Church, Chester, England. Mr. Frank Edward Price, representing the Canon, brought action against the evangelist. "There is not a shadow of truth in the remarks," the attorney said at the trial. "The man who made them is a scoundrel who made wicked and foul slanders at a meeting which he opened with prayer and closed with a benediction." The evangelist was ordered to pay \$250 damages. Not such an impressive amount, yet satisfying, if it teaches the evangelist to guard his tongue and preach true gospel.

There are in this country at the present time enough censors for assuring the people that the moving pictures portrayed in our theatres will be offensive to no one. There is Mr. Will Hays who is a sort of National Censor, dictating, one might almost say, the moral policy of Hollywood. There are state censors and city censors and town censors, and many others too numerous to mention. Yet in spite of all this apparent care, one can scarcely find a moving picture at the present day which has not one or two objectionable scenes in it—scenes that would bring a blush to the cheeks of an ordinary modest person—and one is tempted to ask what is the reason. The London

Catholic Times may throw some light on the matter. In a recent note it says: "Mr. Philip Godfrey, who has been actor, stage manager, producer and playwright in the course of his ten years' association with the stage, ought certainly to be well informed about the import of the Censor's activities. He finds in his recent book, 'Back Stage,' that the total result of the Lord Chamberlain's activities is to protect theatrical obscenities from prosecution. The police are not anxious to come in contact with an officer of the Royal Household. Mr. Godfrey says that public morals as reflected at present in the lower forms of popular entertainment, can sink no lower. Few managers would have dared on their own responsibility to present many of the objectionable plays which have been licensed by the Lord Chamberlain since the war; but it is well known in the theatre that almost any degree of pornography can be got past the Censor by keeping it between the lines." Perhaps the same thing might be said of censors in this country. Instead of being a help to the cleaning up of the movies, they are a hindrance. The producer feels no responsibility, once the censor has set his seal upon a picture, no matter how obscene the film may be. We believe, however, that one good censor in Hollywood with absolute authority and a conscience, could stop the indecencies in pictures in a month's time. And if the NRA accomplished little else it would be a success if it placed such a censor in Los Angeles. It would do much to cure the moral depression of which the movies are a major cause.

Mr. Thomas Heflin, of the United States Senate during a period, is back in Washington. And subdued, it would appear. He muses to this effect:

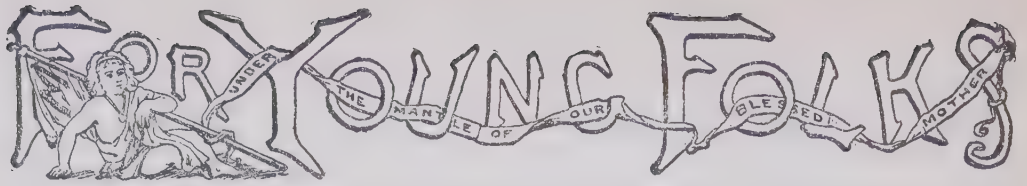
An old friend of mine in Alabama, a Catholic, said to me the other day that he was for

me, that he thought I had been a good friend to the poor man during my service in the House and in the Senate. He said I looked pretty peaceful; and I replied to him: "I bear malice toward none, I feel good will to all. I am at peace with the world—including the Pope, and as Bill Nye said, 'I ain't got nothing against nobody.'"

We are happy Mr. Heflin's Catholic friend found the erstwhile warrior against all things Catholic so peaceful. We hope he remains in peace, but does not return to the United States Senate. We have too many other worries.

Edward Washington, colored, was saved from execution in Washington, D. C., through the efforts of the St. Vincent de Paul Society of the national capital. This Negro, with two other men, was convicted of killing a taxicab driver. One of the three was given a life sentence; another, executed. This latter, before his death, admitted he fired the shot and exonerated Washington. Joseph A. Berberic and members of the St. Vincent de Paul Society appealed for this non-Catholic Negro to Col. Louis Howe, secretary to the President. The President ordered a stay of execution pending further investigation. "So shines a good deed in a naughty world."

Father Peter Wynhoven, editor-in-chief of *Catholic Action in the South*, official organ of the Archdiocese of New Orleans, has been made chairman of one of the regional United States Labor Boards. The day after his appointment, a strike was called at a plant which employs 1600 men. United States Senator Wagner of New York, chairman of the National Labor Board, assigned Father Wynhoven to act as conciliator in the dispute. That was Saturday. The strike was settled the following Wednesday. We have known strikes in which adjudicators worked much more leisurely and secured results not at all convincing.



Diet.

BY T. E. B.

MA gives me carrots every day,
She does it for my good, of course,
Although she's often heard me say
I do not want to be a horse.
Pa fills my plate with parsnips, too,
And spinach, just to start a row,
For he knows just as well as you
I do not want to be a cow.

Why don't they give me pie and cake
Or something that I can enjoy,
And let me eat it till I ache,
Remembering I'm just a boy?

Tim.

BY JAMES A. REID.

XX.—HOME, SWEET HOME.

ON the eventful morning on which he was kidnapped, Tim, while returning from the bank and thinking of Mr. Gallagher's sharp reprimand, decided for and against offering an explanation and an apology. "He had no right to speak to me that way. Sure, I was merely trying to answer a question as to why I was so unhappy. I'll go back and tell Mr. Gallagher about his crankiness; I'll give him a bit of my mind that he will long remember. Maybe, I should explain and apologize. No, I'll do nothing of the sort; and I won't ride in his old machine to Uncle Jack's and Aunt Anna's. I'd rather walk. Still, I'd like to say good-bye to all the others, and especially to Mr. Robins. I'll do that, but I won't speak to Mr. Gallagher at all, at all."

"We're going your way, Sonny; want a ride home?"

Tim, directly in front of the Park Building, looked up. "Yes," he answered, scarcely noticing the man who had offered him a ride. Buried in thought, he walked over to the machine, opened the door, and sat on the rear seat alone. A brooding, miserable mood was upon him; and his face showed utter dejection. He gave no thought to the movement of the automobile, nor did he as much as raise his eyes to look at the two young men seated in front.

"Do you mind, if we drive out a little; won't be much out of the way?"

Tim, not hearing the question and proffering no answer, was totally unaware of the significant glance that the questioner gave to his companion. How long his unhappy mood had been upon him, Tim was unable to say. But time enough had elapsed to soften the force of his anger. Conscience gradually began to awaken. A rising bit of sorrow worked its way to his heart and mind. "And I promised the mother that I would not let my enemy get the best of me; and I also broke my word to Aunt Anna, who forbade me to ride with strangers. Oh, there is no doubt at all, I'm worse than a Black and Tan."

His confession of guilt brought a quick decision. "Stop the machine! Stop the machine!" he cried. Then, his head raised, he saw that he had been carried far out into the country. "Stop the machine!" he yelled, rising to his feet and reaching to open the door. "If you don't stop, I'll jump."

"We're stopping here—that house whose top you can just about see—then we'll turn back."

"Let me out! I'll walk back."

The machine was parked on the side road leading to the house which the driver had pointed out. Tim quickly

jumped out and started for the highway.

"Just a minute," one of the men said.

Tim, paying no attention to the command, kept walking briskly without glancing back. That was unfortunate. Suddenly he was on the ground. He wiggled and twisted, trying to free himself. All the recent surge of anger was now heightened to a new purpose—self-defense. But, for all his courage and strength, he was an unequal match for the two strangers. He saw something gleaming in the hand of one of them, felt a sudden blow on the head, and realized that he was sinking into unconsciousness.

When he awoke, his head was throbbing with pain. For some minutes he could not accustom his eyes to the darkness of the room in which he was held a prisoner. Quietly and cautiously he began to search for a door. Finding it, he turned the knob noiselessly. To his dismay, the door was locked. Then a flash light was turned full on his face.

"Now, if you do as we say, we'll treat you kindly."

"What must I do?" Tim asked.

"So, you're willing to listen to sense, are you?"

"What must I do?"

"You understand you're kidnapped, don't you?"

"And if I do?"

"Then you'll write this letter to your father?"

"What letter?"

"We'll dictate it to you."

"Let me hear it."

"'Dear Father: I have been kidnapped. Send \$25,000—'"

"My father hasn't \$25,000."

"Don't lie."

"I'm not lying," heatedly.

"Why, your father has barrels of money."

"He hasn't even any barrels."

"Now, don't try to get funny, see? But, either you write that letter or we'll make you write it."

"I won't write it."

The kidnappers pushed their way into the room. Tim made a quick jump for the door, but was easily thrown back by his captors. His fierce struggle was to no avail. In a few minutes he was roped securely to a chair.

"Now, will you do as we say?"

"No!" he shouted angrily.

Then the kidnappers took turns at slapping his face sharply, twisting his ears, and kicking his shins. Tim bit his lip to withstand the barbarous punishment. He was determined that no moan of pain would escape his lips.

"Will you do as we say?"

"No,—never, never!" he screamed.

They struck him again and again with even more brutality.

Yet, the question is very reasonable. Why should they have insisted on Tim's writing the letter. Undoubtedly they were anxious to avoid every chance of being caught. At the same time they wanted to prove that Tim was really a captive.

"Once again—will you do as we say?"

"No! No! No!"

One took a box of matches from his pocket, lit one, and put it closer and closer to Tim's face, and then said, "You feel the heat this time, but the next time you're going to get burned. see? Now, we're going out for a while. If you're wise, you'll change your mind and change it quickly, Don."

"Don!" Tim said in surprise.

"Don't bluff. You're Don Robins and we know it."

Tim laughed. "My name's Tim O'Mara."

"Is that so?" very sarcastically.

"Yes, that's so," imitating the sarcastic tone.

"Where are you from?"

"Ireland."

"Ireland!"

"Yes, I'm only visiting in this country. I work for Mr. Robins as an office boy."

"Then, he's some relation?"

"None." And he answered truthfully, for he did not know that he was.

The kidnappers looked at each other.

"All right, we'll check up on all this. If you're wise you'll be good, or you'll get more of what we have already given you."

They left the room. Probably it was two hours later that one of them returned to the room and loosed the ropes with which Tim was bound. He stepped out of the darkened room as soon as that task was finished, leaving Tim to his own miserable thoughts. Twilight deepened into night, but the unhappy boy was in no mood for sleep. Standing, walking, lying was little relief to the excruciating pain he was suffering.

"What a mess I got myself into just because I lost my temper," he said.

He tried to figure a means of escape, but found none. Weak and in pain, without food and water since early morning, he waited anxiously for the kidnappers to return. It was, so he judged, about nine o'clock in the morning that he was brought a little food. He nibbled at it for a few seconds, and then decided that he had no taste for food. He prayed for a glass of cold water like that which came from the well near his home in Cloughbarry. Wearily he lay down on the hard floor. Soon a delirious sleep was upon him.

When he awoke some hours later, he tried to rise to his feet, but fell back to the floor in a dizzy spell. "Water! Water!" he said to himself. It was another hour, however, before one of the kidnappers pushed a small tray into the room. The light coming through the opened door showed Tim a well-filled pitcher of water. Grasping it between his hands, he drank eagerly. His burning thirst somewhat quenched, he began to eat a sandwich, putting it down quickly, for he was still too sick to eat.

The rest of that day, the ensuing night, and the following day were unusually long for Tim. One of the kid-

nappers, however, was keeping him well supplied with food and water. The other, Tim concluded, must be still checking up as to whether or not he actually was Donald Robins. "But," he thought, "what if the kidnappers discover that Uncle Jack and Aunt Anna have money again? If it is found out, I hope that Uncle Jack refuses to pay a cent. I'm not worth it."

Tim's hopes and fears were not groundless. The kidnapper, back in the city to investigate, saw the item in the *Times* about the disappearance of an Irish lad named Tim O'Mara. He readily understood how he had been so stupid as to believe that Tim was Donald Robins—that picture in Mr. Robins' office had completely fooled him. It must have been taken a few years ago, when Donald was about the same age as Tim. Still, the resemblance of one boy to the other. How explain that? He could not answer the question.

Then another thought struck the kidnapper. Whom was this Tim O'Mara visiting? He learned of the O'Maras, and remembered the headlines which the New York papers had carried concerning Mr. O'Mara's sudden return to good fortune. "The O'Maras can pay and will pay for that nephew," the kidnapper declared.

Meanwhile, Tim, now a prisoner for five days, had regained his strength. For want of anything else to do, he began to hum to himself. "I've got to get out of here," he said, "the Petrine concert is to-morrow night—no, to-night," he exclaimed with alarm. He paused. "Oh! oh! but I deserve all that I'm getting." He was silent for a considerable length of time. Then once again he took up a melody. He went from hum to full voice. Entirely oblivious of everything, save the hymn he was singing, he allowed his voice full freedom. It rose to glorious and strong heights, carrying out of that darkened room a message that Tim had no idea of sending.

"Listen, Uncle Dan."

"A fine voice, Krause." Then very excitedly, "It's Tim's; it's Tim's!"

"It is Tim's; it is Tim's! Turn in, Uncle Dan; that house below the trees; hurry, hurry; park the machine in that clump of high weeds, so it'll be out of sight; I'll go first; keep me covered."

Slowly and cautiously Officer Krause worked his way to the house. He pried open a window. Officer Sheehan was at his side.

"Careful, Krause."

"Stay here, Uncle Dan," he whispered; "they mustn't get both of us."

Tim, altogether unaware of the good fortune at hand, sang on. He stopped suddenly, when he heard some one pounding on the door of the room where he was held captive. Another blow, another, and another, and the door gave way.

"Mister Krause! Mister Krause!" Tim screamed with joy, as the tears rushed to his eyes.

"Tim! Tim!"

"Mister Sheehan! Mister Sheehan!"

"Tim," commanded Officer Krause, "come out into the full light where we can get a good look at you."

"Well, well, they have been treating you brutally."

"Oh, if I look the way I felt a couple of days ago, then I must look awful, to be sure."

"Who kidnapped you?" asked Officer Sheehan.

"Two men—"

"Where are they?"

"One went to New York City to check up on whether or not I am Donald Robins."

"The other?"

"I don't know. He brought me something to eat a few hours ago."

"Uncle Dan, take Tim into town. I'll wait here for the two kidnappers to put in an appearance."

"We'll all wait here for a little while."

Speeding up the highway were two

very hilarious kidnappers. They agreed that they had made a very stupid mistake in thinking Tim was Donald Robins, but that did not matter now. The O'Maras could pay and would pay. Turning toward the house which they had made their rendezvous, they stopped their machine close to the front door, which they opened.

"Hands up, quick; quick, I say, or this gun will go off," Krause ordered.

Their hands shot up.

"So, it's you Artie, and you, Wisey!" Officer Sheehan exclaimed. "Well, this time you two are going away for a long rest. Handcuff them, Krause."

"Here's a rope, Mr. Sheehan; let's tie their feet to make sure," Tim said. "I know how to make good fast knots."

"Wait till we get them in the machine, Tim."

"Mr. Sheehan, the Petrine concert is to-night; will we be there in time?" Tim asked anxiously.

"We'll make it, Tim, or blow out four tires."

At twenty-five minutes past eight—the concert was scheduled for eight-thirty—Officer Sheehan stopped the machine at the stage door of Carnegie Hall.

"In that side door," he directed, "we'll be back to hear you sing as soon as we get these two in jail."

Tim rushed into the hall breathlessly. The members of the choir were already seated on the stage. Quickly Tim put on a cassock and surplice, and stepped out of the wings onto the stage. The members of the choir gasped with astonishment, but had no time to speak their surprise, for the curtain was being drawn. The third number on the program was his first solo.

Before that vast audience could realize that the soloist was not a substitute, but Tim O'Mara of whose kidnapping they had read, he was singing a Medieval "Ave Maria." His tones were amazingly rich; strength was mingled

with sweetness; and his sense of pitch was absolute. Sorrow and pain and suffering had enriched his voice deeply, giving it a mature mellowness. His heart and soul were in every note.

Carnegie Hall has resounded with numerous ovations. It can reasonably be doubted if any was accorded so generously as that which was given to Tim when he finished his first solo. Perhaps some of the enthusiastic applause was meant as a whole-hearted welcome to the boy who had been freed from the clutches of kidnappers; perhaps some of the roaring approval was intended as a cordial and hospitable greeting to a lad from across the sea. But, there was no mistaking the meaning of the ringing and continued ovation that kept its full force when he had ended his final solo,—a "Sacris Solemnis." Eager as was that frenzied audience to pay just tribute to the Petrine Choir, long noted for its high standard of musical and sacred entertainment, it was far more eager to express its appreciation of the sensational boy-soprano.

The spontaneous acclamation continued. Tim shyly glanced out and beyond the great footlights. His eyes stopped suddenly. Against all rules of stage conduct he was staring. Forgetful of everything, he leaned forward, rising a bit from his seat, to get a better look. Yes, he was certain, absolutely certain. His father and mother and Frank were in the audience.

"The mother and father and Frank!" he almost shouted at the Director.

The latter, realizing that Tim's family must have but recently arrived in the United States, very humanly allowed Tim to sing a concluding encore: "When Irish Eyes Are Smiling."

As soon as the concert was ended, Tim rushed off stage, removed his cassock and surplice, and ran to the stage door, leading to the street.

"There they are!" he yelled. "Mother! Mother!" he said, the tears running

down his face, as he kissed her repeatedly. Smiling very gently, she put a protecting arm about him, keeping it there even while he was greeting his father and Frank.

"Tim, have you no welcome for your Uncle Tom?"

"Uncle Tom?" he asked with surprise.

"Mr. Robins—my long-lost brother—is your Uncle Tom, Tim."

"Is he now, to be sure. Doesn't it beat all? Oh, Mother, he's one of the nicest men in all the world!"

"Thanks, Tim."

Late into the next morning there was a merry gathering at Mr. Robins' home: Tim's father and mother and Frank, the O'Maras and their children, Captain Ryan, Officers Sheehan and Krause, all the employees of the main office of the Robins and Company, a number of the members of the choir, and some friends. Before anyone had left for home, the late editions of the New York morning papers were on the street. The *Times* said: "Master Timothy O'Mara, the solo-sopranist of the Petrine Choir, has undoubtedly the most remarkable boy-soprano voice in all America. With justice, we might say, in all the world. Here is a lad, scarcely fifteen years of age, we judge, who sings with a fervor that only maturity brings. His tones are singularly rich; his voice is strong but pliable; his interpretation faultless. We do not wish to surmise what the years will add to his voice, but we are more than willing to hail him now as one of the great singers of the next generation. . . ."

When Mr. Robins finished reading that item from the *Times*, Tim spoke.

"Mother, do we all stay in America?"

"We do."

"Well, then," as the Americans say, "let me sing you something that is singing; no fooling."

And he sang: "Home, Sweet Home."

(The End)

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—In "The Marks of an Educated Man," a pamphlet by Rev. James Ellis, C. S. P., the author gives his opinion of the qualities of true education, and challenges you to agree with him or substitute something better and more accurate. The Paulist Press, 5c.

—Science Stories, Book I., by Wilbur L. Beauchamp, Gertrude Crampton and William Gray (Scott, Foresman & Co. 60c), is an effort to awaken the mind of the child to the changes that take place in nature from day to day, and to help him to discover the reasons for the change. Each story is well illustrated in color.

—The Abbé Felix Klein has added to his distinguished list of popular writings "La Vie Humaine et Divine de Jesus Christ" (Bloud and Gay. 120 f.). It is not only written in a narrative style that will attract old and young, but contains 400 illustrations taken from the paintings of the best ancient and modern artists.

—A good grammar of Catholic Action, outlining its purpose, the special topics it includes and a plan for studying these questions may be had in "Aids to Catholic Action," reprints of articles appearing in *Catholic Action* and prepared by the N. C. W. C. Study Club Committee. It will be invaluable for Catholic Study Clubs. Published by the National Catholic Welfare Conference.

—"The Riddle of Konnersreuth," by Eugene Canon De Hovre, translated by Rev. P. M. Van Dorpe, S.T.B. (Benedictine Press, 1637 Allport St., Chicago. \$1.), is a study of the Stigmatist, Theresa Neumann, brought up to date. It gives the reports, and findings of physicians as well as the story of the crusade against Konnersreuth which in recent months has found an echo in our daily press.

—Burns, Oates and Washbourne, who have published an edition of the Pope's "Climbs on Alpine Peaks," will bring out this month a collection of the Holy Father's "Essays in History" selected from his contributions to various periodicals during the more than thir-

ty years in which he was librarian in Milan and in the Vatican Library. The essays have been translated into English by Professor Edward Bullough.

—In "Unpublished Letters of Samuel Taylor Coleridge," recently brought out by the Yale University Press, appears this paragraph written by Coleridge when he was a freshman at Cambridge: "As I am now settled in my rooms, and as college business is commenced, I shall be able to give you some little account of matters. We go to Chapel twice a day. Every time we miss we pay twopence, and fourpence of Surplice days, *id est*, Sundays, Saints' days, and the eve of Saints' days. I am remarkably religious on an economical plan."

—"Newman and His Friends" is based upon the dedications of the great Cardinal's writings which the author, Fr. Henry Tristram, points out are "flawless literary gems, Greek in their restraint, serene in their tone, unaffected in their simplicity, dignified in their expression and limpid in their sincerity." There is told in this book also the true account of the famous misprint of the dedication of the "Grammar of Assent," when the printer rendered "funny" for sunny friendship. "One who was present when the proof arrived relates that he had never seen Newman laugh so much as he did on that occasion." We are given here delightful sketches of many of the Fathers of the Oratory who were quite eclipsed by the bright light of Newman's popularity—Fathers Mills, Caswall, Neville, Ryder and St. John. They are all buried with him at Rednal. Published by the John Lane Co.

—The Harvard University Press has just published the letters of Robert E. Lee to Martha Curtis Williams, under the title "To Markie." While most of these epistles are of a personal character and have little regard of general public interest, the following letter written from Texas early in 1861 reveals, we believe, the anguish into which the Civil War plunged General Lee: "God alone can save us," he writes, "from our folly, selfishness and

short-sightedness. A fearful calamity is upon us, and I fear that the country will have to pass, for its sins, through a fiery ordeal. I wish to live under no other government, and there is no sacrifice I am not ready to make for the preservation of the Union, save that of honor. If a disruption takes place I shall go back in sorrow to my people and share the misery of my native State, and, save in her defense, there will be one soldier less in the war than now. I wish for no other flag than 'The Star-Spangled Banner' and no other air than 'Hail Columbia.' I still hope that the wisdom and patriotism of the nation may yet save it."

—A stimulating and edifying story of practical Catholic Action is that of "The Very Reverend Mother Mary of the Passion and her Institute," by Reverend Thomas F. Cullen. Introduction by His Eminence Bonaventure Cardinal Cerretti (Franciscan Missionaries of Mary, Providence, R. I.). The extraordinary zeal of this holy foundress has literally dotted the world with orphanages, day nurseries, hospitals for lepers, in fact, every form of charity and welfare work. Just a little over fifty years old, the Institute has nearly two hundred houses in twenty-seven countries outside of Europe; and the Cause of Canonization of one of the daughters of the Institute, Sister Mary Assunta, is well advanced in Rome. Moreover, seven of their Sisters suffered martyrdom in the Boxer Rebellion in China, only to bear fruit in thirty-one houses throughout that country. This is a story of fervent zeal and noble sacrifice; of a spirit instilled into the daughters of the Institute by a foundress whose dominant passion was an absorbing charity for Christ's poor and forgotten children.

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 "Canonical Decisions of the Holy See." Dr. Stanislaus Woywod. \$3.
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 "The Forgotten God." Most Rev. Francis C. Kelly, D. D. \$1.50.
 "From Faith to Faith." W. E. Orchard. \$2.
 "Saint Anselm." Joseph Clayton, F. R. Hist. S. \$1.75.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. R. E. Londo, O. Praem.

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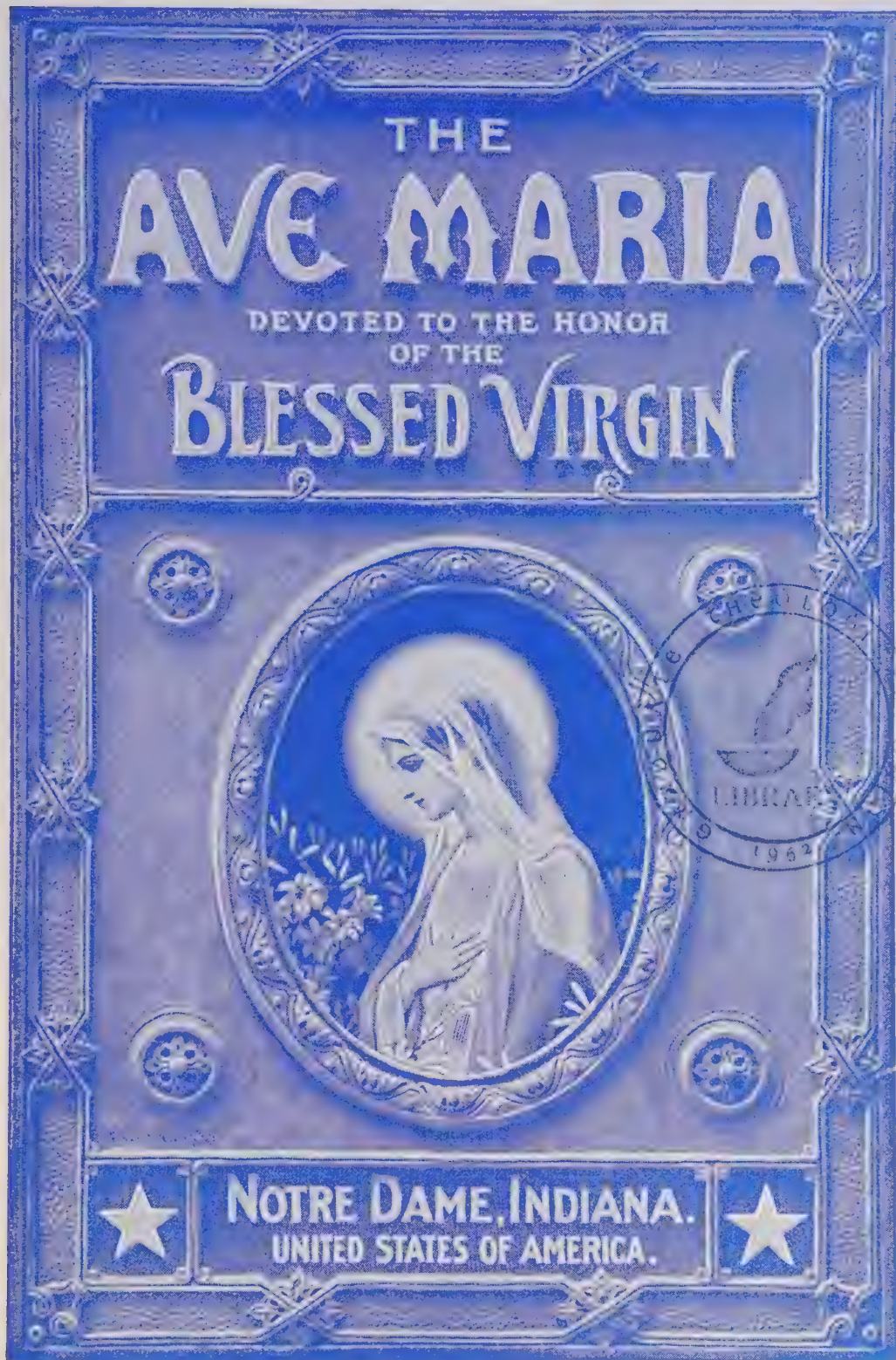
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CALENDAR OF THE WEEK

DECEMBER.

SATURDAY, 2.—St. Bibiana, Virgin and Martyr.
 SUNDAY, 3.—First of Advent. St. Francis Xavier, C.
 MONDAY, 4.—St. Barbara, Virgin and Martyr.
 TUESDAY, 5.—St. Sabbas, Abbot. St. Nicetius, Bp. C.
 WEDNESDAY, 6.—St. Nicholas, B. C. Sts. Dionysia and Comp's, MM.
 THURSDAY, 7.—St. Ambrose, Bishop and Doctor.
 FRIDAY, 8.—Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin.
 SATURDAY, 9.—St. Leocadia, Virgin and Martyr.

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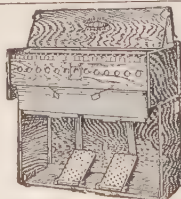
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No. 23.

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To Mary Immaculate.

BY MARIAN NESBITT.

Eugenie de Guérin.

BY MOST REV. ALEXANDER MACDONALD, D. D.

MOTHER Immaculate! when doubts arise,
Haunting the peaceful garden of the soul;
When faith grows dim, and dread beyond
control

Weights down my spirit, turn, oh, turn, thine eyes

Of mercy on me! Lift thy stainless hands

In intercession; God will surely hear,

For sinless, thou dost draw us sinners near—
Thine is the heart that always understands.

Thine, too, the sympathy, the tender love,

That never, never fails us day by day,

However long, however dark the way,

However far my thoughts from things above.

And thou dost know the secret depths of care,

The hidden sorrow and the sense of loss,

The hourly struggle to take up the cross,

When absence seems a grief too hard to bear.

And life's fair road looks grey and dreary cold,

Because some steps that trod beside my own

Now wander elsewhere, apart, alone,

While I stand waiting for the joys of old.

Mother Immaculate! the hopes and fears

And needs of those beloved I bring to thee,

Begging thy blessing both on mine and me,

And Christ's dear love to guide us through
the years.



YOU cannot be silent when stung by
pain. I would not have you silent, I
wish you to give thanks. It is this
which will repel the devil and bring you
help from Almighty God.

—*St. John Chrysostom.*

“ONE of the rarest and most
beautiful of souls,” is Mat-
thew Arnold's eulogy of Euge-
nie de Guérin. For seventeen years she
was in her resting grave when Arnold
penned the words. He had never seen
her. He was English; she was French,
born and reared in sunny Languedoc.
But he knew her through her writings;
he knew and had learned to admire the
soul that reveals itself, and still lives
and speaks, in the pages of the exqui-
site “Journal” and the “Letters.”

Eugenie de Guérin was born in 1805
at the chateau of Le Cayla in the south
of France. She was of a noble family,
though somewhat reduced in circum-
stances; “and even when one is a saint,”
shrewdly observes Arnold, “one cannot
quite forget that one comes of the stock
of the Guarini in Italy, or that one counts
among one's ancestral relations a Bishop
of Senlis, who had the marshalling of
the French order of battle on the day
of Bouvines.” But of a truth Eugenie
set little store by her noble descent. She
was far too sensible for that. The things
of the mind and of the soul, these were
the things she prized. And because of
her love for them she was, even more
than is the wont, wrapped up in her
brother Maurice, a kindred spirit, cut
off in the bud and promise of his poetic
achievement. The bond of a common
genius held them closer even than the

tie of blood. "We were two eyes looking out of one head," is the way she puts it herself. For Maurice she wrote her "Journal," with never a thought of the great world without that was one day to know both her and him mainly through it. This may account for the naïve simplicity and naturalness and total freedom from literary self-consciousness which are among its most engaging qualities. But one can scarce think she would have written it otherwise had she meant it for the wide world of readers we call "the public." She was too true a poet to be other than simple. It was not in her nature to be stilted or pedantic.

Here is an incident of the home life of Le Cayla, culled from one of the first pages of her "Journal":

"I am furious with the gray cat. The mischievous beast has made away with a little half-frozen pigeon that I was trying to thaw by the side of the fire. The poor little thing was just beginning to come round; I meant to tame it; it would have grown fond of me; and there is my whole scheme crunched by a cat! This event, as well as all the rest of to-day's history, has taken place in the kitchen. There I pass all the morning and a part of the afternoon ever since I have been without Mimi. I have to look after the cook; sometimes papa comes down, and I read to him by the oven, or the fireside, some bits out of "The Antiquities of the Anglo-Saxon Church." This huge volume struck Pierrin (the servant boy) with amazement. "*Qué de mots aqui dedins!*—What a lot of words there are inside it!" The boy is quite a character. One evening he asked me if the soul was immortal, and afterwards what a philosopher meant. We had got upon big questions as you see. When I told him a philosopher was one who was wise and learned: "Then, mademoiselle, you are a philosopher." This was said with a sim-

plicity and sincerity that might have flattered Socrates; but it made me laugh so much that my gravity as catechist was gone for that evening. Pierrin left us a day or two ago, to his great regret; his time was up on St. Brice's day. There he is now with his little dog, truffle-hunting. If he comes this way, I shall go and ask him whether he still thinks I look like a philosopher.

The words rendered "my gravity as catechist was gone for that evening" run in French, "*que mon sérieux de catechiste s'en alla pour la soirée,*" which Arnold translates as above, but which is rendered in the otherwise excellent English version of the "Journal," first published many years ago, "that my solemn catechiser took himself off for the evening." Arnold's rendering is the true one. It is the obvious meaning of the words in the French; and, after all, she was really the catechist, i. e., the "one who instructs by question and answer, though the boy was the one who put the questions." On the other hand, when Arnold translates *cochon*, in the second last sentence, "little dog," he ignores the meaning of the word, and is apparently misled into doing so by the English custom of which we read under the "truffle" in the Standard Dictionary: "Truffles lie just below the surface of the ground, and are discovered in England by the aid of dogs of a particular breed, and on the Continent by the help of swine, the animals being guided by the fleshy smell emitted by the fungus."

Here, again, is a bit of musing on commonplace things, in which we see the play of fancy that lends such a charm to her writings, and makes one quite agree with the friend who declared that she could find ever so many delightful things to say about a door knob.

"Oh, how sweet it is, when the rain is pattering on the roof, to be by the corner of one's fire, tongs in hand,

making sparks! This was my pastime just now. I am very fond of it; sparks are so pretty; they are the flowers of the chimney place. Really, there are charming things going on amongst the embers, and when I am not busy I like to watch the phantasmagoria of the hearth. There are a thousand little fairy shapes that go and come, dilate, and change, and flit away; now angels, now horned demons, children, old women, butterflies, dogs, sparrows. One sees a little of everything in the fire. I remember one face that wore a look of heavenly suffering which put me in mind of a soul in purgatory. I was struck by it, and should have liked to have a painter by my side. Never was vision more perfect. Look at the logs burning, and you will agree that, if one is not blind, one should not find the time long at the fireside. Listen, above all, to that little whistle which comes at times from below the burning half of the wood, like a voice that sings. Nothing can be more lovely or pure; one would say it was some wee spirit of the fire that was chanting. There, my friend, you have my evenings and their amusements; to which add sleep, which is by no means the least of them."

Religion filled a great space in her life. From it she drew her finest inspiration. The dying year suggests such thoughts as these:

"In a few hours we shall have begun the new year. Oh, how fast the time flies! Alas, alas! would one not say that I regret it? My God, no; I regret neither time nor what it takes from us. It is not worth while to throw one's affections into the running brook. But the empty, useless days, lost for Heaven, these are what make one look back on life with regret. Dear brother, where shall I be this day, this hour, at this same moment next year? Shall I be here or elsewhere; here below or in heaven above? God knows; and here I stand at

the gate of the future, resigning myself to whatever may issue thence. To-morrow I shall pray that you may be happy; pray for Mimi, for papa, for all I love. It is the day of gifts; I shall go to heaven for mine. All my blessings I draw from thence; for, sooth to say, I find few things to my taste on earth. The longer I live in it, the less I like it; hence I see without regret the onward march of the years, which are so many steps toward another world. It is neither pain nor sorrow which makes me feel thus; do not imagine so; I should tell you if it were. It is but the homesickness which lays hold of every soul that sets itself to thinking of heaven."

The incident that follows shows her tenderness of heart:

"I was returning from Cahuzac quite pleased with my letter, when I saw a little boy beside the fountain crying pitifully. It was because he had broken his jug, and the poor child was afraid of being whipped by his father. It was not himself that told me so, he was sobbing too violently, but some women who had seen the jug fall. Poor little fellow! I saw that I could easily console him by an outlay of sixpence; and taking him by the hand, I led him to the crockery shop where he replaced his jug. Charles X. could not be happier if he regained his crown. Was this not indeed a sweet day?"

And this bit of speculation reveals the keenness of her inquisitive mind.

"I am rather inclined to believe in the soul of animals, and I should even like there to be a little paradise for the good and gentle ones, like doves, dogs, and lambs. But, then, what to do with wolves and other wicked sorts? To damn them goes against me. It is only unrighteousness that is punished in hell, and what unrighteousness does the wolf commit when he eats a lamb? He has need of it, and this need, which does

not justify the man, justifies the animal, that knows of no law higher than instinct. In following its instinct, it is good or bad only from our point of view; there is no will, that is to say, no choice, in the actions of brutes, and hence neither right nor wrong—neither paradise, nor hell. Still, I can't help regretting paradise, and that there won't be any doves in heaven. My God! what is it I am saying? Shall we want aught of here below to make us happy there above?"

The ethics of the case, as regards animals and the future life, is here put in a nutshell. Still, it is not the last word on the subject. The root reason why there is no immortality for animals, is that the animal soul is of its very essence mortal. It has no life, no form of vital activity, but is bound up with the bodily organism, so that when the organism is dissolved by death, it, too, must perish, in much the same way that the movement of a watch must stop when the mainspring is broken. On the other hand, there is in man's soul a form of vital activity in which the body does not share, viz., the power of thinking and willing, and so the soul can put forth this form of vital activity and continue to live on after the body has returned to kindred dust.

Of drawing fresh gems from Eugenie's casket there need be no end, if one had only space to set them forth in. Here is another charming thing upon a sick dog:

"My dear little dog, my pretty Bijou, is ill, so ill that I fear he will die. Poor creature! how oppressed he is, how he moans, licks my hands, and seems to say, 'Help me.' I don't know what to do for him, he takes nothing but a few drops of gum syrup which he licks off my fingers; this is how I feed him,—half sugar, half caresses. Alas! what is the use of one's fondness? I shall not save him. This would make me cry if

I did not repress my tears. It is foolish to weep for an animal, but the heart has often neither wisdom nor dignity. And then my Bijou is so pretty, so good natured, so graceful, so precious coming from Lili. A dog is such a cheering, caressing, tender thing, so completely one's own! I do believe I shall shed tears over him, but it shall be in my little room, the scene of all my secrets. One of my friends once asked me to pray for her sick dog; I laughed at her, and considered her devotion unbecoming. To-day I should do as she did; I no longer find such a prayer incongruous, so much does the heart influence the mind. I was not fond of Bijou then; now my conscience is not offended at the idea of appealing to God for the preservation of an animal. Is there anything unworthy in any creature of His, and may we not ask Him for the life of all those we love? I am inclined to believe this, and that, with the exception of evil, we may ask everything from God, from the *good God*. This familiar, this popular name of the Deity inspires me with boundless confidence. What a difference between it and the Supreme Being, as great as between Rose Drouille and Voltaire! What could we expect from an inaccessible being, so far away, so far from man, that, while adoring, one could not love Him? and yet the heart needs to love what it adores, and to adore what it loves, which is why God made Himself flesh when He dwelt amongst us."

Such passages as this, and there are many of them up and down the pages of the "Journal," go far toward justifying the boy servant at Cayla in bestowing upon the young lady who wrote them, the title of philosopher. Here is her appreciation of a great writer:

"What a man Victor Hugo is! I have just been reading some of him; he is divine, infernal, wise, mad; he is the

people, the king; he is man, woman, painter, poet, sculptor; he is everything; he has seen all, done all, felt all; he amazes, repels, and enchants me!"

And here is an appreciation of homeopathy, sparkling with wit and good sense:

"Happy those who believe without seeing! Happy, then those who believe in the infinitesimals of homeopathy! And I am happy who have just taken them under the prescription of Marie. I have more faith, I must confess, in the doctor than in the remedy, and perhaps that faith will serve as well. When I pressed you to make trial of this new mode of cure, it was rather for the régime that accompanies it, than for its infinitely small doses, which must produce infinitely small effects. What can an atom contain, were it fire itself, that could much affect us? I take my atom without conviction, and to please a tender friend, full of solicitude for my health. My real remedy is to do nothing; to trust dame Nature, who carries us safely through all but the gravest cases. Health is like children, spoilt by too much care."

Withal, she has her limitations. Filled as her writings are with that "sweetness and light" of which Matthew Arnold made himself the apostle, they yet lack the masculine breadth of view and majesty of style which mark her brother Maurice. This Arnold himself fails not to note. He brings it out by the heightened effect of contrasted passages from their works. "It does one good," says Eugenie, "to be going about amidst this enchanting nature, with flowers, birds, and verdure all around one, under the wide blue sky of the Nivernais. How I love the gracious form of it, and those little clouds hung up here and there like cushions of cotton to rest the eye in its immensity!" Arnold finds this pretty and graceful, but very different from the grave and pregnant strokes of Maurice's pencil. "I

have been along the Loire and seen on its banks the plains where nature is puissant and gay; I have seen royal and antique dwellings, all marked by memories which have their place in the mournful legend of humanity—Chambord, Blois, Amboise, Chenonceaux; then the towns on the two banks of the river—Orleans, Tours, Saumur, Nantes; and at the end of it all, the ocean rumbling. From these I passed inland as far as Bourges and Nevers, a region of vast woodlands, in which murmurs of an immense range and fulness prevail and never cease." Words these are, finely says Arnold, "whose charm is like that of the sounds of the murmuring forest itself, and whose reverberations, like theirs, die away in the infinite distance of the soul."

Maurice loved to commune with Nature; his sister rather with God and her own soul. From God she got her inspiration. "Whence in fact, but from above," she says herself in writing to her brother, "can come so many tender, exalted, sweet, true, pure things with which my heart fills when I speak to thee!" Let me set down a few more of those true and tender things, those pearls of thought, which she dived into the depths of her own soul to bring forth for us. "The blind man prays and sings upon his wandering way, the soldier on the battlefield, the sailor on the seas, the poet over his lyre, the priest before the altar, the child as it begins to speak, the hermit in his cell, the angels in heaven, the saints throughout the earth, all pray and sing; it is only the dead who neither sing nor pray. Poor dead!" She means the spiritually dead, who have lost the life of grace and faith, and live like beasts. "Gloomy thoughts are to the soul what clouds are to the eyes," i. e., they hide the light of heaven from us. "The things of the heart are eternal." "When in the presence of God, I say to my soul, 'Why

art thou sad, and why disquieted within me?" Something, I know not what, responds, and calms it down like a crying child when it sees its mother. It is prayer—prayer that calms me." "In this world nothing that is low, sin excepted, can degrade us in the eyes of God." "Small and great affections, everything in turn, leaves us and dies. The heart is like a tree hung round with dead leaves." "Nothing better enables me to understand heaven than to picture it to myself as the home of love; for if here below we cannot love even for a moment without happiness, what will it be to love forever!" "If the heart were all spent here there would be nothing of it left to take with us hence, and I want to take that which loves with me into the other world." "Where faith disappears, credulity abounds." "Disobedience was man's first sin, and it is the child's earliest fault; he takes a wicked delight in everything that is forbidden him." "If I were to see the doors of the Cayla close forever, the garden's door, papa's door, the door of the little room! . . . Oh, what must it be with the door of heaven!" "Place your happiness higher than the creature. It is always here below we place it, poor birds that we are, on some broken bough, or branch so pliant that it bends with us to the earth." "The bird which seeks its branch, the bee which seeks its flower, the river which seeks its sea, all these but fly, but run to their repose. So flies my soul, O God, so wanders my intelligence, till it finds its branch, its flower, its outlet! And all these it finds in heaven, where reigns an order infinitely perfect."

One cannot but feel and regret the inadequacy of the appreciation made of Eugenie de Guérin's writings by a writer of biographical sketches in one of our encyclopaedias. To say that her style is vivid and simple, that her descriptions of the scenic beauties which

surrounded her are charming is true, but leaves untold her chiefest claims to distinction, and is almost to damn with faint praise one whom such preeminent literary critics as Matthew Arnold and Sainte-Beuve have extolled so highly, and whose work was crowned by the French Academy. The writer affirms that at one period of his life, Maurice de Guérin renounced his faith. This statement appears to be without foundation in fact. Maurice's sister gave it a downright denial when it was first put forward by George Sand in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. "No," she writes in the "Journal," "faith was not wanting to (the soul of Maurice); this I declare and attest by what I have seen and heard, by prayer, by religious reading, by the sacraments, by all Christian acts, by a death that unveiled the life, a death upon a crucifix." M. Trébutien, close friend and literary executor of the gifted pair, deals with the charge, and refutes it, in his preface to the second edition of Maurice's works (Nov. 30, 1861). "The truth is," he declares, and he was in a position to know it, "that de Guérin's faith was lukewarm during the three years that preceded his marriage. One can mark at this time his growing indifference. But there is not the least sign of a want of faith. *On n'y voit nulle part L'incrédulité*. Lover and poet of nature as he was, he had never ceased to be a Christian. The account of his last illness will not let one forget where his heart sought hope and his soul the truth. On the threshold of immortality, he had but to retire within himself to find again, without effort and with joy supreme, a faith that had slept indeed at intervals, but had never wholly died out." This testimony ought to be decisive.

Let me close with Arnold's tribute to brother and sister:

"M. Trébutien has accomplished the pious task in which Mdlle. de Guérin

was baffled, and has established Maurice's fame; by publishing this journal he has established Eugenie's also. She was very different from her brother; but she, too, like him, had that in her which preserves a reputation. Her soul had the same characteristic quality as his talent—distinction. Of this quality the world is impatient; it chafes against it, rails at it, insults it, hates it; it ends by receiving its influence and undergoing its law."

Little Sister.

BY AGNES M. BLUNDELL.

IX.

THE old barn was dimly illuminated by a stable lantern which stood upon the floor. It was bitterly cold, and the breath of the men who were talking there in low tones issued in clouds from their lips.

The Marquis saluted St. Armand with his usual grace. He was accompanied by Hugnot, and a tall peasant lad who had been dubbed *Le Bref*.

"Well, *Citoyen*," said *Marillac*—"for we must speak in character, it seems—our good republican friends have captured the *Curé*, and he is to be executed at *Guénolé* to-morrow, unless he is previously torn to pieces by the rabble."

"*Monsieur Calmet*!" exclaimed *Yves*.

"And a whole group of our friends have been captured, taken prisoners to *Angers*, and executed on the scaffold—among them *Monsieur De Donissons*."

"Poor *Victorine*—her mother has rejoined her too, they are both full of hope—they have not seen a gazette for weeks," murmured *Yves*.

"*Henri* is still at large, and so are *Stofflet* and *Charette*. *D'Elbée* is dead—our only real general. *Bonchamp* is dead too, and a host of others—"

He broke off with a sudden sigh.

Marillac had never before talked in

this simple friendly fashion. *Yves* wondered if this were the real man in general, so carefully hidden behind the mask of assumed dandyism.

"Where is *Monsieur Calmet* confined?" he asked. "Is there any chance of a rescue?"

Jacques came in at this moment.

"Yes, there is a chance," he said. "We are come to seek your aid."

"They wish to hang *Monsieur Calmet* in the courtyard of the Castle," went on the *Marquis*. "They have prepared a gallows there, and plan to celebrate Christmas in this charming way. Well, they shall have their celebration."

"We will draw lots though," interrupted *Jacques* fiercely.

It seemed to *Yves* that the *Marquis* held his breath for a moment before he answered suavely.

"Certainly, my dear brother, one will draw lots."

Hugnot drew near, his good face all puckered with anxiety.

"*Mon General*—*Monsieur le Marquis*," he stammered, "if there is danger, here I am. No need to draw lots."

"You are married," cried *Yves* quickly. "I am a free man."

"Me, too," murmured *Le Bref*.

"My dear friends, your sentiments do you infinite credit," observed *Marillac*, taking snuff with deliberation, "but the little service which is required can only be accomplished by my brother or myself. No one else—I declare it without vanity—could attract sufficient attention. This is the scheme: The good *Curé* has been brought from the town, and is confined in a house in the village, for the Castle has been too much damaged to be used even as a prison. The little market place is full of a disorderly rabble, who intend to pass the night in drinking and rioting. *Hugnot* knows the house where the priest is. One of us will get into the Castle at dawn and will harangue the people from the window

of the great saloon on the first floor. While they are thus drawn away, the rest of you must rescue the Curé."

"I could go into the Chateau well enough," grumbled Hugnot, "and tell those impious wretches what I think of them. Half of them are not from our commune at all."

"Silence, Hugnot," said the Marquis in his most arrogant tone. "Now, brother, I will take two straws, a long one and a short one. My dear Marquis"—he turned to Yves—"you shall be judge."

St. Armand extended his hand to take the straws, but Marillac intercepted it with a quick gesture: he felt the touch of icy fingers on his wrist, and met a quick, commanding glance.

"The shortest straw wins," said Jacques, who was engrossed in his own thoughts and had not noticed the by-play.

"Certainly," agreed his brother. "The shortest straw wins the right to the solo."

He meticulously divided a straw in two, though he had already two long ones in his palm. "Now, brother."

Yves said nothing, remembering that knot of cherry ribbon; and Marillac, while he waited, hummed a little song.

Jacques hesitated.

"You are the eldest and should carry on the family," he protested.

"We have finished with argument," declared the other.

Jacques pulled at random and stood staring white-faced at the long straw, quivering in his fingers.

"Ah, so the short straw is mine," observed the Marquis imperturbably; he resumed his little song.

But when Jacques, silent and grief-stricken, had gone to bid good-night to the ladies, Marillac drew Yves apart.

"You saw too much," he said sternly. "Swear to me that you will never tell. They may yet survive and know happiness, those two."

"I promise!" returned Yves.

"And but for a little inconvenience in the manner of my exit, there is no great sacrifice," went on the other. "For really, my dear Marquis, life has little to recommend it at present, especially to one like myself, who values elegance and a delicate kitchen."

He flicked the snuff from his cuff carelessly. Then for a moment their eyes met. The Marquis was smiling, but in his steady gaze, Yves divined the anguish of renunciation and a sense of of horror, controlled and vanquished indeed, but not forgotten.

"Give me my orders," said Yves. "I'll follow you anywhere, now."

"Thanks, you are charming, *mon cher*. But I go alone and now, before the others return—I will bid no adieus. Remember this: Do not attempt to free the Curé until I take snuff. That will be the signal." He turned away, and then added in a voice full of feeling: "I pity you, for you will never win her. She will never be more to you, or any man, than Petite Soeur."

The rescue party of four had gone down river with the tide, laboring with sail and oar. They had landed on a spit of land just above the village, and had crept up into the woods above, single file. The Marquis had preceded them on horseback, for he knew every path through the forest. They found his horse tied to a tree, and still sweating. Jacques had issued instructions and handed out four villainous red caps that they might mingle with the "sans-culottes" undetected. Hugnot had discovered the house in which the priest was confined; he was in a loft over the forge, almost opposite the Castle gateway and the balcony on which the Marquis meant to appear.

Le Bref carried a bundle of townsmen's clothes, and the four men took off their peasant garments and hastily donned the borrowed raiment. A few

moments later they pushed their way boldly into the market place, which was filled with benches and little tables, crowded with men and women, eating, drinking, and raucously howling revolutionary songs. Some of the females were strangely bedizened in pieces of the silken hangings torn from the walls of the chateau; all wore red caps or cockades.

The grim mass of the chateau rose dark and silent above the riotous crowd. Great fires were blazing here and there for warmth, and the tavern, from which drink was continually being carried, was lit up by smoky torches; and flares of tow, dipped in pitch, were stuck into the iron rings on the chateau wall.

It was hard work to drink and shout and feign a hideous enthusiasm with such heavy hearts, but as they swept down the river Yves had got an inkling from his companions' talk of the value they set upon a priest. There was no other at liberty in the whole district: it was not Monsieur Calmet's person so much as his office which seemed worth any sacrifice to these men, all of such different rank. Before they left the shelter of the trees, three of the party had knelt down quite simply and repeated an act of contrition. Now they had to wait, clinking glasses, shouting the refrain of hated songs. Suddenly Jacques caught his breath. A glimmer of light appeared in one of the broken windows opposite. Some one was lighting the candles in the sconces in the great saloon.

"There are five hundred tapers," whispered Hugnot. Jacques, his face set like a death mask, went on singing.

Presently the noise in the square began to die down. Some one had noticed the glow opposite, and inquired in some alarm if the chateau was on fire. There was a great scraping of chairs and pushing back of tables, and then the Commandant of the detachment of Blues remarked that it was

merely an illumination. This news was very favorably received, and choice jests on the subject were yelled up at the prisoner's window in the hope of adding to his anguish.

"A Christmas illumination for the celebration! Ah! the good idea! The excellent republican joke!"

They gazed up in drunken curiosity while the light grew. Now a moving taper touched the great gilt chandeliers on either side of the window, and now torches, prepared and set in readiness in the darkness, sprang into flame on either side of the balcony. For a moment the smoke from these obscured the picture; then they burned clearly, and the crowd stared open-mouthed as though at the rising of a theatre curtain. The saloon appeared brilliantly lighted, and there, in the aperture of the window, stood a figure which might have stepped out of one of the picture frames. Monsieur le Marquis de Marillac, Sieur de Guénolé, in full court dress, powdered hair, long embroidered coat, brilliant waistcoat, lace ruffles and flashing shoe-buckles. He leant gracefully on a white staff held in his left hand, while with the other he raised enamelled lorgnettes, and gazed down with what seemed a kind of benevolent curiosity. Men and women stood as though petrified with surprise, and the gay, brilliant figure moved slowly forward, laid his cane upon the parapet and began to hum a little song.

Vive, vive le Roi,
A bas la Republique!

Long live the King, down with the Republic!

The mob sprang to life, howling like maddened wolves.

"To the lamp-post! Hang him, hang him! No, fling him down!"

Marillac sang louder. He had barricaded several doors and gauged to a nicety the moments he had still to live.

"Shall we shoot?" yelled the soldiers,

cramming powder into their muskets.

"No," returned their Captain, with a laugh. "Do as they say—give him to the people!"

There was a rush for the courtyard, and Jacques and his band sprang to their posts. Two were to guard the smithy door, two to break into the loft and carry down the prisoner. But the Marquis had not yet given the signal. He looked across to the cobwebbed bars of the round bull's-eye window in the garret opposite. Then shaking back his lace ruffles he made the Sign of the Cross, stepping aside lightly as he did so to avoid the missiles flung up from below.

"Vive, vive le Roi!"

His snuff box was in his hand. The further side of the square was empty, two or three ragged soldiers rushed out of the forge and joined the mob under the balcony. Monsieur le Marquis was smiling as he raised a pinch of snuff elegantly to his nostrils. A second later, the door shivered into fragments behind him, but he did not turn.

"Monsieur Jacques, Monsieur Jacques," sobbed Hugnot, as the boat shot down midstream on the ebb tide, "they tore him to pieces. They did him to death like a rat on the cobble-stones!"

Marillac's face was grey, yet he held the tiller in a steady hand. He turned his hollow eyes towards one of the dark figures in the centre of the boat.

"But we have saved the priest," he answered.

(To be continued.)

THE heart is a wonderful worker. If we consider this organ a pump, we can say that if the whole force expended in twenty-four hours were concentrated into one huge stroke, such a power could lift one hundred and twenty-four tons one foot from the ground. The muscles involved in breathing are industrious in proportion.

The Call.

BY BERT COOKSLEY.

THE winds are calling from wharf and pier,
The North star gleams like a deep-sea mate,
And the deep-lunged chanties sound loudly near,
And the rigging noise and shifting freight

Ring in my ears, and will not be done
Till I find the road and top the ledge,
And swing like the westward dropping sun
To the swaying quays at the water's edge!

For fair are the roads my brothers trail,
Rich their rewards and indemnity—
But mine be the world of a canvas sail
And the goal that ends on the seventh sea!

The Catholic Way.

BY JOHN J. G'CONNOR.

A CATHOLIC does not live on the barren surface of life, nor does he feed upon the husks of a completely secularized culture. On the contrary, his mind and will have been moulded and fashioned, polished and tempered by the vitalizing spirituality of countless Catholic generations. He has his roots deep in the hallowed past: reverencing tradition and despising not the serried accomplishments of his forefathers; regulating his life, to the very best of his ability, in consonance with those ancient and Medieval principles which are the foundation and support of our contemporary civilization; moving and acting in an environment and atmosphere of supernatural grace that is, at the same time, the secret and the source of his boundless energy, his idealism and his present happiness. As a consequence, he is not the victim and the plaything of every passing gust of mass prejudice, fanaticism and intolerance; nor is he forever being blown about, like an autumn leaf, by all the wild and ferocious extravagances of modern thought, the irrational barbar-

ism, the cynical despair, the affirmation of paganism against Christianity, the humanitarian, materialist philosophy of our time that is even now bankrupt and without the means of replenishing itself.

The great drama of the self-exaltation and self-sufficiency of man has been in progress during the past four hundred years. It was in the nature of an adventure and an experiment to determine whether the new child of the Renaissance could reject his dependence on the supernatural, jettison divine sanctions, assert his own unbridled individualism, conquer nature, separate himself from the spiritual fountains of his life, worship Mammon, and continue his successful reign, advancing from triumph to triumph, and from millennium to millennium, in a perpetual evolution of glorious achievement without diminution and without end. This mad adventure is now concluded. The disastrous experiment has failed. In the words of Christopher Dawson: "Man is stripped of his glory and freedom and left as a naked human animal shivering in an inhuman universe." We are witnessing the end of the Renaissance.

Experience has taught us that where there is no God there is no man. The triumph of the natural man over the spiritual man in modern history, as Nicholas Berdyaev has pointed out, has led to sterility, to emptiness and loneliness, to a rift in the soul of man, to his withdrawal from the divine foundations of his life, to his own negation and destruction, the tragic dissipation of his mighty creative powers, the denial and demolition of his sacred past, to the surfeited, exhausted, doomed world of our day.

"There is good reason to believe," wrote Berdyaev, "that man's creative forces cannot be regenerated or his identity re-established except by a renewal of religious asceticism. Only such a recall to our spiritual foundations can concentrate our powers and

keep our identity from coming to dust. There is nothing else for it now that, at the climax of our later history, the powers of evil threaten again to cast us down. It is no good to yearn for a new kind of renaissance after such a spiritual drying-up and dilapidation, after such wanderings in the desert of life, after so deep a sundering of human identity. By an analogy we might say that we are approaching not a renaissance but the dark beginnings of a middle age, and that we have got to pass through a new civilized barbarism, undergo a new discipline, accept a new religious asceticism before we can see the first light of a new and unimaginable renaissance."

The world is noise, discord, tumult, inconstancy, endless change. Catholicism is silence, permanency and peace. It is an organism, complete and perfect in itself, incorruptible, immutable, eternal—the Mystical Body of Christ. It is an intense interior life that glows with the soft, sweet brilliance of a vesper candle, in the tabernacle and prison of the flesh. It is, in St. John's immortal phrase, "the dark night of the soul," the infinite weariness of Golgotha, the folly of the Cross, Christ suffering in us, dying and perpetually rising again on the third day, a restlessness, a quest and hunger for perfection. It is a way of life that the world execrates; and if we follow it, the vengeance and contumely of the world will abide with us. But it is the Catholic way; and it is the only way of regeneration and salvation. We must follow it or else we perish. We are confronted with this dilemma: either brotherhood in Christ or comradeship in Antichrist.

There is a Catholic consciousness, a Catholic sense, a Catholic soul, a Catholic unity—what Medieval people called Christendom, or the judgment of all Christian princes. After the dismal silence of four centuries, the voice of Christendom must thunder again. "Let

us pray to be delivered from the vices and vulgarities of our civilization," said Chesterton, "and all the more if we sincerely believe that it is still a civilization and may need to be defended from something that is still a savagery. It is a fine thing to be swift to forgive our enemies; but it is a finer thing not to be too eager to forgive ourselves." We have sinned grievously, and we must begin to do penance in sackcloth and ashes. All are responsible for all. Bolshevism is our scourge because we failed miserably to follow the Catholic way. Caesarism in Spain and in Mexico exists to-day because of our own personal iniquity. These evils are to-day triumphant because, as the Russian genius of Berdyaev has demonstrated, there was no real spiritual power in us, "none of the strength of faith that can move mountains."

We do not traffic in pessimism. Our modern civilization is doomed; but the Catholic spirit is not dead. We will build again. We will return to our Father's house. "Every Christian mind," declared Dawson, "is a seed of change so long as it is a living mind, not enervated by custom or ossified by prejudice. A Christian has only to be in order to change the world, for in that act of being there is contained all the mystery of supernatural life. It is the function of the Church to sow this divine seed, to produce not merely good men, but spiritual men—that is to say, supermen.

"In so far as the Church fulfils this function it transmits to the world a continuous stream of spiritual energy. If the salt itself loses its savor, then indeed the world sinks back into disorder and death, for a despiritualized Christianity is powerless to change anything; it is the most abject of failures, since it serves neither the natural nor the spiritual order. But the life of the Church never fails, since it possesses an infinite capacity for regeneration.

It is the external organ through which the Spirit enters the social process and builds up a new humanity—*Populus qui nascetur quem fecit Dominus*. The spirit breathes and they are created and the face of the earth is renewed."

Hilaire Belloc, in his brilliant essay on Thomas à Becket, Archbishop of Canterbury, has given us a splendid example of an Englishman and a saint who followed the Catholic way—even unto death. St. Thomas stood at one of the critical cross-roads of history. Henry II. of England, by the "Constitutions of Clarendon," attempted to control that part of the universal Church which lay within his frontiers. "Had he at once and wholly succeeded, the disaster," writes Belloc, "which was as a fact postponed for four hundred years, would have begun in the Twelfth instead of the Sixteenth Century and—what is much more important than a mere postponement—it would have been universal, it would have affected the whole structure of the Church, and condemned that structure to decay; it would not have been a mere division of Christendom, leaving a Catholic portion saved and sound, but a sapping of the vital principle of Christendom throughout Europe."

The Archbishop, an isolated man, resisted this threatened lay despotism. The quarrel lasted for years; and then, one winter afternoon, De Broc and four knights, acting upon the king's passionate words, murdered the great man in his cathedral. "Those few moments of tragedy in the North Transept of Canterbury," concludes Belloc, "had done what so many years of effort had so far failed to do. The whole movement against the autonomy of the Church was stopped dead. The tide ran rapidly backward—within an hour St. Thomas was a martyr; within a month the champion, not only of religion but of the common people, who obscurely but firmly knew that the independence of

the Church was their safeguard. A tale of miracles began, and within a year the name of St. Thomas of Canterbury was standing permanently above and throughout Christendom. Everywhere there were chapels and churches raised to his name, and then came the great uninterrupted pilgrimages to his shrine year after year, till it rivalled St. James of Compostella, becoming the second great centre in the West and loaded with gems and gold and endowment."

Once again, in the calamitous Sixteenth Century, God raised up the saintly Bishop of Rochester who, as David Mathew has said, "stood for the old ways and the heart of England." He was quiet, courteous, detached from the world, a scholar and an ascetic, an *Alter Christus* who died for His flock. In his day the world was already moving away from the practice of the Sacramental life; but Blessed John Fisher, in utter tranquillity and peace of mind, faithfully continued his Scripture studies, his sermons, his constant prayer, his hair shirt, his pastoral labors and vigilance—the ancient discipline, the Medieval simplicity, the already out-moded poverty of his bare, untapestried, ill-built house at Rochester. "Truly," an early biographer wrote of Fisher, "of all the bishops that we have knowne or heard of in our daies, it may best be said, that this bishop hath well lived and well and truly lurked: for who at any time hath seen him ydle walk or wander."

On the scaffold the old man declared himself in these words: "Christian people, I am come hyther to die for the fayth of Christes catholyke church." That was Fisher's way. That is the Catholic way.

AS the clouds darken the earth to cool and fructify it, so the clouds of grief cast a shadow over the heart to prepare it for nobler things.—*J. L. Allen.*

Carolina Abdicates.

BY ESTHER W. NEILL.

XXIII.—THE PLOT PROGRESSES.

THE old priest went home that night perplexed, like many a more astute man before him, by the incomprehensible ways of women. As a faithful son of the Church, dedicated to its sacred ministries, he believed in matrimony as a Sacrament, but as a tired old man, distressed by the harrowing tales he heard in the confessional, he had often wondered why women who had passed through the turmoil of domestic difficulties and known nothing but the clashing of wills and the conflict of misunderstandings, should plot and plan with such enthusiasm to encourage other people to forsake the calm independence of their single state for a life of such apprehension and soul-searing anxieties.

As he unlatched his own front door and entered his little library, he determined to smoke one pipe to compose his confused thoughts, read his Breviary, go to bed and forget all about Carolina's amazing proposal. The tiny room, with its scant shelves of books, its bronze crucifix, and its pale medalion of the Madonna hung above the mantel, was a place of reposeful peace, and he was a trifle disappointed when he found that his sanctum had been invaded. Marie Antoinette was sitting before the fire reading a magazine and eating chocolates from a gaily decorated box that was balanced precariously on the arm of her chair.

"How late you are," she said with a teasing assumption of sternness. "Nearly nine o'clock, Uncle François. Come sit down by the fire and get warm. Let me take your coat. Here's your little footstool. I really was getting worried about you. You must have had a pleasant evening to stay so long. What did you have for dinner?"

"I believe—I believe I have forgotten," he said abstractedly.

"Forgotten so soon? Now, isn't that discouraging. I was just studying out a new receipt in this magazine; a gumbo file, and what is the use of making it to-morrow, if you forget what you eat so soon?"

"Why—why I am sure that I would enjoy it," he said, but his manner was distracted and his tone lacked that grateful appreciation he always showed her when she tried to plan new dishes to tempt his failing appetite. As he sat down in his sagging arm-chair on the opposite side of the hearth, and reached for his tobacco jar he made several ineffectual attempts to light his pipe, for, when the match flared into flame, in the dim twilight of the room, he found himself appraising his niece from a new view-point. He had never carefully considered her appearance as an asset before. Her features were clear cut, her eyes were full of dancing light, and her heavy hair was arranged in braids and circled her head like a nimbus, while some short curls, too short to be braided with the rest, formed a becoming little bang concealing the height of her forehead.

The Curé was vaguely aware that this style of hair-dressing was unusual since it differed from the bobbed coiffures of the village girls, but there was a madonna-like simplicity about it that appealed to him. He also noted that her complexion was ruddy and free from all freckles, and he dimly remembered that his sisters had used pitchers of buttermilk to rid themselves of these obnoxious blemishes, while he, as a boy with an unappeased thirst for buttermilk, had openly objected to their choice of face washes, declaring it to be a sinful waste of needful nourishment. What extraordinary resources had Marie Antoinette discovered to metamorphose her into a beauty almost overnight?

It seemed only yesterday that she had

come to him a sickly, undernourished child grateful for a kindly shelter and for freedom to roam through the mountains, a pitiful little figure almost as undistinguishable in her shabby clothes as a ragged chipmunk scurrying through the woods seeking no one's notice. And then suddenly, without warning, she had reached a marriageable age, and Carolina, banking on her beauty, was conspiring to marry her off without delay. Monsieur l'Abbé lighted another match, and as Marie rose to put a log upon the fire, his watchful eyes noted that her figure was slender and full of grace and he found himself wondering if Eduard would approve of her. Eduard approve! Why should he want Eduard to approve? Was he too falling into the silly sentimental attitude of old dowagers who arranged marriages and then lived to regret their vicarious romanticism?

Marie Antoinette was a modern young woman, clever and capable enough to make her own way in the world. She could not be married against her own will like some savage princess traded for ponies, blankets, or bead work. Eduard was thousands of miles away intent on salvaging the wounded and helping them to normal life again. He was engaged in a noble, self-sacrificing profession. Why should he be recalled from such a useful avocation to marry Marie? Carolina was dreaming senile dreams to visualize such an impossible plan.

Then Marie Antoinette, holding out her box of chocolates said, "Take some, Uncle François. I know you will like them. Mr. Eduard sent them."

"Eduard sent them?" he burst out, and Marie was startled by his tone. "How in heaven's name could Eduard send them?"

"In a boat," her laughter was contagious. "They couldn't very well come by cable, because it's chocolate in a German box."

"Why—why I did not know he sent you things," he said feeling strangely stirred at this rapid unrolling of the plot. "When did he begin sending you things?"

"Why, always, Uncle François. You haven't forgotten the eggs and the stockings. When I was at school in Canada he sent me perfume, gloves, and a feathered fan from Paris that I never had the chance to use. He has sent me lots of picture postcards and I have kept them all."

"And—and did you write to him?" He tried to ask the question carelessly. "I thought, perhaps, the nuns did not know how old he was, and that they did not let you write." He congratulated himself upon this allusion to Eduard's age. He felt that he was catechising her with real diplomacy and craft.

"Not write to Mr. Eduard!" she exclaimed. "Why, Uncle François, the nuns are not silly."

For a moment the expression quite took his breath away. "Why, of course not. Why, my dear child, I never said they were. They are very sensible indeed. I often wonder why more girls do not go into convents. It is a tranquil life, so free from problems."

"It would be too monotonous for me," she said gaily. "One day is too much like yesterday and to-morrow. I love life, Uncle François. Come taste my chocolate. I feel so selfish eating it all alone."

He accepted one piece and bit into it cautiously. He was always afraid that his false teeth, which had been made by a local dentist, might crack or fall out if he taxed them too far.

"Does Eduard ever say anything about coming home?" he asked feeling in some inexplicable way that Carolina was being left sprawling in a ditch.

"Why, yes," she replied joyfully, "I meant to tell you as soon as you came in. I had a letter to-day. He is coming next month. He is making all his

arrangements so he can come home for Christmas."

"Christmas! Next month! Bless my soul! I forgot Christmas was coming so soon. And Eduard is coming home? Why, his grandmother doesn't know that. She doesn't know a thing."

"I thought of telephoning," she said, as if Carolina's lack of knowledge was not so important after all, and she busied herself adding more kindling to the smouldering logs. "The letter only came this afternoon. Perhaps she had one in the same mail."

"No, no she did not. I was there. I am quite sure she did not get a letter;" and for some incomprehensible reason he was vaguely pleased that Marie should be the lone recipient of these pregnant tidings. "I think you should telephone at once—Eduard coming next month! Why—why, I never dreamed of such a thing!"

Marie looked at him wonderingly. She did not understand why he should seem so flustered by the news. "Tony is coming with him," she added.

"Tony?"

"Why, yes. You haven't forgotten the little boy who went to school in Switzerland? Mr. Eduard's godson you know?"

"Well, yes, I had forgotten Tony for the moment." His pipe was lighted now. He leaned back in his chair determined to display no further sign of excitement. "The boy has been away so long and my memory is not so good as it used to be, but I remember him quite distinctly now—a handsome child. Eduard has been educating him. I hope he took advantage of his opportunities. What does Eduard say about the boy?"

"Would you like to hear Mr. Eduard's letter?" she asked with her old childlike confidence. "It is not very long. Perhaps you would like to hear what he says about Tony."

"Why, yes," he said, trying to conceal his eagerness to know how far this

affair had progressed without Carolina's contriving. "It was kind of Eduard to write," and he puffed more contentedly at his pipe.

Marie was searching among the disordered magazines and papers on the center table to find her letter, and as the gentle old Curé watched her he tried to experiment with some of his latent powers of deduction. Her carelessness in mislaying a message which announced the coming of a potential husband, proved her indifference to men's society. Carolina's plans would all go awry. Marie Antoinette was too level-headed, too practical, to spend her time in sentimental dreaming. She was not like those girls of ancient France, those biddable docile maidens arriving in New Orleans, defended from any uncomfortable complex of penury by the possessions of trunks filled with laces and linens, but ready to be married off resignedly to the first desirable *parti* who applied for a respectable wife.

Time had indeed altered the dependent position of women. All sorts of business careers lay open before them, but the old Curé, abandoning modernity for the moment, could not help thinking that Marie should take more care of important letters. She really seemed a little too oblivious to her own best interests. Might not this attitude of indifference to marriage be carried too far? Would it not be well for him to drop a hint by suggesting that she should value more highly the letters of a busy man who was rapidly becoming famous in his profession? Or perhaps he could refer to the educational advantages that might accrue from a foreign correspondence. But, while he was floundering around in his own mind for words to aid him in his unaccustomed cunning, Marie triumphantly fished the letter out of the waste paper basket.

"Now, how did it ever get in there?" she asked wonderingly. "I surely did not throw it away. It must have fallen

from the table when I unwrapped my chocolates. Shall I read you all of it or only the paragraph about Tony?"

"Why, why, I am sure I would be interested in all of it," he said, striving to infuse a calm indifference into his words. "I have always been interested in Eduard's work. I hear that he is doing great work—"

"This does not mention his work," she said. "I don't believe he knows I've grown up, for he always writes such nonsense to me. Now listen to this. It begins—

"YOUR WORSHIPFUL HIGHNESS:—
With your gracious permission, Tony and I will embark upon a stout and seaworthy ship and sail the stormy waves to greet you at Christmas or thereabouts. Haul out the fatted calf and prepare the chopping block for turkeys, for we are hungry for home cooking and your gumbos in particular. I have an awful fear in my heart that we shall not know each other. Won't you put on a short dress, cut a few holes in your stockings, and hang your hair down your back in braids—tie it with string, if you can find the string,—and paint a few freckles on your face so I'll know that you are you. As for Tony you'll never guess him. Looks like an Italian opera singer—the kind that women rave over—hair curly and a little too long. I'll put him in the hands of the ship's barber, if he gets seasick enough for me to carry him there without protest. His big eyes look positively moony—if you know what that means—I don't. He's not very tall, figure slight and his voice seems powerful enough to sweep him away. I suppose he ought to have it trained for grand opera. Ye Gods! It's some job to be a father to a grown-up. Why couldn't he stay in short pants? You may fall head over heels in love with him as soon as you see him."

"What's that?"—Monsieur l'Abbé interrupted. "What nonsense is that?"

Marie Antoinette laughed aloud. "I told you that Mr. Eduard always talked nonsense. I can't believe that Tony has grown up."

"Of course not," the old priest was more bewildered than ever. He felt that events were moving with the swiftness of a cinema reel, and they were moving without Carolina's infallible knowledge or authoritative direction. *Two men*—Eduard and Tony—both coming at Christmas to marry Marie.

Monsieur l'Abbé was not altogether transcendental. He did not pause to analyze his own feelings, but somewhere in his subconscious mind, he was dimly aware of a faint stirring of satisfaction. Marie Antoinette, his niece, knew more about Eduard's movements and intentions than Carolina with all her counterplots and plans. If Marie, in the austerity of a Canadian convent, had clung to her affection for Eduard—The old priest, sinking deep in his cushioned chair, fell to musing, his religious mind seeking symbols to interpret his present perplexity. If love was a God-given grace, like a spark of fire enkindling spices in a golden censer, imparting fragrance to the world, then Marie, the child of his affection, had the right to claim it as her own.

And then another thought came into his mind startling him with its stark and worldly practicality. If Eduard inherited Carolina's millions and married Marie, she would be forever defended from the exhausting labor of establishing tea rooms and preparing endless gumbos for importunate tourists. A marriage with a man of such wealth and distinction seemed to promise safety, security and a life of maternal usefulness and generous beneficence for his dear Marie.

(To be continued.)

The Homes of Two Little Saints.

BY BLANCHE JENNINGS THOMPSON.

WE Americans are not used to saints. We have many things of which Europe cannot boast, but if we wish to walk in the very footsteps of God's saints, we must cross the ocean. France and Italy seem especially blessed in the number of saints they have cradled, and in France may be seen the homes of two who seem to belong especially to children, little St. Thérèse and the little Bernadette of Lourdes who will be canonized this year as a part of the Holy Year ceremonies.

Lisieux is the small French town that claims the honor of being the home of the little modern saint, Thérèse Martin, a saint so nearly of our own times that a sister of hers is still alive in that very town, a nun in the Carmelite Convent, the spiritual home of the Little Flower.

The path up to the house is steep and narrow and hardly prepares one for the attractive and substantial square brick house set in the midst of spacious gardens. The visitor soon begins to realize that the Little Flower grew up in an atmosphere of comfort and culture, cherished by a loving family. Even before entering the house one sees in the midst of a large formal garden plot a semicircular garden seat in the center of which is a life-size statue of Thérèse and her father, showing them at the moment that the child was pleading so earnestly with him to let her enter the Carmel of Lisieux, whither her elder sisters had already gone.

The first room one enters is a hall or vestibule containing the large fireplace where the little girl used to hang her stockings on Christmas Eve. Here, too, hang two charming portraits, one taken at the age of four with her mother and one at the age of fifteen with her father. The long, beautiful, golden hair, which may still be seen among the

SORROW is only one of the lower notes in the oratorio of our blessedness.

—A. J. Gordon.

relics on view at the Carmel, is noticeable in both pictures. Beauty was characteristic of the whole family, all of whom show level brows, clear, steadfast eyes, and firm, sweet mouths. The father appears as an elderly, bearded gentleman of great dignity and sweetness; and we know that the outward beauty of this blessed family was matched by inward holiness.

Standing in the dining-room where the original furniture is placed just as it was in the childhood of Thérèse, the visitor tries to imagine the family about that table, exchanging little family jokes, enjoying their feast-day meals and cheerfully fasting on the days prescribed by the Church—a room that must be full of happy memories.

Upstairs is an alcoved bedroom now an oratory containing a little altar. It was the room occupied by little Thérèse during a long and painful illness. At one side is a copy of the statue of the Blessed Mother that smiled at the little girl and blessed her and helped her to get well.

In a great glass case in another room are many souvenirs of the Little Flower: her bed, her little chair, a velvet prie-dieu where she said her prayers. Her little work desk, where she did her lessons, is so modern that one adjusts one's mind with the greatest difficulty to the fact that a real saint actually sat there and studied those maps, carried that little school bag, and with those pens wrote out her daily exercises.

Most touching of all are the toys—such toys as any little girl to-day would love to play with. Père Noël must have left many a gift beside that fireplace on Christmas Eve. There are several dolls, a doll bed with a canopy, a jumping-rope, a toy stove, complete with pots and kettles, a sailboat for the seashore, a checkerboard, a number of lovely picture books, and a bird-cage whence the bird has long since flown. If the little girl who played so happily

with all these pretty toys became a holy saint, then surely all of us can try a little harder to bear our trials patiently as did that Little Flower who now perhaps may play in heaven with the Infant Jesus whom she loved so well.

A most complete and startling contrast is the home of little Bernadette of Lourdes, the humble shepherdess to whom Our Lady chose to reveal her wishes for a shrine and place of pilgrimage at the Grotto of Massabielle. Poor, dark, and dismal is the place where this child lived. An evil-smelling sewer flows sluggishly past the house, and the wheel of the mill where her father worked is still. Never would her parents accept any help even after Bernadette had been received into the convent of the Sisters of Nevers, but the father was finally prevailed upon to accept this old mill where he earned a precarious livelihood for his little family thereafter.

On the walls of the small dark rooms hang pictures of Bernadette and her family. They are such pictures as one might find in one's grandmother's album—pictures about the Civil War period or just before, for Bernadette was born in 1844. Her real name, by the way, was Marie-Bernarde and Bernadette was a kind of pet-name, as we should say, although the poor child probably received very little of such care and affection as were given to little Thérèse Martin.

The picture of Bernadette shows no lovely golden curls, no blue sash, or embroidered dress like those of the Little Flower. Her face is dark and sorrowful, her hair dark too, and smoothly parted, her dress a heavy woollen garment. We know that she suffered much from asthma all her life, and in the museum at Lourdes one may see her little snuff box, snuff at that time being used as a remedy for such difficulties.

In the house at Lourdes one sees the

child's little rosary, the bed on which she must often have lain awake because her breathing was so difficult, and a little shrine she had made for herself to look something like the place in the Grotto where the Blessed Mother appeared to her.

There is no beautiful, carved furniture in this house, no spacious lawn outside, only ugly, uncomfortable-looking beds, battered cooking utensils, and narrow, crooked stairs. God could have found no humbler spot to work His miracles.

Go from this dingy old hovel up to the Grotto now; see the three tremendous churches rising one above the other. See the basilica lighted with a myriad of lights; see the hundreds of thousands of pilgrims lighting their torches high in praise to Immaculate Mary. Think of the thousands of suffering sick who come here yearly to bathe in the miraculous water that Mary showed Bernadette, and remember that, although she died in poverty and obscurity in spite of the wonderful deed she had done, Mary did not promise her happiness upon earth, but in heaven—and this is the year of her triumph.

Having seen the homes of these two young servants of Mary, one must well believe that when Little Bernadette Soubirous this year receives her shining crown of sainthood from the hands of Our Lady of Lourdes, little St. Thérèse, so lately come into the heavenly courts herself, will be one of the first to bid her welcome.

Judgment.

BY ELEANOR ALLETTA CHAFFEE.

TOGETHER they fall, His justice and His love:

The bladed sword, that in man's heart lays low
Harvest of evil, and yet spares the frail
And golden fruits of love, that gently grow.

Brother Mutien.*

BY M. R. HOSTE.

ON the 30th of January, 1917, there died in Belgium, at Malonne, in the diocese of Namur, a Brother of the Christian Schools at the age of seventy-five. His long life had been entirely uneventful, but since his death miracles have been multiplied.

Louis Wiaux, the son of a blacksmith in good circumstances, entered the novitiate of the Brothers of the Christian Schools at Namur, at the age of fifteen. He was placed under the patronage of St. Mutien, a martyr of Cappadocia, little known in the western world. He taught at Chimay for a year, then, after a year at Brussels, the remainder of his long life—fifty-eight years—was spent at Malonne, which had originally been an Augustinian Abbey. It was transformed into a normal school in 1841 by the Bishop of Namur, and entrusted to the Brothers of St. John Baptist de la Salle.

The Institute of St. Berthuin was destined to become one of the most important educational establishments in Belgium. In 1914 it numbered eighty Brothers, twenty-five lay teachers, and 1172 boys. Order, work, and piety were the distinctive marks of the pupils of Malonne. The "Old Boys" were reckoned by thousands: traders, manufacturers, engineers, business men, farmers, etc.; and St. Berthuin gained the reputation throughout the country of being one of the strongholds of Christian education.

When Brother Mutien arrived there in 1859, the splendors of the modern college had hardly yet begun to dawn. He was not twenty years old, and being of a shy and timid disposition he found himself quite unable to gain the attention of the class entrusted to him. His efforts resulted in a miserable failure. A

* Translated from *La Croix*.

teaching Brother must be able to keep order in his class: Brother Mutien created disorder; his superiors doubted as to whether he could be allowed to take his vows. Nevertheless, the new Brother was a model of punctuality, piety, industry, and obedience, and his one desire was to die in the habit of St. John Baptist de la Salle. Quite possibly his failure to control those naughty, sniggering little boys arose from his own excessive humility, and a too keen sense of his own inefficiency.

But, Brother Maxentius, who was destined to expire two days after Brother Mutien, at the age of eighty-nine, had pity on his youthful colleague. "Let me have Brother Mutien," he exclaimed, "I can use him for supervision. He can be trained, and who knows that he may not turn out an excellent teacher later on."

Brother Maxentius as an architect was entrusted with the erection of the greater part of the new buildings at St. Berthuin, beside a number of churches and Catholic schools in Hainault and the province of Namur; at the same time he was responsible for the music and drawing throughout the school. This gave Brother Mutien his chance to make good, and he rose to the occasion. Thanks to Brother Maxentius he now entered upon an unforeseen career. The house of Malonne kept an excellent Brother, and Providence had the shaping of a saint.

Brother Mutien began his apostolate as a teacher of art and music in the year 1860. He continued it until the German invasion in 1914. He undertook the work from motives of obedience rather than from any special attraction to it. Landscapes, figure drawing, symphony, harmony, all fell to his share, and his time was divided between the studio and the music room. He taught the beginners to play the piano. He initiated others into the mysteries of the harmonium. He played the flute and one

or more other instruments, was a member of the orchestra, never refused a service that was asked of him, never gave any quarter to self-love or vanity. His work brought him the maximum of trouble and the minimum of glory. He drank deep of self-sacrifice and self-denial.

He observed the rule in all its details. He was never harsh or repellent, and he never forgot that charity takes precedence of all the other virtues. He was too kindly and even-tempered to indulge in sweeping condemnation, which, as a matter of fact, is usually unfair. He made excuses because he understood. He was as wide-minded as he was large-hearted. He did not forget how to laugh, and he could make others laugh, too. Alike in the community and among the boys he was an active source of peace and joy.

As his days went on, Brother Mutien found many joys in God and in the practice of the rule. Joy was, in fact, one of his special characteristics. He knew all the secrets of holy joy, that joy which is both sweet and profound, and cannot be altogether hid. He did not squander it in noisy mirth, but he sought it in God Himself, upon the untroubled heights of the soul.

In the midst of the direst distress nothing could shake his calm. As soon as he had a moment to himself he would go to the chapel. There from the depth of his consciousness of weakness and sinfulness he would implore the help of his Almighty Father. He would spend long hours in prayer before the Blessed Sacrament, or would pass between his fingers the beads of a rosary which seemed never to finish. The boys called Brother Mutien "the Brother who is always saying his prayers."

The servant of God confessed his secret: "Mary has given me this grace; she accompanies me everywhere. I speak to her with absolute surrender and confidence."

The story of Brother Mutien's last days is very touching. When he was practically dying, he was determined to keep the observances to the end, recite the litanies with outstretched arms, remain faithful to his daily duties, invoke the Holy Virgin his mother, give no trouble to those who were waiting on him. Never perhaps in the course of his long life had he deviated from his duty; his eyes were ever fixed upon the divine will. But a fidelity like that, lasting during a period of nearly sixty years, is really heroism, heroic sanctity. Brother Mutien's companions, and the nameless crowds who come to his tomb, make no mistake.

The pilgrims began to flock to the cemetery of St. Berthuin even before the war was over, entirely of their own accord. Ever since May, 1926, they have turned their steps to the little enclosure adjoining the Abbey church, whither the remains of the servant of God were brought with due ceremony by Monsignor Heylen. The miraculous cures and temporal graces accorded are so numerous that twice a month they fill the *Echos of Malonne*, and twenty-six little pamphlets consisting of thirty-two pages each. An ecclesiastical tribunal set up by Monsignor Heylen on Dec. 19, 1923, has collected information with regard to the reputation, the virtues and sanctity of Brother Mutien, and forwarded to Rome the report of its labors on October 5, 1926.

Brother Mutien replies to the prayers which rise to him from all quarters by a display of unbounded compassion. Yet during the sixty years of his religious life he remained unknown to the world; now he is venerated and invoked everywhere.

Once again Our Lady's words are proved true: "He hath exalted the humble."



PATIENCE is the key of content.

—Mahomet.

Hero without Halo.

BY P. J. C.

MR. W. E. WOODWARD introduces us to the victor of Vicksburg and Appomattox in his book, "Meet General Grant." Well, the General does not come out of Mr. Woodward's mint pure gold.

As a youth, the future saviour of the armies of the Union was without distinction. Shy, aimless, the butt of village jokes; village wits twisting his classic name Ulysses into "Useless." Grant seems to have drifted into man's estate; was neither student nor mixer; liked horses, and could ride the winds upon the back of one.

He met young Bill Sherman at West Point; Bill Sherman, who will be heard from later; will be praised and hated. Marching through Georgia—Atlanta—the Sea. The U. S. Grant on the bulletin board causes young Bill to speculate. "U. S.? What's that?" "United States," guesses one cadet. "No," another ventures, "U. S.—that's Uncle Sam." And so he was "Sam Grant" thereafter.

Not much distinction at the Academy. The first was to be last—or almost. At his graduation he stood 166th in conduct in a total of 223 cadets. Grant, says Dr. Henry Cappee (at West Point then) "exhibited but little enthusiasm for anything." Yes, he did—for horses.

August 22, 1848, Grant, girl shy, horse loving, married Miss Julia Dent. It was a dancing, fiddling, laughing wedding; and the future great man resolved to turn over the new leaf in the detail of his solitary drinking. He did—but the leaf blew back. The pledge he took he broke later, and seems never to have retaken it.

The Civil War. Grant at Cairo, the Sleepy Hollow, "where two mighty rivers meet," as a Cairo poet sings. Paducah; the somewhat irascible, domineering John A. Rawkins at the Gen-

eral's elbow always; Fort Henry, Fort Donaldson; the rebuff at Shiloh; Vicksburg. And then renown.

Grown famous, Grant fought it out with Lee in the wilderness. There was no carefully pondered strategy; Grant was not a strategist. Two parallel lines facing each other, one line pushing to Richmond, the other guarding Richmond as a team guards a goal line. Men, provisions, Grant driving ahead, driving ahead, irrespective of losses that climbed to long totals. These won eventually. Whether strategy might have won sooner at lesser costs is useless speculation. It might. It might not—for Lee was a strategist, too. Grant ended a war of which the North had long since grown weary. The Southerners took home their war horses to do winter plowing; Grant and his men in blue were cheered and cheered.

It were better for Grant's fame had he never been President of the United States. His failures as president called attention to his shortcomings as warrior. He did not plan carefully; trusted too much to the dash of the moment; and perhaps to his never-failing luck. He was a doer rather than a planner. Numbers carried him.

A recent English writer ranks President Grant shortly above President Harding. His administration experienced scandals that shocked the United States of the time. We are grown so accustomed to scandals since then, one may well wonder if the scandals of Grant's administration would shock the public conscience of to-day? Anyhow, we gather the saviour of the Union was a mediocre President; without insight, policy, resource or watchfulness. Because he was a successful soldier he was chosen President. Had he never been the soldier he would never have been the president. His record as President almost cost him his military renown. We speak of him usually as General, not as President, Grant.

Notes and Remarks.

Miss Ann Sarachon Hooley, newly elected President of the National Council of Catholic Women, said before the Kansas City Diocesan Council: "Catholic Action cannot attain, even in the slightest degree, the purpose for which it was intended unless you and I and Mrs. Smith and Mary Jones and the most humble member of a rural altar society understand and practise it." Just so. Hence we again remind Mrs. Smith and Mary Jones, who stand as symbols for all Catholic women, what we said recently about the talking pictures that are doing their big bit to force a loose morality and a cynical philosophy on the nation. Catholic women can fight indecent pictures and all pictures that show false points of view about life and human conduct. They can stay home, and induce neighbors to stay home. Catholic women can, if they will, sweep the dirt out of moving picture houses. And perhaps they will confer courage and conscience on Catholic men—especially Catholic young men—to keep away from the box office that hands them out a ticket which more or less tabulates them as sex perverts.

Alfred M. Battey is the new President of the Catholic Layman's Association of Georgia, succeeding Captain P. H. Rice, President for fourteen years. Mr. Battey is a Georgian, member of a pioneer Georgia family; is the brother of Captain Louis le Garde Battey, who died in battle in France during the World War. The Augusta post of the American Legion is named after Captain Le Garde. Seeing his picture here at this moment, we would say Mr. Battey is forty—or a few years less. He seems a quietly determined man. Quietly determined men have done much for the Catholic cause in Georgia. We have in mind Mr. Jack Spalding on whom the

University of Notre Dame bestowed her Laetare Medal; and Mr. Rice, the active predecessor of Mr. Battey. "Alone in Georgia" might serve as the watch-cry of this self-helping Catholic Layman's Association. Catholic men are not numerous in Georgia. They are well organized, however; and not noisy or offensive. In other large city centers Catholic men are much more numerous, and much more divided. Sometimes they more than illustrate our political slogan that Catholics do not vote for Catholics just because they are Catholics. Often indeed they emulate the K. K. K., and vote against Catholics because they are Catholics.

In these days when the Sacrament of Matrimony is so lightly considered by many people in this country that it is not an unusual thing to find people marrying on a bet, or when they are so intoxicated that they scarcely know what they are doing, it is refreshing to read of couples who understand the grave responsibility of the married life, and who prepare for it with fitting dignity and ceremony. Recently in Rome, we are told in a late press report, eight hundred twenty brides and bridegrooms, after being married in their parish churches, went in procession to the church of St. Mary of the Angels, where Archbishop Palica, Vicegerent of Rome, celebrated a Nuptial Mass for them. "But this grand profession of perpetual vows," says the London *Universe*, "was not confined to the Eternal City. Altogether, two thousand six hundred couples took part in the new Fascist Festival of Marriage in various parts of Italy. After the Nuptial Mass the procession formed again and marched to the headquarters of the Dopolavoro Association. Here they received wedding presents from Signor Mussolini—envelopes containing either 500 lire or 1000 lire, according to their circumstances. In the evening the Roman

couples were received in audience by the Holy Father who addressed them on the sanctity of marriage and the blessings of fruitfulness, and gave to each a rosary as a gift." As long as a country looks upon marriage as a sacred state that was instituted by Christ for the propagation of the human race there is little danger of its decay. But once the family, which is the unit of the State, is undermined, there is little hope for the safety of the country.

The editor of the *New Republic*, if we may judge by a recent article in his magazine on the Chicago World's Fair, was not pleased with the "Century of Treadmill," as he terms the Chicago Exposition, nor with the middle-Western people whom he met there. His main objection to the visitors at the Fair was that they failed to know that our country was going through a revolution, nor did they seem conscious of the misery in their own section of the country. These farmers, sun-browned, silent, bashful men, he says, gazed with a professional eye at farm machinery, not knowing it for the devil that is ruining them by overproduction. They were not the least woebegone. They had deserted the radio and come joyously in the family flivver. The poor dolts unblushingly ate popcorn from boxes on which a chemical analysis is printed. The place where they most loved to congregate was the big room where automobiles are put together under their very eyes (as it would be, too, for any Bolshevik from Russia). All these wretched victims of the treadmill want is more automobiles, with better gadgets, and louder loud-speakers blaring all over the place and an even more pervasive smell of hot grease, popcorn and doughnuts. But what could you expect, says the Editor, from the inhabitants of the territory of short, friendly, round-headed people who serve the salad at the beginning of the meal and drink

their coffee from gigantic cups one-third full of cream? We don't know exactly what the Editor would have these people do about his so-called revolution. Would it be a help to the country if they were to bury what money they have and stay at home and moan over the present conditions? To us there is something heroic in the faith of these people who are putting their money in circulation, and trusting that whatever little help they give to others will come back to them in time. It is no particular advantage to anyone for people to become excited, at this time, because things are not normal. To act normal as far as possible will do more to bring about good times than anything else.

◆

B. Gordon Byron is an advertising man out of a job. To support his family he has been compelled to accept a clerkship, the returns of which hardly suffice to supply food and clothing for his wife and children. Yet strangely enough he finds himself richer by far than he ever was in the heyday of his prosperity, particularly in those things which make for lasting contentment. In his gratitude over this improved state of affairs he tells the secret of his newly found happiness in a recent issue of the *Survey Graphic* under the title "One Family Meets the Depression." Mr. and Mrs. Byron and the children, it seems, have learned to walk as well as to talk. They have discovered the public library and have even begun to see possibilities in their hitherto neglected family garden. But of all the blessings which have followed on the heels of adversity, the delighted author places at the top of the list "an entirely new appreciation of things spiritual." In the lines below he tells of the consolation which he, a non-Catholic, receives from attendance at the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. Mr. Byron is an intelligent man. He must know that the consolation he feels could not be the result of merely ob-

serving a ceremonial. Any Catholic will tell him that there is a Presence there which has touched other hearts in the past and will open his own eyes if he will only pray for the light after which he yearns. It is generally understood that advertising men are inherently curious. Let us hope that Mr. Byron is true to his tribe; for if he is, he will eventually land in the Church. Here is his comment:

Until the depression I had not entered a church since my marriage twelve years ago. While I was brought up a strict Methodist I find comfort to-day in the Sacrifice of the Mass of the Catholic Church, of which I am *not* a member. There is a wonderful stability, a sense of permanence about the Catholic Church which contrasts dramatically with the ever-shifting crazy world around us. It offers a quiet haven to those of us who are weary of the storm. After church on Sunday, the winning of material success, or the present lack of it, seems entirely unimportant to one who has been an humble witness of the Supreme Sacrifice.

◆

The war has been over for a long time, but many of the debts occasioned by that terrific struggle are still in the process of being paid. One such belated debt was paid recently at least in part when a heroic Catholic Chaplain, Père Umbricht, was decorated at Strasbourg with the insignia of a Grand Officer of the Legion of Honor. This distinction, according to the London *Universe*, has never before been conferred upon an Army Chaplain, having been strictly reserved for Ambassadors and persons generally of the most exalted rank. Here is just a short résumé of Père Umbricht's war record as narrated by our English contemporary:

He had won the Legion of Honor early in 1915, was promoted in it in 1917 and by the end of the war he was a Commander. He was mentioned twelve times in the dispatches, of either his Division or the Army, but these were only a few of countless occasions which made him so devotedly loved.

When war broke out in 1914, he was classed as unfit for active service, but he contrived to

volunteer as an army chaplain, and he was in almost every famous campaign from the Marne to the last battles of the war. Early in the war a shell explosion made him deaf, and he always said that enabled him to ignore shell-bursts which frightened other people. He was wounded, and had his forearm amputated; but as it was his left arm, he returned at once. For a man who was classed as unfit, his heroism and endurance were amazing. Time after time he would return under fierce bombardments carrying in a wounded man over his shoulder.

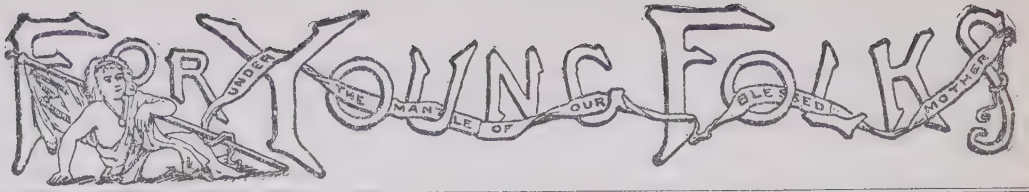
One episode was specially memorable. In "No Man's Land" after an attack he found twelve wounded French soldiers and one German, and he at once started to carry them in. Finding an old wheelbarrow, he wheeled one man while carrying a second on his back. The German begged to be brought too, but doubted whether the chaplain would return. So Père Umbricht took off his soutane as a pledge that he would come back, and returned for the last time to bring in his soutane and the wounded German.

Dr. James A. Nugent, President of the New Jersey Rotary Club and superintendent of city schools, withdrew from a luncheon of the Rotary at which he was to preside. Margaret Sanger was the reason. Rotarians who call one another by their first names—Bill, Dick, Gus—were asked to hear Mrs. Sanger. Her *pièce de résistance* is Birth Control—as you know. Dr. Nugent did not like the dish, and asked to be excused. It is reported by the newspapers that the chairman of the international relations committee invited Mrs. Sanger, but kept the news secret until time for the meeting. Dr. Nugent refused to introduce the speaker, saying he could not accept her birth control views; nor would he remain at table. Other members of the club left also, it is alleged. Dr. Nugent told reporters he was opposed to Mrs. Sanger's ideas not only on religious, but on educational grounds. "If practices advocated by birth control believers were to be permitted we would soon have no morality at all in our schools," he said. In the main the Rotary Club has kept clear of troubled waters.

Birth control is not only troubled, it is a whirlpool, and not clean ethically. The Rotarians cannot afford to invite those whose preachments would decimate the race we call Americans to address them after food. They may find too many Dr. Nugents who will pick up their hats and go home.

Certain metropolitan newspapers, certain politicians, seem to have as a major purpose discrediting the President's extensive plans to get the nation on its financial feet. At the moment it is not prudent to be captious, ironical, unsympathetic. No doubt some of the recovery specifications are faulty. The President himself has said he does not hope that every rivet in the machinery of recovery is perfect, and his agents are righting defects as expeditiously as they can. Newspapers and politicians were patriotic in support of President Wilson during a European war which cost us much and gave us nothing. President Roosevelt is warring against unemployment, poverty, shaken confidence. He is getting the nation up the ladder rung by rung. People in business say he is. It is not patriotic or wise to shake a ladder, shaky already, on the man who is climbing it with the troubles of a nation on his back.

You speak English, but not all of it. After a labor of fifty years the great Oxford dictionary is completed. It makes a total of 12 volumes, 24,000,000 words, 500,000 definitions, almost 2,000,000 illustrative quotations, 15,488 pages and 178 miles of type. So hereafter when you are asked if you speak English answer to this effect: "Yes, I speak a vest-pocket-size book of it, use 567 words; know the meanings of most of the words in common use like *baby, powder, house, picture, dollar, cat out, boy-friend, depression, billions and unemployment*. And I can walk about five of its 178 miles."



Their Friend.

BY T. CLARE.

"A STORY you're wanting, well what shall it be?"

The children are crowding round grandfather's knee.

"The tale I'm relating's not yet at an end. Come hark while I tell you about my Good Friend.

"Sure, I had mates in plenty the while I was young,
With some cash in my hand and a song on my tongue;

And the Friend of my childhood I often forgot,
I was so taken up with a gay merry lot.

"But when money was spent and my youth at an end,

The ones who stuck by me were friends of my Friend.

He gave me His riches when I was in need—
And I often scarce noticed or thanked Him, indeed!

"And now that I'm wishful to thank Him I'm old,

And maybe I'll soon be laid under the mould.
So, childer, will you all be true to my Friend,
And go love Him for me when my life's at an end?"

Says Moira, "I'll give Him my own little hen;"

Says Paddy, "And sure, I will work for Him, then."

Says Danny, "I'll give Him my cup of blue delf,"

And Biddy says, "Maybe I'll give Him myself."

"And where must we seek Him? And where does He dwell?"

"I think Biddy has guessed, I leave Biddy to tell.

See the small little Chapel below at the bend?
Sure, that is the home of dear grandfather's Friend.

"He never will fail us; He never will leave us.
He'll never forget us, He'll never deceive us!
And all our lives long will be short just to spend

In trying to thank Him, sweet Jesus, our Friend."

Valencia.

BY MAY EVELYN SKILES.

PEPETA blinked to keep back the tears from her blue eyes, as she stared fascinated through the shop window. Inside, tinsel stars glittered enticingly, and white-winged cherubs caught her attention. The shopkeeper came to the open door, his face smiling above his blue cotton blouse.

"What is it that you lack, little girl? Is it that you would like to purchase something?" Pepeta shook her head vigorously, until the flaxen braids bobbed.

The dark-eyed man cleared his throat. "Ah, is it that you need something more to complete your *nacimiento* (manger)?"

Pepeta gulped back a sob. Her representation of the *Nativity* was not complete. Why, it was true, that she had bought from this same man a beautiful star that shone. Also, only the day before, she had secured three little figures, the Magi, the three wise kings who had told long ago of the coming of the Christ. Yes, Pepeta had bought a figure of the Arabian king, Melchior, and one of Balthasar from Saba, and of Caspar, the king from Tharis.

Christmas was not far away. For many months Pepeta had saved her coppers. Now there were no more coppers with which to buy the cradle and the figure of the Christ and the dear little white lambs.

Her mother had permitted her to take flowers to the market place to sell, but their flower garden was small, and Pepeta had sold the last purple asters. The flowers had ceased to bloom. She wrung her hands. Oh, if only she had not purchased the tiny cedars of Lebanon and the golden star that hung by a silver thread! Even the tiny spring of spikenard and the myrrh that hung from the little bushes had cost so much. Tears stood in her eyes. It was terrible. There was nothing with which to buy the Christus. If only the flowers had not stopped blooming!

"I have no more money," she said, looking up at the shopman with distressed eyes.

He turned away, his face without smiles. "That is to be regretted," he said.

Pepeta gave one more look at a plaster-of-paris manger that held the precious Christ Child; then she walked sadly from the shop.

Pepeta had planned to lay the little image of the Infant Christ in the manger at midnight on Christmas Eve. There would be no manger, no Christus!

As she walked down the flagged street, Pepeta could hear the jingling of tambourines, and the scraping of violins. There was joy everywhere, but in the heart of Pepeta there was no joy. In the windows of even the poorest, little lamps of naptha flamed forth, as if to join in the spirit of rejoicing. Christmas Day would soon come, but first there must be days of preparation.

She brushed away a tear. Never in the world must she bring sorrow to her mother at the time when all Spain rejoiced. The breeze from the Mediterranean Sea caressed her soft cheeks and dried the tears that had formed. As Pepeta neared the little whitewashed house where she and her mother lived, she saw a lighted taper in the window. She knew that her mother had lighted it in honor of the Holy Mother, and that

nearby the picture of the Madonna hung, with the Christ Child in her arms.

Ah, there was Juan, a neighbor boy. Already she saw that he had donned his Valencia Christmas attire, a dark velvet jacket of purple, and dun-colored trousers. On his head there was a tasselled cap of black velvet. Her mother had lighted the naptha lamp, and the light streamed from the window and played on the smiling face of the boy as he stood on the doorstep of her home. Pepeta stared. Juan must be very happy to don his Christmas attire before Christmas Eve. As she approached, he twanged the strings of his guitar.

"I have taken to your mother the *paellas*, which my mother sent."

"It was most kind of your mother to send the dish of vegetables and rice and meat." Pepeta tried to smile, but her voice sounded disconsolate.

"Why are you unhappy, Pepeta, when Christmas is not far away?"

Pepeta turned her distressed face to Juan's.

"Oh, Juan, I have no Christus, no Holy Manger for my *nacimiento*! Even the candles to light the *nacimiento* I have, but the Holy Infant and the manger and the little lambs I have not."

The blue eyes of the Valencian boy were earnest. "There must be some way, Pepeta. I wish that I might help."

"I can think of no way, Juan. The shopkeepers and the hawkers ask much for their wares."

"That I know full well, Pepeta."

"*Mi madre* (my mother) will be sorrowful if she sees that I am sad."

Together they went inside. The dish of *paellas* steamed. A savory odor issued forth. Pepeta began to sniff.

When pressed, Juan sat down with the others at the rough deal table, scrubbed spotlessly clean.

Two bright spots of color burned on Pepeta's cheeks. She forgot to eat, her wooden spoon poised in the air.

"Why do you not eat, little one?" and

Carmelita's violet eyes turned toward her little daughter solicitously. "The dish is most delightful."

"*Sì, sì* (yes, yes), my mother," and Pepeta began once more to eat.

"You do not tell me, however, what it is that troubles you, little daughter."

"*Mi madre* (my mother), the *naciminto* is not complete. There is no Christ, no Holy Manger."

Carmelita threw up both hands with a startled gesture. "But I thought there would be enough, Pepeta. How could you count so wrong?"

Pepeta drew in her breath quickly. "Oh, I did not know the asters would stop blooming so soon! I need not to have bought the rocky hillside, but how could I know that the flowers in the garden would cease to bloom?"

"This is no time for sadness, my child," comforted Carmelita, taking Pepeta's hand in hers.

"This is no time for sadness," repeated Juan in his soft, low voice, as vibrant and harmonious as the sounds he so often produced from his stringed instrument. Suddenly he straightened his shoulders, his eyes riveted on the likeness of the Madonna near the window.

Pepeta's and Carmelita's eyes followed his. As the taper flickered, the three seemed to see a smile flit across the placid face of the Holy Mother as she bent over the face of her beloved Son, the Infant Jesus, clasped in her arms, nestled in the soft folds of her blue robe.

"There must be a way for Pepeta to have the Christ Child," Juan said, his eyes serious.

"Always there is the Way, the Truth, and the Life," said Carmelita, touching the crucifix on her breast.

Pepeta looked appealingly at her mother, whose eyes still lingered on the face of the Madonna. "Pepeta must have the Christ Child now, and always," her mother said. "See! A friend has brought us many beautiful asters and

red carnations, Pepeta," and she pointed towards a huge bowl filled with brilliant flowers. "If you rise early to-morrow, Pepeta, you may go to the market place."

The next day Pepeta stood again before the little shop, and again the shopkeeper in blue blouse talked with her. When she untied her knotted kerchief and displayed the money that she had received in return for the flowers, he smilingly invited her inside.

"To-night I shall buy only the manger," she said. "I have not enough to buy the Christ."

"As you will," he said. "There is yet time for you to earn money for the Christ Child."

"This one," Pepeta said, finally.

Lovingly she fingered the manger that she had selected. As she passed out of the shop she kissed the piece of marble, then tenderly wrapped it in her kerchief. Her eyes shone with joy. Perhaps there would be some more flowers that she could take to the market place. She must hurry home and show her mother the wonderful manger. She gave a little skip as she crossed the street. Just as she reached the curb, the piece of marble slipped from her hand, and bounded into the middle of the street.

"Oh!" she gasped.

The wheel of a donkey cart, filled with shouting, joyous children, passed over the manger. No one saw Pepeta's grief as she picked up the fragments of marble. Her lips quivered pitifully. "Now I know that my *nacimiento* will never be finished," she said, ruefully wrapping the shattered marble in a square of cotton.

When her mother met her at the door, Pepeta was speechless with sorrow.

"Little one, what has happened?" her mother asked anxiously, drawing her within the house.

"Oh, mother!" she sobbed, "I bought a manger that was beautiful. I dropped it. This year there will be no *nacimien-*

to," and she showed her mother the bits of marble.

Carmelita shook her head, her eyes soft with sympathy. "It seems, indeed, that your *nacimiento* will not be complete."

"Oh, I am so very sorry," Juan said, rising from a rough wooden seat. "I came over to see how the *nacimiento* progressed."

"Now I can have no representation of the Nativity," Pepeta said, wiping her eyes.

For a time the three sat silent. Carmelita crossed the room and lighted the candles near the Madonna.

Suddenly, Juan said: "Do you not recall how the boys and girls go forth to sing the Nativity canticles before the houses of the rich señors and señoras? Pepeta, if your mother will permit, you and I can join them."

Pepeta's eyes shone. "Oh, mother, may I sing so that I may complete my *nacimiento*?"

"Yes, if Juan goes with you."

Joyously, Pepeta threw her arms about her mother. She became thoughtful, as she glanced down at Juan's guitar. "I have no instrument," she said.

"You have a voice," Juan replied.

And so Pepeta, clad in orange skirt and black velvet jacket embroidered in gold with purple threads, the costume worn on *Noche Buena* by her mother and her grandmother when they were little girls, set forth with a glad heart. Even the gold chain had been in her mother's possession many years. Pepeta's great-grandmother had worn the heavy gold chain and the crucifix, which hung from the little Valencian girl's neck. Her mother had permitted her to wear the costume before *Noche Buena*.

The silver moon peeped over the tops of the acacia trees as Pepeta and Juan strolled on to join the group of happy singers. The bullfrogs from the marshes seemed to say "*Adios, adios*," over and over.

"They are doing their best to chant," said Pepeta.

"But they only croak," laughed Juan, striking a chord on his guitar.

Soon they joined the band of little chanters, taking up the rich, full notes of the *Adeste Fideles*, the hymn sung for ages at this time of great rejoicing.

Through the brilliantly lighted streets the children marched, sometimes in groups, sometimes in pairs. Sometimes a solitary little singer would stand in front of a mansion, gay with Christmas anticipation.

A peddler called aloud "*Tourrón, tourrón*," and Juan dropped some coppers into his waiting palm, receiving in exchange delicious bars of toothsome *nougat*, the Christmas confection so loved by the children. As Pepeta and Juan happily munched the *nougat*, the moon smiled down and seemed to turn the little Valencian girl's hair to a mass of silver. In the distance the sea of blue had turned to silvery ripples. Along the curving shore line, the two could see the dancing lights that came from happy homes.

"I hope that all children will have *nacimientos*," Pepeta said. "Oh, Juan, I want to let Anita, our little crippled friend, see my representation of the Nativity."

"I shall gladly help you carry it, Pepeta."

"Anita will be most happy," Pepeta said.

Before a brilliantly lighted booth, Pepeta stopped. "Oh, Juan!" she gasped. "See the terra-cotta figures! See the ox that stands so patiently, one of the first to worship the Blessed Child. And—" she paused for breath—"there is an image of the Infant, and the Holy Manger."

From her knotted kerchief she drew many coppers, and a few *pesetas*.

"If there is not enough, permit me to help," begged Juan.

"But there is enough." Pepeta's eyes

feasted on the fern-trimmed booths dotted with tinsel stars. There were shelves with tiny wool lambs. *Mañana* (to-morrow) my *nacimiento* will be complete. The señoras were most generous."

Even as she spoke, señoras passed by, their white lace mantillas falling over their shoulders. Each one smiled a greeting, as she looked down into Pepeta's smiling excited face.

"Juan, please to help me select the very loveliest image," she said, her blue eyes suddenly grown earnest.

Juan's smooth forehead contracted in a frown, as he paused before the skillfully wrought pieces.

"This is the one I like best," and Pepeta reverently touched a small image. "The eyes open and shut," she breathed in rapture.

"Of course, and why should it not be?" questioned the vendor.

The man named his price. Pepeta's face looked crestfallen. "I need also a manger," she said disconsolately.

"Your eyes are blue. For that reason I do the unbelievable: I let you have both for the same price, and three lambs."

"*Mil gras* (a thousand thanks), señor," and Pepeta held her treasures. "Never have I seen a Christ Child more beautiful," she said, her eyes filled with awe.

(Conclusion next week.)

A Famous Billy Goat.

Those who are acquainted with the Great Northern must have grown curious, at times that a dignified railway system should have chosen a Billy goat as the distinguishing feature of its trade-mark. Of course, one very important reason is the fact that the nimble mountain goat is one of the attractions of Glacier National Park, through which the Great Northern runs. There is another reason, however, which becomes doubly interesting because of the human

element connected with it. It seems that the origin of the trade-mark goes back to the days when the parents of a certain William Kenney moved from Watertown, Wisconsin, to Minneapolis, Minnesota. William's parents were not any too wealthy at the time, so the boy determined to make his contributions to the family exchequer by peddling papers, his chief endowment for that weighty office being his own enthusiasm plus a dilapidated cart and a home-trained Billy goat of uncertain disposition.

When the boy's ambitions expanded beyond the possibilities of his news route, he sold his goat, and with the money realized paid his fare to Chicago where he entered the offices of the Great Northern Railway as understudy to the telegraph operator. Years later, after he had gradually risen to the vice-presidency of the now famous railroad, the responsibility for securing a proper trade-mark for the system was laid at the door of his office. At once he thought of the obstreperous Billy of his boyhood days, the wise old features of which so faithfully depict one of the chief attractions of the Glacier National Park to which the Great Western is a leading artery. From that day onward the picture of William Kenney's pet goat began to appear upon box car after box car as they rolled along on their interminable journeys from coast to coast. There is not much of a lesson attaching to this narration, unless it be that of a great man's fidelity to his boyhood playmate—but after all that is lesson enough in these days of money-mad business executives.

It is true that men are no fit judges of themselves, because commonly they are partial to their own cause; yet it is as true that he who will dispose himself to judge indifferently of himself can do so better than any one else, because a man can see farther into his own mind and heart than any one else.—*Anon.*

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—Three pamphlets from the Queen's Work Press: "Confession is a Joy?" by Daniel A. Lord, S. J.—taking the torment from what should be a consoling sacrament, 10c.—"A Boy Who Loved Jesus," by Rev. Raymond J. O'Brien. The story of Guy de Fontgalland, 5c.—"The Flowering Tree," by Sister Marie Emmanuel—A Fairy Story with a lesson for children, 5c.

—A fourth volume in the "Let us Pray" series, by Francis P. Le Buffe, S. J. (The America Press, 30c), follows the method of the former volumes by giving brief meditations, on each article of the Apostles' Creed and each phrase of the Confiteor. "Creed Confiteor" is a practical morning prayer-book for the busy man of the world, aiding him to spiritualize all his actions of the day.

—"The American Catholic Who's Who," published by Walter Romig & Company, Detroit, is a long-awaited and much-needed volume. It gives us the data on outstanding Catholics in the United States. There are many names missing that certainly deserve a place here, but these will be added, we feel sure, in future editions. There are mistakes, too, in some of the data, which the publishers will be glad to correct if they are informed about them. We hope, however, that this volume will receive the welcome it merits, and that the publishers will receive the support of Catholics so as to make possible the publication every two years of another volume. Dr. George Hermann Derry contributes a preface. It sells for \$3.75, postpaid.

—A story that is extremely interesting and informative is Carveth Wells' "Kapoot" (Robert M. McBride, \$2.50). It will give one a picture of Soviet Russia that will dampen any enthusiasm one may have had for the experiment of Russia. Carveth Wells, and his wife, and a photographer, left the beaten paths of the visitors to Russia and made an "intourist" trip. The poverty, squalor, starvation, despair which they encountered among the Russian masses are heart-rending. One can scarcely

believe this is a real picture of conditions; yet the author, hardened by scenes of distress, writes with a sincerity and a lack of emotionalism that ring true. One wonders what will result in America when the consular representatives of this government will have been placed in all the principal cities of this country.

—Mr. Madison Grant in his recent book "The Conquest of a Continent, or the Expansion of Races in America," makes a somewhat eloquent plea for a Nordic, Protestant America, and Professor Henry F. Osborn in his introduction to this volume heartily endorses Mr. Grant's view of the matter. The *New York Times*' reviewer, however, is somewhat confused by the author's statement that the population of the United States is still 70 per cent Nordic and 80 per cent Protestant in view of the Federal census statistics for 1926, showing that there are only 54,576,846 members of all religious bodies, while of that number 18,605,003 are Catholics and 4,081,242 are Jews. To preserve the Nordic strain Mr. Grant favors the restriction of immigration and the spread of birth-control knowledge among the Negroes. Charles Scribner's Sons publish this book.

—Let us say at the outset of Dr. Paul J. Glenn's textbook, "Criteriology," what is high commendation for any textbook, that it is written with clearness, and is reasonably priced. So abstract a subject as the validity of human knowledge is made as simple and clear as possible. If good definition is fundamental in explaining all philosophical problems, we believe Dr. Glenn has been exceptionally successful in this text. By etymology, by analogy, by an abundance of illustrative examples he clarifies terms and analyzes definitions; and when this is done, it seems to us, the problems are more than half solved. The scholastic doctrine on the validity of knowledge forms the basis and substance of his exposition, in the course of which he points out and refutes the principal errors of other philoso-

phers on the subject of knowledge. It should be a popular textbook in this department of metaphysics for our Catholic colleges. Published by Herder. Price, \$1.75.

—A translation of Henry Croce's "History of Europe in the Nineteenth Century" has recently been made by Henry Furst and is published in this country by Harcourt, Brace & Company. To the Italian author, the question of the war guilt is of far less importance than the war's effect upon human beings, which he describes in these terms: "Bloodshed, slaughter, harshness, cruelty, were no longer objects of depreciation and repugnance and opprobrium, but were regarded as necessities for the ends to be achieved, and as acceptable as desirable. In all the ferocity of the long war, all respect for truth was banished from the mind, the tone of all belligerents became inhuman, selfish, rapacious; other statesmen succeeded to those of the beginning, or they themselves suffered a change of spirit and gave themselves over to the current of hatred and unbridled greed."

—"John Hay: From Poetry to Politics" is Tyler Dennett's late work, published by Dodd, Mead & Company. In the following paragraph the author sums up, to some degree, the life of this distinguished American: "Gifted, or, shall we say, burdened with an aptitude for many vocations, able easily to adapt himself to changing situations and tasks, bored by routine, and never quite sure what he wanted to do or be, he almost frittered away his life, doing many things well but nothing as well as he might have done it, until suddenly, at the age of sixty, he was lifted up and set down, though unwillingly, at the right place. There he gathered up all the fragments of experience from a varied and wavering life, and brought them into play to high purpose, and with such notable success that his name will be long remembered far beyond the boundaries of his own country. He was never a representative American, for too few of his countrymen were like him. For similar reasons it cannot be claimed that Franklin or Jefferson was a representative American."

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"The Forgotten God." Most Rev. Francis C. Kelly, D. D. \$1.50.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Most Rev. John B. Fallize.

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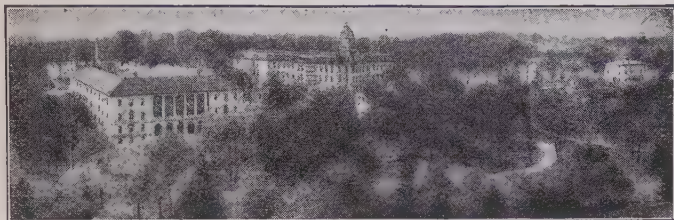
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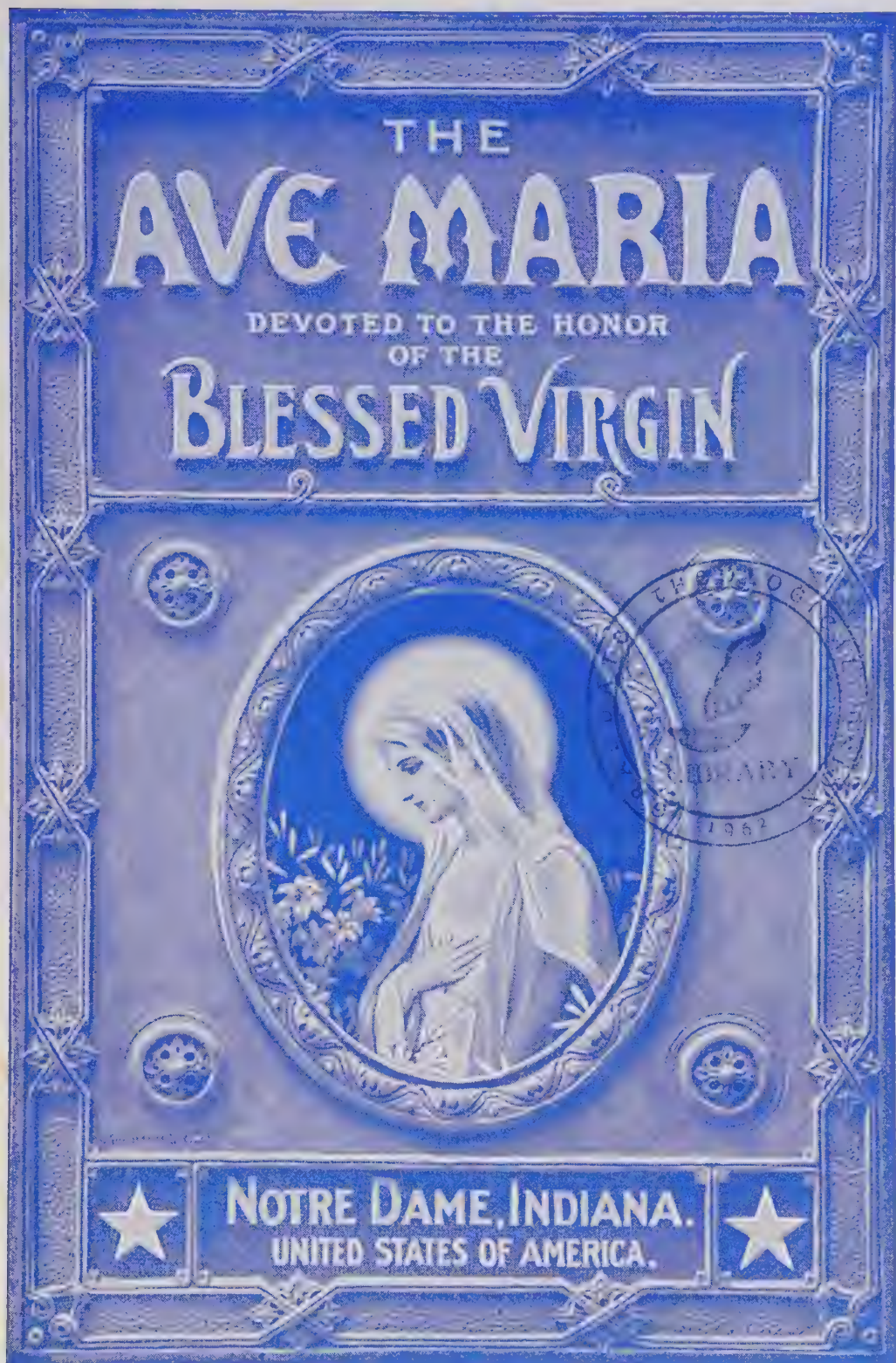
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CALENDAR OF THE WEEK

DECEMBER.

SATURDAY, 9.—St. Leocadia, Virgin and Martyr.
 SUNDAY, 10.—Second of Advent. St. Eulalia, V. M.
 MONDAY, 11.—St. Damasus, Pope and Confessor.
 TUESDAY, 12.—Our Lady of Guadalupe.
 WEDNESDAY, 13.—St. Lucy, Virgin and Martyr.
 THURSDAY, 14.—St. Nicasius and Comp's, Martyrs.
 FRIDAY, 15.—St. Valerian, Bishop and Confessor.
 SATURDAY, 16.—St. Eusebius, Bp. C. St. Alice, Empress.



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No. 24.

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My Answer.

BY NORBERT ENGELS.

MY soul has, in an hour of sad survey,
Seen multi-changing shades of doubt and wonder;
Doubt of these miracle-marvellous things; and dismay
That must sometimes rend my cloak of peace asunder.
My candle of faith in the doubting wind has sputtered,
Has flickered and wavered; fruitless has seemed the toil
To shield it. Too, have the pulse and the heart beat fluttered;
And, too, the roots have thirsted in the soil.
What strength has come, my Lord, where there was none?
Whence flowed such current through this empty place?
One night I held a sleeping child, my son;
And thought how one had looked upon Your face,
And seen Your hands, and stroked Your sleeping head,
And felt the thorns, and marked them where they bled.

—♦—
"THE Incarnation brought righteousness out of the region of cold abstractions, clothed it in flesh and blood, opened for it the shortest and broadest way to all our sympathies, gave it the firmest command over the springs of human action by incorporating it in a Person, and making it, as has been beautifully said, liable to love."

Life of Sister Marie Madeline.

BY ELLA BAKER.

I.—CHILDHOOD.

GOD'S call to His chosen spouses comes at different times and in various ways. Some privileged souls are called to serve Him in the cloister before they have learned to know the world with its empty joys and bitter sorrows. Others after ripe experience in the world's activities, suddenly leave all to seek that peace which can only be found in God.

To this latter class Sister M. Madeline belonged. Aware of her vocation at an early age, she was hindered by people and events. She began her religious career at the age of fifty and lived it with ever-increasing fervor and generosity for an unhopèd-for number of years, always faithful to her motto: "Never enough for God."

Sophie Maghe was born in the large industrial town of Mons on May 23, 1827, and was baptized the day after her birth, being given the names of Sophie-Albertine-Marie-Joseph. Her parents distinguished in Mons' society both by their rank and their piety, were able to surround their little daughter from her earliest years with every good example, and with all that loving care could suggest for her education and upbringing.

When Sophie was only four years old, her father acquired the beautiful old Chateau of Hubermont at Neuville, and

it was in these peaceful country surroundings that the remainder of her childhood and girlhood were spent. What a joy it was to escape from the narrow streets and dark apartments of a town residence, and to be free to play on sunny lawns under shady trees. Sophie and her little brothers enjoyed it to the full. M. Maghe took upon himself the education of the two boys, and Sophie, at the age of five, was allowed to join them in certain studies. But one day, as M. Maghe was explaining to one of the boys the elements of Latin grammar, and was patiently awaiting the answer to a question, Sophie asked to speak, and quickly gave the required answer, solving the difficulty. This unexpected success procured her congratulations but also her exclusion from her class. M. Maghe, although pleased at his daughter's quick intelligence did not want her to become a "blue stocking," and he decided that henceforth Sophie should have lessons more appropriate to her age and sex.

As the time for her First Communion drew near, it was decided to entrust her to the Ursulines, whose school was a favorite place of education for the daughters of Mons' society at that time. Little is known of Sophie's sojourn there. Her frank and generous nature won for her the sympathies of mistresses and children, but in spite of the kindness shown to her, Sophie did not feel happy at school. She was homesick. The thought of Hubermont haunted her, and there is reason to believe that her parents found the house very empty without their little daughter, especially as they had lost one dear son, and the other boy, Leopold, had just gone to college.

Soon after her First Communion, therefore, Sophie left the Ursulines and returned home where she continued her education under her mother's eyes. At the time of which we write, it was considered indispensable for a young lady

to complete her education at some fashionable boarding school, and at the age of seventeen Sophie's departure could no longer be delayed. In October, 1842, she started for Brussels to finish her studies with the Canonesses Regular of Berlaymon. Again we hear little of her school life, but one important date stands out. Always devoted to Our Lady, she was received into the Congregation of the Children of Mary on the feast of the Annunciation, 1843. The following year her parents claimed her presence home, so her school days were again cut short. Later on Sophie regretted this, and always looked back with gratitude on the time spent in the large boarding-school at Brussels. Sophie's education was now complete, and she returned home, having laid the foundation of excellent qualities of heart and mind. Her environment was a truly Christian one, and at a time when frequent Holy Communion was almost unknown, she was often to be seen kneeling with her parents at the Holy Table.

Every evening during the month of May, M. Maghe gathered together his family and his servants round the statue of Our Lady. It was a truly Christian household, yet Sophie was surrounded with every comfort and took part with pleasure in the games and amusements of young people of her age and rank, harmless, but worldly pleasures in which she shone by her lively temperament and quick intelligence. She played tennis and billiards, and was an excellent horsewoman. She confessed later that she particularly liked to wear the attractive riding habit in which she looked her best. But Sophie's soul could not long remain satisfied with worldly joys. A sermon preached at St. Wandrum's on the greatness of God moved her deeply, and she resolved from henceforth to give herself to Him, who alone is great and worthy of all our love.

From this time her life underwent a

transformation, and she took for her motto "Never enough for God." She reduced her relations with society to what was strictly necessary, and gave herself up to prayer and to works of charity. She soon understood that God was asking more of her, and that only the religious life could satisfy her desire of giving herself entirely to Him. But when for the first time she spoke of this to her confessor, the latter might well have replied as did the Curé d'Ars to one of his penitents, "Your vocation, my child. Ah! you will have to say many a *Veni Sancte*, before knowing it."

Mons possessed at this time a religious Congregation which seemed to realize the ideal the young girl had set before her. The Sisters of Charity from Ghent had there a hospital for incurables, and this work attracted Sophie, as she wished to serve God in the person of His poor. She had made arrangements to enter with them, when her confessor from childhood, who knew her family intimately considered it his duty to refuse to encourage her unless her parents gave their consent. This they refused to do. When Sophie mentioned the matter, it raised a storm of protest. Her mother was overcome with grief at the thought of losing this child for whose future she had such brilliant hopes. Several reasons were put forward to turn Sophie from her purpose. Finally, thinking a holiday in Paris would change her ideas, they took her there.

In Paris, Sophie's greatest pleasure was to pray before the statue of Notre Dame des Victoires where her resolution to live for God alone grew stronger. Mary heard her prayers, but the hour was far distant when her hopes were to be realized. . . . Sophie was not destined for an active order. Latent powers of contemplation were to manifest themselves in her soul, showing her a more perfect way. Before saying good-bye to the world, an important mission awaited

her. Her parents, seeing that the visit to Paris had failed in its object, returned home and sought by other means to keep their child with them. If Sophie was insensible to the attractions of the world she was not so to family affections. Every day they strove in long talks to change her resolution, and finally the argument of her mother's health, which was precarious at this time, prevailed, and she resolved to stay and be the comfort of her parents in their old age; it was also her confessor's wish. He refused his consent before such opposition.

Sophie made the sacrifice, but her heart could not be content in the quiet and easy home life. She felt the need of working for God, and the occasion was soon forthcoming. She conceived the idea of founding a home for old people; this work would compensate for her vanished dream of being a Sister of Charity. It would also realize the dearest wish of her parish priest, who had long seen the necessity for it. Monsieur and Madam Maghe were only too pleased to accede to Sophie's desire. As long as they could keep their daughter with them they were willing to accede to all her plans.

It was decided in 1854 to begin the work without delay and to transform a large farmhouse on the estate for the purpose. Sophie was provided with all the necessary funds. Four old men and four old women were chosen as the first inmates. Helpers only were wanting. M. and Mme. Maghe wanted nuns, but all negotiations in this direction failed. They could not undertake it, as at this time they lacked subjects. Sophie was, therefore, obliged to do everything herself with the help of a young kitchen-maid from the chateau. It was a heavy task for such a young girl brought up in luxury as she had been. Sophie would not allow herself to be discouraged. She was there from morning till night, helping and serving the old people. The

largest room in the farm had been turned into an oratory, and prayers were said in common. It was like a little Nazareth. All was peace and joy in the Lord. On feasts Sophie arranged surprises for her old people, and their childlike pleasure and gratitude would amply compensate for any trouble she had taken. This work was destined to grow and prosper, and in after years became a large and flourishing almshouse in charge of nuns.

The year following Mme. Maghe died. Sophie nursed her during her last illness and placed strangers in charge of the almshouse. Torn between her duty to the old people and her duty to her mother, she did not hesitate to recognize that her place was at her mother's side. M. Maghe was inconsolable at the loss of his wife, and Sophie now devoted herself to comforting her father in his grief. Her days were spent almost entirely with him, cut off from all other companionship. It was a time of trial, but she was a devoted daughter to the last, putting aside her own tastes and executing the slightest wish of her father.

When, in 1861, he followed his wife to the grave, Sophie was indeed left desolate, for she loved her parents dearly. Her thoughts must again have turned longingly to the cloister, but the time had not yet come. Her brother, Leopold, who had just lost his young wife, now claimed her presence to manage his household, and Sophie considered it her duty to comply with his wishes. Still continuing her work at the Hubermont almshouse, she spent her time between her brother's house and her poor people. It was not until 1866 that she was able to resign this work to the Sisters of Charity. By this time Leopold had married again, leaving Sophie free. She had given over the chateau to the Sisters of Charity, making this generous gift to ensure the permanent residence of Nuns who would continue the work so

dear to her heart. She herself went to live at Mons.

The last link was broken, yet she does not seem to have thought again of her wish to be a Sister of Charity. Perhaps she thought herself too old to join an active Order and the desire for the contemplative life, where she was to make a more complete immolation of herself, had not yet arisen in her soul. She had hardly settled down in her new abode, when the parish priest came to beg her help in founding a sodality for the young working girls of Mons. Though always anxious for sacrifice, Sophie hesitated this time. To look after young people was a very different matter from caring for the old and infirm. Her courage failed at the thought of her rather excitable temperament and natural timidity of character. The good Curé insisted, and Sophie, faithful to her motto, "Never enough for God," consented. This was to be the second great work of her life. The sodality prospered and grew rapidly. First a large room, then a whole house was taken, and finally the devoted foundress moved into a house adjoining, so that every minute of the day could be given to this work for God.

The influence she exercised over these girls was boundless. They worshipped her, and under her guidance gave up bad companions and dangerous amusements, and led wholesome and Christian lives. Most of them married and made good Catholic wives and mothers, thanks to Mlle. Maghe's teaching. A few entered religion, for she did all she could to help those in whom she saw the dawn of a vocation. This work brought her into contact with many excellent priests and preachers, and her own interior life was gaining strength every day. She had lost her childhood's confessor some years before, and anxious for a guide she soon found all she sought in the person of Father Coppin, a Redemptorist, who was to be her spiritual director

for the rest of her life. He soon understood the fine character with which he had to deal, and when after some years of devoted work in Mons, she ventured to speak to him of her former unrealized dream, he did not consider it too late for her to follow what had now become an evident call to the contemplative life.

Sophie's great devotion to the Sacred Heart made her think first of the Visitation nuns at Paray-le-Monial. She went there to see the Sisters and ask to be admitted. Great was her disappointment to learn there was no vacancy in that convent, though they were willing to give her an introduction to any other house of the Order. This proposition, however, did not please Sophie. She had been attracted to Paray-le-Monial on account of her devotion to St. Margaret Mary, and did not desire to apply to another house. She returned to Mons disappointed and discouraged. It was then that Father Coppin ventured to speak of his own Order,—the Redemptoristines. He had hesitated to propose them to his penitent at first, out of delicacy, as she had suggested the Visitation, but now that events seem to indicate another Order he thought it the right time to speak.

Sophie had not heard of them before; all she now learned of their hidden life in imitation of the Most Holy Redeemer pleased her. Father Coppin proposed to her first to visit Rome, and while there to interview the Father General of the Redemptorists. He received her most kindly and had a long talk with her, and found her in every way most suitable to become a Redemptoristine. Their life of contemplation, Divine Office, spiritual reading and other devotions, interspersed with manual work, would supply all the needs of this generous soul. He had no hesitation in advising her to enter as soon as possible. Arrangements were quickly made. Father Coppin went himself to visit the Monastery of Lou-

vain, a recent poor foundation. He judged that a soul anxious for sacrifice would find plenty of occasion for it in entering here. The Superior, Mother M. Seraphina, readily accepted the postulant on Father Coppin's recommendation. So, after winding up her affairs and leaving her work in good hands, Mlle. Maghe, at the age of fifty-three, at last found herself on the threshold of religious life. Early on August 7, she left home on foot and alone to go to the station at Mons, and by 6 o'clock in the evening the Monastery door closed behind her.

II.

In the Redemptoristine Order, the Novitiate is preceded by a year's trial called the Educandat. Her companions were naturally quite young girls who knew nothing of the world and had come straight from home or school. It was very different in the case of Sophie. Already fifty-three and accustomed to years of independence and to guiding others, it was not easy for her to submit to the little practices of the Educandat, and to refrain from giving her opinion. But her generosity never failed, though how much it cost her we learn from her correspondence with Father Coppin. He exhorted her to be courageous, saying: "When difficulties occur, look at the crucifix." He did not neglect his penitent, but helped her with his counsels and occasional visits. From one such visit he came away saddened at the state of discouragement in which he found her, but she soon reassured him by writing a cheerful letter full of courage and resolution and regret for her passing weakness. If the struggle was great, the victory was greater.

All admired the childlike simplicity and obedience with which the "old Educande" went about the exercises of the day. Her health was excellent; she did not require a single dispensation from the Rule. Nothing of her inward struggle showed itself outwardly; her

letters to her former protégées speak only of the peace and happiness of having given herself to God. Some of these work girls called to see her after her entrance, but the superior, judging her to be advanced sufficiently to do without this consolation, refused to admit the visitors. It was a joy to Sophie to be appointed organist, a few months after her entrance. Her musical talent, with which she used to console her old father, was now to be used in the service of God. The year as Educande quickly passed, and Sophie was admitted to the novitiate on June 6, 1878. Not the least of her joys on this day was to have her old friend, Father Coppin, to preside at the ceremony. She was given the name of Sister M. Madeline of the Most Holy Trinity, and at once set about imitating the love repentance of her holy patron. She has left many beautiful notes on this subject and also on devotion to the Holy Trinity, which it would take too long to quote in this short sketch of her life.

The year of novitiate was spent in great fervor; one of her companions wrote of her: "The angels must surely count the acts of virtue and generosity made by this pious novice during the year preparatory to her profession." Nothing was too much for her, for her motto was always "Never enough for God." She was professed on June 7, 1879. According to the Redemptorist Rule, the newly professed Sisters spend another year in the novitiate before joining the community.

Sister M. Madeline resolved during this time to acquire that gentleness and amiability of character so indispensable in community life. She interested herself in all her Sisters' concerns, and her conversation bore the impress of delicate sympathy and cordiality. The slight sharpness of manner, which had at first been inevitable, owing to the position she had occupied in the world, had now entirely disappeared, and she

was beloved by all. In these excellent dispositions she went to join the community, but she was not there long, for, the following year, she returned as assistant to the Mistress of Novices. The Novices were numerous and the new assistant took pleasure in showing them many kindnesses and in preparing little surprises for them as she had done for her old people and her many protégées.

Sister M. Madeline was but three years professed when she was appointed Mother Vicar, and with the exception of a few years, she retained this charge until her last illness, being reappointed in 1894. She was never elected superior, for the excellent reason that her kind heart made her too compassionate. On the few occasions when she had to replace the absent Superior she would give dispensations, which if continued, would have been fatal to regular observance. If she met a Sister looking pale, she would send her to the kitchen or the refectory to take some refreshment. If she knew a Sister had a headache, she would at once dispense her from Matins, and so on, so that the community were wont to say, laughingly, they had a kind old grandmother rather than a Mother.

During all these years her health continued excellent, yet the thought of death was never absent from her. She and her director expected that she would die after a few years of religious life, but she lived to be over eighty. She endeavored to spend each day as though it were to be her last and begged her Sisters to pray that God's call might find her prepared. Her spiritual director had written to her saying: "*Soon you will hear the Ecce sponsa venit exite obviam ei.*" The age of his penitent and her late entry into religion authorized Father Coppin to speak thus. Nevertheless, he was mistaken. Year succeeded year, and after twenty years in the cloister, Sister M. Madeline was as full of life and vigor as ever. This

made her remark gaily, "Father Coppin is not a good prophet." But she little suspected the length of the road she had yet to travel. She was still able to take her full share in all duties of community life, and moreover was of great material help to the community. To celebrate her jubilee in 1904, she gave to the monastery two new bells which were pontifically blessed. Her nieces and nephews assisted at the ceremony.

In 1907 Sister M. Madeline attained her eightieth year, but it was not until the following year that her health began to fail. For the first time she was obliged to accept certain dispensations, such as rising later than the community, etc. This grieved her intensely, but she still assisted at the Office during the day and continued her duties as Econome. A more serious attack later on confined her definitely to the infirmary, where she spent her days in reading and prayer, always cheerful and full of interest in all that concerned her Sisters. She showed herself most grateful for the least little attention, and the Sisters left her room cheered and comforted in all their sorrows. In her infirmary she was visited by well-known prelates such as Cardinal Van Rossum (Mons), Bishop of Roseau (Mons), the Prince of Croy, and the Rev. Fathers Raus and Murray, Superiors General of the Redemptorists; all were charmed, and wondered at the lucidity of her mind, the ease of speech, and the strength of feeling of this nun of over eighty. In 1914 she had already been eight years in the infirmary, though not confined to her bed. Everything seemed to indicate that she would soon pass quietly from life to death or rather to eternal life, but God had reserved a special trial for his faithful servant which neither she nor her Sisters could ever have foreseen.

(Conclusion next week.)

Little Sister.

BY AGNES M. BLUNDELL.

X.

THE little hamlet of Port Manech was perched on a rocky promontory at the mouth of the river. It was a mere cluster of houses and clay cabins pitched haphazard round the natural harbor, to which a short quay had been added. The fugitives' boat was moored among many other similar boats, and while Hugnot and Le Bref busied themselves with sail and cordage, and prepared some refreshment for the priest, Marillac went ashore accompanied by Yves. He had friends among the fishermen. Indeed those excursions in the Castle boat in the early summer had not been as purposeless as had been imagined. Jacques was greeted warmly, and the news of his brother's fate was heard with tears.

They were willing enough to take in the priest, but all agreed that he could not safely be hidden for more than a day or two. He must be persuaded to emigrate, if only for a few weeks till the hue and cry had somewhat subsided. Jacques and his comrades too must go, and it was resolved that it would be wise to send the ladies abroad in the same party.

The Avalecs, father and son, "free-traders" with correspondents on the other side of the Channel, were quite ready to risk their lives, and take the fugitives across with their cargo of lace and Nantes brandy which would be passed into England duty free. The smugglers saw no harm in their trade. Indeed it seemed to them rather a virtuous act to offer their friends across the water good stuff at a cheap rate.

Marillac and the forester were marked men, the boat too might be recognized, but Yves decided to return on foot up the river, accompanied by Le Bref, to bring his mother and the two girls down to the coast. Jacques

WHEN God sought to humiliate Himself, He took upon Himself our nature.

was only persuaded to stay behind when reminded that his presence could only bring danger on his friends.

"They will be very anxious," said Yves, "so we will go at once. If Père Avalec will provide us each with a string of fish we will peddle it as we go. It must be thirteen miles at least, and I should have been at work an hour ago!"

"Jeanneton will have sent some excuse," cried Jacques. "She thinks of everything. You will tell them he died nobly."

They wrung hands at parting. Who knew if they would meet again?

Some of the fishermen stripped off their own rough jerseys and home-spun trousers, damp with sea water and glistening with fish scales, while the two men removed their upper clothes. A barefooted boy went with them a mile or two to put them on their way, and to see them across the river at the next village in a friend's boat. As they plodded along, now over slimy mud banks, now over rocks, thinly covered with heath and bilberry which concealed holes for the unwary foot, they had often to seek cover, lying flat on the cold ground while a file of infantry or a cavalry vedette went past.

The whole country was being closely searched, the smell of burning thatch drifted to their nostrils and the lamentations of poor people thrust out of their wretched cabins into the pitiless winter wind. They had agreed not to offer their fish for sale unless they appeared to attract suspicion. It was to be reserved for Viviers, the market town to which the parish of Guénolé belonged. There lay their chief danger. The town once safely negotiated, they had friends in every little holding on the further side.

As they lay shivering under a rock, waiting for a detachment of cavalry to recede to a safer distance, Yves whispered in his henchman's ear, "We must

hide separately. Then if one is captured, the other must go on alone. Remember, friend, tell the ladies first that Jacques and the priest are safe. Use no titles, but plain names as we have been doing in the army."

"Bless me, I shouldn't dare call his lordship anything but—"

"Hush—you must say this: 'Jacques is safe, but Florien sacrificed his life to save the priest.' You understand—name Jacques first."

"Very well," agreed the peasant somewhat mystified.

A few moments later they went forward again, but in the afternoon they were forced to knock at a cottage door as they were too exhausted with cold and hunger to struggle any farther. As they were warming their petrified limbs before the turf fire, while the charitable owners gave them a share of their own soup pot, a trembling neighbor came in to declare that the village was being surrounded, Le Bref started up at once and slipped out of the house like a shadow.

"Here's a brigand trying to escape!" shouted a trooper, and thrust his sabre into the poor lad's breast. Another soldier caught up the string of fish with a laugh, and discharged his pistol into the still quivering body.

"All men march into the church," he ordered. "Women and children to the market place! Anyone who stays behind will be burnt alive. Quick now, no squalling!"

He struck at the trembling women folk with the flat of his sword as they rushed out of their little houses, dragging their children by the hand.

Yves had sprung to his comrade's side, but the faithful fellow was already dead. He was forced to lay him down and accompany the other villagers into the dismantled church. Some were weeping, some giving way to helpless rage, most of them were murmuring prayers.

"It is God's will," said Malo, the peasant who had sheltered Yves. "Yesterday it was our neighbors at St. Gobert. You can still smell their burning houses. Luckily our baby is six weeks old."

When all the men folk of the parish had been packed into the edifice the doors were shut and barred, and they were left in gathering darkness to the intense cold of a Breton winter night. The women and children were allowed to return to their homes, after being kept for some hours, shivering in the market place, while their houses were searched for fugitives, hidden arms, or seditious papers.

Yves was anxious not to bring any further trouble on his whilom protector. "Deny all knowledge of me," he whispered. "I had just come to the door to sell my fish. Make no effort to help me; it might do you harm—they may be looking for me."

"God protect us!" groaned the other. "I'll not give you away, then. But they will read out all our names in the morning, and we shall have to answer to them. What will you do then?"

"I will say the truth—that I had but just walked up from the coast to sell my fish. If that will not do—why, I must take what fate sends!"

Yves sighed, for his mind was full of anxiety, less for himself than for the three women robbed in one day of all their protectors—two dead and one far away from them. After a pause the peasant groped for his hand in the darkness and wrung it in his toil-hardened palm.

"Say rather what the good God sends," he whispered. "I guess what you are—a *ci-devant*, not a fisherman at all. You are one of our nobles and have been with the army. But do not be afraid—no one will betray you here, and God may save you yet! But, as our Curé said when we were penned up the first time—the night before they hung him—

'You never know,' he said, the good man, God rest him, 'so it is as well to prepare for death!'"

"I have no fear of death," protested Yves.

"No, but you have sins to atone for, like everyone else," returned the other. "Poor Monsieur Vénédict! He spent the night hearing our confessions, and there was a spy among us, who told in the morning. Now we have no priest, so we must manage as best we can."

"Yes," chimed in a neighbor, who was pressed against them in the darkness. "Where is Jean Laval—he is the oldest. Let him give out an act of contrition."

Presently Yves heard everyone going down upon their knees. After the act of sorrow, the rosary began. At first the prayers were answered by many voices, but one by one they dropped off into uneasy slumber, worn out by anxiety and woe. There was no light, so the village could not have been fired, some one observed with satisfaction.

Yves too slept, his head pillowed on Malo's shoulder; but there were those who prayed desultorily all night long, and he slept with the murmur of Our Fathers and Hail Marys in his ears, and woke to the recitation of the Angelus.

The winter light filtered in through the high narrow windows, the wind whistled through the broken glass, and the cold became almost unendurable before the sound of feet marching in unison; the roll of the drum and shouted words of command announced to the trembling prisoners that their ordeal was about to begin.

Presently three thundering blows were struck upon the door, and a voice announced that it was about to be opened. The names of all the villagers would be read out, and each as he was called was ordered to present himself.

The door was unbarred and flung open, and the people huddled inside the

church looked out at a double row of soldiers with fixed bayonets. They lined the open space in front of the church, in the midst of which stood a fierce-looking officer wearing a tricolor scarf and red cockade, and a platoon of men, drawn up with loaded muskets, ready to do instant execution at the word of command.

As each name was read, a man struggled through the ranks of his fellows and walked forward alone to acknowledge his identity and answer such questions as he could understand.

As the crowd gradually thinned out—happily without casualties—Yves looked about him. The church had been stripped bare. The carved wooden altars torn out and burned, the statues shattered, the pulpit and such few benches as it had possessed were demolished. There was not a chance of his being able to hide. Malo had been called out and now there were but twenty men left in the church.

"I might as well wait till the last," thought Yves.

Death was near, it seemed inevitable, for if questioned he could give no account of himself without bringing others into danger. It was better to die, announcing himself boldly as a member of the royal army, for neither of his aliases of woodcutter or fisherman could be acted out without involving his friends and probably his late employer.

Now there were only ten men left besides himself; now only five. In a few moments he must face death!

(To be continued.)

IRVING, in his "Life of Washington," dwells on the care with which the great man attended to the minutest affairs. The father of his country, as his letters and account-books testify, was "careful of small things" as well as of great, not disdaining to scrutinize the petty expenses of his household; and this even while acting as the first magistrate in the first republic of the New World.

The Expectation.

BY CHARLES M. CAREY, C. S. C.

THESE are the days when men look wisely on
The common things of earth, and strangely
thrill

At seeing flocks of sheep upon a hill
And shepherd men who watch from dawn to dawn

In quiet peacefulness; or else behold
A manger filled with straw in some rude place;

Or little children singing in the cold
December air with laughter in their face.

With too much living, Lord, we come at last
Unto the day of Life and find we are

Not yet too old that we cannot be born
Again into the beauty of the past,

And find within our hearts some kingly star
To guide us to His crib on Christmas morn.

A First Class Leper Man.

BY ALICE DEASE.

A LITTLE Belgian farmhouse in the province of Hainault, and a small, sturdy Belgian boy going to college at Braine-le-Comte; the title of this article will make most readers add, to themselves, "And the boy's name was Joseph de Veuster."

But it wasn't.

The future Father Damien of Molokai was one of the senior students at the college, but our small boy, in a much lower class, was Louis Lambert Conrady. He was a good little boy, and as his family knew the De Veusters at home, there was more than the very superficial knowledge of a junior boy of ten, for one of the awe-inspiring students at the head of the school, to account for the secret hero-worship of small Louis for big Joseph, who would have scarcely been aware of his little admirer's existence had it not been for their previous acquaintanceship at home.

Probably the mission given by the Redemptorists at Braine-le-Comte had

no very special effect upon Louis, but it determined the vocation of the future Father Damien. The fact that the farmer, M. de Veuster, had already given two children to the Church made the decision of this sixth child to follow in his brother Auguste's steps something of a blow, in view of the expense already incurred to give him a commercial education. Now he begged for the religious life, and with a mixture of pride and of reluctance his parents consented to his joining the Congregation of the Fathers of the Sacred Heart, commonly known as the Picpus Fathers, because of the place where their Founder, Père Coudrin, had started his first community. Joseph's entire ignorance of Latin made him join only as a lay brother, but with the help of his brother, now Father Pamphile, he mastered the rudiments, and was admitted to the class of young men who were studying for the priesthood.

Possibly the thoughts that this vocation of his hero gave rise to in the mind of Louis Conrady may have had something to say to his own later decision, only he does not seem to have had any idea of joining the same Congregation. The secular clergy was, at any rate, his immediate aim, but the rather dramatic events of Father Damien's departure for the Missions helped no doubt to stamp his remembrance on the mind of his erstwhile school companion. The life of the lepers' priest tells how, though still only in Minor Orders, he was allowed to take the place of his brother, Father Pamphile, who was prevented at the last moment from sailing for the South Seas with his companions, and Father Damien's ordination, therefore, took place at Honolulu.

There was something out of the common in this that probably appealed to the imagination of the younger boy, and yet, by this time he was a Church student himself, though with no more

adventurous career before him than the saving of his own soul and the souls of others in some sleepy Belgian parish. No doubt, by this time his boyish hero worship had waned, but the idea of the Foreign Missions remained, and the rousing letters that Father Damien wrote home became more and more interesting reading to Louis Conrady. It is very likely that they made him read other things about the work for souls, that came in the way of priests in the far-away lands over seas, but the "flair" for lepers had not yet taken root in his heart, and at home his daily routine went on without any change.

Possibly some of the eccentricities that characterized his later days had begun to show themselves. He was too old to join the Foreign Missionary College in Paris. The next time we hear of him, he was working with the priests of that Mission in India. It was at Pondicherry that he came in contact with lepers for the first time.

Father Damien had already made his great decision and had accepted, had asked for, the exile of the leper island of Molokai. None of the palliatives of the disease now known had then been discovered, and to devote oneself to the care of sufferers from leprosy meant life-long exile, probable contagion and death. The world was thrilled by the news of Father Damien's act and it came to Father Conrady with a personal force. The hero whose name was in every mouth was his boyhood friend.

Father Conrady turned to those in the reserve near Pondicherry to see if there was anything that he could do for them, but the Government had been before him. The British authorities provided all possible physical care for the unfortunates, and Father Conrady felt that there was little call on him from them. Yet he could not forget their sufferings, and what he saw in the Settlement of Pondicherry, which was comfortable, so far as such a thing was

possible, made the reports that came through to him, after many months of what Father Damien wrote of Molokai, horrifying, appalling, yet with a horror that fascinated, that drew the restless, eccentric Belgian priest.

Everything now that concerned lepers and leprosy was of absorbing interest to him. First there came the report, then the confirmation, that the hero of his youth was himself a leper. No longer was Damien de Veuster a hero to one small boy or even to the priest who had once been that boy, but he was a hero in God's sight, a hero to all the world.

So to Louis Conrady, Molokai and the horrors of its grey lepers' island called and called unceasingly. His boyhood's memories became as living things to him. A clear-cut face showed up before his mind's eye, a strong, determined chin, a line of obstinacy round the mouth that in itself spoke of tenderness, of pity. Hazel eyes, deep set under low, black brows. Eyes that in the school-days of long ago had looked far, far away. Report had it that this boyish face had grown set and—again to quote report—stubborn, that it was blurred and marred by leprosy.

An English artist, Mr. Clifford, a Protestant, although of that name, obtained for Father Damien and prevailed upon him to use the gurjur oil which the inhabitants of the Andaman Islands distilled from a pine tree which grew around them. The Andamans are not so far from India, and doubtless Father Conrady had heard of the remedy at Pondicherry, but he heard from home that all remaining unblemished of the face which he remembered was "a smiling, curved mouth and a cluster of still curly hair."

It cannot be told here exactly the date when Father Conrady first saw "the sombre, purple cliffs, crowned with white clouds with cataracts leaping down their sides," that was Molokai. Three Franciscan nursing Sisters had

gone in 1888 to share Father Damien's labors, coming as he considered as a direct answer to prayer.

Already another priest, Father Wendelin, shared his labors, and although he wrote his last letter home in February of the following year "for fear of any infection from the disease, with which, by the will of God, I am suffering," he still went about, managed to say Mass still, and up to the end of March was able to hear his companions' confessions.

The second of these companions was Father Conrady. It was to him that, early in April, fell the duty of administering the Last Sacraments to Father Damien, now obviously dying. When he and Father Wendelin knelt beside the wretched pallet, that they had persuaded the dying man to lie upon in place of his usual mattress on the ground, he had begged them to say the Community prayers with him.

"You represent the Congregation here, to me," he said. "How sweet it is to die a child of the Sacred Heart." And from the arms of the faithful American convert, ex-soldier, Brother Dutton, Father Damien of Molokai went to his reward.

After that the call of the lepers seems to have faded a little, and Father Conrady's restless spirit took him to America, where the ministry of the Indians in Oregon occupied him for twelve years. Riding restlessly from place to place, doing his duty everywhere, but everywhere followed, haunted, by the thought of leprosy.

Pondicherry did not beckon to him to return. Molokai was now well and permanently provided for. But there were other lepers further afield. Father Conrady travelled to China and offered his services to the Bishop of Canton. Here he found leprosy, destitution, heart-rending need for service to body and soul. He was in his sixtieth year. He returned to America, that land where

in days of prosperity charity was possible on a large scale and where it was widely practised, where, too, a medical degree could be obtained as easily, if not more so than elsewhere. So he set himself to study and to beg. The Pope himself contributed to his fund; and in 1908, when sixty-five years of age he secured his doctor's degree at the University of Michigan, and started to return to China armed with the two things he had come to seek: an M. D., and a good proportion of the needed funds. Anything so prosaic as a bank draft did not appeal to him—and something like twenty thousand dollars, almost half of what he had collected,—was stolen from him at San Francisco.

"Head winds, at the start," was his comment as he continued his journey to China. The city which was his destination was full of lepers, but the Government, the people and the lepers themselves had to be cajoled in their own interest.

In a short article lately published in a contemporary about the Chinese Damien, we are told that Father Conrady went to the Cathedral clergy house for permissions, and having obtained them, he "got up from the breakfast table, put a piece of bread in his pocket, with a hard-boiled egg" (let us hope also a twist of salt) and sallied forth into the alleys of the city. Here he found lepers in every stage of suffering and horror.

The East Gate of the city was their recognized rendezvous, and thither went Father Conrady, spending days of nursing, with devotion as tireless as that of his fellow-countryman in the Southern Seas, to be interlarded by nights of study of the Chinese language, so as to make himself more useful in his ministry. It took him a full year to earn a footing, to prove his disinterestedness.

Then with what remained from his American quest, he bought an island in the East River, near the big market

town of Sheklung. Here he built a house and persuaded sixteen lepers to go and live there with him. He thought he owed it to the feelings of his companions that they should all live together, and sharing their life he was everything to them. He had not the slightest fear of leprosy. "Never mind," he used to say, no matter how repulsive his patient might be, "it won't be long before you're as beautiful as an angel."

Perhaps his crowning act was making employment for his lepers. He looked to them for help in building the houses, and then started workshops for them, carpentering, weaving, making nets. The island was divided so that those who wished could become landed proprietors and, so long as it was physically possible, till their little farms, growing fruit and rice and vegetables. Everything was run on co-operative lines. Things moved rapidly, and from sixteen the colony at Sheklung grew to sixty. After seven years the Province of Kwangtung provided something over six hundred lepers.

Here, thanks altogether to the old Belgian priest, heroic, eccentric, zealous, was a contented, prospering, busy settlement of unfortunate men and women who, had they remained at home, would have been miserable, idle, suffering outcasts, each one a possible, even where not a probable, propagator of his disease.

The Government, at first indifferent, then sceptical, finally, after passing through stages of interest, as near to enthusiasm as Eastern temperaments could reach, agreed to take over Father Conrady's settlement, to build extra houses and to give a subsidy of five cents a day per head towards the lepers' expenses. Sisters of the Immaculate Conception came from Canada and devoted themselves to the women in their quarters. This was the outcome of Father Conrady's seven years of heroic work. When death came to him in the

prosaic guise of ordinary pneumonia, he accepted the "trial" of not dying a leper.

"Well," he said, as he lay in the relative comfort of the French hospital at Hong Kong, "one can't expect to have everything."

He knew that he was dying and received the Last Sacraments, just as long ago he had given them to Father Damien at Molokai.

"Just bury me with my lepers," was his last request. "That is all I ask."

Writing of the Chinese Damien, one who knew him well says, "He lived for lepers, and because of him lepers will yet live. . . . He was undoubtedly eccentric. He was not a saint . . . but he was a first-rate leper man."

Carolina Abdicates.

BY ESTHER W. NEILL.

XXIV.—EDUARD COMES HOME.

CHRISTMAS was only a few days away. A faint flurry of snow had come during the night transforming the tall long-leaved pines into huge bridal bouquets of soft beauty. But they had not welcomed this artificiality of bloom, and they had shaken it off, wetting the earth they shadowed, as if there had been a rainfall.

Carolina, waking late that morning, and going out into the warmth and brightness of the sunshine, was unaware of the dampness of the garden paths. She had promised to meet one of her neighbors, a well-known breeder of horses, at the stables to look at a riding horse that he was offering for sale. Carolina was considering purchasing it for a Christmas present for Eduard. She could think of nothing that would please him so much, and she planned to have it led to the door on Christmas morning, harnessed in crow's-

foot with reins of red ribbons, the gay regalia of all Christmas gifts.

Age had not diminished Carolina's love of horses. In her young days they had carried her with such intelligent surety over mountain roads, when her own sense of direction had failed her that she felt that they possessed super-human instincts and that they should be provided with every comfort, and even in her busiest days, she had taken the time to inspect personally her own stables at frequent intervals. The grooms had always dreaded her coming, for no sign of negligence escaped her notice. Excuses for lack of cleanliness or precautionary care would not be accepted. If her anger flared up and she berated an unfortunate stable boy for some trifle, she felt that her tempestuous outburst was only the righteousness of moral indignation.

This morning she lingered some time in the drafty stable so much interested in discussing the pedigree of the horse, that she gave no heed to the cold or to the fact that her thin-soled slippers had soaked up the dampness left by the melting snow. In her haste to see the horse that her neighbor had praised so extravagantly, she had wrapped only a light woollen shawl around her shoulders ignoring her solicitous maid who stood waiting with coat, hat and rubbers. Now she began to sneeze and the head groom, anxious to get rid of her, hesitatingly suggested that he feared, "Madam was taking cold."

Carolina became suddenly aware of the clammy dampness that had penetrated through her silk stockings.

"I suppose my feet are wet," she said with smiling unconcern; "and now that I have made up my mind to buy the horse the question is where can we put him? If my grandson should arrive before Christmas, he always goes to the stables, and I want to surprise him. Do you think the old coach house would be

a safe place to hide him away? Or perhaps you had better take him home and bring him back Christmas morning. But, I won't ask you to wait for your money,—I'll go in and write you a check at once. I suppose I ought to change my shoes, I believe I have taken a slight cold."

She was so hoarse at dinner time that Monsieur Courtenay, who was now able to accept invitations, for he had learned to walk stiffly on two canes, insisted on sending for Doctor Savarin. When she objected to medical advice, the little man had painfully dragged himself up the steps to the telephone extension in the upper hall and sent his message secretly.

Doctor Savarin came at once, startled by the summons, for Carolina, even in her old age, had refused to be restrained by suggestions of feebleness or minor disabilities. She had always enjoyed perfect health. Her unconquerable spirit defied senility.

Monsieur Courtenay, hearing the doctor's car stop in the driveway, half dreaded the effect of his own boldness, and as the doctor entered the room, he tried, with some incomprehensible gestures to convey to him the idea that a casual call would be more appreciated than a professional visit. But the old doctor failed to note these cryptic signs, and approaching Carolina, with the ruthless frankness of an old friend, he ordered her to go to bed without delay.

"Why, I never heard of such a thing," she protested, "going to bed for a slight wheeziness? Jean has brought me some grewsome memoirs of a Russian princess that I am anxious to read, so I'll agree to go to bed to get warm. The whole house seems chilly. I'll prop myself up with pillows and I may read all night. I won't be treated like a sick kitten."

She went obediently to bed, but in spite of many blankets, down coverlets,

hot water bottles, she continued to shiver. Her maid stayed with her half the night, trying to warm the thin blood in her veins. Doctor Savarin, calling early the next morning, did not have to urge her to remain in bed, for she was flighty with fever. After he left the sick room, alarmed by her condition, he called Monsieur Courtenay and the Curé in consultation, and they decided to reach Eduard by radio, and to tell him that his grandmother was seriously ill. Such news would prevent his lingering any longer than need be in New York and also prepare him for any fatal contingency.

Eduard replied by sending a message of cheer from mid-ocean which was transmitted to Carolina and which seemed to rouse her from the stupor into which she had fallen. "If he is coming so soon, I wish you would send for Marie Antoinette to nurse me. She is soothing in the sick room. I'm fond of the child. I do not like to have so many strange women about."

The request seemed natural and reasonable enough to the old doctor. He had brought a night nurse from the nearest hospital. Marie, even though she had no professional knowledge, could relieve her during the day, for he knew that she would follow his careful directions, and she was so intelligent that she would note any sudden change. Even Monsieur l'Abbé, concerned only for the welfare of Carolina's unrepentant soul, did not have his suspicions aroused. Carolina was in dire need. Marie must not hesitate to heed this call of affection and come at once to minister to her old friend who had proved herself to be such a generous benefactor. Perhaps Marie Antoinette, with her womanly gentleness and prayers, would be able to persuade Carolina to give some thought to the spiritual world that was closing in about her. No sane woman, with death so near, would

waste her measured moments scheming for such mundane things as marriage. It was unbelievable that Carolina's characteristic desire to direct the lives of others should blot out all thoughts of the safety of her own soul.

Three days of high fever, delirium and agonizing pain followed; three days in which Carolina's intrepid spirit seemed poised, uncertainly for flight; three days in which the devoted old doctor was in continual attendance seeking for every remedy to prolong this valued life; three days of anxious waiting, and then a second message came from Eduard. He had reached New York. He would be home next morning.

Carolina's mind which had been wandering so irrationally came back to alert consciousness on the day of Eduard's arrival. She had heard the doctor and Marie Antoinette whispering in her room, speculating as to the earliest hour for his coming. She recognized his cheery voice, greeting old Ephraim in the hall; she listened eagerly for the sound of his running footsteps on the stairs, and when she found herself clasped in his strong young arms she said feebly,

"It—it has been so long! Oh, Eduard, why did you take so long?"

He was on his knees beside the bed; he had half lifted her from the pillow. He was appalled by her appearance; her face was like yellow parchment; her elaborate false front had been laid aside, and her thin hair was drawn straight back from her forehead. Her body seemed to have shrivelled into age and helplessness, while her small hands, with their long, unpolished nails, seemed to claw at the satin coverlet.

"I should have come before, Miss Carrie. I was so busy I did not think you needed me. I was a brute not to come before."

She made no answer. Her excitement had exhausted her; she had drifted off

again into that strange boundary land, that place of painless peace that divides life from death. Eduard's practised fingers were on her pulse, his head, resting on her breast in filial affection, while with trained ear he listened to her rapid heart beats. He realized that she was in grave danger, and the knowledge, in spite of the old doctor's diagnosis and message of warning, was a shock to him. She had always seemed so strong, so virile, so dominant, that he could not conceive of her as conquered against her own will, at last. Ever since he had received that radiogram on the steamer he had hoped that the old doctor's faithful affection had exaggerated his fears. He had told himself that his coming would brighten the days of her convalescence; he had refused to credit the belief that she was going to die. Now as he looked around the room, which had been altered so little during his long absence, the familiar furnishings seemed to reassure him by their permanence. "There is no change, no change," he found himself repeating. "Everything is the same." The wide bed with its carved posts of inverted pineapples had stood here ever since his babyhood, the tall mahogany armory, brought from the plantation, was full of Carolina's clothes that she would not soon need again; the high-boy, with its glistening brass handles blinking in the sun, was full of her silk lingerie and laces; her favorite armchair was drawn up before the open fire, her knitting needles and her yarn in a basket on the small glass-knobbed worktable close by.

"There is no change," he said aloud; "no change." Then feeling a timid touch upon his shoulder he looked up and saw Marie Antoinette standing by his side. In the half-darkened room he thought she was the trained nurse in charge.

"I am afraid that my coming in so suddenly has weakened her," he said. "I did not realize how ill she was, I have

been away so long. Dear, dear, Miss Carrie," and he laid his head beside the old face on the pillow. "I should have come before. It was not right to leave her so long." His eyes were wet.

Marie knelt down beside him. "It would not have changed things," she said, striving to comfort him. "It would not have kept her well, Mr. Eduard."

The childish name startled him; he turned quickly and looked into the girl's soft brown eyes. "Marie Antoinette!" he exclaimed, and his arms were around her and he kissed her as an older brother would have done. "Marie Antoinette! I swear I did not know you. Of course I might have guessed you would be here. How grown up you are—a young lady. Why, somehow, I never thought of you as grown up."

He was dimly conscious that she was shrinking from him with a new maidenly reserve. "Why, Marie, I believe you are surprised to have me kiss you! If you treat me like a strange young man, I'll be sorry I came home."

"But, but you've changed so," she said in some embarrassment; and still holding to his hand, she led him to the window, so that their voices would not disturb her patient. "Come, let me look at you in the sunlight, Mr. Eduard. You have changed: you seem taller, thinner, and there's a streak of grey on your temples, and your mouth seems set as if you had seen all sorts of terrible things—and—and you had forgotten how to smile."

"What a picture you draw," he said; "I'll never look in my mirror again. Even when I shave I'll cut myself into small bits before I dare to face this unwholesome looking man. Perhaps, when Miss Carrie gets better, I may smile again."

"I think she is better to-day," she said hopefully.

"What does Dr. Savarin say?"

"I have not seen him this morning.

The night nurse was still on duty when he came."

"And you are the day nurse?"

"Yes, she wanted me instead of a stranger."

"Of course," he pressed her hand more closely. "She has always been devoted to you. Now that I am here we will nurse her together. We can give her love as well as care,—just you and I."

"Yes, yes, I am sure that she will get better now that you are here. She has been counting the days, watching the clock. I planned to meet you at the door. I did not hear the car drive up. When did you come?"

"Just a moment ago. Tony is with me. Could you go downstairs and speak to him? I will stay with Miss Carrie. I would like him to get some sort of a welcome home."

"Of course," she said. "Poor Tony! It is a sad home-coming, and we had all looked forward to it with such joy. Of course, I'll go see Tony. He won't know me either, I don't know whether to be glad or sorry that I have grown up."

"Well, I for one am glad," he assured her, and he looked at her with wondering admiration. "If I had come home and found you still a child I'd felt like some defunct old grandfather—you have already told me that I am old and grey. Don't rub it in, Marie Antoinette, I should prefer that you did not rub it in."

She smiled a little sadly. "You looked like a boy when you went away," she said. "Perhaps if you mussed up your hair, you would look more like yourself."

He ran his fingers promptly through his heavy hair. "How's this?" he asked.

"It looks much better," she said, viewing him critically. "I do not like it sleek and shining. Now we'll pretend that you haven't been away. I still like to pretend."

"But, I'm not much on playing games any more, Marie, and I'm not at all sure

that I want to pretend that you are a child. I believe I rather prefer you as a woman."

"But, I don't like this feeling of strangeness," she objected, "as if we had to get acquainted all over again."

"Strangeness?" he repeated questioningly. "Why, Marie, don't shock me by telling me that you would kiss any strange man you found around the house."

"But, I didn't."

"Why, I thought you did, or perhaps you allowed the stranger to kiss you, which comes to the same thing in the end. But if Tony tries it—Well, I wouldn't listen to Tony."

He watched her as she left the room, and he felt that he would like to follow her. She represented youth, beauty, joy; she had always led him on to joy. Why had he not realized that a child with such magnetic charm could grow up and still preserve that charm? He had helped her from threatened invalidism to health and strength. She belonged to him. Why had he sent her to Tony so soon? There were a hundred questions he wanted to ask her. She would have been willing to wait and keep vigil in the sick room beside him. There was fresh hope in her presence. Why had he allowed her to leave him so soon?

As he sat in Carolina's low rocking chair staring at the fire, he was uncomfortably aware that some one was watching him, and looking towards the bed, he saw his grandmother's keen black eyes fixed upon him.

"What—what do you think of her?" she asked, and there was renewed strength in her tone. "What do you think of Marie, Eduard?"

He crossed the room and was beside her in an instant, his professional knowledge baffled by this unforeseen manifestation of vitality.

"Why, I think she is beautiful. Why, Miss Carrie, I never quite believed you when you told me that such a plain little

child, who used to look like a picked bird, could develop into a beauty."

She smiled feebly. "That, that was part of the plan," she said enigmatically—"just a part of the plan."

He looked down at her in bewilderment. "What plan?"

She did not answer the direct question. "I've been worried," she added.

"Worried?"

She seemed to be fumbling nervously with the gold chain around her neck, as if the small links were chafing her crêpy throat. "Don't let them take it off," she murmured fretfully. "Don't let them take the locket away. It's my son's picture—I have always worn it ever since he died. I wasn't fair to him—I wasn't fair—"

"Nobody shall take it away," he said soothingly. "No one will touch it. You must not worry, Miss Carrie. You must get well before you worry about anything."

"Perhaps," she said dreamily. "Perhaps I may not get well. You will be a very rich man when I die, Eduard—very rich—you are my only heir."

"Don't—don't talk about it, Miss Carrie. I don't want money. You break my heart—I have never cared for money."

"And I have cared too much," she said weakly. "I have always cared too much. It has given me power,—a strong sense of power. It seems to control so many things in life, Eduard, so many people, places. I have always felt that I wanted it about me, near me. I have always kept a note of some size in the back of this locket for emergencies. A foolish fancy, perhaps, but one never knows when one may need money. Don't let them take it away."

"Nobody shall take it away," he reassured her again, and he wondered why the thought of money should obtrude itself upon her obscured mind. "I'll tell Marie that no one must take it away."

"I—I may need it," she repeated.

"One never knows when one may need money. It is a power, Eduard—the only power left me. Don't let them take it away."

She closed her eyes wearily, and she seemed to drift off again into a half stupor. That she should have the strength to speak at such length and with such coherence seemed a sort of miracle,—a brief resurrection. Eduard remained kneeling beside her, smoothing her wrinkled arm with affectionate tenderness. Marie Antoinette, coming back to him half an hour later, found him still upon his knees.

(To be continued.)

On the True Knowledge of God.*

BY G. C. HESELTINE.

THE fulness of truth is shown to them that seek it purely and honestly, and to the children of simplicity hidden mysteries are opened. Whence, indeed, springs the frowardness of heretics, but of an untutored and disordered mind which is blinded with a desire for its own superiority? For among themselves heretics do not hesitate to oppose God by their vain desires. On that account also they withstand the truth openly with arguments; and when the Christian religion would eliminate all contrariness and make all men accord in the unity of love, it is the habit of heretics and proud men to get new opinions and propound improper questions against the teaching of Holy Church. And so they delight to disparage with their vanities those things which faithful Christians hold firmly.

Repudiating the errors of these men (on the doctrine of the Trinity) we say: Verily the Son of God is to be believed and understood to be entirely

coeternal with the Father. For unless the Father had begotten Him from all eternity, He certainly would not be fully God in Himself, for if God the Father had first existed at some time when He had no Son, then without doubt He was less at that time than He was afterwards when He had begotten a Son, and no man of sound mind will say that. Therefore, the unchangeable God begets unchangeable God, and whom He had begotten from eternity He ceases not to beget to this day. For neither may the substance of the begotten Son be said to be unbegotten at any time, nor may the being of the Begetter Himself be ever experienced without a Son, only-begotten of Himself. For even as the beginning of the Godhead may by no reason nor wit be discovered (because it has no beginning), so the Begetter of the Son abides unchangingly with the eternity of the Godhead.

And when this wonder and honor of God Almighty, without beginning or end, is clearly apparent, to what purpose shall the folly of man raise itself up to strive to explain to the ears of mortal men a mystery beyond words? He alone truly knows God who feels Him to be incomprehensible and unknowable. For nothing is fully understood unless the cause thereof, and how and what it is, can be fully known. In this present life we know in part and we understand in part: in the life to come we shall know as perfectly and as fully as much as is lawful and expedient for creatures.

Indeed, he that seeks to know more of the everlasting Maker than is profitable, without doubt falls the more foolishly from a perfect understanding of Him. Thou askest: 'What is God?' and I answer thee briefly: 'Such a one and so great He is, as of such kind and such greatness none other is nor may be.' If thou wilt know, properly speaking, what God is, I say that thou shalt never find an answer to this question. I have not known, angels have not known, arch-

* A new translation of Chapter VI. of the *Incendium Amoris* of the saintly hermit Richard Rolle, of Hampole, made from the Fifteenth Century MSS.

angels have not heard. Therefore, how shouldst thou wish to know what is unknowable and unteachable? For God, though He be almighty, cannot teach thee what He Himself is. If thou shouldst know what God is, thou wouldst be as wise as God, and that neither thou nor any other creature can be.

Be content, therefore, in thy station and seek not higher things! For if thou dost desire to know what God is thou dost desire to be God, which does not become thee, as thou well knowest. God alone knows, and is able to know, Himself. It is not, however, because of God's lack of power that He may not explain Himself to thee as He is in Himself, but because of His inestimable greatness; for such as He is none other may be. If, indeed, He might be fully known, He would not be incomprehensible. Therefore, it is enough for thee to know that God *is*, and it will hinder thee if thou dost wish to know *what* God is.

Thus it is praiseworthy to know God perfectly—that is to say, to know Him to be incomprehensible: by so knowing to love Him; by loving to rejoice in Him; by rejoicing to be at peace in Him; and by inward quiet to come to eternal rest. Let it not disturb thee that I have said 'to know God *perfectly*,' and I have at the same time denied that he may be known, although the Psalmist has said: "*Pretende misericordiam tuam scientibus te*—Show forth thy mercy to them that know thee." But understand this authority thus, if thou wilt not err: 'to them that know thee,' that is to say, as God to be loved, to be praised, to be worshipped and glorified, Maker alone of all things, above all things, who by all things and in all things is blessed forever and ever. Amen.



ANY Christian spirit, working kindly in its little sphere, whatever it may be, will find its mortal life too short for its vast means of usefulness.

—Charles Dickens.

Time to Stop.

The clergymen of two adjoining parishes in Forfarshire, Scotland were both alike remarkable for a great fund of anecdote, as well as for a great eagerness to exploit it. When one of them happened to be present in any company, he generally monopolized, or rather prevented, all conversation; when both were present, there was a constant and keenly contested struggle for the first place. It fell out on a certain morning that they breakfasted together, without any other company; when the host, having a kind of precedence, began an interesting but long-winded story, to which his guest was, of course, compelled to listen.

As the host proceeded with his story, he poured hot water into the teapot; and, so completely was he absorbed in the interest of what he was relating, or rather perhaps so intent was he to engage the attention of his listener, that he took no note of what he was doing, but permitted the water to overflow the vessel into which he was pouring it.

The guest observed what was going on; but, being resolved for once to give his rival full scope, never indicated by word or look or gesture that he perceived it, till at last as the speaker brought his voice to a cadence, for the purpose of finishing the tale, he remarked, "Ay, ye may stop noo; it's rinnin' oot at the door!"

Long-windedness on the part of preachers is no fault in the eyes of Scotchmen. A minister whose sermons are short is of little account in their eyes. A countryman once stumbled into a kirk where the minister, overpowered, it would seem, by the affecting nature of his subject, was half crying. "What makes the man greet?" said the countryman to a young fellow that stood near the door. "Ye wad greet, too," he answered, "if ye were in his place and had as leetle to say."

Messiah's Tribute to Precursor.

BY P. J. C.

OUR Saviour is not profuse in eulogy. He does not laud His Mother; nor St. Joseph. They were not in His public work, in His official *entourage*. Their ministrations were given to His infancy, His youth. They are figures of the hearth, the home.

Christ praised St. Peter, but qualified the eulogy. "Thou art Christ the Son of the living God," Peter had said in brave answer to the question, "But who do you say I am?" "Blessed art thou, Simon Bar-Jona, because flesh and blood have not revealed it to thee, but My Father who is in heaven." The Apostle is told his testimony is a divine inspiration. He is blessed in that.

At dinner with Simon the Pharisee He commends St. Mary Magdalen. It is a commendation with a reminder. Her conduct in the dining-room is contrasted with that of the prosperous host. She did what Simon neglected to do; what he should have done. "Wherefore, I say to thee, many sins are forgiven her because she hath loved much." The new saint is informed that she has sinned; that love has saved her; that wherever the Gospel shall be preached her act of penitent love shall be published.

That Canaanite woman out of the coast of Tyre was given emphatic laudation. "Lord, help me," she begs. "It is not good to take the bread of the children and to cast it to the dogs," He answered. An answer so unlike Him! "Yea, Lord, for the whelps also eat of the crumbs that fall from the tables of their masters." That answer is a lyric poem. "O woman, great is thy faith!" Christ in that commendation is in character again. To the Centurion He said, "Amen, I say to you, I have not found so great faith, not even in Israel." Superlative praise.

Outranking all as the subject of eulogy is John the Baptist. John had glorified Jesus in homely metaphors that penetrate the unlettered mind. The praise which Jesus bestowed on John seems the highest ever bestowed by God on man. It is an assurance of salvation. It is not said, as was said to the Thief on the right hand, "Amen, I say to you thou shalt be with me in paradise." Yet who hearing of himself those words said about John will not feel he has his credentials to heaven?

Messengers had come to Jesus from John. The Baptist in prison had heard of the growing renown of the Redeemer. He was not jealous. What he had said about the young Messiah some time before more than proves that. The faith of his own disciples needed strengthening. "Art thou He that art to come, or look we for another?" John's disciples asked the Saviour. "Go and relate to John what you have seen and heard." It is not the first time Christ summoned His works to testify. It will not be the last. And then these great sentences to those about Him:

"What went you out into the desert to see?" Christ asked when John's disciples were gone. "A reed shaken by the wind? But what went you out to see?" Christ asked again. "A man clothed in soft garments?" John wore his coat of camel's hair, was girt about by his leathern girdle; drank no wine, lived on desert locusts and wild honey. He was not a pleasure-loving courtier, as they well knew. What then? Christ tells them:

"A prophet? Yea, I say to you, and more than a prophet. For this is he of whom it is written: Behold I send my angel before thy face who shall prepare thy way before thee. Amen, I say to you, there hath not risen among them that are born of women a greater than John the Baptist."

Considering the Person who speaks, the language stands supreme in eulogy.

Notes and Remarks.

Archbishop Downey, of Liverpool, has this to say on "Broad-mindedness," which perhaps you will want to read. "Well, what is broad-mindedness? Broad-mindedness really means a masterly indifference to the things that don't matter. . . . There are certain matters in which there is no room for broad-mindedness; for instance, the multiplication table. Is there any room for broad-mindedness there? If not, there is equally no room for it when you are dealing with the essential principles of Christianity. Everyone knows that to be broad-minded with the multiplication table will certainly lead to financial ruin. If we try to be broad-minded with the essential principles of Christianity we shall imperil our eternal salvation." That, in a practical way, answers the "one-church-as-good-as-another" attitude of mind. It may also re-establish the thinking of the Catholic young man, or young woman, who asserts a mixed marriage is as safe as a Catholic one. A mixed marriage is a risk marriage—a risk to salvation. "What doth it profit a man to gain the whole world and lose his soul?" No broad-mindedness about that question.

A short time ago Pennsylvania voted for a modification of the Blue Laws which have been in effect in that State since 1794. Under the present modification each community has a right to decide for itself whether football and baseball may be played on Sunday. This right, however, extends only to those two games, and the hours are restricted to two to six in the afternoon so that plenty of time may be had for Church and Sunday-school. It is almost inconceivable that a State as large as Pennsylvania could have kept such laws upon its statute books for so long a

time, and that a people who would tolerate divorce, birth control and other such vices among some of its number, would legislate to stop innocent games which, in themselves, were harmful to no one. Such legislation is a species of hypocrisy that is hard to understand. It is the straining out of the gnat and the swallowing of the camel. One of the surest ways to drive people to harmful recreation is to forbid those things which are harmless. It is for this reason that the Catholic Church has always fostered wholesome recreations, and has endeavored to persuade her children to engage in them as an outlet for their physical energy. The Blue Laws are wrong in principle, and in practice they always do more harm than good.

The royalty of Austria—it seems a vanishing tradition. One member of the family, however, appeared in the Catholic public print recently. And not as the actor in a scandal either. Archduke Otto, great-great-nephew of Emperor Francis Joseph, and son of the late Charles, Emperor of Austria and King of Hungary, is a student in the University of Louvain, out of which he is soon to be graduated with a degree in political science. He is twenty years old, speaks German, Italian, Spanish, French, English, Hungarian. He is referred to as an exemplary Catholic young man. When his mother, the Empress Zita, brought him to Louvain she said to the Rector, Monsignor Ladeuse, "I do not know if he will ever be a king. At any rate, I want to make a man of him." After many changes of residence, the Empress decided to remove to Steenockerzeel, Belgium, with her family. The residence there served her purposes. The Archduke Otto and his sister Adelaide journey daily to Louvain, while four younger boys are driven to St. Michael's College, conducted by the Jesuits, in Brussels. The Empress has Mass every morning

in her private chapel, and Benediction in the evening. On days when it is impossible for Otto and his sister Adelaide to attend services in the chapel, they go to a parish church where the young prince frequently serves Mass. Perhaps you are wondering why all this about Empress Zita, Otto and Adelaide? Well, if the ex-Empress of Austria had hit the ex-King of Spain with a champagne bottle the Associated Press would serve it to the secular papers which give you your daily bread; and if Otto ran off with the divorced wife of Former Crown Prince Okoloko, or if Adelaide were seen at the Riviera with a prominent millionaire American sportsman whose wife was suing him at Reno, that too would be headlined big for you. Going to Mass and behaving do not make the papers.

Most everyone knows the attractiveness of the picture to children's eyes. More than that, it flashes its meaning quickly and with such an eloquence of drama that mere words can seldom compete with it. Quite naturally the traveller has noted that same power of the picture over the savage mind. Hence the growing use of the camera and the film in the work of the missionary. The Salesian Fathers have been exceptionally active in this new missionary approach. They already possess a film depot in Japan with 200 Pathe-Baby rolls by means of which they are able to provide a weekly service to their missionary centres in that country. So effective has this moving picture presentation been in explaining and popularizing the Christian religion that it has not been possible to come any way near supplying the demand. Now the Salesians propose the establishment of a similar centre somewhere in Europe for the distribution of films throughout Asia and Africa. With the recent addition of simplicity and portability to the projection

machine, there is really a wonderful opportunity for some wealthy Catholic to multiply the effectiveness of all Catholic foreign missionary activities by endowing a depot for world-wide distribution of religious and educational films. Such a benefactor could measure his service to religion by the hundreds of thousands who would not otherwise be brought within the influence of the missionary's voice.

Dr. Ralph Cooper Hutchison, President of Washington and Jefferson College, speaking recently to thirty-five hundred delegates at the annual convention of the New Jersey Teachers' Association, declared that education in high schools, colleges and universities has become the great American racket. In the early days of education, he believes, the college man was a person of the highest character, integrity, scholarship, culture and spiritual understanding. So great was the demand for such men that it became paramount in the life of a man to gain that trade-mark. This resulted in undergraduates making their way through college by the easiest possible route. "That they were racketeers, that they did belie the trade-mark, that they accepted the name without the reality, is evidenced by the shocking number of graduates who have been discovered in defalcations, in corrupt professional practices, in the concealment of corporation assets or liabilities, the watering of stock, the peddling of questionable securities, the evasion of income and other taxes, the distribution and acceptance of bribes, the predatory exploitation of public resources and the wide-spread system of municipal grafts. But the racket is ended. The turn has come. Supply exceeds demand. Quality will be demanded." The fact that there are more college graduates than there are positions, is not going to assure us of a higher type of graduate any more

than the superabundance of lawyers in our cities has assured us of a higher type of lawyer. The chief reason why the old school graduates were of such high character is due to the fact that they were moral men. These men were brought up in schools where religion was taught, and where they learned that the Ten Commandments are the foundation of all good science, and law, and finance, and commerce. The things that Dr. Hutchison takes exception to in the graduates of the present day are practically all violations of the Seventh Commandment. People who believe in this commandment do not do such things whether they have college diplomas or not. It is absurd to think that any change in the law of supply and demand will be able to take the place of religion in our schools.



For years past the manufacturing and marketing of narcotic drugs in this country has been so rigidly and honestly limited to medicinal needs that the sole problem of drug control has consisted in a fight against the smugglers who are bringing in European morphine, cocaine and heroin. Recently the League of Nations made a pact by which no factory in any country was to turn out more of these dangerous drugs than were needed to fill its approved medicinal orders. Though Japan has no addicts of her own, says Rodney Gilbert, writing in the *Literary Digest*, she allows herself under the new pact 1430 pounds of heroin (banned as medically useless in the United States), 2200 pounds of cocaine and 7431 pounds of morphine. This is more "dope" than all Asia could possibly use for medical or scientific purposes. Japan has in the past marketed through the Manchurian port of Darien as much as seventeen tons of morphine in a year, and a Japanese authority on the drug evil, the late Mr. Kikuchi, once estimated that three

out of four Japanese in Manchuria were connected with the traffic. When Japan's critics at Geneva objected to her staggering declaration of her needs they implied, of course, that Japan intended to keep the narcotic trade alive. Manchukuo, being recognized by no signatory of the drug-limitation convention but Japan, has not signed the pledge and is not controlled by it, yet she is a huge producer of opium, and has a duly legalized government opium monopoly. It is rather discouraging in the face of these facts for those who are trying to combat this illicit trade. Drugs will be brought into this country as long as there is enormous profit in them. To stop the traffic it would be necessary for our police and federal agents to outwit the smugglers, which is too much to expect, in every case. Perhaps a penalty could be put on the crime of smuggling "dope" which would reduce it to a minimum. There is no doubt that those in charge of preventing the selling of narcotics are doing all in their power to arrive at effective ways and means.



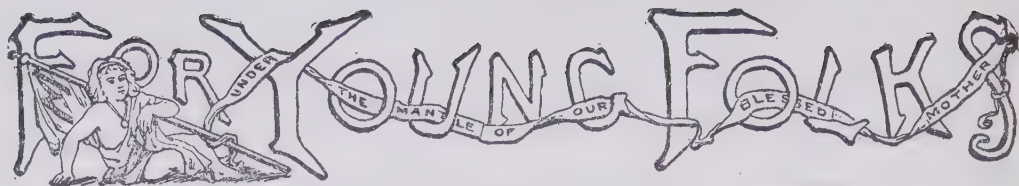
The absurd claim that the Catholic Church is in politics continues to live only because facts to the contrary have not been given their proper publicity. And there are plenty of facts as, for example, the fewness of Catholics among our Governors, in the Cabinet, in Congressional offices, etc. If Catholics the country over would give this ancient lie the straight-from-the-shoulder treatment of facts which it deserves, it would soon betake itself to the seclusion of silence where it belongs. The following information from *The Bulletin* of the Catholic Laymen's Association of Georgia will be of assistance to anyone who wishes to help in the laying of this hoary old ghost of Ku-Klux days: "The official figures of the United States Government 1926 Religious Census, the most recent one, show that Catholics

rank first in number in the States of Arizona, California, Colorado, Connecticut, Delaware, District of Columbia, Illinois, Iowa, Louisiana, Maine, Maryland, Massachusetts, Michigan, Minnesota, Missouri, Montana, Nebraska, Nevada, New Hampshire, New Jersey, New Mexico, New York, North Dakota, Ohio, Oregon, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, South Dakota, Texas, Vermont, Washington, Wisconsin and Wyoming. Catholics, therefore, outnumber the members of any Protestant denomination in thirty-four States and the District of Columbia. Four States, we believe, are represented in the United States by a Catholic. Possibly two have Catholic Governors." After presenting that array of eloquence, *The Bulletin* concludes with the following sensible editorial comment: "These statistics ought to demonstrate to any reasonable man either that the Catholic Church is not in politics or that its reputed relentless political efforts since the foundation of the Republic have not even given it effective experience. And either alternative ought to be consoling to anti-Catholics with jumpy nerves."

At the present time it is not easy to judge from press reports the exact shades of radicalism and conservatism that will be represented in the Cortes as a result of the recent elections in Spain. "But the evidence seems clear," according to the *New York Times*, "that the Spanish voters had grown tired of the experimentation which has been going on in Spain. All kinds of reforms having to do with the land and the social organism and the Church have been attempted, and have been embodied to a greater or less degree in the new Constitution. One of the promises of the Coalition party in Sunday's election was to remake that constitution thoroughly. Whatever may be done about that, the political and popular discontent in Spain

has plainly come to a head in a way unexpected by the Government and most troublesome for it. It is too early to talk about a restoration of the monarchy, though the monarchists did their part in registering a verdict against the Government. It seems clear also that the middle classes, and especially the women, who voted in unusual numbers, were disturbed by the extremes to which republicanism had been carried in Spain, and were anxious to bring about a change. There appears to be little doubt that the influence of the Church was thrown against the present Government. This is suggested by the dispatch from Rome reporting the Vatican pleased with the general results of the Spanish elections." All of these things make the future of Spain look more hopeful. The people seem to have come to their senses, and are about to demand their rights. Spain is essentially Catholic, and when acting normally will not tolerate anti-Church or anti-school legislation. May her awakened spirit rule!

Bishop Lillis, of Kansas City, told the diocesan Council of the National Council of Catholic Women that Catholic men and women have a right as American citizens to protest against the nastiness which is seen in the theatres. "If a store sells us things that are not fit to use, we keep away from that store. If we would only serve notice upon those who flaunt these nasty things they would not be offered to our city." There is no question about the nastiness to which the Bishop refers. And at the moment there is not much sign of betterment. The producers at Hollywood indicate frankly they consider the American people want moral filth. They sometimes advertise as filthy what in reality is not such. We have been writing about the movies to weariness no doubt. Our excuse is the hope to stir Catholics into activity.



Song of a Mexican Mother.

BY ALICE PAULINE CLARK.

OH, but the sun is warm and dear
Upon my cabin doorstep here,
And on the winding paths that go
Down to the little church below,

Where many candles at your shrine
Are burning!—One of them is mine.
My candle prays to you—maybe,—
Yet you seem always here with me.

I love this mountain land of ours!
(You loved Judea's hills and flowers).
I love my home—two rooms is all!
(Your house at Nazareth was small).

My man, José, is strong and good
(Like yours, he works with tools and wood).
But, Mother Mary, I love best
This little bundle on my breast!

My baby (oh, how sweet God's way!),
Like yours, was born on Christmas Day.
Four months. Ah, Mary, see! He smiled!
Could yours have been a sweeter Child?

Moira Goes to the Fair.

BY MARY MABEL WIRRIES.

“NOW, Moira,” said her mother,
“do be careful.”

Moira laughed blithely. “I’ll never live down my youthful misfortunes,” she said. “Mother, will you ever forget that once I went to Grand Rapids to visit Aunt Lou, and while there dropped a flat-iron on my foot, and came home on crutches?”

“Or that you once went to a Mission Crusade meeting in Cincinnati and fell in a mud puddle, ruining your new

suit, so that you had to come home without attending the meeting,” reminded Moira’s father.

“And don’t forget that you once went to the Blossom Festival at Benton Harbor with the Grants, and got ptomaine from eating a roast-beef sandwich,” supplemented Brother Don with a grin. “You can’t expect Mother to forget everything, Moira. But cheer up, Mother, Moira is growing up. She has arrived at the stage where she plucks her eyebrows and practises walking like a cloak model. Nothing really serious has happened to her since she was a High School freshman—”

“And what could happen to me on a week-end trip to the Century of Progress, when my big, strong, handsome football-hero brother is along with me?” demanded Moira, wickedly.

A pretty, black-haired girl, hurrying past the four, cast an amused glance at Don, and he gave Moira a murderous look.

“Here’s your car,” Mr. Mooney reminded the two travellers. A moment later they were moving toward Chicago. Moira looked eagerly out the window at the changing scenery. The car whistled for the Laporte Avenue crossing, wound slowly about the Bendix factory, and then, slipping the shackles of the city, sped away into an autumn countryside of scarlet, and gold, and faded brown.

Don kept his nose in his paper until Moira grew impatient.

“Say something!” she commanded, at last. “You’ve been silent as an oyster for more than an hour. What are those smoke stacks, over there on the lake shore?”

“Steel mills—the largest in the world. We’re at Gary. That’s a blast furnace

over there. That ugly, shabby building is the hospital."

Moira shuddered. "How cheerful!"

"There are bound to be accidents and illnesses where several thousands of workers are employed."

"I suppose so; but I don't like the thought. *Please*—not that paper again. Try to imagine I'm some other fellow's sister. What do you want to see first at the Century of Progress? I want to go to the Enchanted Island."

"Still an infant, aren't you? I want to see that car assembled, and I want to see them make that tire. They do that in the Firestone building."

"Oh, Don, what a waste of time! I shouldn't care for that at all. I want to see the Hall of Science, and the Chinese temple, and the Horticultural building and gardens; and, of course, the Travel and Transport building, and the Planetarium, and the Chapel Car—and I'm wild to see the jewelry exhibit—"

"Whoa! Stop right there. When do you think we'll do all this? We've two days, remember. And you could spend a whole month in the Hall of Science, and only scratch the surface. We'll leave the Science until to-morrow after Mass—that and the States' exhibits. But jewelry—great guns! Don't we have jewelry shops at home? And you're not going to drag me to a horticultural display, Sis."

"We've machine shops at home, too," pouted Moira, "and I hate smelly rubber and noisy machinery."

"But that's important to me. I have to see it."

"Flowers and jewelry are important to me."

"Oh! you women! Well—let's compromise. You go your way, and I'll go mine. We can get around faster, and see the things we really want to see. We'll meet somewhere. How about the Eighteenth Street entrance, at five-thirty? Of course, I don't want you alone at

night. We'll dine together, then. Yes?"

"All right," responded Moira, happily.

"And be there at *five-thirty*. Girls are always late. Don't talk to strangers, either. Need any money?"

"No. I've a dollar."

"All right. That's settled."

Moira had a delightful time, wandering about, looking at all the things for which Don would never care to stop. She lingered long in the foreign shops, with their displays of quaint ornaments and embroidery. Being beguiled by a bead bangle bracelet, and tempted by an ice-cream sandwich, and buttered popcorn, she found her dollar melted to one thin dime before the hour of five. She was very tired then, so she went to the Eighteenth Street entrance to see if Don had happened there early. Not seeing him, she found a seat and dropped into it. A foreign-looking woman, sitting near her, jounced a restless baby on her knee, and scanned the crowd, nervously. Moira, who loved children, spoke soothingly to the fretful child. The baby smiled and cooed. Suddenly the woman rose hastily:

"Hold my baby, please, a minute, Miss," she said, in broken English. "My man—he look for me. I see him now. I run get him."

Unceremoniously she plopped the baby in the surprised girl's lap, and departed, running.

Moira, amused and unsuspecting, cooed to the baby, who seemed glad for the change, and after a few minutes, went sweetly to sleep. The hands of Moira's watch crept nearer and nearer the hour of five-thirty, and she began to feel anxious. She mustn't fail Don. Where was that woman? Why didn't she return? She got up and walked down toward the entrance—then turned and hurried back. Don would be furious if he found her in this predicament. If only that woman would come back! Perhaps she wasn't coming back! Perhaps

she meant to desert the baby. A bus, of the kind used to convey fair-goers about the grounds, passed, just as this thought struck her, and there, on the car, was the woman who had given her the baby. With a little cry, Moira ran to the turnstile and tugged at it, futilely, with one encumbered hand.

"Drop your dime in, lady," reminded a bystander.

Moira shifted the baby, and fished the last dime from her pocket. The bus rounded the curve toward the South end, and Moira started to run after it. A guard stopped her.

"Have to be a good sprinter to catch that," he said. "Here comes another."

Moira took the next bus. She watched eagerly at every stop, but there was no sign of the woman. At the end of the line she got out disconsolately. The baby waked and began to wail. Moira remembered then, that she had no dime to get back to Don. She sat on a bench and began to weep, too. There a policeman found her.

"Lost your husband?" he asked, kindly.

Indignation dried Moira's tears. "Do I look as though I have a husband?" she asked fiercely. "No. I've lost the baby's m-mother. And my brother's at Eighteenth Street, and it's six o'clock, and I spent my dime, and I can't carry this child all the way back—and Don will be angry because I have it. Oh! you poor little thing! Don't cry. Just listen to it. That heartless mother! I wish I'd gone to that old tire-making. Something terrible always happens to me. Once it was a flat-iron, and once it was a mud puddle, and once it was a roast-beef sandwich."

The policeman looked at her pityingly. Moira's hysteria vanished, as she read his thought. "I'm not insane," she assured him, with sudden dignity, "I'm only unfortunate. Listen:" she told her tale from beginning to end.

"Hum-m—" said the policeman, sceptically, when she had finished. "Sounds queer, Miss—but let's go down to Eighteenth Street. I'll carry the baby. You look about fagged."

"The next time," said Don, grimly, across the table on which reposed their much-belated dinner, "I'm going to handcuff you to me. No wonder Mother worries about you! Nine o'clock, and we're just eating. My whole evening spoiled, running around looking for you. What a girl!"

"How was I to guess the woman sprained her ankle, running after her husband?" demanded Moira, meekly. "The poor thing! She fainted—and when she finally told them where she left her baby, I wasn't there. But I waited so long, Don—and I was so sure I saw her on that bus—"

"I've heard it all before," said Don, drily. "Perhaps," relenting at sight of her trembling lip, "you weren't exactly to be blamed; but I warned you not to talk to strangers."

"I merely said 'Goo' to a baby," protested Moira.

"Don sighed, and picked up his fork. "In your case," he said wearily, "it isn't even safe to say 'Goo' to a baby. Let's eat—before adventure starts again."

Valencia.

BY MAY EVELYN SKILES.

(Conclusion.)

In the market place there were piles of golden oranges and festoons of purple and white orchids, and huge bunches of red carnations. As Pepeta and Juan strolled on, little silver bells tinkled from donkeys' heads, decorated with blue or red tassels, their saddlebags fringed with crimson. Everywhere came the voices of children, sweet, melodious, chanting joyous canticles to proclaim the coming of the Christ. The

night air reverberated with the glad-some words, "Peace on earth." Over and over the words were repeated.

As Juan and Pepeta left their little band to wend their way homeward, at the edge of the Valencian city, they could feel the softness of the sea air, which seemed to waft a message of peace.

"If you had not asked me to go with you to sing, I should not now have the figures," Pepeta said.

"Then I am glad, Pepeta," and Juan bade Pepeta a joyous good-night at the door of her home.

Inside the house, Pepeta showed her treasures to her mother.

"Would you mind if I took the *nacimiento* over to Anita's house to-morrow?"

Carmelita put her arm about Pepeta. "Pepeta, Anita's mother came while you were gone. Anita is not so well."

Pepeta was silent as she gazed at the Christ Child. Then she placed the little white lambs on the hillside, and gazed with rapture on the little scene.

Carmelita stood beside her. "You will make Anita very happy on the morrow," she said. "The child has not walked for so long."

Pepeta went outside and sat on the doorstep. She couldn't get Anita from her mind. How would she, Pepeta, feel if she could not walk? Overhead the stars twinkled. There was one brighter than all the rest. "You shine for the Christ Child," she murmured.

Her head sank in her hands. Was the star trying to tell her to give up her wonderful *nacimiento* to little Anita? Oh, she couldn't let Anita keep it! She looked at the star again. Tears glistened on her cheeks in the moon-light.

"No, no! bright star, I can't give it up!" she cried. "Bright star, don't ask me. I've worked so hard to complete my *nacimiento*."

The wind in the cypress trees

whistled. Were the leaves trying to tell her too that Anita couldn't walk? When she looked once again at the star, it seemed to smile. Peace stole over the child, and she smiled back. She rose and clasped her hands.

"Bright star, I am so happy! I shall give my *nacimiento* to Anita. When I see her eyes sparkle, I shall be glad." As she turned to go inside, she was sure that the star smiled again.

"Mother, would you mind if I gave my scene to Anita?"

"That would be a better deed than just to let her see it."

"Oh, I am glad that you do not mind!" Pepeta cried, joyfully.

The next evening Pepeta and her mother and Juan entered the little house where Anita and her mother lived.

Anita was speechless, as she gazed at the scene of the Nativity. Wreathed in smiles, she bent over the sand-laden box, placed on a convenient table.

"I do not see why my little girl has not good luck," sighed Isabella. "When she was a wee thing I hung her little dresses to dry on a rosemary bush. The Holy Mother spread the robes of the Holy Infant on the rosemary bushes. Always I have heard that good fortune will come to the baby whose clothes are treated thus." Her face brightened as she saw the light on Anita's fair face. "How happy you have made her!" and Isabella took Pepeta's hand in hers.

Silently the little group looked at the scene before them. There were the Judæan hills, the shepherds, with their flocks of sheep, the three Wise Men. Then church bells chimed. Pepeta fingered the golden crucifix that hung from her neck.

Each eye was riveted on the golden star, held by the silver thread. Pepeta sank to her knees beside Anita. "The *nacimiento* is yours. You must light the candles."

Anita opened wide her eyes. "Oh, do

you mean the *nacimiento* is mine?"

"It is wonderful!" breathed Pepeta, viewing the little town of Bethlehem.

The bayberry candles that lighted the *nacimiento* also lighted the faces of the watchers. The churches chimed forth glad tidings, and on the night air came the call to Mass. Tears came to Anita's eyes. "I should like to go. Does the little Christ Child know?"

Her mother could not answer. So often had she longed that her child might walk as other little ones walked and played.

Anita could not take her eyes away from the star. "It seems to beckon, mother."

"Peace on earth—" chimed the bells.

Sorrowfully Isabella looked upon her child.

"No one need stay with me. I shall not be lonely. No one is ever lonely with the Christ Child."

Pepeta clasped Anita's hand. "Do you see the Christ Child smiling? Oh, Anita! His eyes are open. He smiles for you. I am most glad that you should have the Christ Child, and the town of Bethlehem."

The candles illumined the face of the little image.

"If the Christ Child is here I shall not be lonely if the rest go to Mass," and Anita began to chant.

"Hush!" said Isabella, looking at Anita with strained eyes, for Anita had risen to her feet, as she stood gazing on the Holy Infant.

Amazed, Pepeta and her mother and Isabella and Juan stood watching the little girl who had not stood for two years. Tears of joy rained down Isabella's face as Anita raised her little white hand. "The Christ Child bids me walk to Mass."

"It cannot be!" murmured the little group falling to their knees in prayer.

Anita continued to stand. She took a step forward, her flaxen hair falling about her serene face like an aureole.

"She looks like one of the cherubs in the scene," her mother said, as they rose to their feet. "Niña, little girl!" she cried, clasping Anita in her arms.

"I shall walk up the aisle of the church," Anita said, taking more steps alone. "I have been healed. The Christ Child beckoned," her eyes aglow with happiness.

Marvelling, the five friends walked down the gaily lighted street. The bells pealed forth in glad rejoicing.

"Pepeta brought to us the *nacimiento*, which means being born again," said Isabella. "Little Anita has taken on a new body."

"My *nacimiento* would not have been complete if Juan had not asked me to go with him to sing," said Pepeta, her face radiant as she looked at Anita.

And, as the midnight bells pealed forth, a great peace settled down on the city, and Pepeta rejoiced in that she had made the sacrifice.

On the happy faces of the friends shone the "peace that passeth understanding," and in their hearts there was great rejoicing as they thought of the Holy Night long ago.



Royalty at the Washtub.

The royal family of Sweden has always been noted for its simplicity. All the princes of the imperial houses of Hapsburg and Hohenzollern had to learn a trade. In fact, history relates that some of these royal apprentices became skilful mechanics. But royal washerwomen are decidedly a novelty. The two daughters of the Duke of West Gothland received a careful and practical education in the minutest branches of housekeeping; and it must have been an interesting sight to have seen Princess Margaret and Princess Martha, neither yet in her teens, busily engaged at the washtub in the interests of their dolls.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—Moyra Charlton, Putnams informs us, although but fifteen years of age has already written three books which have had a total sale of 25,000 copies. She is on her way to South Africa at the present time, and will write another book about what she sees there.

—"Light of Lourdes," a drama in three acts by Helen M. McCabe (The Catholic Dramatic Movement, Milwaukee, Wis. 35c), tells the story of the wonders of Lourdes. The drama moves about the cure of physical blindness of a stone-cutter, and the spiritual blindness of a skeptical doctor.

—"The One Sacrifice," by Most Reverend Alexander MacDonald, D.D. (The Catholic Truth Society of Canada, 67 Bond St., Toronto. 10c), is a clear explanation of the idea of sacrifice, the various stages of the liturgical ceremony in ancient sacrifices and their application to the Mass.

—Two new books on the American experiment in the reviving of prosperity are promised from the publisher soon: "Washington and the Revolutionists," by Roger W. Babson, will be issued by Harper & Brothers, and "The Future Comes: A Study of the New Deal," by Charles A. Beard and H. E. Smith from the Macmillan Company.

—An unusual order for a writers' club was issued to the effect that "Nobody would be admitted without Manuscript." Those who bring no manuscripts of their own to be discussed and criticized may not sit in to hear the discussion of the members. The president of the Independent Writers' Association, the organization that issued the order, reports that the meetings have been specially helpful, and a round dozen of those attending have broken into print since the meetings began.

—Father Martin Scott's books on apologetics have been justly popular for their clear exposition, and their practical understanding of the intellectual difficulties of the non-Catholic. In "Religious Certainty" (P. J. Kenedy. Paper, 35c; cloth, \$1.60), he brings

the inquirer back to fundamentals. "Is there a God? Is Christ God? Has He founded a Church? How can we recognize that Church?" Step by step he points the way to the discovery of the True Church; a discovery which ends in religious certainty.

—Four recent pamphlets from the Sunday Visitor Press are: (1) "Is the Church Woman's Enemy?" by Rev. John A. O'Brien, Ph. D., a discussion of Marriage and the "Newer Freedom" for Women; (2) "Can Indulgences be Bought?" by the same author,—new light on Luther's charges; (3) "This is My Body," by Rev. John M. Riach, C. S. P., a guide to the drama of the Mass; (4) "The Mysteries of the Holy Rosary," by Fr. M. Meschler, S. J., an aid to meditation while saying the beads. Price, 10c each.

—"Chant at the Altar," by the Reverend John C. Selner, S. S., is written particularly for seminarians and the clergy. It contains detailed and easily understood instructions for the correct rendering of the various Church chants as employed in the Divine Service. The fact that the Reverend author is the Director of Sacred Music at the Sulpician Seminary, Baltimore, assures the purchaser of an authoritative treatment which can be followed without question. Not the least valuable portion of the work is a short presentation of certain prevalent errors in singing. Forty-four pages. Leatheroid binding. Price, 60 cents. Publisher, John Murphy Co., Baltimore.

—"On Running after One's Hat and Other Whimsies," by G. K. Chesterton, selected by the editor of "Punch," E. V. Knox, is full of Chestertonian humor and philosophy. The title is humorous; for while Mr. Chesterton may have enjoyed watching others running after their hats, we don't believe anybody ever saw Mr. Chesterton running after his hat or anything else, except, perhaps, an idea—on the nimble legs of his mind. But Mr. Chesterton draws great fun and wise reflections from such subjects as the title of this book, and from the nineteen other titles of his whim-

sies—"On Lying in Bed"; "What I Found in My Pocket"; "The Little Birds Who Won't Sing," etc. We wish he had added one on the "Fat Man's Chuckle" and another on the "Pleasure of Lecturing from Notes" and a third on "The Joy of Autographing One's Books." This is a volume one should dip into before breakfast to begin the day with a smile. Robert M. McBride & Co. Price, \$1.

—St. Elizabeth's Academy and College at Convent Station, New Jersey, has been synonymous for many years with all that is best in the tradition of Catholic education for women in America. The story of the development of this work of the Sisters of Charity is an important chapter in American Church History, and we welcome the painstaking three volumes of Sister Mary Agnes Sharkey, "The New Jersey Sisters of Charity" (Longmans, \$12), which record it. Two of the three volumes are concerned with the development of the institute under Mother Mary Xavier Mehegan who for fifty-seven years directed a work whose influence in the growth of Catholicism in New Jersey it would be difficult to exaggerate. It was a foundation begun at the invitation of Bishop James Roosevelt Bayley and nurtured by the stalwart Bishop McQuaid of Rochester who was then rector of the cathedral at Newark, and was Superior General of the Sisters of Charity of that foundation, 1863-1868. Under the sane direction and practical judgment of Mother Mary Xavier, the Sisters of Charity of Newark widened their field of labor to other dioceses in the East, to Porto Rico and the Virgin Islands, and finally to the foreign mission fields of China. The third volume of this work deals with the Missions which now dot many of the New England States. The volumes are well documented and give a survey of the growth of all Catholic activities in the diocese of Newark.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The silent influence of good books cannot be overestimated. By means of them we can invite into our own homes the great spiritual teachers of all times.

In the list below there may be just the book that you need for your own use or as a gift to a friend.

Send us the titles you select and the purchase price, plus 15c for postage, and we will have the books mailed to you at once.

- "In Praise of Mary." Mother Mary Philip, I. B. V. M. \$1.20.
 "In Season"—Sermons for Children. Rev. Frederick Reuter. \$2.25.
 "Mixed Marriages and their Remedies." Rev. Francis Terr Haar, C. SS. R. \$1.75.
 "Life and Religion." Father James, O. M. Cap. \$1.75.
 "Pier Giorgio Frassati"—A Life of Catholic Action. H. L. Hughes. 3s. 6d.
 "John Henry Newman." Rev. J. Elliot Ross. \$2.75.
 "How to Teach Catechism." Right Rev. Msgr. Schumacher. \$2.
 "The Mass." John Steven McGoarty. \$3.
 "The Saints and Friendship." Marian Nesbitt. 25c.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. J. B. Mattingly, Diocese of Columbus. Sister Cornelia Agnes, Sister M. Eulalia and Sister Frances Clare, Sisters of Charity; Sister M. Andrew, Sisters of St. Dominic; and Sister Ernestina, Sisters of the Sacred Hearts.

Mrs. Joseph Kreiner, Miss Jane C. Larkin, Mrs. Charles Black, Miss Margaret Foley, Mr. William Sloane, Mrs. J. Owens, Mr. McDonough, Mrs. Honora Cotter, Mrs. Bridget Ennis, Mrs. Helen Brown, Miss Gertrude V. Kelly, Mr. John McCourt, Mr. William A. Conlin, Miss Anne E. Hoey, Mr. Peter C. LaCourse, Mrs. Peter Lucas, Mrs. Josephine Mose, Mr. Joseph Karpinski, Mrs. Emily Stenno, Miss Dorothy Karpinski, Mr. William Tappa, Miss Elinore Karpinski, Mrs. Delia Germain, Mr. Matthew Reinhard, Mr. Adolph Germain, Mr. Joseph Reinhard, Mrs. Minnie Paeps, Mr. Frederick Devroy, Miss Mathilda Verlette, Mrs. Mary Mead, Mr. Pater Savard, Mrs. Emily Denys, Mr. Pater Hazaerts.

May they rest in peace!

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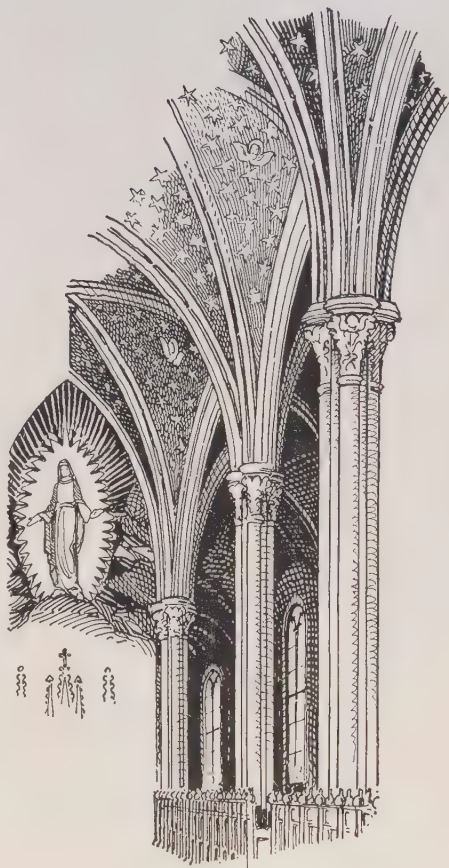
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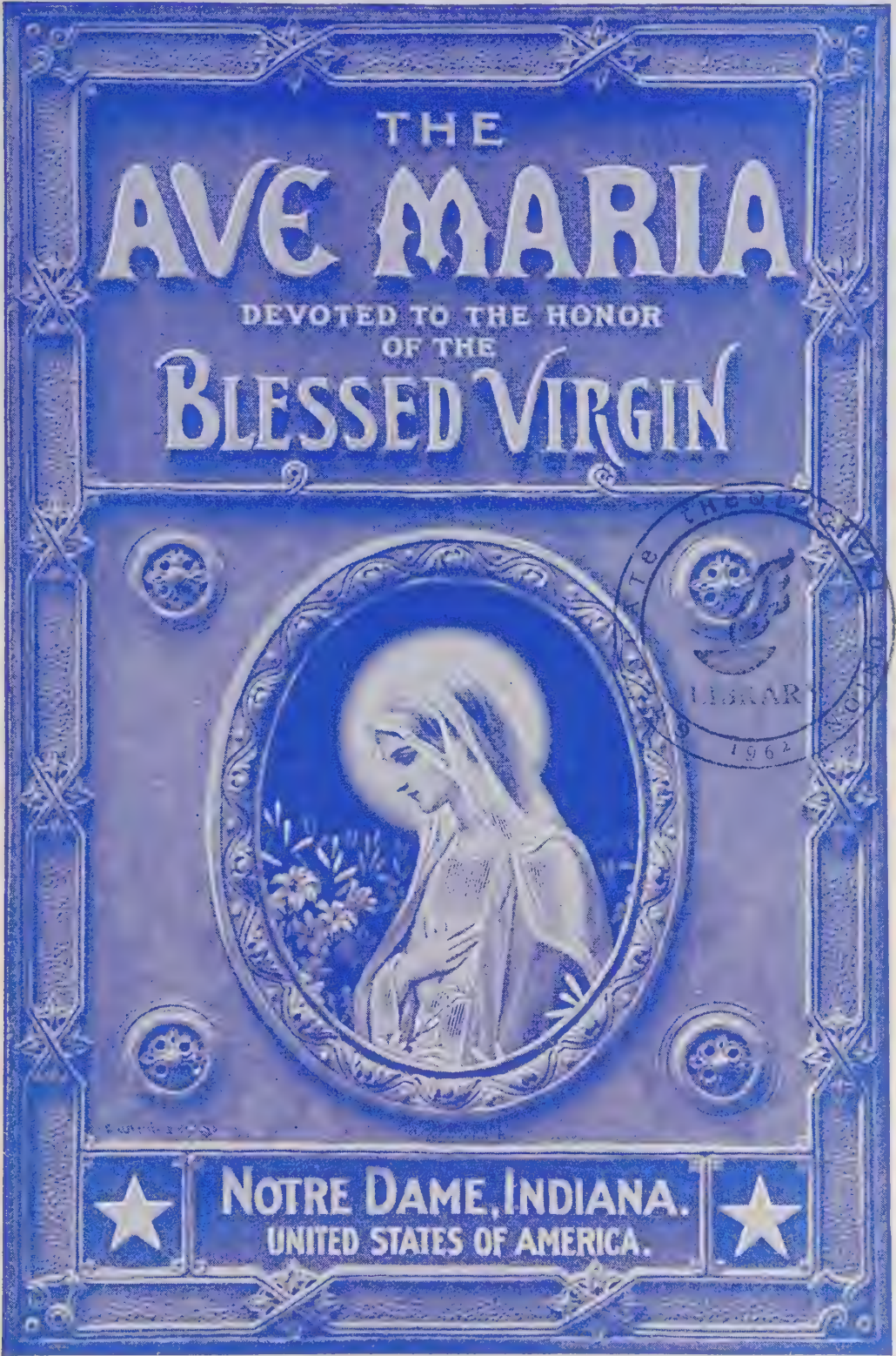
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CALENDAR OF THE WEEK

DECEMBER.

SATURDAY, 16.—St. Eusebius, Bp. C. St. Alice, Empress.
 SUNDAY, 17.—Third of Advent. St. Lazarus, Bishop.
 MONDAY, 18.—Expectation of the Blessed Virgin Mary.
 TUESDAY, 19.—St. Nemesis and Comp's, MM.
 WEDNESDAY, 20.—Ember Day. *Fast.* St. Dominic, Abbot.
 THURSDAY, 21.—St. Thomas, Apostle.
 FRIDAY, 22.—Ember Day. *Fast.* St. Zeno, Martyr.
 SATURDAY, 23.—Ember Day. *Fast.* St. Servulus, Martyr.

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No. 25.

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A Carol for Mary.

BY THERESE CARR BRANAGAN.

AVE, MARIA! Spotless Maid who gave
A Saviour to the sinful tribes of earth,
Who sanctified a dark Judean cave
By thy sweet presence and the Christ Child's
Birth,

Hear thou our love in every carol sung
Upon this bright and joyous Christmas morn,
As every chiming bell in tower hung
Repeats the Angels' song, "The Lord is
Born."

Hear thou throughout the holy, happy day,
Celestial Choirs singing in each breast
The beautiful Annunciation lay,
"Hail, full of Grace! Amongst all women
blest!"

And when our lighted casements are a-shine
Like stars on earth through twilight shadows
dim,

Hear thou again, oh, Mother Maid divine,
Our love for thee in every vesper hymn.

Catholics and Toleration.

BY STANLEY B. JAMES.

ONE of the commonest charges against the Church is on the score of her refusal to recognize or work with other Christian bodies. "How comes it," we are asked, "that while Episcopalians, Methodists and Unitarians cooperate, the Church of Rome stands aloof from all such alliances, pursuing her solitary way in proud isolation?" And the attitude of these sects

towards each other is described as one of tolerance.

But tolerance, it should be remembered, implies disagreement with those whom you tolerate. There is no virtue in cultivating friendly, cooperative relations with people between whom and oneself there exist no fundamental differences. Where there is an absence of convictions such relations are easy. The virtue of "tolerance" under these circumstances is a cheap one. In fact, it ceases to be a virtue. No sacrifices have been made, and what is so costless has in consequence little or no moral value. That a great deal which passes as broad-mindedness and is contrasted with the intransigence of Rome is of this character is obvious. Uncertainty concerning fundamental Christian verities rather than any special generosity of temper accounts for the breaking down of barriers in the religious sphere outside the Church.

On the other hand, it is plainly impossible to regard as praiseworthy any action which minimizes the value of what one holds to be truth. In all matters of conscientious conviction we must be just before we are generous. We have no right, for the sake of friendliness, to abandon beliefs which we hold to have been revealed by God Himself, or to fraternize with those who deny them in a manner which implies that they have no significance. This is the betrayal of a trust. Fidelity to such convictions must come before any supposed advantage to be derived from cooperation.

And, indeed, this is recognized by those of our fellow-Christians who accuse us of bigotry. In every case there is some point at which they would draw the line, some beliefs which they would refuse to surrender, no matter how ungenerous such refusal might appear to be. In that sense of the term, we are all "intolerant." It is just a question as to what we are intolerant about.

What it seems too difficult for others to realize is that the Catholic's conviction concerning the nature of his Church is of the same character as those convictions which they themselves refuse to compromise. The belief that the Catholic Church, the Church in communion with Rome, was established by Jesus Christ to be His sole accredited witness to the world is not a matter of opinion which the faithful are at liberty to moderate in view of altered circumstances. It is the very foundation of the Catholic's Creed. All that he believes, he believes because it is so that the Church teaches. The dogma defining the doctrine of the Trinity or of the Incarnation is held because the Church has declared it to be "of faith."

This authoritative and exclusive character of the Church is essential to the whole creedal edifice. Remove that, and the entire building collapses. It is this view of the Church which is the *raison d'être* of Catholicism. Because everything else depends on it, we may almost say that nothing else matters. We are Catholics because we believe this. However orthodox other Christians may be, unless they do hold this, they are not Catholics. Just as the Baptist is such because he believes in Adult Baptism, and the Episcopalian is such because he believes in Episcopacy, so the Catholic is what he is by reason of his faith in the Church as the sole source and guardian of the Christian revelation. To ask him, therefore, to surrender this belief, or even to threaten its

stability by seeming to acknowledge that there may be other bodies outside the Roman Communion with an equal claim to recognition, is to ask him to sacrifice his very existence as a Catholic. It is not asking him to give up one clause in a Creed which stands independently of this clause; it is demanding the surrender of his whole faith.

The Methodist and the Presbyterian can fraternize without thereby surrendering anything essential in their positions, for they freely confess that they are sects, representing only certain aspects of Christian truth. But this is not the position of Catholics. The unity, visibility and dependence on the See of Rome of the Church is for them absolutely fundamental. When they are asked to give up this belief in order to unite with other Christian bodies, the answer is that there would be, in that case, no Church of Rome to unite with the rest of Christendom. In the process of compromising on this point it would have disappeared into thin air. It is this belief which makes it a Church, and without it, there is nothing to hold it together as an organism. This conviction as to its monopoly of authority is the basis of its existence and the bond which holds it together. Take that away and it would have nothing to contribute to the proposed amalgamation.

If the Catholic Church did what our Protestant friends sometimes ask it to do and took its place by the side of and on the same level with other "churches," we Catholics would automatically become so many unattached individuals. The Church, as such, would have ceased to be. If this fact be grasped it will be seen that tolerance, in the sense in which the word is used, of other religious organizations would be, from our point of view, rank infidelity. It would be betraying the great trust that has been confided to us. Let the Protestant, if he will, try to persuade us that our

conception of the Church is wrong, but do not let him hope that, while we retain that conception, we can merge ourselves with non-Catholic organizations and thus lose our identity.

Along with this intransigent attitude, however, goes a full recognition, made explicit by the Council of Trent, that unbelievers cannot be coerced into the Church. Emphasis must be laid on the word "unbelievers." It is here that misunderstanding has arisen. The Church retains the right to punish those of her children who, having been baptized and made a profession of faith, prove disloyal. Even though in these days the right should not be exercised, it remains. It is a parental prerogative acknowledged in private life even by those who dispute it in the case we are considering. Rightly to understand such proceedings as those of the Inquisition we must bear in mind this principle. And even though, from our modern standpoint, that institution was unnecessarily harsh, the principle itself is capable of another interpretation.

It has to be remembered that in a Catholic society the Church is held responsible, not only for the conduct of the faithful in private life, but also for the suppression of whatever may be publicly harmful. Teaching which would undermine faith and so prove subversive of the community's stability must be repressed. On the same grounds that a schoolmaster may expel a pupil who is corrupting the morals of the school, so the Church considers itself, under similar circumstances, called upon to prevent the mischief caused by erroneous views from spreading. Lovers of liberty though we be, we place some limit on the manufacture and sale of poisonous drugs. The Church takes the same view with regard to those poisons which infect the mind. It is the careful mother who seeks to safeguard those whose weakness or ignorance makes them the

easy prey of doctrinal error. It would be lacking in the discharge of its responsibilities if it did otherwise. But this applies only to those individuals and communities which have acknowledged the Church's authority. Over others it claims no jurisdiction.

Were there space it would be instructive in this connection to see how frequently the Church has protected from the civil authorities those who, like the Jews, were of a different race and religion. A history of the relations of the Catholic Church to Jewry, though these have been often misrepresented, would bear out what has been said and afford eloquent testimony as to the truly tolerant attitude characteristic of the Church as regards those of other faiths. This tolerance, of course, must not be confused with that which springs from indifference and the absence of conviction. It is grounded on the belief that conversion is the work of God, and can be brought about only by moral suasion. The missionary tolerates systems which he loathes and which he is giving his life to overcome. So far from his patience implying complicity it arises from faith in the power of the truth he professes. The stronger his own faith is the more likely will he be to exercise forbearance towards those who oppose him. That is a very different thing to what to-day among the "broad-minded" passes for tolerance.

But it is in its treatment of the frailties of the faithful themselves that the real spirit of the Church in this respect is best shown. So long-suffering, in fact, does it show itself that its motive has been seriously misrepresented by its opponents. Nothing is more common than to hear the Church charged with laxity. It is said that it condones immoralities towards which it should exercise far greater strictness. The way in which in certain primitive Catholic societies survivals of previous heathen cus-

toms are allowed to persist scandalizes the outsider. The manner in which notorious sinners, on professing themselves contrite, are permitted to approach the altar gives grave offence to the puritanically-minded non-Catholic. He professes to find in this grounds for asserting that the Church is careless as regards morality. So long as the faithful perform their religious duties, it is said, they may live as they like; absolution from their sins is easy to obtain. It is, of course, the same charge which, as St. Paul tells us, was brought against the early Church, and which, as we learn from the Gospels, was levelled against Our Lord Himself.

No better example exists of this enduring patience than the manner in which Christ treated the disciple whom He selected to be His vicegerent. The New Testament is very frank concerning St. Peter's weaknesses. His instability, his sins of presumption, his cowardice in the hour of danger—all these are set down without any attempt to slur them over. Again and again Jesus was obliged to chide him. Again and again he would seem to have forfeited the privileges which had been granted him. Infinite patience with human frailty is shown in the fact that it was to one who had thrice denied Him that Our Lord finally committed the leadership of the infant Church.

The memory of that patience exercised in the first days of its existence towards its human Head has been a permanent influence inspiring a like patience towards the weak and erring. A Church which looks towards St. Peter as its first Pope cannot prove harsh and unforgiving. The fact that that fickle-minded Apostle became the Rock on which the Church was built must ever afford hope of the least promising. Catholic history corroborates this interpretation. That Authority should look on without proceeding to drastic measures while so many abuses continue

appears to the world like its own type of "tolerance," and provokes the criticism that the Church is, in these matters, indifferent. But those who know the story of St. Peter and reflect thereon will judge differently. And they will thank God that they belong to a Church which, no more than its Master, breaks the bruised reed or quenches the smoking flax.

Carolina Abdicates.

BY ESTHER W. NEILL.

XXV.—TONY EXPERIMENTS WITH GRAND OPERA.

EDUARD'S home-coming marked a most extraordinary change in Carolina's condition. Like some supreme generalissimo she seemed to rally some secret forces that she had strategically held in reserve. Doctor Savarin did not attempt to explain this surprising return of vitality which was fanning the spark of life into fresh flame. In his happiness at her improvement he decided that no scientific diagnosis could stand, if Carolina, by the force of her will power, chose to set it aside. In all the long years of their friendship she had never ceased to bewilder him by her sudden resolutions and quickly conceived plans. In this miraculous turning back from death which had seemed so imminent, she was only acting true to form. She did not want to die. She said she was not ready. She had unsuspected powers that would keep death at a distance until she carried out certain schemes of her own that she could not trust to anyone's direction. She was determined to remain a commanding figure to the end, and with the renewal of her strength, she proceeded to take charge of her own sick room.

"I want you to send that night nurse away," she said to Eduard. "You remember how much you disliked having so many nurses about? That woman

makes me nervous,—keeps me awake. I know I can rest better, if Marie sleeps on a couch by the fire, and if I am asleep, I cannot disturb her, that's plain."

"It makes the work very confining for Marie," he suggested hesitatingly.

"Of course," she agreed, "but the house is full of servants. My maid can do her share, and you can sit with me an hour or two in the daytime. You can send Marie out to talk and walk with Tony. No doubt he will be glad to have her." The remark sounded simple enough, but there was something in her tone that arrested his attention, a subtle suggestion, too vague to question.

"Tony adores her already," he said, and Carolina, watching him intently, saw the grave look in his eyes. "You have been very kind, Miss Carrie, about Tony. I'm glad that you did not send him away."

She turned restlessly upon her pillows. "All love affairs need some sort of competition," she observed irrelevantly, and then she added, "Tony is amusing, he is so candid, so simple, so impulsive. I like to have young people around me. I feel, in some odd way that their enthusiasm, their energy is infectious. I have always regretted that I was so unreasonable about the boy in the beginning. I did not take into consideration that you had grown fond of him. I have always tried to help the helpless, and Tony was pitifully helpless and alone, and of course, his father was your friend."

"And his mother, my wife."

"That is something I try to forget. Surely the years have dimmed her memory, Eduard."

"Well, yes," he admitted, half reluctant to make the confession. "One cannot prolong agonies forever. I can look back upon myself in an objective way,—I was so young when it all happened. Now I seem to be somebody else."

"And you do not care for women?"

"I haven't had time," he answered.

She laughed feebly. "There is always time if one cares," she said, drawing the down-comfort close to her shrunken shoulders. "Men always manage to find time if they care."

She did not continue the conversation further, but closing her eyes, she seemed to dismiss him from her presence, while he, anxious for her to sleep after a wakeful night, walked over to the window to lower the shade, knowing that a darkened room would be more restful.

It was the time of day when he had agreed to remain by his grandmother's bedside, allowing Marie to exercise in the fresh air that he, as a doctor, prescribed. Hearing gay laughter in the garden he looked out, and he saw Marie and Tony standing in the box-bordered "maze" together. The weather was not cold even at this season of the year. Marie wore neither hat nor coat. She had on an old sweater, tied by the sleeves around her shoulders, and she was bending over some hardy bushes that the gardener had wrapped in straw, cutting some red roses that seemed to reflect their color in her face. She had lost the unhealthy pallor of her childhood, her vigorous young body was full of resourceful energy and grace. Tony was close beside her picking some stray violets, bringing each one from its protecting bed of leaves with an exclamation of triumph. A Christmas with flowers was an epoch-marking experience for anyone who had spent so many winters in the mountains of Switzerland. He was full of effusiveness for a climate so mild, so salubrious.

The honeysuckle that clambered over the backstops of the tennis court had been burnished to a dull copper shade by the frost, but some of the vines were still in fragrant bloom, and the close-shaven fairways of the nine-hole golf course had been kept a tender green during all the years of Eduard's absence.

Carolina had not had many guests to enjoy this easy course, so she had generously opened it to the public as another mark of her beneficence to the village she had founded.

Tony had been rising early and playing golf every morning, finding great pleasure in this convenient course that furnished just enough exercise to stimulate an appetite for breakfast. He was enthusiastic over everything he saw, everything he did, and he told Marie Antoinette, with appealing frankness, that he had never dreamed of living among such luxuries.

"It is paradise," he said, waving his hands as if to include the whole of the far-reaching landscape. "I have never seen a place so beautiful. Those blue mountains are so soft with clouds and mist, so free from the glaring whiteness of snow and ice. Madam Grogé is indeed fortunate to inherit an estate like this. What more could anyone ask? It is paradise now that you are here. I half wonder that Madam Grogé permits me to remain. She did not want me here when I was a boy. She did not like my mother. I can understand why she should not care for some one who made Neddy so unhappy. My mother must have had a strange nature not to realize his worth. It is a sad thing when a man cannot remember his own mother with love and reverence." He spoke English with a faint accent. His seven years in Europe made him appear foreign in his mannerisms and in his acquired viewpoint. "Neddy has been just like a father to me,—more than kind. But, of course, now that I am old enough to support myself, I must not depend upon him any longer. I would not be a burden always."

"Of course not," Marie agreed. "But, what will you do? Where will you go? What have you planned?" Her questions were full of friendly interest. Life was an exciting challenge. Everything seemed possible to their youthful hope.

"I would like to sing," Tony answered promptly; "I would love to sing. It is not such a dignified profession unless one can get into grand opera. My mother used to sing in vaudeville. That would not pay enough to live, or to support a wife. But if I could accomplish great things like Caruso. If I only had money, Marie,—one can get anywhere with money."

"I do not think so," she contradicted him; "you could not buy a voice."

"But I could go to Italy and take lessons. If I starved, while I tried to learn to sing, well that would be the end of me and my voice. One can sing better when one is fat,—well fed. One cannot live without money. Neddy has always been generous with me. He has always given me an allowance, but I am afraid I am a spendthrift, I spend it so fast, and then I feel that I would sell my soul for money."

"Don't say that, Tony," she entreated, "for who would want to buy such a cheap soul? Mr. Eduard is planning to send you to Italy. He told me so in one of his letters."

"But, I am old enough to support myself now. I feel that I should do something for myself. I think I shall stay here for a while and help you to run your tea room,—your Yellow Bowl. Have you not a place for a garçon who could wipe off all the plates and knives with a smeary towel?"

"My towels will not be 'smeary,'" she laughed.

"A garçon's towels are always smeary," he insisted. "I would be very useful. When your customers called out, 'Garçon, Garçon,' I would run my feet off in your service."

"And what about your singing?"

"Ah, I would sing to you in the evenings in the moonlight. I would serenade you under your windows, and when I am on the stage, thinking of you, this is what I would sing—"

He stood up close to the sundial, and

dropping his violets in a handkerchief that he had spread on the ground, he began to sing an impassioned love song in Italian. His strong young voice was arresting in its quality and range. The boy could sing like an angel. There was no doubt that he possessed a real gift that might lead him anywhere under skilful direction and instruction. Eduard was listening and faintly objecting to the performance when he saw that Tony, who had begun by addressing all his fervid words to the sundial, was now turning to Marie, petitioning her to have pity upon his "solitary life"—his "heart that held her image."

Marie was sanely laughing at this exhibition of extravagant emotion. Eduard, watching from the window, secretly applauded her refusal to regard Tony seriously. "She does not understand Italian, or perhaps—perhaps she would guess that Tony is hard hit. I'm glad she doesn't understand."

He went back to his chair by the bedside, but he was impatient now to escape from the sick room. He decided to ring for Carolina's maid and leave her in charge. For some reason, that he did not stop to analyze, he wanted to halt that grand opera in the garden. The act was a familiar one. He had seen it often on the stage. The finale called for ardent love-making. Tony in his exuberant spirits, might lavish his embraces on Marie Antoinette instead of upon the stone pillar of the sundial.

As soon as the maid appeared in answer to his summons he hurried out of the room. He had an uncomfortable feeling that his grandmother's half-closed eyes were following him with some understanding. Had she been awakened by Tony's singing in the garden? Had she caught the significance of the flowery Italian words? Was it possible that even in her weakened condition, she was reading his own puzzling thoughts, his dim formed objections to Tony's rivalry?

"Neddy has been like a father to me." The words rankled in his mind, as he ran down the carpeted stairs surprised by his own eager haste. "A father—a father!" He would have to explain to both of them that he really was not old enough to be their father. But, would such an explanation alter their interpretation of his age, when his position towards them had always seemed paternal? Seven years ago when Marie and Tony were both children such a patriarchal attitude might have appeared reasonable, but now that they were both grown up; now that Marie Antoinette was a woman.

Tony had no business falling in love with her. He could not support a wife. But, suppose he went to Italy as he had suggested, and engaged some great master to give him the lessons he so much desired, what then? His rich tenor voice, his ability to act, his sensitive artistic temperament, and his willingness to work might lead him on to colossal fame and fortune. Marie was young enough to wait for his success. Would she wait? Youth was calling to youth. There was no doubt about Tony's sudden infatuation.

On the evening of their arrival he had followed Eduard to his room, and lying down on the bed with his feet propped up on the footboard, he had announced that he had been "knocked flat" by Marie's beauty.

"That pasty faced child! Who would have believed it? Why, she would leave the whole of Hollywood trailing in the dust! Never was so stunned in my life. Believe I'm dreaming, but for the Lord's sake don't wake me! Wonder how many men she knows? Wouldn't she hit the high spots in 'Marguerite' with all that red-gold hair? You can play 'Faustus,' Neddy, my boy, and I'll—I'll play the devil."

Eduard had welcomed these first outspoken impressions, for they had confirmed his own; he had always found

Tony's youthful exuberance and his redundant adjectives amusing, but for the last few days he had not encouraged Tony's confidences. The boy had actually fallen in love. Such susceptibility should be restrained, such emotionalism proscribed. Why had he jeopardized his own happiness by bringing the boy home?

Eduard had always felt that Marie Antoinette belonged to him. Had she not turned the tide of life for him when he was lost in despair? And had not his affectionate watchfulness defended the lonely little waif when she was in need of his professional services? And in these later years, when so much of his surgical work was among the World War victims urging weary men to face further suffering which called for greater courage than their early experiences at the front had demanded, her schoolgirl letters had seemed to him a promise of some far-away ultimate peace.

She had been told by some of the young nuns, who had lost their brothers in France, that she must write only of cheerful things to men in hospitals, and so she had taken great pains to make her letters amusing. She had drawn ridiculous sketches of her teachers and classmates on the border of her note paper, and she had cut out jokes and cartoons from some of the few newspapers and magazines that she found in the library, and when the librarian had accused her of damaging things that did not belong to her, she had accepted her punishment—studying French verbs or writing out Latin lines with perfect contentment—feeling that her imprisonment at recess time was but a small penalty to pay if her clippings gave her beloved Mr. Eduard any pleasure.

He had been deeply touched when she wrote him of these experiences. "Of course, it does not matter about me," she had added; "I shall keep on cutting up the magazines just the same. I would do anything to make you smile while

you are working so hard to help cripples, and nothing happens here to write about. I am sending you a picture of our May procession."

He had put the small picture in the corner of his mirror and he had borrowed a powerful magnifying glass from one of the laboratories to see if he could distinguish Marie in the long line of white-veiled figures winding among the trees. But the children's faces were blurred by the poor light, and it was evident that the photograph had been taken by an amateur. But, the picture assured him of Marie's safe environment, and he found it comforting. Some day he would go home and wander through the remote, sweet-scented mountains with Marie. Somewhere, in this world of pain and unanswerable problems, there was joy and the restfulness of peace.

But what right had he to claim Marie, if Tony had won her affections? Tony was handsome, gay-hearted, full of enthusiasm and hope, while he was old,—far older than his years. No wonder that Marie Antoinette should regard him with only filial affection. Everything had conspired to destroy his youth: his tragic marriage, his loss of all romantic illusion, and then these years spent in the gloomy atmosphere of hospitals inflicting so much suffering in his efforts to remedy its cause. He had almost lost his power for relaxation. He had worked so hard that he allowed himself no time for amusement. He was old, he told himself accusingly. He should not have permitted himself to grow old, if he had hoped to claim Marie. He had no right to interfere with her future. He would stand aside and wait for her to make her own choice without trying to counteract Tony's influence. If she was in love with the boy, he would not disturb her mind by suggesting any hurt to himself. Some mistaken thought of gratitude might cause her to hesitate to seek her own happiness. He was old

—too old. It was but natural that she should look at him from this point of view when he had always treated her as a child.

Tony had stopped singing when Eduard reached the garden. His arm was around the brass disc of the sundial. Marie stood at a safe distance.

"I hope I did not disturb Madam with my shouting," he said with some degree of solicitude when he saw Eduard approaching. "Marie is not *sympathique*. She always laughs at me."

"You rave, Tony," she said with frank criticism. "I suppose opera singers always rave. When they are telling their hearts' inmost secrets, or conspiring to murder one another, they always sing of their plots and plans out loud."

"Of course," he smiled and shrugged his shoulders; "one cannot forget the audience. One has to make them understand the motif. I could sing better, Marie, if you would have a little more sympathy."

"I sent her out into the sunshine so she would forget to sympathize with anyone," Eduard said, seeking refuge in his professionalism. "She ought to run around and chase butterflies and forget that there is such a word as sympathy."

Tony smiled ingratiatingly. "Ah, then let me be your butterfly," he said with irrepressible good humor.

"Butterflies are out of season," she said. "Don't you realize that it's only a few days before Christmas, Tony? Besides I never liked butterflies. They are too squashy."

"But I cannot be squashed," Tony assured her with conviction; "I refuse to have my hopes squashed. Yet if I must be something that you like," and he smiled, showing two rows of faultless teeth, "oh, then, I will be your faithful poodle dog—always following you about."

She had finished tying up her roses. "You talk such nonsense, Tony," she

said. "Why don't you do something sensible? Take these flowers to Miss Carrie. Go sit with her a while and amuse her. You know how to amuse her, while Mr. Eduard and I rest. I am so tired I am going upstairs to my own room and go to sleep. Why don't you lie down too, Mr. Eduard? You were up half the night."

"Yes, yes," agreed Tony, "you should rest, Neddy. You have worked enough for one whole lifetime. It is time to rest."

"Don't treat me like I am down and out," Eduard said, trying not to resent Tony's suggestion of a finis to a lifetime of work. "I am not going to retire yet, Tony. You can go sit with Miss Carrie while I talk to Marie."

"But, she will not talk," Tony said. "She is very silent to-day. I do not know why. She tells me she is sleepy. Then, she should go to sleep. I will take the flowers to Madam and I will also take my violets. If they were put in a small vase by her bedside, they would fill her room with perfume. I would like to show Madam that small attention. She has been most kind to me since I came. I will go at once."

He gathered up the violets loosely in his handkerchief and mounting the porch steps, he disappeared into the house.

Then Eduard said, "Miss Carrie seems to have taken a fancy to Tony. Her likes and dislikes have always been unaccountable."

"Unaccountable?" Marie repeated. "I do not think it strange that she likes Tony. He is always amusing."

"Do you find him so?"

"Why, yes, don't you?"

"Well, not always," he answered after a moment's hesitation, and she wondered why the unimportant question should seem so serious to him.

"It is because he is too young for you," she interpreted his reason; "Tony is only a boy."

Again that insurmountable barrier of age seemed to loom between them. "I was thinking of Miss Carrie's change of front," he said, trying to fill in the threatened silence.

She was puzzled. "I don't think I understand—"

"And I keep on thinking you understand everything," he said. "I had forgotten that you were such a child when I went away. Miss Carrie did not want me to bring Tony here after his mother died. Now she seems to enjoy having him about."

"But, that was so long ago. Everything has changed."

"Yes," he said slowly, and she noted the tired look in his eyes. "We can no longer live in fairy stories, Marie Antoinette. Everything has changed."

She looked up in his face with her old childlike simplicity. "I have not changed. Just a little older, Mr. Eduard—that's all."

"I—I wish you wouldn't call me by that ridiculous name," he said impatiently.

"And why not? Have I not always called you that? My Uncle François used to tell me that it was not respectful to call you Neddy when I was such a child."

"Respectful!" and she was surprised by the bitterness of his tone. "Why, Marie, what nonsense! You make me feel like a shade of Methuselah. Do I seem so very old?"

"Old?" she repeated. "Why, how can you be old when you are young? You will always seem the same to me."

He lifted her hand which had been resting on the sundial, and holding it in his own for a moment he said, "I—I wish I might seem a little different. Perhaps you would not think me so old, Marie, if I could seem a little different."

(To be continued.)

The Keeper of an Inn.

BY SISTER M. GENOVEVA, C. S. C.

"AH! David, son, let us sit here to-night
And talk. No candles. Just the warm firelight
As on each Christmas Eve since thou wert
small,

My son, like Leban's cedars straight and tall.
And, David, let me keep thy hand in mine;
All day vague trouble, I but half define,
Has followed me. How foolish seems my
fear

While by the fire's warm glow I have thee
near!

There is a question in my mind of late
For thou hast almost reached a man's estate,
And I would know what calling suits thee
best.

If thou hast chosen, set my heart at rest."

His dark eyes lifted to his mother's face;
He looked at her, as standing in that place,
He once had looked when but a little lad.
She smiled as if the memory made her glad.
She had been telling of the guiding star
That led the Wise Men travelling from afar,
And of the shepherds who had seen the light
And heard the angels that first Christmas
Night.

She pictured, too, the stable cold and bare
With Mary and the Christ Child sheltered
there,

Because no kindly heart found room for them
In all the busy inns of Bethlehem.

His eyes grew troubled and his face too sad,
She thought, for such a tender little lad;
To change his mood, she asked him quietly,
"My little son, which would you rather be:
A shepherd listening to the angels sing,
Or one of those who had rich gifts to bring?"
He looked at her, his dark eyes questioning.
"And must I choose? A shepherd, or a king?
Nay, mother mine; I would that I had been
That Christmas Night—the Keeper of an Inn."

And now his eyes were searching hers once
more

With that same look which she had seen
before.

LEARNING without charity puffeth up,
love without learning goes astray.

"Ah, mother, long ago you made me see,
Though childishly, what now is clear to me.
That Christmas Eve, I wished that I might
give

To Christ a shelter, when He came to live
On earth. I see Him in the sick, the poor,
The blind. They shall find welcome at the
door

Not only of my house, but of my heart;
For these 'least brethren' it is set apart.
To be 'another Christ' my wish has been
And thus I shall be—Keeper of an Inn."

Bonds of Certainty.

BY ARTHUR O'BRIEN.

THE Christian religion more and more is being challenged as a system by which men can solve the spiritual problems of life. No doubt a study of history would reveal that this challenge has always been an essential part of Christianity's struggle to exist. The Gospel must have appeared as an exotic and impracticable philosophy to the Jews and pagans. In the first centuries the disputes of the Church centered around special questions of revealed religion. In the Nineteenth Century the Church is found resisting those who threw aside all revelation for the supremacy of pure reason. To-day, it would seem, she has to defend the Faith against those who would cast aside both revelation and reason for the reign of an expansive and lovely sentiment called the spirit of religion. It is a question of preserving the very foundations of reason and certainty.

An outspoken challenge to Christianity is found in the questions discussed in the press such as "Is Religion Dead?" "Is Religion Concerned With Life?" In the October issue of "The Forum" Pearl Buck (authoress of "The Good Earth" and former missionary in China) expresses her views on the vitality of the religious spirit. From her we gather that Christianity as a definite

creed is dead and useless; the naturally religious spirit of man continues to live. Even though she admits that four out of five persons live their lives "in quiet desperation," Mrs. Buck sees the spirit of religion moving in the lives of others. She writes:

"Yet there are others everywhere caught up into a sort of light. They have found something, usually something to do, because, after all, most of us are very simple people; something they think is worth doing because it is good, and when they are doing it they are happier, and life has meaning and they feel complete. And through this they are swept, as they are able, one by one, into the stream of a sort of force which none can stay and none compel and none can confine into any church or creed. It is the spirit of true religion, free again and moving in the lives of men and women."

Mrs. Buck dwells lovingly on this sweetness and light which have escaped from the coil of dead creeds. It is expansive but elusive. She calls it "a sort of upthrust, a sort of desire towards pure goodness in every heart." Just what this goodness is neither is known nor is important. She says: "We cannot even agree on what goodness is. We express our ideas of goodness in vastly differing ways, and what seems goodness to me is not goodness to another. Yet it seems to me this does not matter at all."

This sweep and onward rush includes only those who have the spirit of religion. Religion itself is defined as "the soul's firm determination to find its highest relation to the universe and live there in that relation; and that, in the second place, this individual soul, in its relation to the universe, must take into consideration its relation also to its fellows." This great stream of conscious goodness is to bring us finally to God. But for Pearl Buck it is only towards a God we do not and need not

know. "God," she writes, "is a name for that which we cannot know. But it is more than a mere name. What God is we may not know. Whether He is an entity outside the spirit of mankind, or not, one cannot know. I think it does not matter if God is found one day to be not as many have believed Him to be, a spirit separate from ours."

This then is the pitiable uncertainty for which we are to exchange the clear vision of Christianity. Many charges have been made against creeds and formal religion, and most of us are willing to admit some of them. Nevertheless, it is worth while thinking a long time before giving up the traditional Faith for a pre-Christian darkness. It cannot be denied that Mrs. Buck has made a point against the human ministers of religion. She is only one of many who are calling on us to show that the dogmas we consider so precious are necessary for the moral problems of life. It is not enough to propose heaven and despise this life. This life must be lived. Our Faith being the perfection of nature and reason, if rightly lived, should bring a great measure of natural happiness in this life.

However imperfectly we may have preached the Gospel, the Faith of our Fathers afforded one thing essential to religious growth—a definite statement of what we are to believe. When that has been lost then all religion, even natural, shall be dead. Nothing is more useless, especially in important matters, than uncertain principles. Reasonable beings are influenced most by what they see clearly. To lead a good life is hard enough when we have a set of definite beliefs. Ignorance, passion and distraction darken our vision of religious truths. It is only in moments of calm that we sometimes see through and store up determination for the future. Even the most sincere and enlightened

Christian sees "in an enigma." His faith remains "the substance of things to be hoped for, the evidence of things that appear not." Having to trust blindly in many things, he values the few demonstrable things that make up the certain foundation of his faith. How can anyone, therefore, entrust the future of the religious spirit to some vaguely felt "high way of life?" How shall a man fare if in the storm of life he has to rely on "an upward thrust" towards a goodness of which he is not at all sure and which he may know no one else admits?

Instinct and sentiment, to be sure, play an important part in religious life by disposing men to believe in God and by drawing them towards the beauty of a good life. They cannot supply the complete basis of religion. Instinct leads us to believe in God even before we see clearly the proofs for His existence. The ancients went so far as to say that man is naturally Christian. Much more is he naturally religious. The hungry reaching for perfect happiness which is always disappointed in this life tells us that the possession of a perfect being may be our final destiny. The natural beauty alone of virtue, of kindness, love, courage and sacrifice ought to make the good life triumph over evil. But instinct without reason is a poor guide. It has brought men far into the fields of superstition and narrowness. Emotion's love of beauty falls a prey to evil, which masquerades in beauty. Good and evil become confounded in a chaos which leads to the hopeless surrender of all moral distinction.

The practical necessity that we feel for God in this life is no proof of His existence. God has been called a necessary myth, the projection of a wish-idea required by our human psychology. Not only is such a belief childish, but it is unworthy of a sincere, scientific age that we should treat as a

fact that which we admit as untrue.

The basis of our religious life, starting with the existence of God, should be as solid as the proofs in any department of science. In fact, considering the importance of religion, its views should be clearer than the revelations of science. For the expansive modern mind the innate difficulty of a creed is that it imposes a bond on the action of reason. That bond is only truth itself. When one sees, for example, that two and two make four, he is deterred from saying that they make five. He is forced to one assertion out of an indefinite number of previous possibilities. If a man says, "I believe in God, the Creator of heaven and earth," he is committed to one proposition against all its opposites. Speculation in a degree has ceased for him. He believes in a God, a heaven and the dependence of earth. His part of the great stream of religious life has been forced into definite channels. His upward thrust has been directed to an objective.

In this matter of fundamentals, the chief point of uncertainty does not seem to be so much the existence of God. Rather his character as a person is called into doubt. If God is not an intelligent person, religion degenerates into a mere philosophy of expediency. Any religion worthy of the name means that a Supreme Being has a claim on the universe and on me. He cannot be an impersonal force or the vague spirit of goodness. I have no supreme interest in or allegiance to a thing. Be it ever so powerful I may justly withstand it since it can only defeat me not punish me. No thing can account for the obligation of my conscience. No thing is nobler than I, since I have intelligence. If God has any claim on the universe it is because He made it, and having made my intelligence, He must be intelligent Himself.

Mrs. Buck has not only written "unknown" across the face of the person-

al God; she has made the universe her God. To her, the very essence of religion is our relation to the universe and to our fellow-man. If religion is supposed to orientate us towards the ultimate, then in her view the universe is God. Again the vision of God ends where it should begin. Formerly we looked through the medium of this universe to a personal God. We attuned ourselves to nature only to reach unto the God who made it. Now there would be no reason except policy why I should live in harmonious relationship with anything at all.

But as instinct and sentiment lose themselves in obscurity and contradiction, reason alone has shown itself inadequate to fashion a clear and consistent religion. It is necessary but not sufficient. Reason alone falls into the errors described by Saint Paul in his Epistle to the Romans. Revelation furnishes reason with the clear vision which is the life of the religious spirit. The essential thing about paganism as excoriated by Saint Paul is that it was full of uncertainty. The important thing in Christ's ministry was that He had something to tell us. His work essentially included a message. The revelation He made repaired the natural defects of reason. It assured us that God is the Master of all life. The possession of Him by knowledge and love was again declared the destiny of all men.

Revelation taught again all those natural virtues which had failed of themselves to triumph over evil. It insisted on the love of God and of man as the whole law. It proposed the ideal of the Golden Rule, rescued womanhood and extolled chastity. It emphasized the great spiritual values over the material affairs of life. By making us concerned with the next life it showed how to be rightly occupied with life on earth. It made men conscious again that they were on probation and

pointed out the virtue of fidelity.

Christian revelation not only teaches the natural virtues, it also soars above the highest reaches even of a perfect human mind. For the unknown God of Pearl Buck, it offers our Father who is in heaven. He is not merely the great spirit of goodness, of wisdom and power. He lives "in light inaccessible," yet He is near in all, "upholding all things by the word of His power." He is concerned with everything in life. He counts the hairs of our head. He knows we have need of many things. He awaits our prayer. Instead of the unknown God we know even more intimately the God incarnate. His life unfolds before us a panorama of new relationships. He is Brother to us and we are co-heirs with Him of the glory He merited on Calvary.

In the pursuit of that goodness which the sentimentalist feels as a nostalgic urge, we receive a genuine motivation. Our life is directed not merely towards harmony with what Shailer Mathews calls "the personality-evolving forces of the cosmos," but also towards the challenge of Calvary. Into human life comes the tremendous power of a love which has a perfect object. We do not do right because it is nice or brings a fine feeling or because it is "the best we know." We know it is the best.

The gospel of Christ may labor under the defects natural to the human part of the Church and under the accretion of human customs, but it can still be had by those who see beyond these things. The religious spirit will die when, and only when, it has to replace the God of creation and the vision of Calvary by a God we do not know and by an upward thrust.

THE stability of our faith comes not from the acuteness of our understanding, but from the simplicity of our adhesion to the promises of God.

—*St. Augustine.*

Little Sister.

BY AGNÈS M. BLUNDELL.

XI.

"ETIENNE DUMAGNY!" read out the Republican Captain.

"Etienne Dumagny!" roared his sergeant.

"Two more and then my turn," thought Yves.

The three men were standing together near the open doorway. One of Yves' neighbors turned and nudged him violently.

"Are you deaf?" he shouted.

The other man gave him a push forward, murmuring in his ear:

"It's safe—he's not here."

Yves had no need to assume a bewildered look as he went hastily forward; the sudden chance of life was dazing to one who was nerved for death.

"Hurry up, can't you?" growled the sergeant.

"You are Etienne Dumagny? All right, pass," said the officer, anxious to get through his business, and stamping his cold feet in their great spurred boots. "Next!"

Yves walked away among the humble graves of the poor, marked with home-made crosses. His heart thumped violently now that the ordeal was over. No one had called attention to his jersey or sea-boots, taking it for granted no doubt that he worked along the river-side. He went straight forward—it would be dangerous even to turn aside to thank Malo, and his unknown benefactors in the Church.

When the White Army bivouacked, it had been customary for night prayers to be said in common around the camp fires. A petition "for our benefactors" was never forgotten. Yves thought of this as he trudged along. He wished it were possible for him to invoke a blessing on those kind sturdy

peasants who had stood by the lonely unknown fugitive in his need. A thought occurred to him which brought a smile to his lips.

"I will ask Little Sister to pray for them. If there is a God, He must be all-powerful, and if He listens to any prayers, surely hers will be heard."

Long ago as a little boy, he had had the same idea about the Mother of God. After his mother's disappearance he had still prayed. It had been beautiful to believe in that radiantly pure, stainless being, Mary, who had never been for one instant under the sway of evil, and to offer his childish prayers through her, even as the Kings at Bethlehem placed their gifts in her hands.

As soon as he was out of sight of the village, Yves turned aside, and hurried forward through fields of growing buckwheat and weedy oats. Overpowering fatigue began to weigh upon him, but he would not wait for nightfall, knowing how anxiously the little party at the farm were waiting for news. It was dark when he stumbled into the threshing yard. There was no one about, and he took the precaution of peering through the tiny window to see if any strangers were present before he ventured to knock at the door.

A low rhythmic sound of voices met his ear. The turf fire burned low, but by its smoky glow he distinguished his mother, the two girls, and their host and hostess all on their knees, facing the little carved crucifix above the chimney hole. They were praying.

He was alone, standing in the dark night; it was raining and there were no stars. But for that slight chance he would have been at this hour but a mangled body, like poor Le Bref. Where would that vital spark have flown—could it have been extinguished, thrust into nothingness? His whole being rebelled at the idea, he was possessed of a craving to endure, to be immortal. His lips were dumb but from

his anguished heart there rose a cry: "O God, if there be a God, let me know Thee!"

The Chouans had a special way of knocking which intimated to those within that the visitor belonged to their confederacy. St. Armand was speedily admitted, and La Blanchette and Anne rose hastily from their knees. Jeanne remained kneeling, her hands tightly clasped.

"Jacques is safe!" cried Yves.

"Thank God! Are all safe?"

Yves did not answer; his silence told its own tale.

La Blanchette kindled a long splinter of pinewood from the pile by the hearth, an elementary form of taper used in all the peasant houses. By its lurid light she gazed at her son's face.

"Poor boy, you are worn out," she cried. "Come, you must eat and rest before you tell us more."

"Let us pray for their souls," said Anne.

They all sank upon their knees again, though La Blanchette kept hold of her son's hand.

Yves was too tired to eat, but he drank some of the broth hastily prepared for him, and told briefly of Mariillac's heroic death and of the murder of poor Le Bref.

When he rose to seek his hay bed, Jeanne accompanied him to the door. She had never spoken all the evening and looked so white that Yves was troubled.

He spoke in a low voice for her ear alone.

"Jacques wanted to give his life, but the Marquis insisted that they should draw lots and abide by the result. Jacques wanted to take the post of danger."

A bright flush sprang into Jeanne's cheeks; she raised her head proudly.

"I knew it!" she cried, adding almost involuntarily: "That was why I was

so very anxious. Oh, the horrible death—torn to pieces by the crowd! Poor, poor Florian!”

“I think he died happy,” said Yves. “He gave his life deliberately for the priest. But he is not yet safe. We must go to England for a time, while they are searching for us.”

La Blanchette crept out of bed that night and prayed long after the others were asleep. Yves could never feel that she and the golden-haired vision of his youth were really the same person, and Lucie herself could scarcely believe that she had once been that lovely, laughing girl. With every hour that passed she seemed to love her son more, and to regret more intensely her desertion of him.

Next day the little party began their journey to the sea. They avoided the river, for they were warned that it was watched, and travelled by circuitous paths, sleeping in the open under shelter of a rock, or lodging sometimes in the deserted hut of a charcoal burner.

Even when Port Manech was reached, it was not possible to embark at once, for the coast was being patrolled by revolutionary cutters. The party of fugitives was divided among the loyal fisher folk, Yves and his mother being in the same little cabin. By day he would help his host to carry up seaweed from the beach and spread it upon his little craft to serve as manure. In the evening as they sat by the fire of driftwood, La Blanchette would spin wool, twisting the yarn in primitive fashion from a spindle, for their hostess was too poor to possess a wheel. During this brief interlude of peace, Yves tried to persuade her to tell him something of her life, but reserve had grown upon her in too many years of silent toil, and she could only give a disconnected account which he pieced together as best he could.

Her father was a Cagot, living in

Gascony, near the Spanish border. He was a prosperous farmer, as restrictions against the tribe were not enforced in this part of the country, and his daughter had had a good education at a neighboring convent. It was just when she left school, in the full heyday of her youth, that she met the young St. Armand quite by chance at a fête inaugurated at the cherry picking. The young Marquis was in possession of his estate and his own master, Lucie returned his love, and they were married within a few weeks of their first meeting. The old Marquise considered the unequal marriage very imprudent, but she knew nothing of it until her son brought home his bride, and then she welcomed her kindly. Yves guessed that the first years of married life were happy ones, that later his father became weary of the country and yearned for the Court gaieties, which were enjoyed each year for longer periods, until the fatal moment when his wife was publicly denounced as a Cagot. He reproached her then for giving way, instead of carrying things off with a high hand. She insisted on returning to Brittany, though he declared that such a flight would seal their doom.

“I was young, I was proud,” sighed La Blanchette, wringing her weather-beaten hands. “We grew bitter and I fled from him and returned to my own people.”

She had intended to make her way South again, but without money the journey proved impossible. The lonely girl had soon lost her looks as she eked out a livelihood working in the fields. A good old woman had befriended her, and she had lived with her in a wretched heather-thatched hut upon the moor some eighty miles from her old home. It had seemed to her that what she was doing was best for her child. His grandmother would bring him up a good Christian, and the shame of his Cagot ancestry would be forgotten.

But now she repented bitterly her weakness and folly.

"It has wrecked all our lives," she said. "But the good God sees my sorrow and He will forgive me, and repair the harm."

Yves could think of no words of consolation. In those days children were taught to regard their parents with the greatest awe, some were not permitted to speak to them except upon their knees. Yves could have no such feeling towards this poor, broken, peasant mother of his, but he had learned to love her with additional, protective tenderness; and now, when she wept, he took her into his arms.

At last wind and tide served, and a dark night was chosen on which the smugglers hoped to be able to run their craft through the patrolling flotilla. The priest was most averse to quitting his flock, but he realized that it was inevitable for a time. Yves and Jacques agreed to accompany the ladies to England where they hoped to place them in the care of their relatives. Jeanne's parents were in London, D'Aurély had intended to make his way thither. Jeanne had no news of her brother, and hoped against hope that he too might be found there.

The storm-battered group crouched on the rocky promontory, awaiting the last signal. Below a boat was moored with muffled oars and rowlocks; this was to convey them to the sloop which lay out in the fishing-grounds. The surf thundered on the fretted coast line, and broke in phosphorescent streaks on the black rocks which in summer were aglow with flowers.

At length, a low whistle sounded, and voices from the darkness, strangled with sobs, besought the priest's blessing. In this moment, the full bitterness of their exile came home to the travelers. All their hopes were wrecked; their beloved country, stricken and

wounded, seemed to cast them off.

La Blanchette was helped into the boat, then the priest, then Jeanne. Yves held out his hands to assist Anne, but she drew back, shaking her head. Jeanne burst into broken-hearted weeping but uttered no protest.

"You must come—it is madness!" exclaimed Yves, adding violently to Jacques: "Take her arm—we must force her."

One of the bystanders was holding a torch, and by its light Anne's face was seen—it was pale but resolute.

"There's not a moment to lose," cried Malo, hastening down from the vantage point from which he was watching. "They have signalled a second time!"

"Go in God's Name," said Anne, "but I stay!"

"We will return," said Jacques, torn between his love for Jeanne and his anxiety for her cousin.

"If you stay, I stay too," declared Yves.

But Anne, taking him by the hand as she would a child, led him forward towards the boat.

"It is your duty to go," she said. "You must take care of your mother. But you will come back to help your country."

"And you—where shall I find you then?" he asked, lifting his despairing eyes entreatingly to hers.

"You must not seek me—I shall be in a convent of the Sisters of Charity."

"Anne!" he cried. "Do not forsake me, do not forsake me!"

She disengaged his clinging hands, very gently, and put him from her. Then, stooping, she pushed aside his hair and kissed his brow again, as though he had been a child.

"Courage!" she said, and pointed to the boat. "God calls, and you too will hear His voice one day."

Yves stepped in with death in his heart.

(To be continued.)

Life of Sister Marie Madeline.

BY ELLA BAKER.

(Conclusion.)

DURING the hot summer days of June, 1914, Sister M. Madeline was able to walk a little in the Monastery garden, leaning on her infirmarian's arm. All around her breathed peace: the silence of the shady walks was broken only by the singing of birds, the far-away sounds of carriage wheels, or the pealing of bells from one of the numerous churches or convents of the old University town. Yet on the horizon grave events were looming which would disturb this peaceful scene, making the air resound with harsh cries of terror, and reducing to ashes part of that peaceful city where for nearly forty years our Sister had lived so tranquilly in her convent home. In July the whole of Europe was agitated: Austria, Russia, Germany, and France were about to declare war. Belgium, on account of her position, and on account of the sacred treaties which guaranteed her independence, seemed at first to be outside this dreadful conflict. Nevertheless she was in a state of unrest. Forced to mobilize her army in order to guard her frontiers, she feared complications and cruel surprises. The whole nation was disturbed and the people full of grave apprehensions. Behind the cloister grating, buried in the solitude of the infirmary, Sr. M. Madeline might have ignored the events for some time, but she had a nephew M. Paul Maghe, a captain in the Belgian army, who was now called up by the general mobilization. The son of her only brother, she was much attached to him; moreover, she was his godmother, and at the death of her sister-in-law, had taken the greatest interest in the welfare of her nephew and niece, left motherless at so early an age. Before joining his regiment, the captain came

to say good-bye to his aunt. He could not hide his fears for the future of his country. On his departure, Sister M. Madeline was left anxious and worried. "Poor Paul," she said, "he will surely be killed, for he will never fail in his duty." She wrote to her niece, "There has been a general panic in Louvain. Soldiers are everywhere and have been called to join up immediately; but to-day all seems calm, perhaps the worst will be avoided." Vain hope! On August 2d, a day so dear to her Redemptoristine heart, she had to hear the sad news that war was declared. After that everything happened quickly. Belgium was precipitated into the conflict, and soon the roar of cannon was heard, dispelling all illusions.

Sister M. Madeline had an intense love of her country; that, and the anxiety for her nephew made her live in a state of anguish. Her Sisters feared to tell her the true state of affairs. Towards the middle of August concealment was no longer possible. Safe behind their convent walls, the Redemptoristines had for a time thought themselves out of danger, when, on August 9, they were told the Germans were entering Louvain, and fifty German soldiers were to be billeted in the Monastery! One can imagine the feelings of the Sisters obliged to house such guests. The soldiers had been in the convent but a few moments when one of them, involuntarily, it is true, filled them all with terror. He was cleaning his gun, which he thought to be unloaded, when suddenly it went off with a dreadful report, making a hole in the ceiling where the bullet lodged. It was only a passing alarm, but it struck fear in the hearts of the gentle Sisters. The men were recalled that very night, fortunately for the Sisters, who were naturally desirous to be rid of such unusual guests. But peace did not return.

During the night of August 24, the cloisters were suddenly illuminated with

a strange light. Louvain was on fire! In a few moments the Sisters were up, and hastened to the choir, where they remained for hours imploring help from Heaven. Sister M. Madeline, supported by her infirmarians, followed them, and remained in prayer until her strength failed and she had to be carried to bed in a neighboring room. All this time the fire was raging. From the upper rooms of the convent some of the Sisters followed its progress with anxious hearts. They saw whole rows of houses devoured by the flames, the vast buildings of the University and the college burned down. Nevertheless, since the fire did not reach the outskirts of the city where their Monastery was situated, they were able to spend the next day in relative calm.

On the 27th the Canonical Hours had been recited. Mass and Meditation had taken place as usual; they began to breathe freely, when suddenly the terrible news was heard that the town was to be bombarded and must be evacuated before 11 o'clock. Preparations were made in haste. Their first thought was to preserve the Blessed Sacrament from profanation. The chaplain distributed the Sacred Species to the nuns already on the point of leaving, and to a few of the faithful who had come in haste to the convent. A touching incident was the First Communion of a little boy of seven made under these circumstances. He was prepared for his great act in a few moments by one of the Nuns, who taught him how to make his thanksgiving while hurrying away from the unhappy town.

During this time, safe in the infirmary, Sister M. Madeline knew nothing, and it was a great shock to hear they must leave their convent. She resigned herself generously, was wrapped in a cloak and driven by one of the workmen in a bath chair. In this miserable conveyance she was wheeled to Tervueren. The streets were crowded with fugitives

who did not know where to go or what to do. Fright, grief, and despair were written on their faces. At every moment they had to make way for bands of Germans who made them put up their hands as they passed. What a dreadful sight for this poor old Nun who for forty years had not left her cloister, whose ears were unaccustomed to any noise other than the singing of the Office. Yet her face kept its peaceful look. When her infirmarian asked how she felt, she always answered, "Well." Once she said sadly, "It was necessary to live eighty-seven years to see such things! My God, may Thy will be done!" After an hour of painful journeying, she began to lose strength. They feared she would die on the way. At last they reached the village of Berthem.

The parish priest opened his house to the Redemptoristines, where they found other Nuns with about four hundred orphans. A room was found for the old Sister, who, soon revived, was peaceful and cheerful in the midst of the agitation which surrounded her. Her host and the other priests, who had sought shelter there were surprised at her clearness of mind and good sense. She greeted them with her usual distinguished manners. She spoke of spiritual things all through these trials, and encouraged her Sisters, saying, "God is good; He will take care of us." When the parish priest brought her Holy Communion, she forgot all her sorrows; the visit of Jesus consoled her for everything. All through the preceding night she prepared for death by many loving aspirations.

After six days, the storm which had destroyed Louvain, seemed to be appeased. Divine Providence had watched over the Redemptoristine Monastery, where all remained intact, and the Sisters were able to return. When Sister M. Madeline was in her bath-chair in front of the presbytery before returning home, many German officers were

attracted by the red habit and the distinguished appearance of the old Nun. They drew near, and asked a few questions, to which she cleverly replied, they being much impressed with her good sense and manners. An hour later she was back in her convent home, deeply moved to think of the goodness of God in thus protecting her and her Sisters in these days of mourning and ruin. She prayed more earnestly than ever, when she had recovered from the shock. Thus her poor old heart kept peaceful, and she cheered all around her in the midst of the general anguish and anxiety. When the Sisters feared being dispersed, or wanting the necessities of life, she would say, "After we have been so visibly protected by the Blessed Sacrament, how can you doubt of His Divine help now." She prayed particularly to St. Joseph for strength and courage to bear the sorrows through which they were all passing. Her prayer was granted. The trials of the war which she bore so bravely added the last jewels to the soul which was so soon to appear before God. The "*Veni*" so long predicted and awaited, was at last about to be heard.

In May, 1915, Sister M. Madeline celebrated her eighty-eighth birthday. The following month she was seized with a slight attack of apoplexy which partly paralyzed her, taking away the use of speech. The doctor pronounced the case serious, and the Last Sacraments were administered. She had all her faculties to the end; she made her thanksgiving with deep recollection. Her face reflected the joy she felt in receiving her Saviour. She understood perfectly all that was happening around her, and smiled sweetly at the Sisters who came to visit her. When she seemed to be asleep they could always rouse her by repeating a favorite prayer of St. Alphonsus which she had always loved. After a time even this expedient failed. She was exhausted. On June 30, her

long exile came to an end. As the evening Angelus was ringing, the feeble beating of her heart ceased. To the "*Veni*" of the Divine Spouse she had replied with Mary: "*Ecce ancilla Domini, fiat mihi secundum verbum tuum.*"

Such was the consoling end of this long life of sacrifice, generosity and love. When we remember the smiling and peaceful face of this lover of Christ in the world and in the cloister, we cannot doubt that she is now hearing in Heaven the "well done" of that beloved Master she had served so faithfully on earth and for whom no sacrifice had seemed too great. May we too learn to see the divine will in all things, and with Sister M. Madeline say: "Never enough for God."

❖❖❖
A Bad Bargain.

The Duke of Wellington, who defeated Napoleon at Waterloo, is called the Iron Duke on account of his strong will; but he was a man of the tenderest heart, as many anecdotes related of him go to prove. Some years before his death it was suggested to him to purchase a farm in the neighborhood of Strathfieldsaye, which, being near his estate, would be a valuable acquisition. The Duke willingly assented to this suggestion, though he showed no great interest in the matter. When the purchase was completed, his steward congratulated him upon having made so good a bargain, as the seller was in difficulties, and really forced to part with the farm.

"Is that what you mean by a good bargain?" said the Duke.

"The farm was valued at £1100, and we have got it for £800."

"In that case, you will please to carry the extra £300 to the late owner, and never talk to me of good bargains again. In my opinion, it was a very *bad* bargain, and I have no desire to make any more like it."

The Precursor on the Messiah.

BY P. J. C.

THERE is a saying that two eagles do not fly together. Likely some one has discovered they do. That men and women who secure the world's worship do not function harmoniously as coworkers is generally recognized. One is afraid of the other's light. One feels that an honor bestowed on the other is an honor less for him. The grievance is not over something taken away but over something given to some one else. A captain remains quite content with his captaincy until he sees a fellow captain made a colonel. Then he grieves.

There is the great exception of Christ and St. John the Baptist. They are considered here of course in a human rating. If they were merely good men of set convictions working conspicuously for some worthy cause they might have clashed, as many thousands of very good men and women do. Saints in the number. Not so the Messiah and the Precursor.

John might have been jealous of the young Prophet who came out of Nazareth asserting such high things. His great following would have encouraged him. He could have felt restless under the glowing accounts that came to him day after day about the origin and mission of the Stranger who was creating such a stir in Galilee and beyond it. Do not contradict all this by saying the Baptist knew that Jesus was the Messiah.

Yes, but the Baptist had free will, and certain temptations of ambition to leadership, mastery, following, government. He was not an automaton; was not pushed into his good works and kept there. "But," you say, "since he knew the Messiah was Christ the Son of God who came to redeem the world, he would not have been decent if he

questioned the Saviour's origin and mission once he had set out to announce Him." Yes. But think of the many thousands—ourselves in the number—who know what John knew, yet are not conspicuous announcers or upholders of the Christ for whose glory John effaced himself. Note two Gospel incidents that express the Precursor's spirit.

One happened at the Jordan. The occurrence is given as one more link in an unadorned chronicle. A novelist would have painted characters and setting; would have told of John's wind-blown hair, brown skin from the desert sun. Jesus would be tall, and slender; His face mild and sad. The Jordan would be ruffled by the lake winds, and the river bank on which John stood would send up sibilant reed murmurs.

"Then cometh Jesus," writes St. Matthew, not concerned about local color, "from Galilee to the Jordan unto John to be baptized by him. But John stayed him saying: I ought to be baptized of Thee and comest thou to me?"

It was no simulated humility John showed in the presence of the young Messiah. Some time before he had said at the same Jordan when Jesus was not present: "I indeed baptize you in water unto penance, but He that shall come after me is mightier than I, whose shoes I am not worthy to bear; He shall baptize you in the Holy Ghost and fire."

John did more than testify. He made an act of renouncement which removed him forever from primacy. The Levites asked, "Who art thou?" John might have hedged; might have waited, like politicians do, to see if the Messiah were popular. He confessed, "I am not the Christ."

"Behold the lamb of God who takest away the sins of the world." There you have John the Baptist bestowing a charter of origin and mission on the Messiah. He loved Christ; preached Him; walked out of leadership that Christ might walk in.

Notes and Remarks.

"The Bronx Nocturnal Adoration Society" gives the Bronx a new connotation. The name is recalled in our thinking as an important area in New York's large, intricate, frequently changing political battle ground. In the press it is mentioned for its strength at the polls; its power to make or unmake the politically ambitious; to help or to retard the progress of Tammany Hall. In this new rôle the Bronx is visioned as the Borough in which 1000 or so Catholic men met Saturday, Dec. 2, in the church of Our Lady of Mercy to adore the Blessed Sacrament, from 10 o'clock Saturday night to 7 the following Sunday morning. There are no dues as a condition to membership in this Society. And only one obligation—an hour's Adoration before the Blessed Sacrament once a month. "The Bronx Nocturnal Adoration Society" makes a worthy appeal. Hardly can one think of any more worthy. An invitation to worship the Presence that makes a Catholic church a holy place, not a place for meeting and discourse, that surely is a high call.

Odd as it may seem to American ears, we know of at least one kidnapping which was a virtue instead of a crime. This story comes from the Marist News Letter, and the kidnapping took place in one of the far-away North Solomon Islands. Strange to relate the chief actor in the little drama was a Catholic missionary, no less a missionary, in fact, than the Reverend Bernard Tonjes, S.M., noted aviator priest of the South Sea Isles, who was taught to fly by Captain Kohl, German transatlantic hero. Father Tonjes learned one day that in the Sovele region some Kanaka women were preparing to put to death a little baby boy whose mother had died. Knowing that these ignorant

pagans were set in their intentions, he made his way secretly into that region, located the baby through its plaintive cries, and fled with it on his bicycle. For thirteen hours he rode, crossing twelve rivers and thirty ravines, until he finally arrived at the residence of some Marist Missionary Sisters where he left it, after having first bestowed upon his little brown-skinned captive the beautiful baptismal name of Aloysius. And Father Tonjes got his reward a thousand times over you may be sure in the realization that he had brought one of God's wee lambs into the fold of the Master.

The Administrative Committee of the National Catholic Welfare Conference consists of prominent archbishops and bishops from different sections of the country. This Committee has made a pronouncement on the grave crisis which the Nation at the moment is passing through. It is not a panicky pronouncement; nor is it an intellectual sleeping potion. Among other strictures, it is asserted that it "was the fault of the voters that municipal government was so often synonymous with fraud, graft, corruption, misappropriation of public funds and the unholy alliance between criminals and the police; that State governments through extravagance piled up impossible tax burdens; and that the Federal Congress squandered public money in such a fashion as to make a balanced budget an impossibility." True altogether as an abstract statement of the case. In practice, pity the poor voters! They are blown about by every wind of political doctrine. For instance, at this writing, Colonel M. Sprague, who resigned as one of the President's financial advisers, is kicking the Administration's rubber dollar about; and Mr. Alfred E. Smith in his picturesque fashion says he is for "gold dollars as

against 'baloney' dollars." Over the radio comes a clerical voice from Detroit, Michigan, which says anathema to Colonel Sprague, to Mr. Smith and all who follow them. Some leaders assert, support the President. Others say, the President is a visionary, the prophet of unsound money. Who is the Moses to lead the voters to the Promised Land of National Prosperity? Pity the poor voters! It is so difficult to tell who is the true prophet among so many! We hope the President is. He is leading us at the moment. Should Colonel Sprague and Mr. Smith be wrong it will not matter. Should President Roosevelt be wrong it will make a difference.

Prof. André Matignon recently presented arguments to the French Academy of Science to prove that the world has sufficient food to last 20,000 years more at the present rate of population increase. The population is increasing at the rate of 3,000,000 persons a year, according to this scientist. And then Dr. Matignon proceeded to show by figures, which we are not giving, that there is no danger of the races of men starving in the near or far future. The shortage of world food, you may remember, is one of the arguments advanced by the propagators of birth control. Well, there is and will be food enough for all for 20,000 years. So there is no valid reason for the panic of the birth controllers. And the other reasons they advance are equally sophisticated and ridiculous.

Anita Page in an article written for the *New York Times* magazine, entitled "Spain Strides into the New Age," says that two years ago a girl, bare-legged or wearing socks, would have been a public scandal on the streets of Spain, and that two years ago the beaches were discreetly divided into three sections—one for men, one for women, and

one for families. It sometimes happened, too, that couples at the family entrance would be asked to produce their marriage certificates. But since the Republic began, second and third-class coaches of every train are jammed week-ends with singing, chattering humanity scantily clothed. What has made the greatest change in this direction, this author affirms, is the entrance of the American films which were so very strictly censored before the time of the Republic that very few pictures were permitted to be shown. We hope that a strict censorship will be placed on American pictures again, as a result of the recent Spanish elections. We have seen the effect of our indecent pictures on our own population, and we do not wish Spain any such disaster. It is good to know there was a country where the people valued the virtue of modesty and tried to preserve it, and it would be too bad to have the younger generation of Spain spoiled as a result of giving them our vile and obscene films.

Georgia recently honored Mr. Richard Reid, President of the Catholic Press Association and Editor of *The Bulletin*, organ of the Catholic Laymen's Association of Georgia. The distinguished Georgian was extolled for "bringing about a better feeling among Georgians, irrespective of creed." Senator William M. Lester presided as toastmaster at what was called "Richard Reid Day" luncheon, sponsored by the Augusta Exchange Club. Colonel Daniel G. Fogarty, prominent Augusta attorney, lauded Mr. Reid's civic leadership and initiative, and gave a briefer sketch of his career. Mr. Reid in his response had something to say about his visit to Rome, and he spoke as casually as if he were giving an address to members of the Holy Name Society.

On my visit to Rome, when the Pope was told that I was from Georgia, the Holy Father

immediately asked about the people of the State, especially about the Catholic Laymen's Association. He knew about our work, and was tremendously interested in it. He was acquainted with the splendid cooperation accorded our organization by Protestants and Jews toward the elimination of prejudice and bitterness.

We quote the words of Mr. Reid not for their eloquence, but for their quiet affirmation. There are Catholic men who would omit the visit to the Pope very likely in their narrative tour of Europe.

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The Spanish Inquisition, St. Bartholomew's Day, the French Revolution have been held up as chapter headings of horrors, the *Catholic Union and Times* reflects. And then adds these new shudders: a life term in prison for possessing a pint of whiskey in the State of Michigan; innocent men shot down by Prohibition agents on suspicion they had intoxicating liquor in their cars; the Volstead and Jones laws. And so on. Ten years from now people will wonder how such things could have been. Such things can be and are because fanatics sometimes get possession of the directing reins. Communism, KKKism, Prohibition—all express hatred—the extremes of fanaticism. And with the fanatics, self-seeking, penurious, money-pursuing men and women, without principle or conscience, join and make a living on bigotry and zealotry.

—♦—
Dr. Clarence True Wilson, the executive secretary of the Methodist Board of Temperance, Prohibition, and Public Morals, made a statement recently which ought to excite a great deal of interest. Dr. Wilson declares that "The Methodist Church is getting out of politics." He insists that "the church" must change its emphasis from political and commercial arguments back to moral appeal." The conclusion arrived at in the quotation above can be thoroughly appreciated in the light of recent political

history. What astounds us out of all expression, however, is the rather official admission that the Methodist Church has actually been in politics during the past few years. We believe that the contention has been all along with men of Dr. Wilson's type that there has been only one church in politics, and that, of course, has been the Catholic Church. Be that as it may, however, we believe that Dr. Wilson expresses the case rather mildly when he says that "the Methodist Church is getting out of politics." Looking at the avalanche of votes against Prohibition in most of the States, one would be tempted to suggest that Dr. Wilson insert the little word "put" between the words "getting" and "out of" in the quotation above.

—♦—
The Revolution Confederation of Independent Parties is the long name of a new Mexican political group. Its program and platform pledge a number of things. Among others, "to establish the complete supremacy of social justice, tolerance in religious matters, absolute respect for human life and political liberty, and for the will of the people manifested through a general election." If the R. C. of I. P. succeed in achieving the fulfilment of these praiseworthy objectives it will do more than most of us hope. Even if one-half the projects reach the dry ground of legislative enactment, lovers of justice, sanity and peace everywhere will rejoice. We wish success to the "Parties"—assuming they are what they say they are.

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The secular press, or what we have seen of it, obscured somewhat the recent Spanish elections. The "Lefts" were mentioned; and the "Rights." One was not sure from the reports who the "Lefts" were and what they aimed at, who the "Rights" were and what they stood for. And now after more

than a week we learn that a representative Catholic majority will have control in the next Spanish Parliament. The Socialists were routed even worse than they feared in almost all the Provinces. In Madrid, four Socialists and thirteen Catholics led; in twenty-five provinces Catholic candidates had a majority. From the tabulation it would appear the Catholics are assured 125 deputies against 24 Socialists and 49 Radicals. It was the first time women cast their vote in the new Republic, and the Catholic victory is credited to them. It is not unlikely if the people of Mexico were given an opportunity to express themselves, they would be as emphatic in repulsing the enemies of Church and Country as were the people of Spain.

Reviewing a play in a Chicago theater—we are not going to advertise the play,—Mr. Charles Collins, well-known theatrical critic, gives the play and its patrons this merited rebuke:

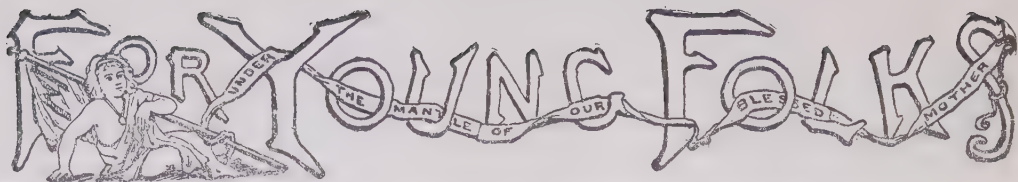
The amount of humor that anyone will find in — depends altogether upon the amount of lewd, lascivious, and libidinous allusions that he or she can absorb happily at one sitting. I myself am somewhat fastidious in these matters, and after a salty anecdote has been in progress for about five minutes I begin to wonder if there isn't some other subject that might be just as amusing, or perhaps a bit funnier. I have observed, however, that many people are practically adamant to the erosive qualities of carnal mirth. They can "take it" *ad lib* and bellow for more.

It is refreshing to find a reviewing critic who chastises so frankly not only poor drama and poor acting, but the humor in drama and acting which takes substance out of indecency, and thrives on the vicarious humorous sense of irreticent patrons.

A California prisoner condemned to death, asked that whiskey be given him before his execution. He wished its solace for his last hours, to bestow on

him strength and partial forgetfulness. You can hardly think of a more desolating attitude toward death and the hereafter. Criminals do desperate things against society, that seem to call for daring. They are written up as bold, predatory murderers. Perhaps drugs or alcohol give them the viciousness to rob and murder; viciousness which people sometimes misname bravery. And instead of their meeting God, flung down by shame and repentance for misdeeds, they beg the boon of drink or drugs to buttress their falling courage as they near the fixed hour when the years of life they misused are brought to a stop while they sit strapped to a chair. Men and women who believe in God, hope in Him and try, in spite of shortages, to love Him, will want to go out to meet their Redeemer sober, contrite, prayer and hope in their hearts. The pain of death, the fear of it, is part of the penance of death. People should accept the penance, reject the narcotics.

President Roosevelt in his Thanksgiving Proclamation does not minimize Almighty God by obscure mention. He identifies Him specifically. He names Him outright. He does not cater to atheist, freethinker, pseudo-scientist by the use of noncommittal references. "May we on that day in our churches, in our homes, give humble thanks for the blessings bestowed upon us during the year by Almighty God." The President bids people be grateful and ask "guidance in more surely learning the ancient truth that greed and selfishness and striving for undue riches can never bring lasting happiness or good to the individual or to his neighbors." And finally the President asks with a humility that enriches him, "for the brighter day to which we can win through by seeking the help of God in a more unselfish striving for the common bettering of mankind."



Mother's Handy Man.

BY REGINA MARTIN.

FRUIT cake time! My Mother makes
Just the swellest Christmas cakes!
When she sends me to the store,
For some nuts and fruits galore,
Gets the sugar and the pan,
Then I'm Mother's handy man!
Believe me! I don't stir away
From the kitchen, fruit-cake day.

Mother has so much to do:
Chopping raisins, citron, too.
Shredding orange and lemon peel—
I just stay right under heel.
I get all the spices out,
Set the bowls all round about.
Crack the nuts (a goody eat)
"Yum! these dates are nice and sweet!"

Dad comes in and grins at me:
"Why this burst of energy?
When I mention 'shovel snow'
You've some place you have to go.
I'm afraid, ere Mother's through,
Half the fruit will be in you.
Why not let *me* lick the pan?
I'll be Mother's handy man."

Leila.

BY MRS. GEORGE NORMAN.

MRS. FAIL had been up and down-
stairs twenty times that morning
between Leila's room and the parlor.

Leila was coming home from college
that very afternoon. Mr. Fail had gone
to fetch his only daughter, and her
mother had stayed behind so as to see
to things and to be there to welcome
Leila on the threshold of her new life.

"My! what an elegant room!" Mrs.

Walshe, Mr. Fail's sister, had come in
to inspect and admire in her brisk,
slightly critical way.

"It is nice, isn't it?" Mrs. Fail stood
with the door-handle in her hand, and
looked proudly smiling round her little
girl's room. "That unstained grey oak
is dandy, isn't it? Joe ordered it the
last time he was in the city, but it
only arrived yesterday. I was getting
wild."

"And aren't the chintzes gay?" Mrs.
Walshe crossed to the mantelpiece. "I
brought my humble gift—just this little
statue."

"Why, how sweet! Leila will just
love that." Then Mrs. Fail reddened
ever so slightly. She had the skin of
a young girl and the color came and
went in her face at any emotion.
"Please, put it there where she'll see it
first thing. I had got a new holy
picture for over her bed, but I had
forgotten it in the flurry. I'll get it."
Was not that like her, she thought as
she ran downstairs for the twenty-first
time. No wonder Angie Walshe jeered
at her for a heathen; everything in
Leila's room that heart could want, and
not a single pious object of the sort
that her sister-in-law never forgot.

Mrs. Fail dived into a press, and
found the charming Italian reproduc-
tion she had got weeks ago when she
conceived the idea of making over
Leila's bedroom against her return. She
ran upstairs again.

"Here it is and a nail and hammer!
Raphael, isn't it?"

"Yes, the Madonna of the Chair—it
is fine!"

If Mrs. Walshe had noticed any
omission from the white room with its
pink silky curtains and its general air

of bright comfort and frivolity, she had managed to make no sign. "Leila ought to be real grateful," was all she said rather grimly.

Mrs. Fail beamed. "Her father has been lucky. And you know he cannot do enough for the children."

Mrs. Walshe nodded. "I know."

"He is the best kind of father!"

Mrs. Walshe went home with her sister-in-law's words ringing in her ears.

She had not been too pleased when her brother had married Nita Bronson years ago.

"Why Joe could not have picked a Catholic, I don't know!" she had told her husband. "Nita means well, but it won't be the same as if she had the Faith in her bones."

"Don't you be so sharp!" her husband, an easy-going man, had retorted. "You'll find fault with the cut of the Angels' wings when you get to Heaven. Nita is all right!"

And Mrs. Walshe, conscious of a tendency to outspoken criticism, said no more.

Mr. Fail was her only brother, his children her special interest as she had no family of her own. Nita had become a Catholic to marry Joe, he having given her to understand that otherwise marriage between them would be out of the question. She had been greatly in love, and had had no difficulty in discovering in herself a real desire to share his religion. She had gone to his pastor for instruction. Hers was a nature neither very deep nor spiritual, but she was willing and anxious to learn. And she had excellent intentions.

Joe Fail on his side was extremely pleased with himself. He had converted Nita. It did not occur to him to reinforce the busy and hard-worked pastor's excellent instruction by any later talks or by lending Nita books or

surrounding her with Catholic friends. He had done his bit and done it well. Now there was nothing to worry about: his children would have a Catholic home and mother; his job would be to provide for them.

He had done this well. They had had three sons and an only daughter, and neither Nita nor they, after the first two or three years of struggle, had ever wanted for a thing. Theirs became one of the really prosperous homes of Longville. They had the finest radio and gramophone in the place, kept open-house for the children's friends, had the fastest car, every educational facility, and in each bedroom in the house was a pious picture upon the wall, placed there by Nita; a real Catholic one. Father Purser made time four days a year in his busy life to accept their bidding to the family table, so that they had a thoroughly Catholic home Joe told himself. And if Joe was too rushed by business to go a little below the surface and wonder how Nita was able to cope with their children's upbringing in the religion which had not informed her own younger days, why, how could you blame him, he would have asked?

Mrs. Walshe, Leila's godmother, had tried to help as tactfully as might be. And Nita had tried to respond. But she was at least as busy as her husband thought he was. She was a woman to whom material things not only mattered as much as they should do in a home, but more so. Her tasks were simply endless, for the boys had to be not better (for that would have been pride) but quite as well turned out as any in their circle. And Leila had to have the prettiest things, and as Nita did not want to waste her husband's hard-earned money, she took no end of trouble to make and mend and get things in the most reasonable way. She was proud of her untiring devotion to

Joe's and the children's material wants, and if she rather forgot the other ones, that was not entirely her fault.

Mrs. Walshe would lend her books of a Catholic tendency or, even occasionally, of downright piety, but Nita "had so little time for reading," and when she had, she felt she had earned a good thriller or a rather romantic love-story. So the other books got put aside to be "read later."

"Would you have time to join our Catholic Work Guild?" Mrs. Walshe had asked, and Nita had joined gladly and stitched zealously, but she had usually had to "rush off" before the exhortation that followed, or, her wide-eyed sister-in-law could not help noticing, had seemed to be absorbed in some mental calculation or preoccupation while it lasted.

"That was good what Father Purser was saying—about the rising generation,—did not you think so, Nita?" Mrs. Walshe would find herself asking perhaps if they walked home together.

"Yes," Nita would concur. "But a bit out of date—modern children—"

Mrs. Walshe had a contempt for lay preaching, and could not feel it would make Nita less heathenish, as in her impulsive way she called Nita. But she could not always restrain her robust outspokenness or sense of humor. "My dear, we were modern children once! They do not change, and human nature does not change!"

Well, now Leila was coming home.

"Have you planned? What is Leila going to do?" Mrs. Walshe asked with interest.

"Why, have the loveliest time."

"I see." Mrs. Walshe nodded, opened her lips to say something, then snapped them firmly.

Leila came. A tallish, rather languid, cold-seeming girl.

"Got quite a beauty, hasn't she?" Mr. Fail, with a little frown between his

eyebrows, commented that evening to his wife. "But seems—I don't know—doesn't seem so keen to be home as I'd expected."

"Why, don't say that!" Her mother spoke brightly. "The girl is tired, that is all."

But it was not all. As day succeeded day Leila proved something of a puzzle. You could not find fault with her, for she was affectionate enough to her parents and brothers, but she seemed otherwise entirely uninterested in her surroundings.

"But it is so small, Mum," she complained when Mrs. Fail hinted that she might take more stock in Longville. "You see we led such an interesting life—"

"At college? I know. But we hoped it would lead to your taking up some work—"

"There is no hurry, is there? I have only just got home; and when Beal Hamsun comes along I mean to talk it over."

"With him?" Mrs. Fail tried not to look either surprised or disappointed. "Who is he, Leila, anyway?"

"Beal? Oh, he's Sadie Beal's elder brother—a medical man. We were the greatest chums." The girl's face had brightened into the beauty that made her—at times—the belle of Longville. Oftener her slightly peevish expression spoiled her looks. "He has promised to come along as soon as he gets a chance. He is simply doing splendidly."

A few weeks later Beal Hamsun did come along—a fine, handsome young man with the fair hair of his Norwegian descent, and such a wonderful smile.

"Do you happen to know is he a Catholic?" Mrs. Walshe tried not to sound sarcastic as she and her sister-in-law watched Leila, in the prettiest of her new things, swing off down the road from the Fail home.

"I—I—really, I do not know. Why, he is only a chum of Leila's."

But he was not. Before the week was out Leila had come in radiant, if a little anxiously, one evening to tell her parents that Beal had asked her to marry him and that she had accepted him.

"And we will be able to have a lovely home and a car and—"

"And what about his religion?" her father broke in. "He is not a Catholic, but I take it he knows all about what he has to promise?"

Leila looked a wee bit scared. "Oh, that is all right. At least I am sure it is anyway. Oh, here he is."

She had gone hurriedly from the room leaving her parents to interview her lover.

And a most unpleasant interview it was. For it seemed that Beal Hamsun, aged twenty-nine, had already been married and was a divorced man.

"I did not think of mentioning it earlier to Leila—everyone knew it—"

"Well, she will not marry you if she takes it in, you may be perfectly sure," Mr. Fail said firmly. "No daughter of ours would do such a thing. In fact, Mr. Hamsun, I am afraid I must ask you to leave my house." And just as firmly he had shown the young doctor, too amazed to refuse, to the door and into the road.

To Mr. Fail his only daughter was still a child, and this most unfortunate affair would soon blow over and be forgotten.

But how on earth did it come about? Leila had never mentioned this man in her letters, let alone her interest in him, or her parents could have warned her to be careful. Had they been foolish to send so young a girl so far from home and without, he now asked himself with dismay, his making sure that her mother had seen to it that she was in touch with religious—that is Catho-

lic—influence? He was too just to blame his wife—he was the one to blame, he felt. But, anyway, thank Heaven, no real harm was done! For in face of his stern rejection of Beal Hamsun as a possible son-in-law and of her mother's naively shocked amazement at such a possibility, Leila had lapsed into floods of tears but apparent acquiescence.

"It does seem hard, though, when everyone is divorced nowadays and no one thinks anything of it."

"Why, Leila!" Mrs. Fail was too horrified to find words.

"It *is* hard," Leila obstinately repeated. "When it was his—his first wife who was too awful for anything. I don't see what right the Catholic Church has to forbid it."

Mrs. Fail was more sincerely grieved and puzzled than she had ever been in her busy, prosperous life. She had failed somehow to make her only girl into a real Catholic such as, with all her limitations, she herself had tried to be.

"You are not to blame," Joe Fail said stoutly. "I was the older Catholic—I ought to have helped you more, not left everything on your shoulders."

Mrs. Fail for the first time in her life found herself going for quite long visits on week days to the church—sometimes she even shed tears there. For Leila was being so strange, so obstinately sulky and unfathomable.

And a little later the end came—Leila went away leaving a note to say she had gone to Sadie Hamsun, and would be married to Beal Hamsun, before they could rejoin her. A telegram next day announced the marriage.

Joe Fail was a broken man.

"I meant well," he said over and over again, puzzling out the causes of so dire a disaster.

"What on earth will Angie say?"

Mrs. Fail amongst her other sources

of sorrow could not overlook what her caustic, clear-minded sister-in-law would think.

"What in the land does that matter, Nita?" Mr. Fail was amazed that such a point of view should occur to his wife at such a time.

"It does matter, Joe," Mrs. Fail spoke firmly, "because I feel Angie was right all these years. Often and often she said a word here and a word there, and I was too busy or too careless to mind, and now I see she was absolutely right."

"I daresay," Joe said heavily. "But all I can think of is that poor child. Supposing anything happened to her—an accident—anything—and she died without the Sacraments." He groaned, got up and paced the room. "As for Angie Walshe, if she likes to crow over us, well, she can."

But Mrs. Walshe came out in what was perhaps her truest light. She amazed her brother and his wife. She came round to the Fail home the moment she heard the news, and without a sign of the shock she had received, still less with any sanctimonious airs.

"Why, Nita, you must cheer up. And Joe, too, poor old boy! You say Leila's married. Humph! It is a trouble for you I admit. But you have got not to trouble. Not too much, that is; for you know Leila is not married, and she will get wise to that soon enough—and—and repent."

"Please God." Joe Fail sighed.

"Of course you have done everything? Do you think of going after her or anything, Joe?"

"They sailed for Europe," Joe said gloomily, "or you bet we'd have gone off before this. Hamsun's got some sort of job, I gather; he's been sent out to—but where it is we don't know, and you may be sure he won't tell us yet awhile."

"Well, you folks keep up good

hearts," Mrs. Walshe said stoutly. "Before you know, Leila will have thought things over—she's been a bit carried away I reckon—and she'll write or cable she is coming home—to stay."

"Oh, Angie, and with her life ruined!" Poor Nita Fail burst into tears.

Apart from every other consideration, what sort of life could Leila make for herself after a false start like this one? Married, as their non-Catholic neighbors would think, and not married as the others would know.

"Ruined? Ah! don't be thinking like that now." Mrs. Walshe grew intensely Irish when she felt most deeply. "Who's to know a thing—if it comes to that? Leila's gone away visiting—as indeed that's all the girl has done," Mrs. Walshe added grimly to herself.

"They will know right enough and soon enough," Nita almost groaned.

Mrs. Walshe was well aware that even from the human point of view Leila had "messed things up." But it was not to Leila's unhappy parents that Angie Walshe was going to admit that fact. "Leila's a child, and a bit of a spoiled child. Who is going to hold a first false step against her? And, believe me, first thing you know, Leila's going to—er—be sorry and come back to you."

(Conclusion next week.)

A King Rebuked.

A poor old woman had attempted on several occasions to gain the attention of Philip of Macedon concerning some grievance. Finally he became impatient and told her to go away, that he had no time to hear her. "You have no time to hear the petition of one of your subjects," said the old woman, who had no fear of royalty; "then you have no time to be a king." This retort touched Philip, who, it is said, never again refused to listen to a complaint.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—"This Our Day, Approvals and Disapprovals," by the Rev. James M. Gillis, has been chosen by the Catholic Book Club as its December selection. This volume contains the most striking editorials by Father Gillis that have been published in the *Catholic World* during the last eleven years.

—Macmillan has recently published a new book of poems by William Butler Yeats, entitled "The Winding Stair and Other Poems." Two of the poems contain recollections of Lady Gregory, playwright and friend of Yeats, who was associated with him in the directorship of the Abbey Theatre.

—"In Sacristy and Sanctuary," by Rev. William A. O'Brien (Benziger Brothers, \$1.50 net), is a manual for the Sacristan that is brief and clear, telling him what is necessary for every ceremony of the Church at every season of the year. With this volume in hand there can be no doubt of the "setting" for the religious action; if there is confusion, it must be the fault of the actors.

—"Until lately," says Sir Philip Gibbs, "I was very doubtful if anyone had ever bought one of my books. I knew they borrowed them. I have visited another country where people did buy books, but I am doubtful if they ever read them, and that was the United States. I have seen people over there buy three, four and five novels, but I have never seen an American reading one. They seem to buy the books to put in the guest room, and it was in America that I found one of my own books on the table by my bedside."

—The reputation of Father Raoul Plus, S. J., as an authority on spiritual life is well established in his own country and in this. Two small writings from his pen will be welcome to all who can read French: (1) "La Direction d'Après Les Maîtres Spirituels" (Editions Spes. 6fr. 60), a treatise upon spiritual direction in which Father Plus gives the opinions of the great spiritual directors on this practice, and offers valuable

counsel to priests who must help souls on the spiritual way. (2) "La Chasteté du Mariage," an explanation of the duties of those who contemplate marriage and of those who are married based upon the teaching of the encyclical "Casti Connubii" (Editions Spes. 4fr. 40).

—Agnes Repplier, in her biography of Junipero Serra, which has just been published by Doubleday, Doran & Company, says: That the missionary "not content with wearing hair cloth and sleeping on boards, scourged himself cruelly; first in his cell and later in the pulpit, by way of admonition to sinners. We know that, like St. Jerome, he would beat his bare breast with a stone, holding high a crucifix with the other hand, and (unlike St. Jerome, who was alone in the desert) summoning sinners to repentance."

—If one wishes to give books for a Christmas gift, he has a bargain in an omnibus volume of Mrs. Wilfrid Ward's, containing three of her most popular novels—"One Poor Scruple," "Out of Due Time," and "The Job Secretary" (Longmans. \$2.50). Mrs. Ward's reputation as a novelist is assured, and one will make no mistake in adding this collection of her works to his library. He will find a Catholic spirit, a power of character drawing, and an understanding of the fine values of life that is a refreshing contrast to most of our modern fiction.

—"The Girls of Sunnyside," by May Nevin, is the story of two little girls who by the circumstances of life were born in England rather than in Ireland. When their Irish parents had been dead a number of years, the two growing girls were brought back to the country of their father and mother to live with some relatives. From that moment on, not only patriotism but love and religion and a certain mysterious little dark-skinned maiden began to mix things up with a regularity which threatened destruction to several life-long dreams. The story seems to be somewhat slow in developing, but once it gets

started the reader is sure to experience several thrills and not a few surprises. Publisher, P. J. Kenedy & Sons, New York. Price, \$1.60 postpaid.

—In his biography "George Washington Himself," recently published by The Bobbs-Merrill Company, John C. Fitzpatrick removes some of the tinselled glamour that has for a long time adorned the youth of our first President. "It is disappointing," he says, "that the documentary records of these critical and character-forming years do not furnish a clear picture of George Washington's mental and moral development. The glib stories of his physical prowess, of his studious habits, of the exciting colt-breaking episode, of his marshaling school companions in military play and of the buzz caused by his romping with one of the older girls of the school, are all apocryphal tales built upon and descending from the fame that came to him in later years."

—Reverend Joseph F. Smith, Vicar-General of the Diocese of Cleveland, has issued a warning concerning a recently published book, the title of which is apt to deceive Catholic purchasers. We publish his communication for the protection of our subscribers: "In the book notices of the *New York Times*, and several other outstanding magazines, there is a novel entitled 'The Journey of the Flame,' telling of the California Mission life of the last century. In all these reviews it is described as an epic—a marvellous story. The fact is that it is a scandalous libel upon the Catholic Church, insulting to everything that we hold dear; and with merciless irony and ridicule presenting the Jesuits and the Franciscans, together with the other Spanish Catholics, as fanatics with no sense of morality, and dealing with the natives in a spirit of the utmost cruelty. It is a shame that a book of that kind should be presented so dishonestly to the public." We hope that Catholics the country over will heed Father Smith's warning, not only by not buying the book but also by expressing their displeasure to the managers of all Book Stores and Public Libraries carrying the same.

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"Life and Religion." Father James, O. M. Cap. \$1.75.

Obituary.

Most Rev. Joseph Chartrand, D. D., Bishop of Indianapolis.

Sister M. Bertha, Sisters of St. Dominic.

Mrs. Thomas Mason, Mr. James Howley, Mr. Eugene E. Keefe, Mr. and Mrs. Constant Marchand, Mr. Edward Howley, Mrs. Thomas J. Hanlon, Mr. Tom Howley, Mrs. Margaret O'Hara, Mr. John Keane, Miss Mary Dowd, Mr. Timothy Brosnan, Mr. Eugene Pinchard, Mr. Roy Williams, Mr. Leomorand, Mr. Lloyd LaBelle, Mrs. Charles Pinchard, Mr. Steve Lealiou, Mr. Wensel Parizek, Mrs. Henry Beth, Mr. Edwin Lealiou, Mr. Henry Basche, Mrs. George Schlosser, Mr. Carlton Lealiou, Mrs. Louise Lindeman, Mr. George Elfner, Mr. Jules Connard, Mrs. Mary Wudi, Mr. William Nys, Mrs. Mary Mead, Mrs. Felicia Ledoeg, Dr. D. J. Carroll, Mr. James Kelleher, Mrs. Bridget Wickham, Mr. Edward Kelleher, Mr. Daffner, Mr. Francis Kelleher, Miss Elizabeth Farrell, Mr. Reichman, Mrs. Catherine E. Purcell, Mr. Frank J. Braunger, Mr. Joseph Nestor, Miss Margaret Ford, and Mrs. Cecilia O'Neill.

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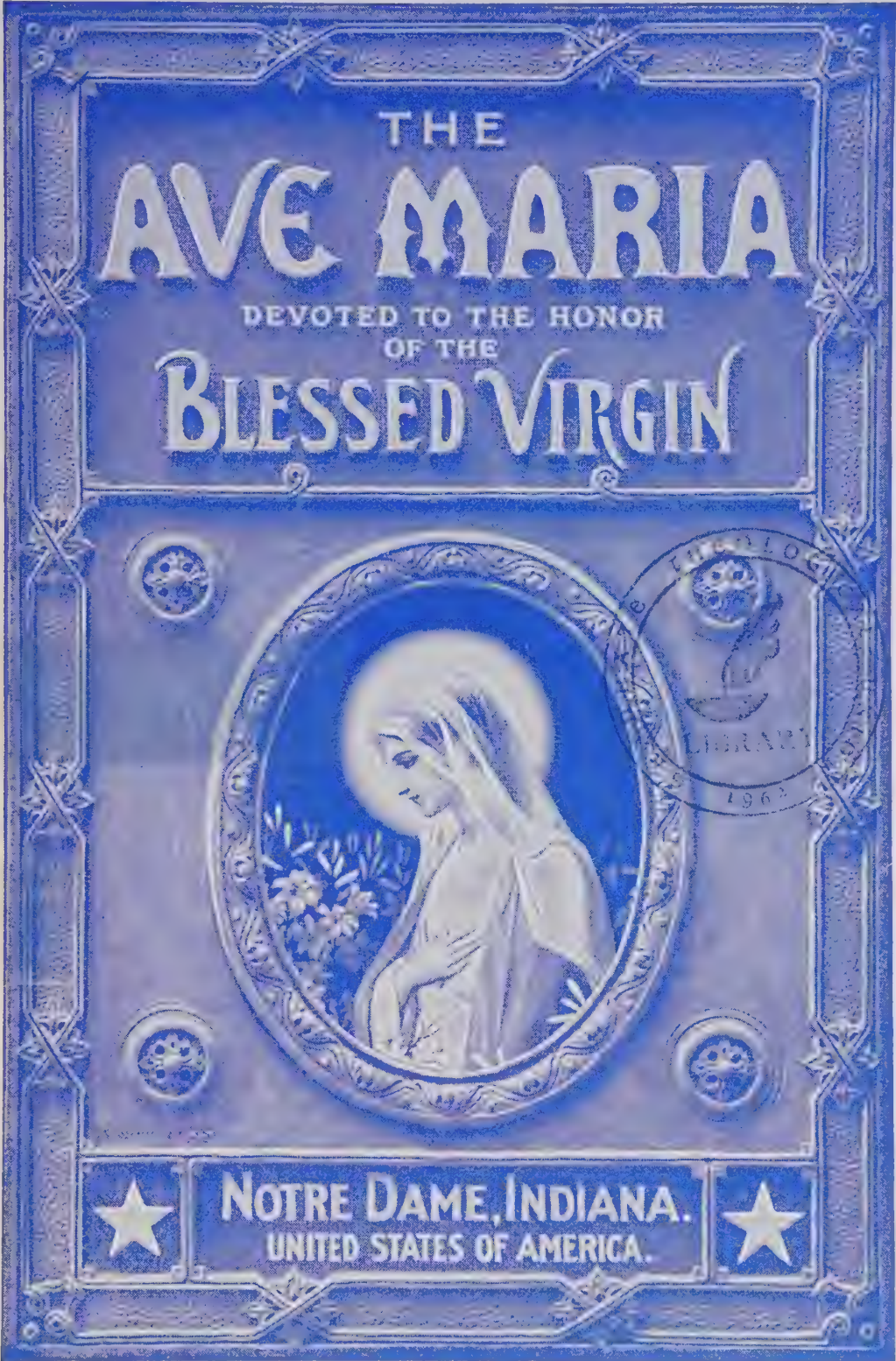
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CALENDAR OF THE WEEK

SATURDAY, 30.—Sts. Sabinus and Comp's, MM.
 SUNDAY, 31.—Within the Octave. St. Sylvester, Pope.
 JANUARY.
 MONDAY, 1.—New Year. Feast of the Circumcision.
 TUESDAY, 2.—The Holy Name of Jesus.
 WEDNESDAY, 3.—St. Genevieve, Virgin.
 THURSDAY, 4.—St. Priscus, Martyr. St. Titus, Bishop.
 FRIDAY, 5.—St. Telesphorus, Pope and Martyr.
 SATURDAY, 6.—Epiphany of Our Lord.

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Twilight Silence.

BY PATRICK J. CARROLL, C. S. C.

DO you sometimes walk with Silence for company?

Hurry or gad whichever suits your bent?

Or stand to watch a meditative tree,

That does not spoil your peace with argument?

You talk to yourself, a tree will not laugh at you;

Trees are too grave for even the mood of smiles.

Hush! There are whispers—the river sidling through!

And see!—stacked arms on cornfields miles and miles!

Ask Silence to go with you to empty fields;
Shut cares, that age you soon, behind the bars.
Some merciful thief, to whom the shutter yields,
Will steal your cares while you are counting stars.

Loud words must never trample this carpeted hush,

This chancel peace where young stars glow and glisten.

Leaf patter, insect hum, frightened bird rush—
They are the heartbeats of this Silence. . . .
Listen!

WHEN a great man dies, the living seek to perpetuate his memory. For this monuments are built, mausoleums founded, and statues erected. This is not done to appease the dead or to render their sleep more peaceful or profound, but rather to inspire the living to nobler and better lives.—*J. Blackburn.*

Patron of the Forgotten Man.

BY A. J. REILLY, M. A.

RECENTLY there has come into common usage the admirable custom of paying tribute to the great masses of the humble and simple without whom the world could not exist yet whose coming into and departure from this earth causes not a ripple on the surface of the world's vast and important affairs, being marked only by that all-seeing Eye which also marks the sparrow's fall. We are all familiar with the symbolism of the Unknown Soldier and the Unknown Sailor, and later events have also tended to familiarize us with the figure of the Forgotten Man, symbolic of the nameless millions upon whom the burden of these long-continued hard times weigh most heavily. Therefore, it need not be so startling a thought to find that God Himself has most singularly blessed the unknown and unrecognized workers of the world in the person of one of their own, the humble Dublin workingman, Matt Talbot, whose sudden death less than ten years ago revealed a life of heroic virtue until then completely hidden from the fellow-workers with whom he had mingled daily in the performance of his humble labors for fully half a century.

In the summer of 1925 I was in the city of Dublin and not infrequently attended the Gardiner Street church where, it is entirely possible among the

shabbily clad, kneeling figures around me might have been that of the Irish laborer whose penitential life, disclosed by his death, startled Catholic Christendom. But, busy about the many worldly pursuits whose ephemeral quality is emphasized by the fact that to-day their very nature is forgotten, not the faintest echo of the name of Matt Talbot came to my ears, attuned to harsher strains. A year passed. Dublin friends spoke of Matt Talbot. I closed my ears and hurried on to more pleasing occupations. For at first the life of the Dublin laborer repelled me as it doubtless repels many. It was too barbarously Medieval for modern taste. Not until the unprecedented sight of naked misery stalking unhindered across this land of plenty centered the attention of the entire nation upon the plight of countless thousands of workers did the thought of the humble Dublin laborer return, his life take on new significance.

Matt Talbot was born in Dublin in the year 1856 of God-fearing, hard-working parents. His entire life was passed within the confines of the city of his birth,—a life that knew no respite from hard, grinding toil, no alleviation of poverty; a life no different in outward particulars from that of hundreds of his fellow toilers. One of a family of twelve, his youth knew no more coddling than is the lot of the average child of the poor. His schooling was brief.

Like thousands of his kind, in days when child-labor incurred no censure he began to work at the age of twelve, and thereafter for fifty-seven years, almost without a break, he might be found morning and evening in that great army of underpaid toilers trudging to and from work, undistinguishable from the hundreds of others who put in long hours at unskilled labor. His first job was that of messenger for a firm of wine merchants, and, incredible as it

may seem, we are told that within a year the boy was drinking heavily, and for fifteen years he continued a steady, systematic, thorough drinker, spending his entire wages with a regularity and a persistence worthy a better object, in the public houses generously sprinkled throughout the working-class section of the city.

Nor can too great censure be placed upon those who thus sought surcease from heavy care in the draught that alone could impart that "hour's importance to the poor man's heart." The lot of the unskilled workers in Dublin—and elsewhere—during the latter half of the Nineteenth Century was far from easy. They were sad years, indeed, for Ireland. The very year that the youthful Matt Talbot got his first job, the Fenian movement, launched with such high hopes, ended in what then seemed complete and heart-breaking failure. Courts-martial were operating at high pressure; the barracks yards of Dublin witnessed grewsome scenes of punishment (?), and Dublin and all of Ireland was called upon to pay the heavy penalty for treason to a government its people never owned.

Political disturbances ever react unfavorably upon economic conditions, particularly of the poor. The one escape from it all was drink, often cheaper and more easily obtained than food. It was pitifully easy, therefore, for a boy who wanted to be a man to acquire the habit which was to lead him through all the sordid program known to the habitual drinker, who will pawn clothes, shoes, even food to secure the price of a drink. Yet in other respects, Matt Talbot was a worthy youth. He was honest, and, paradoxical as it may seem, he must have been industrious and capable, for he generally found work and kept it. On the whole, he was a good young man, and we can imagine the neighbors shaking their heads and

saying in their kindly, tolerant, Irish way, "Sure there's no harm in him. He's his own worst enemy."

When he was but seventeen he became a bricklayer's laborer, not particularly easy or pleasant work, yet for nineteen years he was thus employed, which contrasts oddly with the fact that he remained an incorrigible drinker until he was twenty-eight. Then, suddenly he announced to his mother that he was going to take the pledge. Or was it a sudden decision? Undoubtedly he had been urged frequently to such a course by his good, pious mother. Unquestionably, another Monica, she had prayed unceasingly during all these fifteen years for her erring son. But with equal certainty she had her misgivings. Mothers, blinded by love, they say, nevertheless have strange clarity of vision to see the pitfalls in the path of their loved ones. "Go, in the name of God," this wise mother encouraged her son, adding the sharp warning, "but don't take it unless you intend to keep it." And the son's answer was characteristic—not a protest against her implied doubt of his sincerity, not an assertion of his own strength, just a simple, manly, yet strangely humble and dependent answer, "I'll go in the name of God." And he took the pledge for three months.

For fifteen years, the most impressionable years of life when habits lightly formed become strong as iron bands to bind the mature man, Matt Talbot had been a slave to drink. Now suddenly he determined to break that habit completely. An almost impossible and certainly most dangerous proceeding declares medical science. The habit should be broken gently, gradually. But this Dublin worker knew little of science. He knew only the way Father Mathew pointed out to his countrymen, the way of violence, the way of the pledge. He followed the way he knew.

Of his struggle to master the craving for drink he leaves little record. He was not an articulate man. But it needs little imagination to picture that struggle in all its bitterness and despair. We know how difficult a thing it is to break a simple habit, the morning cup of coffee or the late bedtime cigarette. We try this subterfuge and that, give the habit scientific treatment in the effort to rid ourselves painlessly of the Albatross. But Matt Talbot knew only those things he had been taught by his good, pious mother. To keep from sin one must avoid the occasions of sin and seek the grace of God. But in the Dublin of the period it was well-nigh impossible to avoid the temptation to drink. There were, first, the companions of other days, and second, the ever-present public house. He may have been obliged to pass a dozen or more on his way to and from work. Temptation ran ahead beckoning and tread closely upon his heels threatening.

In the olden days it was customary for the fugitive to seek sanctuary within the church or monastery enclosure which was officially recognized as a refuge from pursuing enemies. This the young Dublin workman may or may not have known, but with sure instinct, fleeing from pursuing temptation, he sought sanctuary within the walls of the church as had the fugitives of old. He kept off the streets and shunned his former companions; and in the presence of God Himself, on his knees before the tabernacle, hour by hour fought that unequal, bitter fight. Yet not unequal for as shield and buckler was divine grace to him. The victory was partially won. At the end of three months he renewed the pledge for one year.

The battle was not finished. It was not yet time for vigilance to be relaxed. The hard-pressed champion found a renewal of strength in attendance at five

o'clock Mass every morning. Again in the evening he paid a visit to the Blessed Sacrament, and after his evening meal instead of the doubtful relaxation of the city streets he spent the hours before bedtime in the church gaining new strength for the morrow's battles, gradually weaning himself away from whatever attractions the city streets afford the poor, and from the companionship of his fellows, the latter, perhaps, a greater sacrifice than would at first appear. One of the charming traits of the Irish people is their genius for companionship and their joy in conversation. It goes back to the days of the Red Branch Knights and beyond. The sacrifice of this harmless pleasure was one of the first penances Matt Talbot imposed upon himself.

He was, we discover from a study of his life, an astonishingly practical man. Common sense was characteristic of him we know from the manner in which he set about to break a habit of fifteen years' standing. Not in a momentary rush of feeling, of disgust with the kind of life he was leading, did he impulsively take the pledge for life—and fail to keep it, being human. But carefully, as if feeling his way, testing his strength, he denied himself for three months. A man could stand anything for three months. Then, bearing the scars of the first battle assuredly but strengthened by the knowledge of his victory, he dared pledge himself for one year—a short time in the life of a man. Then, only then, did he take his perpetual vow of total abstinence.

In the same practical way the Church gradually leads the novices into the practices of her Religious Orders. It was thus Matt Talbot accustomed himself to the severe, self-inflicted penances. He curtailed his rest first by rising to attend five o'clock Mass, then gradually earlier, until at length we find him rising at two o'clock in the

morning and remaining in prayer until time to go to Mass. And gradually, he, once the slave of the one pleasure of the palate available to the poor, learned to deny himself all but the most meagre allowance of the coarsest food,—tea without milk, bread without butter and finally a horrible mixture of tea and cocoa which he consumed cold for his noon lunch. And in the same way he gradually became accustomed to deny his brief rest the comfort of an ordinary bed—though the beds of the poor are seldom so luxurious as to become enervating. Matt Talbot, however, fled even such indulgence as was within his means, sleeping on a naked board with a wooden block for a pillow. Gradually he was subjugating that body which once had seemed about to triumph over the soul.

In 1892, when he was thirty-six and had worked as a bricklayer's helper for nineteen years, attending Mass every morning before going to work, the five o'clock Mass at the Gardiner Street church was discontinued. The first Mass was now at six o'clock, too late for him to get to his work. He might have given up his morning Mass, but Matt Talbot gave up his job. Later he managed to get employment as a laborer in a lumberyard, with working hours which enabled him to go to six o'clock Mass daily. Here he remained for thirty-three years, never late, never a day off, until the year before his death when he suffered his first severe illness.

During these years he continued his practice of rising at two o'clock from his plank bed, kneeling in prayer on the bare floor until five, when he departed for Mass, kneeling on the church steps in rain or cold, in fair weather or foul until the church doors were opened. Beneath his rough clothing he wore, unknown to his companions, chains tightly bound about his upper arm, his waist, the calf of his

leg. His evenings, too, he spent before the Blessed Sacrament, returning to his bare room to read until eleven o'clock. He borrowed many books. He owned a few. It was his custom, before beginning to read, to beg God to enlighten his mind so that he might be enabled to understand what he read.

That God vouchsafed this favor can be seen from the chance comments he scribbled on bits of paper that might be handy at the moment. Among his books we find such authors as St. Francis de Sales and Mary of Agreda, Newman and Montalembert, Bishop Hedley and Père Grou,—a worthy collection even for a scholar's shelves. He joined the Sodality and the Third Order of St. Francis. He went to confession on the days assigned for the other men. Apparently he never consulted any confessor concerning his self-imposed penances. He had no spiritual director. The priests of the parish did not know him. He was always one of the crowd, undistinguishable except to the Most High.

Outside of working hours he saw little of his fellows. He was neither taciturn nor morose, but he withdrew from the companionship of men in order to find God. He was cheerful, generous, kindly. He spent all his wages except the pittance he needed for food and shelter, in charity as he had once spent it in more ignoble ways. In his work he was careful, exact, conscientious. He could be moved to sudden, vehement anger. He hated lying and would never tolerate cursing in his presence. He belonged to his union and went out with the others on strike when called. He refused, however, to picket, the one unusual act in his entire life which set him off from his fellows.

It is worthy of note and a tribute to the insight of his companions that though he refused to take part in picketing he received his full strike pay. He

lived through some of the most stirring and tragic times his country has known. He was a young man of nineteen when Parnell was first elected to Parliament for Meath; twenty-four when the Land War began; thirty-four when the fatal Parnell split rent Ireland in twain. He was fifty-six, not too old to take vital interest in the welfare of his country and city when the great Transport Workers' strike was called in Dublin. He was a man of sixty when the Easter Rising startled a world busy fighting for small nations, and sixty-five when the Irish Free State was established. Yet through it all, so complete was his detachment from worldly things, that he was never known to speak of politics. So thoroughly had he subjugated his body and mind, or, to be more exact, so complete was the dominion of God within him that the things of this world were shadowy and unreal. Truly he might have said with the English poet:

Oh, what is that country
And where can it be,
Not mine own country,
But far dearer to me?

Yet neither in his words, few enough at best, nor in his acts did he make himself singular. Instead he sought in every way to identify himself with those among whom his life path lay. There is a charming courtesy revealed in the recollection by those who knew him that on those infrequent occasions when he took a meal at the house of a friend he ate as the others did, neither attracting notice to himself nor causing the "bean a tig" distress by refusing the food placed before him.

When in company of a kindred spirit he would sometimes speak of the beauty of prayer and the serenity to be found in conforming completely to the Divine will. He would speak, too, of the books he had read and of the personality of the saints and the lesson of their lives, simply and intimately, as

the Irish people are wont to speak of the world beyond. "They were great girls," he said of Mary Magdalen and Mary of Egypt, those great penitents whom he loved, and there is something delightfully homely and intimate and Irish in the expression. To the majority of us, boasting much more philosophy than this humble laborer, the saints are exceptional beings whose heroic virtues are scarcely to be aimed at by ordinary men and women busy earning their living. But how superficial our so-called learning beside his simple acceptance of the fact that these marvellous penitents are sisters in the household of the faith,—“great girls” who have set the example for us to follow! In the midst of the heavy work of the world he followed step by step in the pathway they had trod.

Matt Talbot, in spite of a lifetime of toil and penance suffered his first illness at the age of sixty-seven. Twice during 1923 he was taken to Misericordiae Hospital as a result of a severe heart attack, and during the following year his health was greatly impaired, and he suffered so much that it became necessary for him to omit the long Sunday fast which had been his custom for years. His habit was to attend the first Mass fasting, and to remain in the church until the last Mass was said. Now his infirmity obliged him to breakfast after the early Mass, then returning to hear the other Masses. On Trinity Sunday, June 7, 1925, he had attended the early Mass as usual, and having had his scant breakfast was returning to church when he was stricken on the street. A woman rushed to his assistance as he sank upon the sidewalk. A man passing held the crucifix on his rosary to his lips. A priest came hurriedly. The soul of Matt Talbot had taken its flight. Yet wondrous indeed are the ways of God by whose power the mighty are cast from their seats and the lowly are raised on high.

It was surely by a special dispensation of Divine Providence that the unknown, unrecognized Dublin laborer should have met death thus upon the public thoroughfare with none but passing strangers to watch his soul take flight instead of in the orderly ward of the hospital. For even the hastily summoned priest did not know the identity of the man thus suddenly called from this earth. An examination for marks of identification revealed—Merciful God!—chains and knotted cords biting into the fleshy parts of the emaciated body.

Thus did God make known the hidden austerities of Matt Talbot. Had he died in the hospital these evidences would have been lacking, for he was careful to remove them before permitting himself to be taken where he might receive medical attention. Had he been ill even for a few hours it is reasonably certain that he would have found means of concealing all evidences of his self-imposed penances except the marks upon his flesh. Thus, unknown to the priests of the parish, to the director of his Sodality, to the chaplain of the Third Order, lost among the rank and file, the lesson of his life would have been lost. He had no spiritual director. He left no written record of his progress in mysticism. He was known to God alone who took this means of making him known to men.

It is fitting that the workers of the world in these days of trial should join in a union of prayer for the beatification of their humble brother who united a life of active toil with one of heroic virtue, and thus bring down blessings upon themselves and upon the world, for it is indeed true that God “moves in mysterious ways His wonders to perform.”



THAT which does not cost something is worth nothing. This is especially true in acquiring good habits.

Little Sister.

BY AGNES M. BLUNDELL.

XIII.

THE prison guards were quite satisfied to leave their charges outside in the disabled coach; they were shackled together; the doors were fastened on the outside, and there appeared to be plenty of honest patriots to watch them in spite of the early hour. The soldier who had brought the message was a fine fellow with plenty of money in his pocket, and the tavern-keeper, roused from sleep, soon ceased grumbling as stoup after stoup of wine was called for.

Yves had not bargained for the fact that it was impossible for him to leave the tap-room without creating suspicion. He found himself obliged to trust the rescue to his colleagues, for the host was not in the plot, and it was essential to keep the escort indoors as long as possible. The Corporal in charge kept an eye on the clock in spite of his potations, but the delay was sufficiently prolonged to ensure the escape of the prisoners.

When the Corporal at length staggered out into the rain, the horses had been unharnessed and a wheelwright sent for. Some of the prisoners had chosen to remain in hopes of being reincarcerated with their relatives and children. Yves recognized none of them, and seized the chance to slip away in the confusion created by the Corporal's discovery that the tale of prisoners was incomplete. As he swiftly made his way to the derelict shed in which he had hidden his horse, Monsieur Grulles darted out and seized him by the arm.

"All's lost, the Sisters were not there!" he groaned.

"Not there!" repeated Yves. "Still in prison then?"

"No. It seems they were sent on ahead in a post-chaise and are already locked up in the church of the Jacobins

in Angers. My poor friend, 'tis God's will, and who could be more ready to die?"

Yves shook him off. His dream was shattered, the excitement and exaltation of the last hours fell from him, leaving him a prey to despair. Leaping on his horse, he returned to Angers at reckless speed and finding the streets already crowded, he left his beast at an inn and pushed forward on foot.

A disguised Royalist, who recognized him, tried to stop him.

"Are you mad?" he whispered. "Quick, come in here and get out of that uniform!"

But Yves went on unheeding. It was already nearly seven o'clock. The bread shops were open, milk-sellers were going their rounds, their cheerful cries contrasting strangely with the grim preparations in the Drilling Ground. It was in the centre of the town where market produce used to be exposed for sale; but now the guillotine was reared in the midst, and a savage crowd was waiting on the blood-drenched cobblestones. Yves hardly knew his own purpose as he forced his way to the front rank, his uniform inducing people to make way for him. Perhaps it was to die with Anne; anyhow he was determined to be at Little Sister's side at this supreme hour.

The horrible sack had already received a quota of the heads destined to fall—mutilated bodies were being hastily piled into a cart: a group of prisoners stood waiting their turn, chiefly women and old men. They were quiet and seemed dazed; their shorn heads were meekly bent; their hands bound behind them. Yves scarcely noticed their rapid passage to the scaffold; his eyes were bracketed on the entrance to the square, which was guarded by troops. An open wagon was coming slowly in and its occupants were being pointed out by the escort for the derision of the bystanders. The crowd,

however, backed away and silence fell over the whole mob. It was curious, this sudden stillness, which allowed the voices of the executioners to become audible, until surprise rendered them dumb also.

Then slow and clear came the sound of women's voices. No wonder the mob was amazed, for the prisoners in the advancing wagon were calmly reciting the rosary. Above the rattle of wheels and noise of hoof-beats, a shrill, monotonous old voice was giving out *Our Fathers and Hail Marys*.

As they drew nearer Yves distinguished in the front of the cart the large white collars of three Sisters of St. Vincent. Their cornettes had been rent from their heads. There had been no need here for the "toilet of the guillotine" which good patriots found so amusing. These citizenesses' heads were already shorn; it had been sufficient to tear off cornette and wimple. When their hands were bound they had begged to be allowed to retain their rosaries. A humorist in attendance had thought it a fine joke to twist these heavy wooden beads round their heads, gleefully remarking that they were now crowned for the ball! But, somehow, even among the savage element of the people which assembled to watch executions, the jest was not appreciated. The old grey heads meekly bowed, the young golden head grotesquely adorned, did not move them to laughter. The three women were calmly praying: *Our Father, Hail Mary*—they might still have been kneeling in their peaceful convent chapel.

The prayer continued without interruption, resounding strangely from the very foot of the guillotine, while just above the horrible triangular knife rose and fell, and the cart was steadily depleted. Now only the three nuns remained. A prayer broke off in the middle as one old Sister was dragged out: "*Our Father, who art in Heaven, hallowed be—*"

Steadily another voice, young and crystal clear, took up the invocation: "*Hallowed be Thy Name, Thy Kingdom come, Thy will be done,*" her companion responded in steady tones.

Yves heard as in a nightmare. He was fast in the crowd, pinioned by the folk pressing forward about him for a closer view. The Square was full of troops with drawn weapons which glittered in the sunshine. His eyes were fastened on Anne's face; it was pale but serene. She lifted her lovely blue eyes and gazed firmly at the instrument of death, as though in an act of acceptance. And still the prayers went on, but now the sweet young voice was repeating them alone.

Yves strove to call upon her name, but no sound would come from his lips. He saw her standing all alone, her golden head erect on that lovely white throat of hers, her lips half smiling.

"The Lord is with thee, blessed art thou among women and blessed is the fruit of—"

The blood-stained arms of the executioner's assistants were stretched out to seize her. The brave little voice ceased upon the holy Name. Then someone in the crowd fell forward upon his knees: a man's voice loud, vibrating, echoed through the air.

"Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners, now and at the hour of our death."

Yves longed for death. This world was too bitter, this agony too fierce to face. He could do nothing for his best beloved, but finish the simple prayer she had begun. Yet even as the once familiar words burst from his lips, his heart echoed them—they were a cry, not only to that Mother who had stood beneath the cross, to be near this child in her last hour, but also for himself. He expected to be torn to pieces by the crowd, but instead the prayer was taken up, repeated and re-echoed by hundreds of voices.

Orders were given to clear the Square. The authorities were too much astounded to order any arrests. Suddenly panic-stricken at the sight of fixed bayonets, the people fled in all directions. Yves was carried along in the crowd, his eyes were dim, his mind blank save for one overwhelming desire.

"A priest—a priest! I want a priest!"

A few days later the Terror had fallen, its chief instigators being butchered in their turn. Under the threat of foreign invasion, France recovered from her madness, and order was re-established. An amnesty to emigrés and insurgents was proclaimed in the following year.

The rise of Napoleon Bonaparte, the Corsican, from an unknown artillery officer to Commander-in-Chief, rapidly changed the whole outlook of the nation. Religion began to raise its head again; churches were restored, priests crept out of hiding. The little chapel in the wood at Guénolé was well scrubbed and freshly whitewashed, for it was to be used again until the ruined parish church could be rebuilt.

The Marquis had returned with his young wife and was living in the gatehouse. The rest of the chateau was in ruins, and he was using the stones to build cottages after the English model at the edge of the wood. One of these, a little larger than the rest, was intended for the occupation of the new Curé. He was to take up his residence there immediately after ordination, as the shortage of priests was so great that no preliminary training as "Vicaire" or curate was possible.

The first Mass was to be said in the hastily redecorated chapel; and old Hugnot was fatiguing everybody with long-winded accounts of his previous knowledge of the priest.

"Here on this very spot, he received the badge of the Sacred Heart," he declared. "Yes, our holy Monsieur Cal-

met, who was executed at Nantes fully vested for Mass, 'twas from his hand—"

"Here he comes! Here he comes!" interrupted the bystanders.

Jeanne and Jacques de Marillac were on their knees one on each side of the carved doorway, when the young priest approached, with an old colleague leaning on his arm. Yves de St. Armand had lost his identity for good this time—henceforth he would be known as Monsieur Armand or "our Curé."

The country was white unto the harvest, laborers were few indeed, and this humbled, storm-tossed soul had offered himself to work for the Lord. He was about to say his first Mass. His eyes were lovingly bent upon the tabernacle, and he went forward between his friends, heedless of their presence.

"O Lord," he prayed, "help me unworthy, to labor in Thy vineyard."

Afterwards at the touching ceremony of the kissing of hands, the young priest sat at the altar rails, holding out his consecrated palms. The first to kneel on the step to kiss them was a white-haired woman, not yet old, who had returned from exile only on the preceding day. As the mother rose, their eyes met, and perfect understanding passed between them.

"Praise be to God!" murmured La Blanchette, the new priest's housekeeper.

But he, as he extended those hands which had for the first time called down God from Heaven, for the loving salutes of his little flock, he was praying for strength to be a faithful shepherd. His favorite prayer, learned anew at the foot of the scaffold, when Faith had sprung up spontaneously in his heart, was ever on his lips.

"Pray for us sinners, now and at the hour of our death. Amen."

(The End)

THE life of a pious minister is visible rhetoric.—*Hooker.*

The Voice of the Infinite.

BY JAMES A. MAGNER, PH. D., S. T. D.

WITHIN recent years, and particularly during the last few months, there has been in various forms an increasing tide of sentiment against traditional religion. It is becoming apparent that the economic misfortunes of the last few years have not had the universal effect of increasing piety or devotion to worship, of developing a greater reliance upon supernatural aid, or of reconciling disappointed and angry men with the providence of God.

Certain observers feel that the fault lies with organized religion. The churches are taken to task for having failed to provide a satisfactory approach or solution for modern problems. The life and the spirit, it is asserted, has gone out of their doctrines, rituals, and enterprises as a lovely butterfly rises from the dead shell of its cocoon. The spirit of religion, one writer declares, has passed into the revolutionary and pioneer movements of the world.

The scientist, scanning the heavens, searching the atom for the secret of life and the composition of matter, or fighting the causes of disease; the inventor, producing new comforts and conveniences; economists, reshaping the financial and industrial fabric of the world; social workers and thinkers discovering new world conflicts: these have come to be regarded by many as the heirs of the religious spirit. Devotion to the cause of human progress and to the alleviation of suffering has, for many people, taken the place of prayer and of consecration to the ideal and reality of the Infinite.

It is true that these fields of endeavor are eminently worthy of the human spirit and of the energies of mankind. It is true also that a man or woman who is influenced in no way by the

thought of God, or whose concept of God is no more personalized than the wind that sways the tree tops, may, from a technical standpoint, do as much for the advancement of mankind along scientific, social, and economic lines as one whose life is lighted with the vision of eternity. He may, indeed, do more, if he possesses the greater natural talent, or has had greater educational opportunities and is fired with zeal for his work.

Can it be, however, that the uplift of mankind is purchased only at the cost of the rejection of that religious spirit which links this life with the hereafter? Must the rights, the hopes, and happiness of men be realized only through the exclusion of God? Are not scientific advance, social progress, and political justice only the stepping stones by which we climb, individually and collectively, to the throne of the perfect justice and righteousness of the Infinite God?

Can all the comforts and conveniences that science may devise, piled end on end, silence the secret sorrow of one heart or put to rest the search of the mind for Him who holds the key of boundless solace and joy? Can the makeshifts of social justice and political readjustments that human ingenuity and good will may discover ever be more in themselves than compromises between the sad fact of human limitations and the ideal that lies beyond in union with God? Can the thrill of beauty that arises from the harmony, and even the clash, of the elements of the universe or from the borrowed loveliness of art, music, and literature be no more than a temporary escape from the tragedies and the more definitely outlined limitations of this life? Are they not, rather, an approach of the spirit to the boundless graciousness and majesty of the almighty and beautiful Creator?

There is something in the human

soul that will not, cannot, rest satisfied in the possession of the limited and uncertain benefits which men may produce, to be consumed in the span between birth and the chapter-ending of the grave. The soul attunes its ear to another Voice. It reaches its spiritual fingers out beyond the din of human turmoil, not towards the goal of an earthly millennium of which it will no longer be conscious, but towards a conscious, never-ending reality in the presence of Him who has created that yearning and stands eternally ready to fulfil it. This is the Voice, not of the indefinite, but of the Infinite. It is God, the Supreme Intelligence, speaking to the soul, calling each created intelligence up through the toil and progress of the world, symbols of human endeavor, to the enduring fulfilment that lies only within Himself.

"For with Thee," says the Psalmist, "is the fountain of life, and in Thy light shall we see light. . . . As the hart panteth after the fountains of water, so my soul panteth after Thee, O God. My soul hath thirsted after the strong living God."

Human progress means movement towards an ideal. It consists in far more than the rearrangement of political or social institutions, and in far more than the discovery and application of scientific principles. The technical perfection of human schemes is powerless to sway the human heart except in so far as they appeal to that fundamental moral persuasion in man which links him with the invisible but real world of the Eternal Spirit. No program of human improvement which ignores or rejects the movement of the soul upwards towards the voice of its Maker can ever lead to happiness and permanent satisfaction. "My heart," cried St. Augustine, voicing the profound aspiration of the Psalmist, that sounds the human soul to its depths,—*"My heart was made for Thee, O God, and*

can never rest until it rests in Thee."

God speaks to the mind and heart from every side. His voice is eloquent in every object and mood of nature. The song of birds, the delicate tracery of the veins of a leaf, the glory of the sunset, the fury of the storm, the silent movement of the stars in the heavens, the harmonious working of the laws of cause and effect within the universe down to the mysterious, uniform behavior of the smallest particles of matter—all proclaim the operations of the Infinite Mind and Power that has given them their first impulse and sustains them in law and in being. "In Him," as St. Paul declares, "we live and move and are."

His voice speaks constantly to the soul in the form of conscience, pointing the way of truth and righteousness, even in secret activity, against the blandishments of illicit gain and pleasure. No night is too dark, no place too remote, no soul too hardened, for the Voice of God to speak. It pursues the rebellious soul in flight, to borrow the strong imagery of Francis Thompson, as the Hound of Heaven baying after its prey. But most intimately, it speaks to the soul in prayer, and through the power of grace arouses the tired, discouraged, or tempted soul to purer motives, to new energy, and to that self-reliance which is based on the realization that God alone is infinitely good and infinitely wise. Even in moments of exultation, when we fancy that we have achieved the goals we set our hearts upon, the Voice of the Infinite sounds again in the mind, to warn us that the habitation of divinity is not "like unto gold or silver or stone, the graving of art or device of man," but is to be found in the consummation of all hopes face to face with Him who declared to Moses, "I am who am."

We cannot afford to turn from communion with God as unworthy of human progress. We must not allow the

meaning of religion to be changed from the union of Heaven and earth, time and eternity, to a burrowing spirit of change and experiment with no final or enduring goal to aim for. It is to the Voice of God that we must turn, if our lives are to be built upon purpose. The noise and battle of the world can mean only confusion, the world's successes, only temporary relief, and its failures, but dismal tragedies of the spirit, without the guidance of this Voice, and the strength and vision it affords.

O God, infinitely worthy of all our love, our Creator, our Saviour, fill our souls with the voice of Thy inspiration. Father, forgive us for ever having attempted to turn our ears from Thy law and Thy counsels. Have pity on those who have lost the faith or the courage to say their prayers, or whose lives are so filled with material considerations that they do not find the time. Teach us all the habit of daily prayer and recollection in Thy presence. Be with us in every thought and action, that we may be filled with the zeal of love for Thee in this life, and that we may know Thy perfect joy for eternity, through Christ our Lord, Amen.

Old and New.

BY FRANCIS CALDWELL.

GOOD-BYE, old year! hie you away, and
bear

Upon your creaky shoulders my full pack
Of sin—black, gnarly, boughs with scarce a
seed

To scatter when God's fruitful warmth comes
back.

Yet Spring breathes in the wind, and I shall
plant

With resolute planning, here and there, some
seeds,

And hope that when this laughing child
departs,

I may be-wreath him with sweet blossoming
deeds.

St. Anne's Mass.

BY CATHERINE JONES FRIER.

ANNE BORDEN was one of the season's most successful débutantes. Her social assets were obvious; she had beauty and charm and the advantages of a doting father's wealth and high position. What was less obvious, at least to many, was the fact that the maturity of her character did not equal in degree her overwhelming popularity. To put it plainly, her success had "gone to her head."

There were, however, some extenuating circumstances for Anne's petty conceits and selfishness. Having lost her mother in her childhood she had grown up under the care of a father and several aunts, each of whom had assumed the responsibility of seeing that the dear child's every whim was humored. It was not strange, then, that she was a bit spoiled. Later, when she was old enough to take her place in society, her instant popularity caused her, all unconsciously, to feel more than ever the center of a circle around which the whole world revolved. Had her Catholic mother lived, Anne's development would have been something more of a twofold blooming, for that good lady was not one to neglect the things of the soul even in the midst of an active social life. The father, after his wife's death, buried his grief in his business affairs, and although he found solace therein, he also gradually became so engrossed that he fell into that indifferent attitude which says, "I'm too busy to go to church."

The aunts, not Catholics themselves, lost no time in regulating the child's education. She was taken out of the convent school to which her mother had always sent her, put into an expensive private school, and later sent to a most exclusive and non-sectarian finishing school. During those days Anne coura-

geously kept faithful to her own faith and to her mother's memory, and observed her religious duties. After her debut, however, she had let things crowd into her life and clutter up her soul. She also became "too busy to go to church" or "too tired from dancing so late last night."

Occasionally she went to the short eleven-fifteen Mass at St. John's, but usually she'd awaken around noon, stretch her white arms lazily toward the clock on her bed table and sigh, "Too bad; I overslept." One wonders if there are not some few souls who, arriving at the doors of heaven may find them closed and may hear their own words repeated sadly, "Too bad; you overslept."

There was another girl in the same city who found it difficult to awaken on Sunday mornings. So difficult that her large dollar alarm clock was placed very close to her pillow, so that there would be no danger of her not hearing it in time for nine o'clock Mass and Holy Communion. Parties and dancing may be fatiguing, but so also may be work in a busy department store where one must be on one's feet from nine until six, especially on Saturdays. Strange to say, this girl's name was likewise Anne, for her mother, like the other Anne's mother, had known a great devotion to the mother of the Mother of God!

Those were the two young Annes. One day they met. Anne of the Borden's, of the select schools and social registers, stood at the counter to be waited upon by Anne of the Leader department store.

"Those marquise slipper buckles, please."

"This pair?" said the little sales girl extracting the largest ones from the case.

"Yes. Hurry, will you? I'm late for an engagement. How much?"

"Eighteen ninety-five."

"Here's a twenty-dollar bill. Wrap them quickly."

Anne, of the Leader, dropped them into a little box.

"Would you care to put them in your purse? I can make out the ticket and save time. I'll get your change at once."

"Very well," said Anne Borden, and then when she had waited all of thirty seconds she shrugged her shoulders.

"Only a dollar! I'll go on. That girl will be glad to pocket a dollar—she probably won't make out the ticket anyway. Sales girls have lots of tricks, I've heard."

She was gone by the time the other Anne returned with the change.

"Why are you looking so blank?" a nearby clerk inquired.

"I have a dollar and five cents change for that pretty girl who bought the marquise buckles, and she's gone."

"She'll probably be back. Just hold it."

She held it for a week, but the customer did not return. It is improbable that the latter ever thought of the incident again. After all, it was only a dollar and a nickel. However, it weighed rather heavily in the sales girl's slim pocketbook.

"That customer never came back for her change," she remarked to the other clerk.

"Well, keep it then, silly."

"Keep it?" said Anne innocently. "Why, it isn't mine! I guess I'll hand it in at the desk."

"Well, you are queer! It's as much yours as it is the store's, and heaven knows you need it more."

"But—it—it belongs to the girl, although I don't know who in the world she is."

"You're crazy if you don't keep it," the other repeated, while Anne's face suddenly took on the expression of having solved a problem.

"No, I won't keep it, but I know what I'll do with it."

"If you're thinking of putting it in some blind man's cup, I'll take charge of it," laughed the other. But Anne had no intention of putting it in a blind man's cup. It belonged to "that pretty girl," and she'd return it to her in the best and only way she knew how.

It was Saturday, and after she had eaten a bite of dinner she stopped at St. John's to go to confession. After her confession she went to the Rectory.

"Father, can you accept a Mass offering?"

"Certainly, child. What intention?" the priest asked.

"Special intention in honor of St. Anne—that is—"

"Well?"

"I'm having it said for some one but I don't know who she is."

The good old priest smiled to himself.

"That's all right, I guess St. Anne will know."

"That's what I thought, Father."

Then she returned to the church and said a decade of the rosary for her mother who had loved the mother of the Mother of God. Finally, she went to a little corner shrine of St. Anne, and lit a small white candle and dropped a nickel in the box.

"For the pretty girl, St. Anne; this is her nickel."

The following Sunday, which happened to be Palm Sunday, she heard amongst the weekly announcements, "Eight o'clock Mass on Wednesday in honor of St. Anne for a special intention."

"How nice," the girl thought to herself, "to have a Mass said for one in Holy Week," and she sighed and wished she might have had an extra dollar of her own.

That is all about Anne of the Leader, but perhaps it is enough to make one feel that one knows her rather well.

About the other Anne: she was vaguely aware that it was Holy Week,

that is, she knew that the following Sunday was Easter. She was, however, much more concerned over a certain dinner party Wednesday evening. Even in the Borden's exclusive set formal parties during Holy Week were not customary, but the occasion was an unusual one. The guest of honor was a certain visiting Englishman whose older brother, high in the British peerage, was in poor health, a fact which made it probable that the younger man would inherit the title and fortune. Thus the visitor was arriving with an added glamor to his name. He was a bachelor, and the débutantes were tingling with excitement.

"Here's your chance, Anne!" one of them said. "The rest of us won't have a 'show in' with you around!"

"Wonder what he's like?" asked Anne nonchalantly, but secretly indulging certain new-born ambitions of her own.

"Awfully fascinating, but quite dissipated, they say, and terribly clever and blasé!"

"Really?" Anne remarked. "That's interesting."

"Isn't it? What are you going to wear?"

"I haven't a thing!" her closets being hung with rows of expensive gowns. "I shall get something new, if I have time."

She had every intention in the world of finding time. She chose an enigmatic sort of gown which rather defied description. In drape and contour it breathed of Paris and the Rue de la Paix; it was sophistication masking itself in the immediate guise of simplicity. It was white with no relief of color. From the white gardenia pinned girlishly toward the back of her shortly bobbed blond curls, to the tips of her white brocaded pumps she was a study in white. She wore no jewels except a tremendous diamond pendant

hung on an almost imperceptible platinum chain around her lovely young neck. She decided against make-up except for a slight touch of rouge upon her cheeks which gave her face, naturally pale, the healthy glow of a school-girl. It was a very studied effect, and she surveyed herself with satisfaction.

"How do I look, father?" she asked as she awaited her escort. He looked over his paper and smiled.

"Well—I should say you look rather like—like a modernistic angel."

"Why, father!" she laughed, "you're profane!"

"Not I," he answered, "but the dress is. Your mother would not have worn it."

"Mother loved white," Anne said, a bit taken back by her father's unusual manner. She did not know it, but John Borden's conscience had been strangely tormenting him all that day; since morning, as a matter of fact, when he had mildly rebuked his young secretary for having arrived a bit late.

"I was at Mass, Sir," the woman had said; "it's Holy Week, you know. I forgot that the service would be so long. It will not happen again, Mr. Borden."

"That's quite all right," he had said hurriedly.

Holy Week. Wednesday—to-morrow—Holy Thursday! His wife! She had always made her Easter Duty on Holy Thursday. It was the most fitting day in the Easter-tide, she had often said, to pay that homage to Christ in the Holy Eucharist! Why, the last year of her life they had gone together, she and little Anne and himself! How long? Seven—eight years! All day he had suffered as if from the opening of an old wound. All because his secretary had stopped at St. John's and had been delayed by the Mass and had reminded him!

"I said, 'Mother loved white,'" Anne repeated, breaking in on his thoughts.

"Your mother liked nothing hypocritical, Anne. She liked things that said what they meant. That dress says one thing and means another."

"I—I don't know what you mean," the girl stammered.

"I think you do," he answered.

"She looks perfectly exquisite," the aunt interrupted. "And remember, Anne, to-night is your chance!"

"Her chance for what?" her father put in.

"Oh, nothing, John; you're in a fiendish mood this evening."

"Are you feeling ill, Daddy?" Anne asked tenderly, vaguely disturbed. But at that moment a servant admitted George Talbert, her escort for the party, and she hastily donned her long ermine coat.

"Put something on your head," her father said almost crossly. "There's a terrific storm. You will catch cold."

"Oh, no, I'm going in a closed car; I'll be—"

"Put something on your head!"

It was a new tone for John Borden to use toward his daughter, and the aunt, desiring to prevent an outburst of his temper, quickly removed a chiffon scarf from her own shoulders.

"Here, dear."

The girl took the scarf.

"Good-night," she said as she left them.

Anne and George Talbert were unusually silent as they drove toward the Town Club where the party was to be. The man was too engrossed in driving against the downpouring sheet of rain and the blinding streaks of lightning to indulge in conversation, and the girl was still disturbed by her father's strange mood. It had depressed her, and she had lost interest in the dinner party. She tried to think of the distinguished guest of honor, but that too failed to revive her zest. She wondered if her father were ill, maybe on the verge of

a nervous breakdown; so many busy men, men his age, were breaking under the strain these days—then there was a screeching sound of brakes, a crashing of glass and they came to a stop.

"Anne, are you hurt?" cried the man.

"No—no. What happened?"

"That fellow turned out suddenly from the curb and we skidded. Hit a traffic signal. Sure you aren't hurt?"

"No, I'm all right."

"The wind-shield is broken. Sit here, I'll call a cab for you at once."

A crowd began to gather.

"Some one call a cab for this lady," said George.

"I will, mister!" a man volunteered, and another said,

"We'll help push you to the curb."

The car was pushed to the curb. Anne was conscious of the rain beating through broken wind-shield and dampening her coat and dress.

"I'll be in no condition to go to the dinner," she thought, without interest.

"They may be some time finding a cab on such a night, Anne. You're getting wet. Here, throw this big old rain-coat of mine around you and run into that church. I'll call you when they come."

"What church?" asked Anne, rather dazed.

"Right there. Some Catholic church, I think, the lights are all on. We're right at the entrance."

So Anne of the Bordens entered St. John's that Wednesday night. She sat numbly in the back and shook nervously. The crash had come so suddenly that she was only now feeling the reaction from it. Why, she might have been killed! She might have been dead now; she might have been with her mother. Mother would have come to meet her—or would she? A strange sense of horror came over the girl. Could mother have come to meet her? Mother was in heaven! Could she have gone—where mother was?

Tears began to stream down her face. She knelt, suddenly, her head bowed beneath her aunt's protecting scarf. The baggy old raincoat and the drab-colored scarf on her head took on strangely the aspect of sack-cloth and ashes. She seemed to feel that crash again. She was frightened, terribly frightened. She wanted her mother—she needed her. The Englishman and his potential title were forgotten. The white evening dress, that said one thing and meant another, was forgotten. Anne was a little girl again; a little girl crying for her mother. But, when she really was a little girl she had had her mother. She'd knelt with her mother in this very church. She raised her eyes a moment and looked around. Yes, it was St. John's! Why, just a little while before mother died, they had knelt here one night and the next morning too; she and father and mother. They had made their Easter Duty. Anne had only just made her First Communion, and they had been very happy to have her with them for the first time that Easter. But—no, it wasn't Easter. What was that day Mother had always kept for the Easter Duty? It was Holy Thursday. To-morrow—dear God!—to-morrow was Holy Thursday. They had knelt there that very night. She bowed her head in the curve of her arm. Thoughts crowded in on her and then ebbed into a feeling of peace, of security. It was as if mother were with her again and they were praying, praying together. She knelt there she knew not how long, only a minute perhaps, and yet, had she but realized it, Anne of the Bordens reached for a moment the high place of contemplative prayer.

Presently she saw there were persons moving past her in lines for the confessionals. For a while she collected her thoughts, humbly, concisely, then she rose and joined one of the lines.

After her confession she went toward the front of the church. She would say

her penance at the shrine of St. Anne. Mother had loved St. Anne, she had named her only baby after the mother of the Mother of God! As she drew closer she saw a man kneeling in the first pew before the statue. His head was bowed, but there was something familiar in the expanse of his shoulders, the wave of his silver-streaked hair. It—it was Father! Her joy was complete, and perhaps also was John Borden's as he turned and saw his daughter beside him.

"Anne—you remembered?"

"Yes, Daddy, I have been to confession."

"I, too," he said simply.

They knelt there together for a while, each with the wonderfully happy feeling that mother knelt between them. Presently the girl touched her father's arm,

"An offering, Daddy, for St. Anne?"

He handed her a bill, and she rising quietly slipped it in the box, the same box into which Anne of the Leader had dropped the nickel. It was a very large bank note, but she did not notice. She said only,

"Thank you so much, St. Anne!"

She turned to leave then, and her father rose to follow her. After all, George Talbert was waiting and she must tell him to go on to the party without her, that she was returning home with her father.

As John Borden and his daughter went down the aisle together, St. Anne was smiling upon them; rarely had her loving intercession been more beautifully repaid.

The Infant.

BY THOMAS E. BURKE, C. S. C.

IN Mary's arms He made His throne,
Not heaven were half so high,
Nor could the angels with His own
Sweet Blessed Mother vie.

The Old Paths.

BY JOHN J. O'CONNOR.

MR. F. J. SHEED, in his recent book, "A Map of Life," asks a question. Suppose, he says, a savage in an African jungle suddenly discovers a razor. Never having shaved, he does not know that the short, glittering blade is a razor. But it is sharp; it cuts. The savage will probably find out this important fact by first accidentally cutting his fingers. In somewhat chastened mood, he may then attempt to cut wood. In a very short time the razor is ruined and he throws it away. Not knowing the purpose for which the razor was made, he could not use it intelligently. What is life's purpose? Until we know the answer to this question, we cannot live intelligently. But God has not left us in doubt. He has revealed to us the answer. If we refuse to accept it, successful living is impossible.

The world never produced a fool, a missionary once said, that could not find another to follow him. For nineteen hundred years, blind fanatics have been leading the blind into the pit. "They went out from us," says St. John, "but they were not of us. For if they had been of us, they would no doubt have remained with us." False prophets, self-appointed preachers, madmen, cranks, frauds, humbugs, robbers and thieves—all those many pseudo-reformers who did not enter by the door of Christ into the sheepfold—have pretended to an extraordinary mission, and have set themselves up as the infallible guides of mankind. "Moral upheavals, chaos and ruin have come upon the Christian world because individuals, differing on a thousand points, first presumed to make Christ responsible for their judgments, which made Him a contradiction and an absurdity, then, logically, denied His divinity and rejected His authority."

Not one of these presumptuous indi-

vidualists in religion ever proved, to the complete satisfaction of anyone, his strange and bizarre claims; not one of them ever presented valid credentials of his mission. In every age credulous people, easily deceived, were found to believe in these false teachers and in their prideful and rebellious message. Many souls, as a result, perished in the wilderness. With the advent of sanity, however, many more returned to the practice of the old truths. A moment's reflection will convince us that the swiftly passing centuries are burying both the self-styled reformers and their mutually contradictory gospels in that desolate and unchanging oblivion which was prepared for them from the beginning.

Somewhere in this thoughtless and fickle world there must be a heresy graveyard. I should imagine that, after nineteen quarrelsome and contentious centuries, it is crowded with the ancient and out-moded perversions of mankind, the despised skeletons and bare bones of old controversies, old hates, old quarrels, blasphemies, misconceptions, half-truths, compromises and denials. For there is nothing so dead as a dead heresy. Arians, Macedonians, Pelagians, Nestorians, Saturnians, Archontics,—they are all remembered with pity and with scorn. It is a unique and tremendous fact of history that, whenever truth was betrayed, by an individual or a sect, in whatever century and however acrimonious the dispute may have been at the time, the world has eventually come to acknowledge that the enemies of Catholicism were in error.

"Stand ye on the ways," the prophet Jeremias advises us, "and see, and ask for the old paths, which is the good way, and walk ye in it: and you shall find refreshment for your souls." In obedience to the call of our Holy Father and of our Bishops, we of the laity, in a thousand study clubs, in the

daily press and on the public platform, are restating, in the most positive and fearless way, the old principles. And the first of these is the principle of authority, the authority of Christ and the teaching authority of His Church. "By turning away from Christ," declared the Bishops, "and by rejecting the principles of life and conduct He laid down, human society and human governments necessarily lost sight of the dignity and the rights of man, which, because they were once realized in Christian states, still remain an ideal and a hope even in places where Christianity is merely a tradition. The extent of the denial of Christ in our own country is shocking to the Christian sense. There can be no hope for the restoration of human society without restoring Christ, without striving to accord to man the dignity that He, as God, conferred on every human being. This must be the starting point."

Scarcely a week passes but some one proclaims a new and radically different "design for living." The Albigensians had a plan. So did Rousseau and Lenin and a thousand other intermeddlers. All of these schemes were foredoomed to failure at the very outset because the true nature of man, the purpose for which he was created, the moral laws governing his existence and his supernatural destiny were not correctly understood. Now Christ has given us a divine plan; and it is the only plan worth talking about. Man is neither beast nor machine. He is not the helpless victim of his environment. He is not a mere accidental collection of electrons and protons. On the contrary, man is a rational being, composed of body and soul, made to the image and likeness of God, and destined for heaven.

"If we were offered a journey to another planet," Mr. Sheed tells us, "we should be wise to refuse, because the breathing apparatus which we have by

nature, was made for the atmosphere of this world. In our atmosphere it works; in a totally different atmosphere it would not work, and we should die of suffocation. This illustration points the way to the truth, namely, that the equipment which is adequate to life in one world, may not be at all adequate to life in another." In order to lead the life of heaven, we need extra powers in our soul. In order that we may live a life totally above our nature, we must obtain from God the Supernatural Life. "Every single thing that happens to man has its bearing on this Supernatural Life, and is a good thing or a bad thing according as it helps or hinders it. Every single doctrine of the Catholic Church is bound up with this, and every single practice of the Catholic Church is concerned with this and with nothing else, and apart from this, has no meaning."

By Adam's disobedience, the human race lost the Supernatural Life. The race could not make reparation. But Christ Our Lord, God and Man, could make atonement, could reunite the race to the friendship and love of God, open heaven to us, and bring back the rich profusion of the Supernatural Life. Calvary is testimony of the great love of Him who is "the Way, the Truth and the Life." Christ established His Church that His gospel, His divine plan for all mankind, might be handed down from century to century, undefiled and uncorrupted, until the end of the world; that it might be possible for us to share in His merciful atonement; that we might be born again by baptism into His Mystical Body; that we might live in Him and He in us; that we might live supernaturally at the fullest intensity. Prayer, the Mass and the Sacraments are the channels by which the Supernatural Life comes to the soul. "For every man, the one really vital thing is that he should have the Supernatural Life in his soul, for one

day he will die." If at the moment of death we possess this Life, heaven awaits us. If this Life is not in our soul at that last, lonely moment, we are eternally lost.

"We are now in a position," concludes Mr. Sheed, "to take stock of the life of the member of Christ's Church. The primary fact about him is that he is not an isolated unit, pursuing his own solitary path to his own private goal. He is a cell in a living Body, the Body of Christ. As such he has a special relation to Christ: for Christ's life flows through every cell in Christ's Mystical Body. The cell—that is to say, the individual Catholic—may yield his will wholly to Christ, or partially, or not at all: and, according to which of these he chooses to do, he will have the Life flowing through him in plenitude, or less fully or not at all: for a man can be a dead cell in the Body, retaining faith, but not vivified by charity. But in so far as his will is right, then Christ lives in him; and because Christ, then the Holy Ghost likewise: the Spirit of God, proceeding from the Father and the Son, in His own adorable essence the bond of love between Father and Son and so ever known by the Church as the Giver of Life: for the Supernatural Life is inseparable from the virtue of charity, which is love. Thus the member of the Church, living supernaturally, is indwelt by the Holy Ghost, organically united to Christ who is the Son of God, and by Him brought to the Father."

This is the meaning of Catholicism and the exalted part we have to play in the divine economy of creation. No other scheme of things is worthy of our attention. God made us. He made the plan. He set down the laws which were to govern our earthly existence. He gave us Himself. He gave us Life. The world will pass away. But in Him and through Him, please God, we shall live forever.

A Depression Hero.

SOME of our shortsighted people, who cannot be happy unless there is an imported rug on the floor and an eight-cylinder car purring away at the curb, can learn a whole copy-book full of lessons from Joseph Flores, plain everyday American workingman from Colorado Springs, Colorado. Joe hasn't got any imported rugs, and he wouldn't know what to do with an eight-cylinder car, but he's got a neat five-room cottage, a radio, a new electric washer, an insurance policy on every member of the family, practically all of these paid for, and ten happy children in addition. Besides he is supporting a niece and a brother who happen to need some assistance right now. And most marvellous to relate, Joe has managed it all, with the assistance of Mrs. Flores of course, on only ninety dollars a month. Joe admits that it hasn't been easy; but he is willing to pass on the secret of his success to anyone who is interested. Here it is in his own words: "First you get a good wife; second, you work like everything; and third, everybody in the family must love everybody else."

Believe it or not, there is a recipe for happiness that the country needs more than almost anything else right now. It is so good a recipe, in fact, that we cannot resist giving you a few more of Joe's observations on how he and his wife managed to distribute their diminutive budget. Before doing so, however, we would like to make just one observation. There are a lot of wealthy people in this country to-day who hold their heads high because of the jewels they have collected or the vast estates they have developed. Well, if that is their idea of what is worth-while, let them be proud of their accomplishments. For our part we believe that Joe Flores and his wife with their ninety-dollar budget and their ten happy children are

worth more to the nation than a whole room full of millionaires whose chief ambition in life is personal adulation and vulgar display. Anyway, here is what Joe had to say about how they did it, as published in a recent issue of the *Chicago Tribune*:

My wife, Lorena, is very beautiful and very smart. Every month when I draw my check she takes one-half of it for food. Nothing must happen to this food money. We have meat three times a week. We have all vegetables—but none out of cans. All my family are strong and healthy.

After the food money comes the insurance. We used to have to make house payments. Now taxes will take a good part of that, and there will be repairs, too.

That leaves about \$31 a month for clothing, coal, doctor bills, amusements—we like the movies now and then—and the rest. We take the Sunday paper.

Lorena makes over clothing from the bigger children for the little ones. For twenty years my credit has been good at the clothing stores.

The Lord has been good to us and we have had not much sickness. My brother was in bed ten months, and it took us two years to pay those bills. Another time all the kids had scarlatina—six months to pay those bills. Again they all had whooping cough—a year to pay that time.

But the worst was when I had both legs broken. I couldn't work for six months, but the company paid my doctor bills and gave us \$10 a week, so we got along. It was then I got insurance.

Sometimes things have been hard—but nobody has ever gone hungry. Our children are very brave. They go to school and like it, and they go also to Sunday school.

I tell them all brothers must love each other—it's awful bad when families do not love each other. All men say Joseph Flores is a good workman, and when a fellow loves his wife and family he will be a good workman.

Yes, life is very good, and soon we will have that washing machine paid for, and it will be even better.

To take up the cross of Christ is no great action done once and for all; it consists in the continual practice of small duties which are distasteful to us.

—Newman.

New Year's Morning.

BY P. J. C.

YOU make pastime with memories on occasions. You try to recall where you went, what you did, last New Year. You search for the parts and piece them together. You are not able to find them all, and the restoration is incomplete. You recapture the larger, more important things.

You easily find your big follies. The party to which you went, at which you sang and drank the Old Year out, hurrahed the New Year in. And the tables you overturned, the cone-shaped cap you wore. You felt mirthful, exhilarated, tender. You sobbed on a brother's neck and spoke tearfully of days "when we were boys together." At this moment it all seems so indescribably silly!

The lesser things do not come to you. The amazingly foolish things you said, you do not remember them. It is just as well. Likely your associates in folly, quite as overcome as yourself by New Year spirit, do not remember either.

You do recall next day very vividly. A wife who did not sing the Old Year out, ring the New Year in is mindful it is a holyday of obligation. She went to an early Mass and is home again. This wife of yours is young, handsome; and you are very proud of her. You should be. She is white, bright; sweet with mirth; tolerant, patient, sensibly kind to the children.

"Jim, the bell's ringing. Get up!" Get up—with a harrowing thirst, a hammering head!

Oh, for a draft of vintage that hath been
Cooled a long age in the deep delved earth!

You beg a stay of sentence. "Just a minute!" No! The New Year must begin properly—however the Old Year ended. Your mate is the milder, gentler kind in the daily run of life. Now she is hard, metallic, methodic, unrelenting. No compromise. She even reminds you

of your joyful home-coming last night!

"You made a fool of yourself—and scandalized the children! Get to Mass now and make reparation."

It is a long Mass; and you sleep during much of the sermon. Sometimes you hear a faint, very far-off intonation. You come out of the depths and catch this comforting bit by the preacher, "As a man sows so shall he reap." Why bring that up!

"Dad, what was the sermon about?" your eighth-grade girl in the parish school asks during the family dinner.

"It was a good sermon, Elizabeth."

"About what?"

"O you know. Sin—and so on."

"Didn't he wish the people a Happy New Year?" your comrade of happy years asks.

"I suppose he did. He usually does, doesn't he?"

She smiles and serves the boy in high school with some more chicken.

"Have a little yourself?" Her face illustrates her question.

No. You do not relish food. The New Year seems so old already! And bitter with experience. Where is the mirth of yesterday? Where especially is the mirth of last night? It was cooked in bottles. The bottles are empty now.

"Well," you reflect, in the later afternoon as you go back to that sleep which your comrade broke in upon so inconsiderately,— "Well, I was at Mass anyhow. She saw to that. I'm the better for it. 'Twas hard though—kneeling, standing. And that long sermon! He took a fling at me, too. 'As a man sows so shall he reap.' I wonder had he me in mind? Hardly. There were too many others like me this morning. I guess it was a general aim that hit everybody. I suppose she's right about giving bad example to the kids. But 'twas only last night. And I was at Mass. Ah, I wouldn't miss Mass. Catch me missing Mass!"

The moral? Think it out for yourself.

Notes and Remarks.

THE AVE MARIA begins its official columns by extending New Year greetings to its thousands of readers here and overseas. The past few years have been taxing ones to the magazine and to its following. Some readers have been compelled to send in a regretful cancellation. The great majority have held on, are holding on, and will hold on. For that expression of loyalty—loyalty at a sacrifice—we are happy and thankful. It indicates that we keep those finer traditions of religion, culture and the better forms of literary expression for which this weekly is remembered now well over half a century. We shall try to keep to those traditions, no matter how alluring the invitations to leave them. We feel our readers are grown accustomed to a tone and a coloring they would regret to see altered. We keep in mind their wishes. We hope for them what is best for them through every day of the year which now dawns.

An interesting pamphlet could be written about the small army of unbelievers who have studied the Church in order to scoff and then have actually ended up by finding themselves on the brink of conversion. That has been so true in recent years that to mention one case is to invite the memory of half a dozen others. We saw the record of such a conversion the other day, however, which we would like to repeat because of the circumstances attached. It seems that Arthur Ringe of Watford, Hertfordshire, London, was so obsessed with the idea of injuring the Church that most of his leisure time during a fairly long life was given up to attacking things Catholic. He had his qualities as a fighter, however, for in the midst of his attacks he observed

that there were certain disconcerting facts which, with all his ingenuity, he could not explain away. These facts bothered him so much that when death threatened him he sent for a priest and asked for further enlightenment. During the better part of four days he listened attentively to the priest's instructions, after which he declared his full belief in the Catholic doctrine and asked to be received into the Church. Just before he died he had the satisfaction of receiving his First Holy Communion, which in his case also happened to be his last Holy Communion as well. What a proof of God's mercy and what an inspiration to all sinners is the conversion of this man who spent most of his life attacking the Church!

Decent people the country over owe a note of thanks to Mr. George W. Trendle, president of the United Detroit Theatres' Corporation. Not long ago a conscientious Catholic lady felt compelled to leave a performance in one of the Michigan city's show houses because of the suggestive remarks of one of the performers. She communicated her displeasure to Mr. Trendle who acted with a promptness which is refreshing in view of the general tendency of theatre officials to favor the cash register when box-office receipts are in question. Although his action involved the immediate loss of \$2000, Mr. Trendle paid off the offending actor and gave him a summary dismissal. This he did in response to his own policy of presenting the public with clean entertainment. "I will not promise you miracles," said Mr. Trendle in an interview for the public. "You may now and then find something to criticise. But I'll do the best I can under the conditions." And Mr. Trendle is making good on his promise, according to observers. The word comes that nude illustrations have already disappeared from his the-

atres and that suggestive stage jokes are no longer to be heard there. Decent people have been asking for a long time for some cooperation on the part of theatrical producers and exhibitors in their fight for clean entertainment. Well, they have that cooperation now in the city of Detroit, and along with it they have a wonderful opportunity. Here's hoping that every clean-minded person in Detroit will get behind this gentleman who has the conscience as well as the courage to differ from most of his theatrical brethren by stating that "I will not do the kind of business of which I have to be ashamed."

For a change, His Excellency Don Manuel Trucco, newly appointed Chilean Ambassador to the United States, says that relations between Church and State are admirable in Chile. They are separate, but work together harmoniously. When separation took place, it was found, according to Ambassador Trucco, that the Church faced many difficulties in the matter of supporting her institutions without State support. An agreement was entered into whereby the Chilean Government agreed to give a limited financial aid for a period of five years until the Church had passed through this period of transition. This financial arrangement is now ended, and the Church is entirely independent of the State. The Church alone has power to appoint bishops and other ministers of religion. Thus far, according to His Excellency, the Church and the Government have stood by their obligations, and there have resulted peace and good will. All which is good news.

Dr. Clarence True Wilson tells us "the Methodist Church is getting out of politics." Good news that. It means, if Dr. Wilson speaks for the whole Methodist church, that hereafter the forces

of that body will be used for the spiritual advance of its adherents. The entrance of religion into politics takes from religion and does not better politics. Religion can and should reach politicians, but not by rushing into the prize ring of politics. Ministers who leave themes which are expository of religious doctrine and practice and spend themselves defending platforms, pledges, policies and political leaders are laboring vicariously beyond their grace of state. They become strident with the strident, abusive against those who abuse. A clergyman is ordained to teach Christ and to expound His everlasting truths. It is an impressive assignment. Considering the sin, error, ignorance; the miseries of war and the shames of excess in this paradoxical world, it is an appalling assignment. A zealous clergyman will teach the things of truth and preach against things sinful. He will be in his calling, within his sanctuary. And therefore vastly more useful than when acting as tribune of the people.

Archbishop Williams of Birmingham in his Advent Pastoral called attention to the fact that people of the present day in their effort to solve social and economic problems are ignoring Christian principles, and that this attitude is bringing the nation, the family and the individual to an evil pass. "The life of the ordinary citizen," he affirms, "has to be governed not by the rule of faith, but by the law of money, not by religion but by business. Under the present conditions of industrial life, the home is no longer a centre of social activity; it tends to become merely a sleeping place for a number of independent wage-earners. The functions which ought to belong to the parents are now taken over by the State; it is the State which educates the children, takes responsibility

for their health, and often for their maintenance. To a modern girl marriage and motherhood and the rearing of a family (her natural vocation) too often appear as a sacrifice of her independence and an abandonment of her career. Late marriages and small families have become the rule. If the laws of the land and the conditions of city life interfere with the fundamental rules of marriage and family life, this interference will lead ultimately to the ruin of society. The nation which allows the natural basis of society, the family, to be destroyed by the artificial conditions of modern industrial civilization, will gradually disappear, and its place will be taken by people who live under simpler conditions and preserve their family life. There is no hope for society in mere science or mere economic organization. Once let the rights of God over His subjects be forgotten, and some tyranny takes God's place." These ideas are expressed clearly and forcibly, and their truth is unmistakable. Science and economics can never replace the Ten Commandments.

It is so seldom that an Irish Protestant prelate has anything complimentary to say of the Catholic Church that such an utterance ought not to be overlooked when it is pronounced. The other day, according to the *London Catholic Times*, the Protestant Archbishop of Dublin, Dr. Gregg, had some nice things to say about Catholic Action. He told his synod that he thought one of the most interesting things to notice in the religious life of the Roman Catholic Church of to-day was the insistent call to lay action—to Catholic action, as it was called. Every individual was being called to throw in his weight, every individual was challenged to become a living agent in the Society. It was a lesson of first-rate practical importance, and the smaller the community the

more urgent was the need. If the good Archbishop were to study seriously some of the other aspects of Catholicity, such as the power of valid sacraments on the lives of individuals, we believe he would have still greater things to say about the Church.

That Christ founded His Church some two thousand years ago and bade His Apostles to go forth and teach all nations, seems to have been forgotten by the editor of the *English Church Union Gazette* when he wrote these lines in a current issue of his magazine: "The intolerant attitude of Roman Catholics in England is a serious menace to real unity. They have intruded their bishops and priests into territory already occupied by the Catholic Hierarchy, created rival Sees, set up rival altars, and, in a sense, administered rival sacraments to the Sees and altars and sacraments of the true Catholic Church in England. Having no jurisdiction they are in schism; there is some truth in the saying that 'the Bishop of Rome is a superb Protestant clothed in canonicals.'" It is quite a new thing to hear the Pope called a Protestant. His enemies have called him almost everything but that. Even this editor, however, seems to realize that the Supreme Pontiff and the bishops are direct successors to the Apostles, and that the Orders of his own church are different when he admits that our bishops administer "rival sacraments." Up to this time very few so-called English Catholics would admit that their sacraments were different from ours. It is also a new thing to be told that the Church which was instructed to teach all nations has no jurisdiction in certain parts of England. The fact is, of course, that the Reformation Churches have no jurisdiction anywhere since they cut themselves off from the soul of the Church in the Six-

teenth Century. An arm that is cut from the body of a person has no power of action because it is separated from the soul, and that's exactly the case with the churches of the Reformation. How any editor with even a superficial knowledge of history could write the paragraph we have quoted, is hard to understand.

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Lieutenant Phil Parodi received a Christmas postcard from the Sisters in Columbus Hospital, Chicago, last month. He rubbed his chin and mused, "The Sisters certainly do their Christmas greeting early." Lieutenant Phil was wrong. They don't. He examined the card more closely and found from the date that the greetings were intended for 1932. Then he remembered he had served in five different police stations during the past year, and the card followed him; but somehow never caught up. The readdresses almost obliterated the greetings. 'Another indication that, in Postmaster Farley's department, while there is life there is hope; or you will succeed if you try long enough. The United States Post Office will find you if you are visible. Instance this quick thinking of a postmaster in a small town in Indiana. A letter went astray to his office. It was addressed, "Mr. John C. Smith, the Loop, Chicago." The State was not given. The Postmaster scratched his head and did some mental elimination. Then wrote on the envelope, "Try Illinois."

—♦—

Mr. Silas Strawn says that not enough men or money exist to "put a straight jacket on business." Regulation is not a straight jacket, Mr. Strawn should know. Moreover, the language is a threat, a defiance; a circumstance not helpful to business at the moment. Unfortunately, here in the United States, more than elsewhere, there is a point of view of big business people about big

business which is somewhat selfish and somewhat arrogant. In their point of view, business must grow and dominate that they themselves may grow and dominate. Money is power, and they pursue power in terms of money. There is a larger and a much less selfish consideration. Business, big or small, is for the benefit of the people who make up the nation, just as religion and education are for their benefit. Business does not exist merely to make huge profits for those who conduct it; it must be regulated. It must be made tractable and serviceable. It must benefit the many, not enrich beyond reason the few. Our Government should not, will not likely, enslave business. It should keep business within bounds.

—♦—

Mr. De Valera put a "purely hypothetical" question to Mr. Thomas of the British Ministry. The substance of the hypothetical question was to ascertain what the Government of Great Britain would do should the Irish people declare for a republic. Mr. De Valera was not without precedents to acquaint him what the Government of Great Britain would do. Still he wanted to know, recalling perhaps Poet Tennyson's words to the effect that the old order changeth rendering place to new. Mr. Thomas and colleagues went into conference, forgetting about annuities and high tariffs for the moment. Net results of the conference: they were not prepared to admit such an act would be a "cause of war." Nor would they affirm it would not be. And then concluded by consigning the contingency to the category of the unthinkable. You may, if you have a penchant for thinking about unthinkable things, spend some time on the unthinkable circumstance of Ireland's separating herself from the mothering Empire. It may help you somewhat, if you recall that Ireland tried to do so in remote and recent times.



First Snow.

BY LALIA MITCHELL THORNTON.

DRIFTING, sifting, spiraling down,
Over the country, and over the town;
Seeping, heaping, filling in cracks,
Covering hollows and carpeting tracks;
Whitely, brightly, all the day long,
Lure for a poet and theme for a song.

Whirling, swirling, circling around,
Into the hedgerow, and onto the ground,
Dancing, prancing, wind at its heels,
Strange how frisky a snowflake feels;
Caught in a bird's nest, held by a twig,
One, so little, and many, so big.

Scheming, dreaming, blocking the way;
We'll be shoveling snow to-day;
Racing, chasing, flake upon flake,
This is the way a world to make;
Pleasing, teasing, merry or wild,
Snow is the Winter's favorite child.

The Princess' Gardener.

BY ROSEMARY HOAR.

ONCE upon a time, there was a King whose very dearest of all treasures was a blue-eyed, golden-haired little daughter, his only child.

Now, of all the beautiful things about her father's castle, this fair young Princess had always loved the flowers best, which explains why the King's gardener came to be such a very important person; for the King thought that no other gardener in the whole world could make flowers bloom so brightly, for the pleasure of his dainty little Princess. And the King charged this trusted man to train his three sons—Peter, Adolph, and Joseph to be fine gardeners, too, so that, if need

be, they could at any time take their skilful father's place.

When this Princess had had enough birthdays to make her a young lady, she chose—as was expected of her—a noble Prince, handsome and brave, who would soon become her husband. And great preparations were now being made at the Prince's castle, so that all would be in readiness to receive its new Princess.

The King was very sad at the thought of letting her leave him, but he was a very sensible man, as kings occasionally are, so, instead of giving way to useless grieving, he comforted himself by spending much of his time that year before the wedding, helping the Prince arrange things so as to make the Princess most happy in her new home.

As the King and the Prince had like notions about almost everything, they spent many happy days together planning new furnishings for the Prince's castle. Much was done with the stables, too, but the greatest attention was given the gardens, because the Princess loved flowers so dearly. And, strange to say, in not one thing did they disagree until it came to the question of a gardener. Of course, they would choose one of the old gardener's three sons—but which?

"I'll be glad to let you have Peter," the King offered, generously, "because I think he is the most skilful of the three."

"But, noble King," the handsome Prince differed, though politely, of course, "Adolph is a pleasanter fellow! And he is every bit as good a gardener—I think! Would you be willing to let us have Adolph instead of Peter?"

But, just then, the slim young Princess slipped into the garden, dancing happily over to the seat by the spark-

ling fountain, where the King and the Prince sat discussing things. And, before either had time to say more, she surprised them both by exclaiming, "But I don't want Peter or Adolph to be my gardener! I want Joseph!" And her wide blue eyes spread out even wider, the astonished look in them seeming to say, "Why, the very idea! I should think you'd have known!"

But, of course, they didn't know. How could they know all the private little things the Princess kept tucked away in sunny corners of her happy heart, such as memories of times when she was only a child and used to romp through the gardens with timid, brown-eyed Joseph and fun-loving Anita, who had been her favorite maid since little-girl days! And that sweet secret about how much curly-headed, mischievous Anita loved Joseph—now that they were grown up! And that pretty sure guess about Joseph's loving Anita, too! But Joseph was *so* shy! Would he *never* find a way to let Anita know? And no matter how full of treasures the Prince's grand castle might be, it would feel very empty to the Princess without her Anita. So Anita just must go with her. But Joseph? Well—

However, all these little love-thoughts the Princess kept to herself, for she feared that the King and the Prince would not consider them very business-like reasons for selecting Joseph as a gardener.

"It seems a shame we can't agree about a gardener," she said, "when we've agreed upon everything else!"

"Well, sensible folk always find a way to settle things peaceably," her wise father told her, as he stroked her silken yellow hair. "So that's the thing for us to do." And, in a few days, he announced a plan for settling it.

'Twas still early springtime, and the glad wedding-bells were not to ring out until autumn's gold and scarlet were

covering the hills. So there would be plenty of time for working out the King's plan—which was this: Peter and Adolph and Joseph must each make a garden of one particular kind of flower. Each could choose the flower he wished, but all the plants in his garden must be of this one kind. He must give the garden his finest care until the end of summer, and then he whose blossoms showed the most skillful work would be made the Princess' gardener and go with her to her new home.

As harvest-days drew near, much wondering was there as to which young gardener would be chosen. There was gossip about it in the King's kitchen—and in his stables, too. And it was talked about at the royal dining-table every time the Prince came to visit the Princess and her father. But all this wondering and guessing was useless, for, after all, how could anyone know? Peter and Adolph and Joseph had been given separate far-away spots, each a good distance from the other's, and not one of the brothers knew even what kind of flower another brother might have chosen. And 'twould have been a very grave offence for any of the King's people to try to find out by spying!

Finally, one sun-splashed morning in September, the King announced that the time had come for the choosing.

"And I'll bet my buttons 'twill be Peter!" he laughed, teasingly, chucking his daughter's chin.

The Princess' pink cheeks flushed pinker.

"You think Peter's smart," she said, "but I know he's too smart! Even when he was only a little boy he used to jostle his brothers out of the way and grab everything for himself! Flowers don't like selfish people!"

This made the King look a bit troubled, but the Prince smiled indulgently, and said, "Adolph is gentler. He

would be kind to your flowers, my Princess."

"Yes, when he remembered," said the wise little lady. "But Adolph is careless. Flowers don't like to be left hungry and thirsty." She always spoke of flowers as if they were people.

"You're pretty fussy about your flowers!" laughed the good-natured King. "But come along—we'll see! It's time to visit the gardens now!"

Horses were brought and the three royal people rode off through the castle gate, out into the King's meadows, broad and fair. Anita, the much-loved maid, cantered by the Princess' side, and the old gardener jogged along in the rear.

To Peter's plot they first went, and there they saw a flaming array of dahlias, whose proud, high heads flashed out brilliant colorings. Even the wise little Princess thought to herself, "How can I hope for either Adolph or Joseph to make a finer showing than this!"

The King cried out his delight, and the Prince had to admit that even his favorite Adolph could do no better. But the Princess kept silent a minute, doing some rapid thinking. Then, she said seriously,

"They *are* beautiful, of course." And boastful Peter pulled himself up proudly, looking as if he'd like to say, "I knew I'd be the winner!"

"But," added the Princess, "you haven't shown so much skill, Peter." The young gardener's face fell and the King looked disappointed, but the Princess kept right on. "These dahlias are fine—yes! But, I daresay, the plants were fine even before you planted them. It's easy to make fine things out of fine things. Couldn't you have done something clever?"

While Peter, looking puzzled, stood trying to figure out her meaning, the Princess rode on. So what could the King and the Prince do but follow?

At Adolph's garden they lingered not at all, for the Princess' wide-awake blue eyes immediately spied one wilting blossom!

"Shame on you, Adolph!" She flashed angry eyes at him. "This lovely lily has been left thirsty! And now she's dying!"

She jumped off her horse, stooped over the dying lily, fingering it tenderly. Then she became soft-hearted at seeing Adolph look so penitent. "Be faithful to your flowers, Adolph," she told him gently, "and they will love you, and live for you much longer."

As the royal party moved toward Joseph's garden, the King confided to the Prince that he feared his plan was not such a good one, after all. "For," he said, "if she's not satisfied with Peter's gorgeous dahlias or Adolph's lovely lilies, what can that backward Joseph possibly do to please her?"

And, at the same time, the Princess and Anita, as close together as their horses would allow, were whispering to each other.

"Peter would pick showy dahlias, and Adolph, lovely lilies. I wonder what Joseph's will be?" the Princess asked dreamily.

"Oh, the violet—most likely!" Anita sniffled, with a disapproving pucker of her pert little nose. "He's bound to choose something very modest—like himself!" she added, a mischievous twinkle in her merry black eyes.

The Princess laughed. "Why is Joseph so shy?" she wondered, but Anita's answer was only a sad little sigh.

But—when at Joseph's garden they finally did arrive, surprise held everyone silent! For what they beheld was certainly most unexpected. On the ground before them, in the center of a bright green grassy circle, was a large golden star! It was made of hundreds of small bright-yellow flowers, all clustered closely together. And in the gold hearts of the flowers still nestled the

morning's dewdrops, which glistened so as to make the whole star sparkle!

Even the old gardener's face was covered with wonder. He looked at his youngest son with so much love and pride that tears were in his eyes. Stooping, he dug up one of the flowers, root and all. "A good healthy little plant," he remarked, as he examined its yellow petals, smooth as satin—its leaves, soft as green velvet, and its sturdy root and stem. "But it's so small and trifling, Joseph!" he said. "It would seem to be no more than a weed if it wasn't so well grown! What is it, anyway?" He grew very curious. "You have made a splendid garden, my son, but couldn't you have chosen a more important flower? Something more worthy of our noble Princess' choice?"

Joseph smiled shyly and took the plant from his father's hand. He hurried to the Princess, who still sat upon her horse. After making a very low bow before her, he lifted the flower up to her eagerly.

"Will you be pleased, gracious Princess," he begged, "to give my little flower a name? It hasn't any, as yet, for you see, it never was a flower until now! It used to be that old yellow weed you've seen growing in the fields all around here!"

Amazed, they all listened, and Joseph kept on pleading.

"I often watched it trying so hard to grow, but 'twas never given a chance," he explained to the Princess. "No sooner would it get a start than some one would trample it under or turn it over with the plough. And whenever it dared creep into a garden of real flowers, it was plucked right out and cast away! Still, it kept on growing, trying to be a flower. I always felt sorry for it, and wanted to help it. So this was my chance! See—it really is a flower now!"

As he pointed to it, all eyes followed his finger and stared at Joseph's star.

"What a big, beautiful thing it is!" thought the Princess. "And it's made out of nothing but little things!"

And while she was thinking it, Joseph resumed his pleading.

"I do not ask the great honor of being your gardener, fair Princess, but—at least—will you not give my poor little flower a name?"

This was a long speech for timid Joseph, and, now that it was ended, he looked nervous and frightened. His sun-browned cheeks flushed red and he turned his shy brown eyes toward Anita anxiously, as if fearing she would not approve of what he had done. But both Anita and the Princess were smiling with delight. They dismounted and stood near the star.

"You are a wonderful gardener, Joseph!" cried the Princess. "You shall come with me to my new home and all my gardens shall be trusted to your care. And I'll find a name," she murmured, sending her dreamy eyes on a far-away hunt toward the distant hills, as if the name might be hiding there. "Let me see—Yes—I have it!" She flashed a bright smile at him. "We'll call your little blossom the love-flower—because nothing else but love could change a weed into a flower!"

The King drew a breath of relief. So did the Prince. They both looked happy, indeed, to see her satisfied at last. But happier still looked Joseph and Anita, as each, in turn, bowed low and gratefully kissed their beloved Princess' hand.



The Finest Thing on Earth.

An old Persian legend recounts that "the most high God" wished one day to possess "the finest thing on earth." He called one of His angels and directed him forthwith to descend to the abode of mankind and bring Him the object of His desire, without specifying what the "finest thing" might be.

The angel descended to earth and found himself not a little embarrassed in the accomplishment of his mission. By chance he came upon a vast plain which had lately served as a battlefield and still retained most of war's horrid aspects. Among the corpses strewn here and there was the body of a young man from whose pierced throat the bright red lifeblood was yet flowing. The angel reflected as he stood over the dying youth: "This blood shed in defence of one's country! Is it not the finest thing on earth?"

Taking a drop of the blood, he immediately carried it to the throne of the All-Powerful. "Verily," said God, "for a man to shed his lifeblood in defence of his country is a most beautiful and noble thing; but it is not the finest thing on earth."

The angel set out again to renew his search. In the course of his wanderings he encountered a funeral procession—that of a good man in a large city. The procession was a very long one, for hundreds of poor people followed in tears to his last resting-place the philanthropist who had not only succored them during his life but had made provision for the distributing of generous alms after his death. "Ah," said the angel, "gratitude is an admirable virtue! Doubtless these tears are the finest thing on earth."—"Grateful tears are indeed admired by all men," said his Master, as the angel placed before Him a vial of shining tears; "but there is something finer still."

For the third time the angel came down to earth. He was walking along a solitary road, bordered on either side by a thick hedge, when he heard some one sobbing heavily. Looking over the hedge, he saw an old man seated at the foot of a tree. From his eyes raised to Heaven fell copious tears, while his clasped hands seemed to be imploring the favor of the Lord. Asking the cause of his grief, the angel learned that the

old man was deploring the sins of his early youth. Deeply touched, the angel said to himself: "Surely nothing on earth can possibly equal the tears of the penitent"; and, full of wonder at his discovery, he bore one of the tears on high. "Thou hast accomplished thy mission well," said the Sovereign Master. "There is truly nothing finer on earth than repentance; for, if innocence is the most excellent of virtues, repentance gives to the heart of man a second innocence."

Christmas Legends.

There is a legend that the ash, green and full of sap though it was, tendered its wood for burning in the Stable on the wintry night when our Saviour was born; and that its ruddy glow warmed the Holy Child. As everyone knows, green ash, more than any other forest tree, makes a cheerful fire. The old saying has it: "Ash green makes a fire for a queen."

When England was Catholic, the Christmas fagot was of ash, bound with hazel withes. The hazel, another legend tells us, had this place of honor given it because its early catkins first broke forth to give shelter to Our Lady and St. Joseph as they journeyed to Bethlehem. An old verse runs:

The pond'rous ashen-fagot, from the yard
The jolly farmer to his crowded hall
Conveys with speed.

The aspen alone among the trees paid no homage when the angel choir sang their glad song at Bethlehem, remaining stiff and motionless; and ever since it has been doomed to tremble even on the stillest summer day. To "tremble like an aspen" is a familiar saying the world over.

"If you desire to arrive at union with God, let your conversation and manner of life be as interior as possible."

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—The official report of the seventy-eighth general convention of the Catholic Central-Verein is full of scholarly discussion on social questions by experts in this field. It is published by the Wanderer Printing Company, St. Paul.

—We have received the "Constitution and By-Laws" of The Queen's Daughters, an organization for charitable work too little known. It was established in 1889 at St. Louis, and has since become a national organization devoted to almost every form of Catholic Action.

—The America Press issues in pamphlet form the interesting address of Father Aloysius Hogan, S. J., which he delivered before the nineteenth Meeting of the National Conference of Catholic Charities. Under the title "Economic Recovery," Father Hogan discusses the principles of the Encyclicals of Pope Pius XI. in their bearings upon the economic problems of the United States.

—Young people and old will make no mistake in getting "Blue Portfolio," by Miss Vera Marie Tracy, for their Christmas or after-Christmas reading. It has the freshness of youth and spring, and the delicacy of opening flowers. Miss Tracy loves life, the sweet, simple things of life that are pleasant and humorous and inspiring. With fine artistry she has caught the atmosphere of her scenes, and has made her characters live vividly. She is beautifully Catholic too, without being a bit preachy or sanctimonious. "Blue Portfolio" is a book that shows the fine beauty of Catholic girlhood and the sham by contrast of the lardy-dardy ultramodern. Bruce Publishing Co. \$1.

—"Commodore John Barry," Mr. Joseph Gurn's interesting story of the Father of the American Navy, gives us a very vivid portrait of the intrepid commander of the "Raleigh" and the "Alliance." A man of sinewy courage and vigorous action, his life's story reads like a romance; the tale of continuous battle with a stronger opponent who

was, however, in most instances, out-witted by a better fighter. The author has availed himself of every possible document to make his study authentic, and while one cannot but feel Mr. Gurn's evident admiration for this Washington of the Seas, one realizes the narrative is written as objectively as possible. Published by P. J. Kenedy. \$3.50.

—"Mary of Nazareth" is the title of Mary Borden's recent biography which has been published in this country by Doubleday, Doran & Company. Though Mary Borden is an English writer of ability who has written several charming novels, this late work of hers will be offensive to every practising Catholic, owing to the fact that it is in conflict with the whole Christian idea, and the entire body of Catholic tradition. Our Blessed Mother is represented as the mother of seven children, four sons and three daughters, of whom Jesus is the oldest. Surely it would not be asking too much from such an author to have her inform herself on the Catholic viewpoint about Mary, which is the only truly Christian one.

—"Gibbon's Antagonism to Christianity," by Shelby T. McClory, is a study of the English historian and his attack on Christianity, particularly in the fifteenth and sixteenth chapters of the first volume of his monumental work. Without taking any part in the discussion himself, Mr. McClory presents the attack as originally made, plus the most representative replies both for and against, which have been appearing up to the present. Those who have examined the book from the viewpoint of fairness seem quite satisfied that the author has presented the case not only with impartiality but also with a readableness which will make for a certain popularity, although, of course, the chief interest will be for the student of history and religion. 400 pages. Price, \$4. Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press.

—"Introducing Essays," by Sterling A. Leonard and Robert C. Pooley (Scott, Fores-

man & Company. \$1.), is a delightful volume. Two University of Wisconsin professors in the hope of making high-school students in English acquainted with the pleasant possibilities of the essay form, and especially that of the familiar essay, have brought together a selection of them that is especially attractive. Well written, the fruit of keen and whimsical observation of life by men and women who have a fine sense of humor and a chummy sympathy with poor human nature, these essays are models of their type. The opening one, "The Plumber Appreciated," by Ralph Bergengren, is six pages of chuckles. Then there are others by such adept writers as Chesterton, Burges Johnson, Don Marquis and Stephen Leacock. The boy or girl who cannot find pleasure in these pages has a long way to go before he can be said to appreciate literature.

"This Our Day" is a collection of editorials from the *Catholic World*, written by the Rev. James Gillis during the last ten years. Editorials, as a rule, are ephemeral, as fleeting as the events upon which they comment. But this is not true of these criticisms by Father Gillis. He has a habit of peeling off the husks of argument and laying hold of fundamentals; and he has no sympathy for the husks no matter how silky they may appear, if they cover unsound philosophy. The reader then will find in these discussions a sane and Catholic treatment of questions that are not at all ephemeral, though the particular events which provoked them may be decidedly so. One will find a clear exposition of the principles of education; a puncturing of some of the inflated opinions of pseudo-scientists; a laying bare of the corruption in what the book advertisements call art and literature; a flaying of injustice in high places or low; and always a sympathetic love and appreciation for what is beautiful and wholesome and inspiring in life. The Catholic layman and the Priest and Religious will find pages here that will stimulate them to thought, and lead them to feel that true Catholic life and its fruitage are by far the finest things in our civilization. Published by the Paulist Press. Price, \$4.

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"Pier Giorgio Frassati"—A Life of Catholic Action. H. L. Hughes. 3s. 6d.

"St. Francis de Sales." Rev. Louis Sempè, S. J. \$1.25.

"John Henry Newman." Rev. J. Elliot Ross. \$2.75.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

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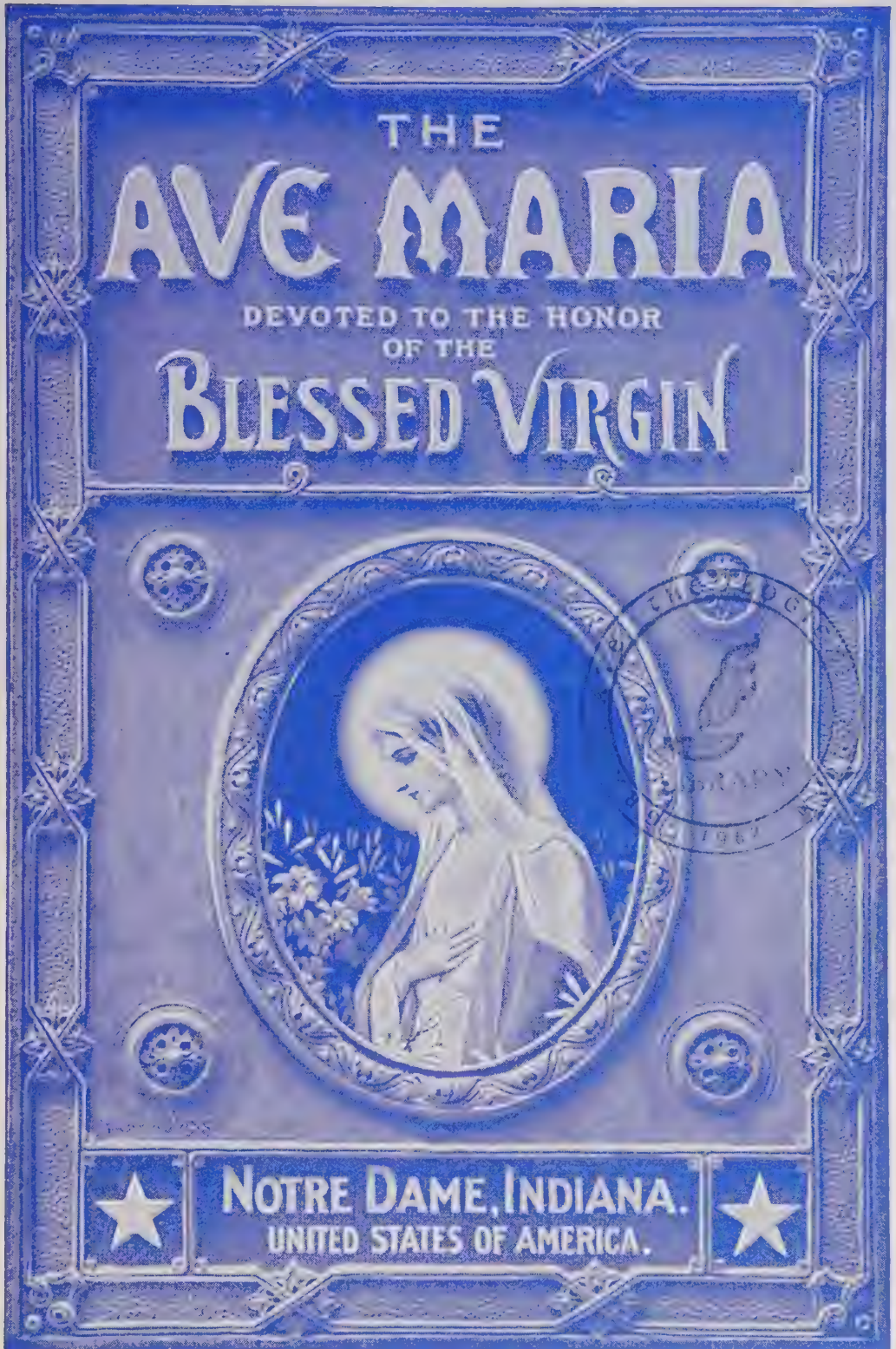
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CALENDAR OF THE WEEK

SATURDAY, 23.—Ember Day. *Fast.* St. Servulus, Martyr.
 SUNDAY, 24.—Fourth of Advent. St. Delphinus, Bishop.
 MONDAY, 25.—Christmas Day. Nativity of Our Lord.
 TUESDAY, 26.—St. Stephen, First Martyr.
 WEDNESDAY, 27.—St. John, Apostle and Evangelist.
 THURSDAY, 28.—The Holy Innocents.
 FRIDAY, 29.—St. Thomas of Canterbury, Bp. M.
 SATURDAY, 30.—Sts. Sabinus and Comp's, MM.

Blessed is the man that heareth me and that watcheth daily at my gates.—PROVERBS, viiii, 34.

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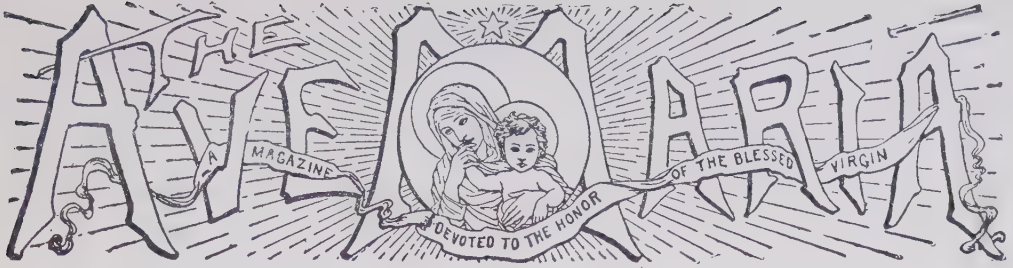
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HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, 1, 48.

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No. 26.

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Pageantry.

BY CHARLES M. CAREY, C. S. C.

ALONG the road of royalty
She took her way with them
That day when David's kingly troupe
Went down to Bethlehem.

It was with quiet courtesy
This Maiden played her part,
And held the King of all the world
Living against her heart.

What were her words to Joseph then
The Scriptures do not say;
Far more, I think, unuttered were
On that eventful day.

I only know that He who came
Unsung into our land
Is robed forever in our flesh
At God's Right Hand.

The Luminous Babe.

BY LOUISE MOULTON.

IT was one Sunday afternoon in early autumn, 1932, a golden afternoon in London, with sunshine flickering in the feathery, gilded tops of the elm trees and lime trees, bringing out the perfume of beds of heliotropes and roses, emphasizing the brilliant coloring of masses of dahlias and luring smiles to the faces of the people who strolled in the parks and gardens. Few of those men and women, I thought, could be unscathed by the particular anxiety of world-

crisis; few children even could be unfamiliar with its shadow. But the glow of the sun that afternoon, the fragrance of the flowers, the color, the free movement of the air were all demonstrating how superficial are the tangled knots of circumstance men contrive to tie themselves into, how real and fundamental are the facts of eternal goodness, love, harmony, peace.

At the end of my walk I turned into the National Gallery at Trafalgar Square as I often do on Sunday afternoons, at all times of the year, in all kinds of weather. After wandering through several rooms my attention was arrested by a picture I had not seen before, for it was a recent acquisition—a "Nativity" by the famous Sienese painter of the Fifteenth Century, Giovanni Antonio Bazzi, known generally as Sodoma. Probably the real reason why this picture brought me to an abrupt standstill was that I recognized there, almost subconsciously at first, the crystallization of the thoughts that had been occupying my mind throughout my walk.

These were simple thoughts. Perhaps many other people in various parts of the world may have been occupied with similar musings that Sunday afternoon. Under the spell of the autumn sunshine, which was brightening both people and flowers, I had been letting my mind dwell upon the influence of Jesus radiating through history, thinking of His revelation of the fundamental laws of spiritual life acting, to use His own

marvellous figure of speech, as a little leaven working slowly in the lump, bringing about one reform after another, such as the abolition of slavery, the establishment of universal education, a more patient tolerance. I was especially conscious of the activity of that influence in this troubled epoch of our own, working persistently through the tough resistance of tradition, of doubt and apathy, slowly altering established institutions and customs, stimulating men in their attempts, groping and tentative though they are, to bring human relationships, economic and international, one shade nearer to the divine pattern. To view the gleam of this pattern slowly spreading out through history, like a magnificent survey of nature from some lofty height, brought that quick intake of breath, that sense of contact with the Divine, which is the most exhilarating of all experiences.

And yet, I thought, in spite of increasing amenities men are likely always to find the world hard and cruel at times. Though Christian culture may eventually overcome war as it has overcome slavery, though it may gradually establish an approximately ideal state of society, still individuals may live unhappily, miserably; for material conditions do not in themselves bring warmth and comfort, nor the reverse, into the hearts of men. Is it not, indeed, a merciful thing that the peace of the individual soul does not depend upon worldly peace, or harmony among the nations?

Happily that divine light which gives a sense of proportion and harmony may clarify the souls of men in the midst of outward turmoil, even in the fray of battle; conversely, there may be times when it seems unattainable even in the quiet and order of a monastery. This is certain, that only through the enlightened individual may light be diffused through the social structure. How we

need, I thought, all of us men and women and all those who are yet young, to take time in quietness and humility to turn towards the Source of light and wisdom, which alone can give a sense of unity to the pattern of life! Thus thinking, I found myself standing before this "Nativity" by Sodoma.

What mighty men were the painters of that great Italian period! Poets they were, men of science, historians, philosophers, rolled into one. They explored all fields of knowledge, observed life, studied experience, and expressed the result in works of art that served as food for thought or nuclei of meditation, not only for their contemporaries but for succeeding generations even to our own day. I wish, indeed, that the people of this present made greater use of these aids to meditation. It would increase their personal happiness and contribute to the social good. One of the needs of the age is more meditation upon noble themes.

There is something about this "Nativity" so simple and so diagrammatic as to make it particularly suitable to the purposes of meditation. One forgets the art in the theme. Those among my readers who have seen it will recall how the Christ Child lies on a white cloth in the centre foreground radiating light in every direction. The artist has contrived to express in that small luminous Being, with His forefinger laid on His chin and eyes turned upward, a sense of perfect concentration which serves ideally as a unifying principle in the picture. It seems to follow naturally that the other characters should be grouped along two lines converging to that centre in such a way as to form a slender letter V—or triangle. Even the landscape-background conforms unobtrusively to this design.

Along the right arm of the V, which is slightly the shorter of the two, leaning eagerly forward, greatly attracted to his Infant Master, is little St. John

the Baptist. His eyes gaze into the eyes of the Babe and receive therefrom a heavenly light which spreads with beautiful effect and meaning over his face and brow. Restraining the too-eager child with gentle hand, St. Joseph completes this arm of the design. He, too, glows with reflected light; it falls on his great toe, runs along his restraining arm, touches his brow. While his face is bent, as it should be, to receive full radiance from the Holy Child, his eyes are fixed upon the Madonna to include her, too, in his expression of reverence and wonder.

Bringing out the left arm of the V, the light strikes upon the blue folds of the kneeling Virgin's robe, touches her adoring hands whose fingers meet in worship to form a spire, and glorifies her innocent face in which one sees complete self-forgetfulness, complete unconsciousness of everything except the Child through Whom new vistas are opening to her understanding. Beyond the Blessed Virgin, two shepherds—the first, on bended knee, with wonder in his face, shading his eyes from the unaccustomed glow, the second, less inquisitive, together with a devoted sheep—bring to an end this slightly longer line of the thin letter V.

Far away, veiled in blue distance upon the high hills, emerges a green pasture where there are other shepherds and sheep. From there, one infers, came the shepherds in the principal scene. This pasture lies beyond a grottoed effect which screens the essential picture from the background. The middle-distance is filled in with the labyrinthine windings of a stream spanned by numerous bridges over which horsemen are riding who might well be Italian cavaliers of the Fifteenth Century. In this we glimpse the personal taste of the artist, whose chief recreation was horsemanship, and who thereby brought down upon himself the

severe disapprobation of Vasari for wasting too much time on sport. However, according to the psychology of our day, it is a good thing to have a hobby. The result in this case seems to have been happy; for the introduction of the horsemen lets a strain of actuality right through the picture—a glimpse of the artist's own world and pastime in living contrast with the noble scene of the foreground, with the ever-diminishing distance of the background leading away into ethereal mountains, and with the celestial region where traditional angels hover. It affords a contrast without obtruding a digression: we are to contemplate the advent of Jesus, of the new Enlightenment, against the background of Heaven and earth, time and eternity.

There is great concentration, great restraint. We never lose sight of the fact that our attention is claimed for the Luminous Babe, through whom light comes into the picture—that is into the minds of men, into the world. That Light enlightens you and me when we turn in that direction, just as it enlightens the Blessed Virgin Mary, St. Joseph, St. John the Baptist and the shepherds. So we come into the picture, too, along some of the innumerable radii of which the two lines of the V are the only ones made visible by the artist. We come into the picture, in any case, even if we move unconsciously along like the horsemen over the bridges.

That Sodoma was a preeminent painter of children and that this gift was recognized by his fellow-artists is attested to by the fact that he was asked to paint the Child in Signorelli's great "Circumcision," which also hangs in the National Gallery where we may compare the two pictures if we like. I am sure that anyone would gather from these two examples that Sodoma had a profound realization of the dignity of childhood and of the reality of the

child's soul. He might have made the Central Figure full of the wiles and dimplements of infancy, such as it was becoming the fashion to do. But he held his virtuosity in severe subjection to his idea. He was not painting for art's sake—a problem which we hear so often discussed. His art was a means, not an end in itself. It is thoroughly merged in the development of the theme.

This might well be called self-effacing art. We must be held to the significance of the birth of the Babe—its penetrating influence. Yet, even in this symbolic treatment, the hand of one familiar with the whole childish contour is apparent. It shows in the modelling of the precocious, effulgent head and in the way the little forefinger is placed upon the chin with such child-like simplicity to contribute to the effect of unfathomable wisdom. Less restraint was necessary in his treatment of St. John the Baptist, in whom he reveals more of the natural graces of childhood, though he, too, is represented as no ordinary babe. The artist would show that even as a child he was attracted to that Light which was to throw into relief the ideal towards which human beings are destined to progress.

It was necessary to the dominant conception to depict the Child Jesus in such a way as to show that the infant saint, the Blessed Virgin, St. Joseph and the shepherds recognized in Him something divinely innocent, intuitively wise, completely holy. The device of making the entire body of the Divine Child radiant is both significant and suggestive. It would be interesting to look for its origin and trace out its development; but that must be for another time. Everyone will recall in this connection the famous "Nativity" by Corregio in the Dresden Gallery. This probably preceded the example by Sodoma, which the National Gallery au-

thorities, whom I consulted, attribute to that painter's later period.

Naturally a devotional picture of this character would show to greater advantage in the ecclesiastical setting for which it was intended than on the opulent and varied walls of a great gallery. When it was newly painted, some four hundred years ago, it probably served as an altar-piece in some small church or private chapel in Tuscany. There its beholders viewed it in devout mood. To whatever rank of society they belonged, whether they were lettered or unlettered, it must have conduced to the achievement of a greater devotion in their orisons. It would have deepened their feeling of reverence for the Babe, for the Holy Family, for God. What further they derived depended upon their preparation; for we get out of a work of art in proportion to what we bring to it. And as a spiritual experience is never exactly reproduced in the resultant work of art, whether it be a poem, a symphony, a picture, so again the spiritual meanings derived from the artist's finished expression can never be set down in words in such a way as to convey precisely the same significance to another. Again we may say that the beholder receives not only in proportion to his preparation but also in the measure of his need. Thus his inner vision may be stimulated beyond anything that was contemplated by the artist. Or the literal-minded, seeing only literalness, may turn away unedified.

Some unschooled worshipper kneeling near the picture would probably have experienced chiefly a sense of worship quickened, of love intensified and a feeling of awe and wonder comparable to that of the shepherd shading his eyes from the glory of the newborn Babe. Every heart is touched by the innocence of childhood. The honest peasant before the conception of his Lord as a helpless Babe, with even then infinite goodness

and unfathomable wisdom inherent in His nature, would have experienced inevitably a surge of tenderness.

To another type more thoughtful and studious the picture may have appealed chiefly as a poetic narration of a historical event. He may have regarded this event in a spirit of almost complete detachment, being wholly concerned with the import of that historic moment in relation to the other characters depicted in the scene—perhaps to some other folk of that time as well, such as the Wise Men, whose homage was also a favorite subject with artists. Lingered, his imagination quickened, the unification of all history focusing in this birth may have flashed upon his consciousness, so that he would have seen the glow penetrating by oblique lines through time to innumerable events. He would have seen the movement of affairs before the concentration of Light in the Being of Jesus as tending in that direction, while later events he would have seen as influenced by it. And naturally the events and people of his selection would have depended upon his education and taste.

Or the influence of the picture might be more subtle—less direct. Some one might have been, just as to-day some one might be, recalled unexpectedly, unbelievably, to a sense of his pristine knowledge of God before his ears had ever differentiated a single word, to his natural faith, his infantile impressions as he watched the leaves fluttering against the sky, a butterfly hovering among the flowers, that look of tenderness in mother's, father's, nurse's face—his knowledge that God, though as yet un-named, was there.

In the long moments of meditation to find again in one's own soul the innocent babe intuitively wise is an experience inexpressibly refreshing, restorative. To take that babe reaching out towards perfection, craving for under-

standing into one's confidence—that is to renew acquaintance, to one's profit, with one's real, submerged self. Might one not proceed afresh from that re-found innocence, strip off the subterfuges, the make-believes, the hypocrisies, the compromises that his contacts with life and the processes of education have relentlessly wrapped about him? Might one not start on with freshened zest, his adult nature illuminated by that initial purity through which he was conscious first of all of God, taking now for guide, in his quest for wisdom and perfection, the Light that illuminated the Divine Babe, who remained ever true to His intuitions? Such a finding again is not a turning back but a going on. Is this not, indeed, "to be born again?" People find in their own experience that such perpetual renewal is essentially involved in the metabolism of spiritual life; and so spiritual life must be forever young. Thus may one grow into that immortal youth of which men have ever dreamed.

All our human institutions are but experimental; if there is health in them they learn from their mistakes and insufficiencies. It would seem ungracious to speak harshly of any phase of education's development. It is more pertinent to hope that we are about to begin a period in which it will do more to foster the child's intuitive wisdom, which, alas! is so often hampered in its struggle for fulfilment. The submerged, innocent babe in every soul, which is crying for its Heavenly Father, longing for God, often has its attention diverted to a lower aim. I like to hope that in the epoch of civilization just ahead, on the threshold of which we seem to be expectantly, though timidly waiting, the aspirations of the human soul will be given first place in the scheme of things. Though the quest for "that peace which passeth understanding" must always, in its very nature, remain

an individual concern, still an atmosphere conducive to its prestige in human affairs would in itself create a new epoch.

It is indeed true that this simple painting of "The Nativity," by Sodoma no longer has the advantage of an ecclesiastical setting; yet there may be some among the many people who wander through the galleries, who pause, not only to study its technique and its historical relations in art, but to meditate, to peruse its poetry, and who finally turn away reassured, seeing a pattern of light, where before all had perhaps seemed hopeless, meaningless, dark. Some, like the wandering shepherds, may be lured from afar to make a spiritual pilgrimage to the nativity and find the Luminous Babe at their very feet.

I have written of this picture, not by way of an art criticism, but simply to turn the eager thoughts of those who may read these words to the quality of the happy event which it depicts. I hope they will not consider it in a detached way, nor in a purely historical way, but in an intensely personal and present way; for its significance is vital and immediate. Its brightness increases. The pattern becomes more distinct; for the long view of human progress is comprised in the Light that Jesus brings into the picture, like sunshine and fresh air let into a room. What opportunities, indeed, the problems of our time are offering to fresh and more arduous adventures in Christianity! My readers' meditations upon this subject may differ widely. They may be more penetrating, more devout than my own. But of this I am sure, no one can let his mind dwell upon this theme without being thereby encouraged, brightened, purified, and filled with enthusiasm for doing his share in letting light into the picture.

As I walked home through the deepening tones of the autumn twilight my mind was filled with peace and with a

sense of purpose and harmony beyond all failure and beyond all tragedy, which I cannot at the present time attempt to make concrete in words. Suffice it to say that I have been more and more permeated by the thought that we in this troubled and complex age need intensely the simplicity, the humility and tenderness to make us turn in natural adoration to the Luminous Babe.

Carolina Abdicates.

BY ESTHER W. NEILL.

XXVI.—CAROLINA SURRENDERS.

TONY had no objection to spending part of his time in Carolina's sick room, he considered it a sort of privilege since it assured him that he had been admitted into the sanctity of the family circle. He wanted to be of some use, to express his gratitude for this liberal hospitality. He had an old-fashioned chivalric attitude towards all women produced, no doubt, by the fact that he had spent so many of his formative years in a monastic environment. He had a pity for their physical weaknesses and a sense of superiority when he reflected upon, what he chose to consider, their conventional limitations. But he had always placed Carolina in a class by herself. He had never known anyone of such distinction, such commanding power, such liberty of spirit, such heroic achievement. Her statue in the market place had impressed him profoundly when he was a boy, and he had never borne her any ill-will for her first refusal to admit him into her home. In his childhood he had suffered so much from his mother's high-strung nerves that this exhibition of temper from a strange old lady seemed altogether reasonable. Why should Neddy's grandmother, whom he had never seen, care to adopt an unknown boy? Later on when she had made up her mind to accept him rather than estrange herself

from Eduard, she had been generously kind, giving him toys to play with on shipboard and buying him expensive sweaters, socks, shoes in Paris, outfitting him with all the warm clothes necessary for the cold climate of the Swiss boarding school.

Now that she was determined to escape from her rôle of invalidism, she had exerted herself to make her spacious, sunny room the most attractive in the house. She insisted that a bright open fire be kept burning all the time; she had several easy chairs brought from the library, so that the young people could make themselves comfortable, and when the neighbors, following an ancient county custom, sent her tempting edibles she had them put on a table by the window: jellies, fruits, cakes, home-made wine, so that refreshments were always waiting for her guests' youthful appetites. And all the magazines and newspapers to which she subscribed were brought to her bedside, for she wanted to keep in touch with world affairs and discuss them with her usual humor and far-reaching intelligence.

With incredible courage she preferred to minimize her own suffering and weakness, while she strove to be the entertaining center of her little group. Tony was completely deceived by her apparent strength and forced vivacity, and he was distinctly flattered by her interest in his plans for his future. He did not guess how desperately she was clinging on to life. In her feebleness she found his enthusiasm invigorated her, and his joyous appreciation of her hospitality made her feel that she had never harbored a more considerate guest.

This morning as he entered the sick room he was surprised to find the bed smooth and unoccupied. Carolina was lying on the *chaise longue* in front of the fire. She was dressed in a quilted robe of purple satin trimmed in swans-

down, and her maid had carefully arranged her white hair, pinning on a false front, an elaborate coiffeur which would have taken hours to build up on a human head, but which had been waved and curled by a leisurely hair-dresser in the bathroom.

Tony, uninitiated in the mysteries of feminine toilets, was further reassured by her altered appearance. In the dim light of the room, her pallor and the deep lines in her face were not noticeable. Her recovery seemed almost accomplished.

"Ah, Tony," she said, welcoming him warmly, "I thought it was time you paid me a visit. What lovely flowers! Did they come from the garden or the greenhouse? You young people are very attentive. I have more affection than I deserve."

"Not more than you deserve, Madam," he said quickly. "They are your own flowers, they were blooming out of doors, and I found you some violets." He spread out his handkerchief upon the table. "See the stems are not very long. I'll make them into a little corsage. Now, if you will ask your maid to bring a small vase of water, I'll put them here beside you. I would like you to enjoy their perfume. It would be a pity to let them die."

"Die?" she repeated dreamily. "Yes—yes it does seem a pity to die. All life is so short. Just as one learns to live it is time to die. I have had everything in the world, Tony. Few women can say that, but I have been lying here this morning wondering whether it is better to have too much or too little."

He had never found her in such a serious mood before. "I am sure I would choose the 'too much' he said gaily. "Ah, thank you," he added, as the maid brought in the vase of water. "This is just the right size for my violets. Now I shall arrange them, so that you can enjoy them, Madam. Violets at Christmas time perhaps are 'too much.' I was

amazed when I saw them growing under the dead leaves. I have lived so long amid the ice and snow that I was telling Marie a moment ago that this place seemed to me like Paradise."

"Paradise?" she repeated questioningly. "I wonder, Tony,—I have never found a Paradise on earth. Something always happens to destroy it. People used to say that my New Orleans plantation was a paradise, but it seemed to me a place of torment after my son died."

"Yes, yes," and his musical voice registered deep feeling. "I have heard Neddy speak of his father's sudden death. It was a calamity, he was so young. I do not wonder that it broke your heart."

She had been living in the past all the morning, and she had been somewhat appalled by her own regrets and the memory of some of her mistakes which now seemed culpable. Tony's sympathy was strangely comforting. It invited further confidences.

"Here is my son's picture," she said, bringing the miniature out from the folds of her dressing gown; "I have always worn it. He was far better looking than Eduard."

Tony, having arranged the violets to his own satisfaction put the vase on the table by her side, and leaning close to her supporting pillows, he examined the medallion with polite interest.

"I cannot agree that he is better looking than Neddy," he said loyally. "But, of course," he added, "the picture is a little faded, and it may not have done your son justice. Is Neddy's picture in the back of the locket? Then we might compare the two."

"No, no, there is money in the other side," she said, turning the trinket over in her hand. "I am afraid I have always mixed material things with my loves and hates, and have used the locket as a small purse. In travelling I have felt safer if I had a little money in reserve."

"It is a small place for money," he said; "one could not carry more than a franc or two in such a small place."

"You are mistaken there," she interrupted, as if anxious to defend a foolish fancy. "I have always kept one or two hundred dollar bills in case of emergencies. Once or twice in my long life, I have lost my purse. I was always careless about them. Once I was held up. If I had not had some money concealed, I should have found myself stranded. One does not easily give up the habits of a lifetime even when one is going to die."

Tony, returning the miniature, dismissed her precautionary habits from his mind.

"You must not talk of dying," he protested. "You look wonderfully well, Madam, so well that no one would believe you had been sick. Marie Antoinette is a good nurse. I think she has done you more good than the trained one you had when we came."

"Yes, I am sure she has," she said reflectively. "Marie is good in every way."

"Indeed she is," Tony agreed with ardor. "She has bowled me over with her looks. She has grown to be a regular beauty."

"Do you think so?"

"Think? Of course I do. I think she is adorable in every way."

Her small hands, claw-like, smoothed the arms of the lounge with a cat-like gesture.

"In love, Tony?" she asked abruptly.

"Sure," he laughed; "ready to blow my brains out already."

"Ever been that way before?"

"Never. How could I, living in an icy skyscraper of a monastery with monks?"

"Can't be sure of your symptoms then?" she said pleasantly.

"Oh, I've got all the symptoms," he assured her. "They are easily recognizable, you know. Rise of temperature

whenever I see her,—don't want her out of my sight."

"Where is she now?"

"Resting upstairs in her room."

"And Eduard?"

"Asleep in the library. Both of them tired out I guess."

"I've been a troublesome patient," she said regretfully, "I've always demanded too much, Tony. Don't make the mistake of demanding too much."

Some hidden meaning seemed to underlie her words. He was silent for a moment staring intently at the fire, and then, following some sudden impulse, he said, "Do you think if I asked Marie to marry me it would be demanding too much? She seems to be all alone in the world except for her uncle, and he can't live forever. She will never make her fortune running a tea room. I don't like to think of her working. I'd like to take care of her."

Her sharp black eyes narrowed, there was a frown on her face that Tony did not see. "So it has come to that already?" she said. "What does Eduard think?"

"Think?" Tony repeated. "Well of course he thinks just as I do about Marie."

"And what is that?"

Tony did not understand why she should ask for such obvious information. "Why, you know what he has always thought about Marie," he said. "He's been like a father to her. Nursed her when she was a baby, didn't he? She's always looked up to him as a father."

"A father!" she exclaimed. "So that's it. I hadn't considered that ridiculous viewpoint before. Perhaps that may be the trouble. Of course, something will have to be done." Her fingers played nervously with the chain around her neck. "Something will have to be done. What are your plans, Tony? Did it ever occur to you that if you marry her you will both starve to death?"

"Perhaps for a time," he said, striving to infuse some lightness into this interview which he began to regret. "But I am growing too fat, Madam. Your chef is a wizard. Never have I tasted such delicious food, such *soufflés* such desserts of creams and pastries. I shall have to diet, so why not starve for a year or two?"

"It isn't so pleasant to be poor," she said with some show of sympathy. "Married love that demands continual sacrifice often grows cold. You need money unless one chooses to live like an anchorite. A man is a pitiful object without it."

"But, I will make money."

"How?"

"I can sing."

"Sing! Tony, Tony, what dreams. You are more impractical than I believed. It takes years to train a voice."

"But, I will ask Marie to wait for me. If she loves me, she will be willing to wait."

"And what does she say?"

"I have not asked her."

"Ah, then, it is but the beginning of a romance." There was relief in her tone. "One should do a little wooing first, Tony. What are you going to give Marie for Christmas?"

She had changed the subject with startling rapidity, but he welcomed the question as an escape from his own confidences which he felt he had carried too far. He had not met with the sympathy that he had expected.

"Christmas?" he repeated. "Why, I really had not planned to give her anything."

"Nothing?" the word expressed incredulous astonishment.

"Why, why, no." Tony stirred the smouldering logs to relieve his embarrassment. "I didn't think she would expect anything."

"Perhaps not." Her eyes were fixed upon him curiously. "Perhaps not, but girls usually expect something." She

was twisting the chain that held the miniature; as she moved slightly the locket fell to the floor. Tony stooped to pick it up.

"You have dropped your picture, Madam," he said.

"Yes, yes, of course," she said, taking it from him. "I'm afraid the catch is broken. I must have it repaired. Perhaps the chain is not heavy enough; I must buy another as soon as I can get to town. It is not far, only thirty miles. The stores there are very good. One can buy almost anything. I believe all women like jewelry, pretty things that they can keep. They grow quite sentimental over presents. Christmas is only two days off. We must have a tree. Perhaps you young people would like to go into the woods and chop one down and bring it home. Eduard always liked to select his own. I want the tree dressed with all sorts of bright-colored balls, cupids, and cornucopias of candy. We must have a string of electric lights, and there must be presents for everyone. Did I tell you that I had bought a horse for Eduard? I am going to ask Marie to lead it to the door on Christmas morning. It will make a prettier picture than if I depended on one of the grooms. Marie is always willing to enter into all my Christmas plans. She has wrapped all my bundles and tied them with red ribbon and Christmas seals. She always makes me a little gift by hand: a handkerchief, a woolen scarf, some trifle to show her affection. She has always scattered her little gifts with such joy. I hope I'll be able to get down stairs for the lighting of the tree; but I am so old and tired, Tony, I am going to ask you to help me back to bed. I told my maid that she could have the afternoon off. She is getting together some little gifts for her brothers and sisters. I suppose Christmas would not seem like Christmas unless we remembered our loved ones with some little gift. You will have

to ring for Marie as soon as you help me to bed."

Tony lifted her from the cushioned lounge, putting his arm around her as she crept weakly to the bed. She sank down upon the pillows in complete exhaustion, her eyes closed, her strength drained by her long, rambling talk.

Tony pulled up the brocade comforter that lay at the foot of the bed and covered her awkwardly, and then he turned to look for the bell cord to summon Marie. He knew that Carolina would be more comfortable, if her quilted robe and slippers were removed, but he felt helpless at the thought of ministering to her further.

As he crossed the room he saw the miniature lying on the *chaise longue* where Carolina had dropped it. The picture lay face downwards, but the back of the locket was half open showing a yellow colored bill, one corner pulled out as if some one had purposely tried to prove its denomination.

A sudden temptation seized upon Tony's mind. Here was money that no one would miss. Money for Christmas presents. He had not remembered this American custom of exchanging gifts. In the austere school where he had spent so many of his holidays there had been little thought of this worldly way of celebrating the feast. The day had been observed in a religious way. It had not occurred to him to present his teachers or his classmates with tokens of good will. But Carolina had said that Marie found great joy in Christmas, and that she made presents with her own hands for the friends that she cared most about. Suppose she should send him some little gift over which she had labored and he had nothing to offer her in return. How could he explain his own forgetfulness, his lack of generosity?

If he only had some money. The big stores were only thirty miles away. He could motor to town in an hour. Caro-

lina's dreamy incoherent talk about Christmas and all her preparations for it had filled him with dismay, for he was bankrupt. He had lost his last five dollars betting on a cockfight in the stable yard with one of the grooms. He had recklessly gambled away his last cent, because he felt that in these luxurious, remote surroundings he would have no need for money. He could not go to Eduard and ask for his next month's allowance. It was embarrassing enough to accept checks when they were sent as a business house might have transmitted a legitimate income. He had always been most grateful to Eduard for his consideration and tact in adopting this impersonal method.

The glittering medallion again arrested his attention. Here was money almost in his hand! Who would miss it? Who would ever discover its loss? Carolina would never go on a long journey again. The journey that lay before her was a mysterious passageway where hidden money could give her no sense of security. This eccentric desire to keep hundred dollar bills on her person was but a sick woman's foolish whim. Since she had broken the chain of the miniature she could no longer wear her son's picture close to her heart. If it was laid aside in a bureau drawer she would forget to ask questions about it. He looked across his shoulder. Carolina's eyes were shut. If he took part of the money and then closed the locket with unusual pressure her feeble hands would not have the strength to examine the depleted contents. The loss would mean nothing to one whose great wealth was everywhere apparent. He stooped and lifted the locket in his hand and as he did so the lid fell back revealing two one hundred dollar bills. His sensitive fingers began to extract one of them. He felt in some odd way that he was being coerced against his own will. If he only took one,—borrowed one—

He looked towards the bed again. Carolina lay as still as if the high four-poster was her catafalque. He fastened the back of the miniature firmly. The catch held. She had been mistaken about its being broken. He pressed it closer, closer. It would be difficult to open it again. And then dropping it among the cushions, he walked towards the mantel and pulled the tasselled bell cord to summon Marie. He wanted to get out of the room to spend the money at once. He felt that if it were spent—spent on other people—he would not feel any sense of remorse. It would no longer belong to him. Other people would share in his guilt. He wanted nothing for himself; he even planned to buy something for Carolina,—some tropical fruit, or flowers, a night lamp, a water jug, some useless trifle that would lessen the iniquity of his impulsiveness.

He walked towards the window, the afternoon was warm with sunlight; and the widespread valley, dimmed by cloud shadows, was reassuring in its unchangeableness and peace. He would have time to motor to town before dinner. He did not want to keep the hundred dollars intact overnight. He looked again towards the bed. Carolina had not moved, the purple of her satin wrapper was faintly reflected in her face, making it appear ghastly in color.

Why should he remain until Marie answered the bell? He knew nothing about sick rooms or nursing. He was not helping Carolina by standing by her side. His thoughts were now busy planning for the presents he would buy: a simple bracelet or a brooch for Marie—Madam had said that women cared for jewels they could keep; umbrellas or hand bags for the servants, a pair of military brushes for Eduard. One hundred dollars would not go far when one had to remember a corps of critical, over-paid servants. He was moving towards the door, his hand was upon the knob, when Carolina stirred and said

weakly, "Don't, don't go, Tony. Don't go until Eduard comes. I want Eduard. If you ring twice Eduard will come."

Obediently he crossed the room again to pull the bell a second time. His gay good humor had given way to a feeling of irritation. Why should she require his presence when he was so anxious to be gone? But, before he reached the fireplace he saw Eduard standing in the doorway.

"Marie is sleeping, Miss Carrie, she had a bad night. You were restless, and she did not like to leave you alone. You screamed out once or twice in your sleep. I came in her place."

She turned painfully on her side. "I have not been left in very good hands," and her thin lips showed a half smile. "Tony has just stolen a hundred dollars from me. He thought I was asleep or dead. I lay so still, but I saw it all. He stole the money from the back of my miniature."

Eduard looked down upon her accusingly. His deep-set eyes, so like her own, flashed with sudden anger, "Don't, don't say that, Miss Carrie; you have been dreaming—you must not dream such impossible things—"

She was undisturbed by his unbelief in her. "I saw him, Eduard," she said half rising from her pillows. "I have not been asleep or dreaming. He took it from the back of my miniature. I had two one-hundred-dollar bills there. One of them is in Tony's pocket. I just want to ask you one question, Eduard. Will you permit Marie to marry a thief?"

Eduard went over to where Tony was standing. The boy's face had lost all color. He pushed back his long hair from his wet forehead with trembling hands.

"Here it is," he said, and he brought the bill from his pocket feeling that all defence was impossible—"here it is. I wanted it for Christmas presents, Neddy. I had no money. I—I don't know what possessed me. Just some impulse—

I have no excuse. Don't—don't tell Marie. Just let me go away, Neddy. I'm not fit to stay here after all your kindness. I'm not fit. Just let me go away—"

Carolina looked towards them both. "Yes, let him go away, Eduard. It is better so. Let him go, and then—then send for Monsieur l'Abbé. My heart is weaker. I am going to die. I have committed my last sin. If there is any mercy for me I must know. Send for Monsieur l'Abbé. He will have to show me how to die."

(The End)

Christmas Eve.

BY P. J. O'CONNOR DUFFY.

CHRISTMAS!—Christmas!—But my heart is lonely.

The glen is lonely for him who went
Over the seas of the world, and only
His words to cheer me, and the gifts he sent.
Manus, a *chroidhe*, 'twas yourself that knew it:
How we'd fret apart to the secret pain
Of a heart with sorrow knit through and
through it,

And the longing, longing to be healed again.

Ah! the little things poor mute grief remembers,
The visions it brings spite of bitter whips!
Sure, you're smiling now through the white
Decembers—

Dear, dead to-morrows; hope's broken ships!
And your hand's in mine and your voice is
kindly

While we slip together through the dream-lit
door—

But 'tis Christmas!—Christmas!—and I lean
me blindly

Weeping—O treasure, will you come no more?

Some day, we said. But the time is flying,—
Lone Christmastides, they come and go;
Day and day forlorn flit like swift winds
sighing

On wild hills this minute through drifted snow.
But hush, my heart!—Is it some one knocking,
Or that I forgot to make fast the door?
Manus! my own! Heaven be praised, unlocking
Such joy for me from its Christmas store!

What Does it Mean?

BY REV. P. W. BROWNE, D. D., PH. D.

ANY years ago I read a singular article on Christmas in a reputable daily newspaper, and the author gravely informed the readers that "we owe the Christmas spirit to Dickens," who popularized Christmas-tide by the episode of "Scrooge and Tiny Tim." This was somewhat of a shock to a youthful reader who had always been taught to associate the hallowed season with something far different from a mere display of good cheer, flavored by a Dickensian aroma of a hot beverage which had a prescribed quantity of lemon peel. Yet, is it not true that many persons regard the most solemn and most appealing celebration of the year as merely a time of festivity and jubilation, recking nought of its spiritual meaning or the lessons of charity which Christmas teaches?

Even many Catholics, who lustily chant the angels' hymn on Christmas morning, do not seem to realize that besides proclaiming "Glory to God in the Highest," the angel voices sang, "Peace on earth to men of good-will." Christ came as the Prince of Peace, to bind up humanity's wounds, and proclaim that we are His brothers, and sons of God, amongst whom peace should prevail, as an essential element in our social life.

The message of the Bethlehem hill-sides has been forgotten, and, look where you will, there are few "who follow the things which make for peace, and keep the things that are of edification one towards another" (Rom., xiv, 19). Rabid nationalism is raising its ugly head in European lands, and with menacing mien is spreading strife and turmoil among the nations, sowing everywhere within its orbit the seeds of bitter hatred. Within the borders of our own land misguided men

disturb our industrial centers and even rural districts by appeals to racial passion that must eventuate in national and civic disaster. But perhaps the greatest menace in our midst, which is especially destructive of peace, is the age-old struggle between employer and employed, and plutocracy seems bent upon the destruction of the working classes—the invisible arm of our nation's prosperity.

Those of high estate seem to be oblivious that all men are integral parts of the social organism, and that all are mutually dependent upon one another, just as the organs of the body are sustained by one another. Equality of the different members of society consists in this: all men come from the hands of the Creator; all have been redeemed by Jesus Christ; they will be judged, rewarded, or punished by God according to the just measure of their merits and demerits. The duties of the employer and the duties of workmen are reciprocal. Leo XIII. so states in that immortal encyclical (*Rerum Novarum*), of which Cardinal Manning said: "Not since the words 'I have compassion on the multitude' were spoken by Our Lord in the wilderness has a voice been heard throughout the world pleading for the people with such profound and loving sympathy for those who toil and suffer as the voice of Leo XIII."

The encyclical says, among other remarkable pronouncements, "Whoever has received from the divine bounty a large share of blessings . . . has received them for the purpose of perfecting his own nature, and at the same time that he may employ them as the minister of God's providence for the benefit of others."

Alas! in this age men who possess wealth forget this principle; and it is this fact which divides the world into two hostile camps. Capitalists form themselves into huge trusts and corporations where their personality is sub-

merged. Thus they will assent in a corporate capacity to measures from which the dread of public opinion would prompt them to shrink. But perhaps the injury is all the more keenly felt by the victims of oppression when inflicted by a corporation, as it is easier to obtain redress from one responsible person than from a body of men, most of whom may be unknown or inaccessible to the sufferer.

As we look out upon the industrial world to-day we see hundreds, aye thousands, of monopolists exhibiting a grasping avarice which has dried up every sentiment of sympathy, and a sordid selfishness which is deaf to the cries of distress. Their sole aim is to realize large dividends without regard to the paramount claims of justice and Christian charity. These trusts, like the car of Juggernaut, crush every obstacle that stands in their way. They even attempt to corrupt legislators and municipal councillors. They are intolerant of honest rivalry, and strive by every means within their grasp to drive competing industries from the market.

Such organizations as these, as a rule, look with contempt upon honest labor. Verily, as says the Apostle to Timothy: "The root of all evils is cupidity" (I, vi, 10). The large organizations are coining the lifeblood of the laborer into dollars and cents, just as Caesar coined the blood of his legions into sesterces. They do not realize that "a nation's greatness lies in men, not acres." They forget that national well-being is not the result of wealth, but the product of labor. The horny-handed son of toil—the man with the hoe, the miner who brings forth shining metal and "black diamonds" from the bowels of the earth, the men who go down to the sea in ships to gather the finny harvests,—these are the most important factors in national development. It is a truism that the moral strength of a nation lies not in its constitution, not

in its wealth, not in the disposition of its natural advantages, but in its men.

There is nothing more noble than labor; and those who do not understand the gospel of work have not fully learned the ethics of Christianity. Its sacredness has a divine sanction. Christ says, "My Father worketh hitherto; and I work" (John, vi, 17). The stigma attached to labor was obliterated by the God-Man in the modest house of Nazareth where He lived and wrought, the reputed son of a carpenter. He thus shed a halo around the workshop; and from the moment He grasped an implement of toil, the threadbare coat of honest labor became the livery of honor, and by that act it received a charter of nobility. The Apostles tugged at the oar; the Divine precursor, St. John the Baptist, labored in the desert, without the shelter of a roof; beggars are found in the calendar of the saints. Yet there are people who profess to be practical Christians who would brand work as a degradation and poverty as a crime.

This, however, is not a distinctly modern fallacy. In days of old there were "respectable people" who cringed and grovelled before an embroidered mantle, though it sheltered a Herod; but they curved their lips in contemptuous scorn in the presence of Christ, and asked: "Is not this the son of a carpenter of Nazareth?" Nineteen centuries have not exorcised the spirit of adoration which moved men to worship the "Golden Calf"; and the edge of sarcastic contempt for honest labor is as keen to-day as it was when Jesus elected to elevate it in the modest home at Nazareth.

The workingman is the bee in the national hive; he is the benefactor of the race, because he is always producing something for the common weal:

God bless the noble workingmen
Who rear the cities of our plain,
Who dig the mines and build the ships
And drive the commerce of the main!

God bless them! for their swarthy hands
Have wrought the glory of our lands.

When men cease to labor nations begin to decay, and the resulting consequences are luxury and effeminacy, for these are twin sisters. The history of the great empires of the past emphasize this dictum; we need but to recall, as an illustration, the story of the Roman Empire whilst Caesar's legions were engaged in active campaigns against the barbarian hordes of Northern Europe, pagan Rome was at the zenith of her power; but when there were no longer external enemies to conquer, the nation began to decline. The same may be said of certain modern nations—Spain, for example. Well does Goldsmith sing:

Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates and men decay.

Labor has its rights as well as its dignity; and paramount amongst these is the right of workmen to organize or form themselves into organizations for their mutual benefit and protection; it is in accord with natural right that those who have a common interest should band together to promote it. "It is better," says Matthew Arnold, "that the body of the people, with all its defects, should act for itself and control its own affairs than that it should be set aside as ignorant and incapable, and have its affairs managed by a so-called superior class."

Such prerogatives do not imply the slightest invasion of the rights and autonomy of employers. A conflict between the employer and employed is as unreasonable and as hurtful to the social body as a war between the head and the hands would be to the physical organism. Evidences of conflict, however, are too apparent at the present day, and hardly a week passes which does not witness a strike. Experience has proved that many strikes are a drastic and questionable remedy for the redress of the workmen's grievances. They are,

too often, as disastrous and as senseless as many modern wars. Splendid machinery deteriorates, is often ruined; tradesmen become insolvent; homes are dismantled; masses of men are idle; women pine from want; children cry in vain for bread. At the end of a campaign few armies have suffered greater privation or endured more hardship than some groups of workmen at the end of a long strike. Frequently strikes are brought about through the vapid oratory of demagogues who have nothing to lose, but everything to gain. The strike is sapping our economic foundations, and foolish men listen eagerly to propounders of Utopian schemes, whose basic theories are too often essentially pagan and in deadly contradiction of Christian principles.

If Christian justice and charity, as taught by Christ, prevailed in the relations between capital and labor such abuses as disgrace our national life could never arise. Our present unrest and our present-day evils (that result from class hatred and rivalry), the constant fight for bigger dividends are in no small measure due to an apostasy from God, and revolt against Christ's teachings.

The remedy is not to be found in Utopian shibboleths; neither can it be found in legislative enactments alone, for legislation can but touch indirectly the deeper springs of national well-being. Moreover, legislation, unless supported by public opinion, is practically useless—"the baseless fabric of a vision."

The remedy is to be found in a return to the Christian life and Christian institutions. "When a society is perishing," says Leo XIII., "the true advice to give those who would return to it is, to recall it to the principles from which it sprang; for the purpose and perfection of an organization is to aim at and to attain that for which it was formed; and its operations should be

put in motion and inspired by the end and object which originally gave it being. This may be asserted of the State in general and of the body of its citizens—by far the greater number—who sustain life by labor." Then, we must return to the teachings of Christ and His Gospel, teaching the way by which the conflict between rich and poor, between the employer and the employed, can be ended, or at least rendered less bitter.

"Now indeed is the hour for us to arise from sleep," for there is no season so appropriate to re-state these teachings; and if the Christian spirit is to mean anything to us, it should find expression in an effort to make real and actual the message that came to us from Bethlehem nineteen hundred years ago:

"Peace on earth to men of good-will."

Little Sister,

BY AGNES M. BLUNDELL.

XII.

TERROR reigned supreme in France. Tyrants, victims and those in peril were all equally under the sway of fear. The brutal group who directed the National Assembly had multiplied their deeds of horror until they had become almost maniacal. At first they had pretended that this fearful bloodshed was intended for "the People's" good, but now their only effort was to terrorize all men, even each other. The Aristocrats were dead, fled or in hiding, but still the streets about the guillotine ran red with blood; rich and poor alike were thrust beneath the knife, and at last the edict went forth that all of any superiority of education, or any advantage of intellect must also perish. Frenchmen with their noble history were to be reduced to slavery, a frightful yoke was laid upon them, and they dared not refrain from any evil deed

that might be commanded by their masters. But, though they were outwardly cowed and dazed by fear, at heart the people yearned after better things—they began to awake from the madness which had possessed them.

In the West the Royalists still refused to surrender. Charette was now their leader, but the contest had declined into a mere guerilla warfare, the Chouans hiding in clefts of the mountains and in bogs and forests and being driven out and slain, band after band, by the Republican troops. They were called "Rebels" and "Brigands," and destroyed, man, woman and child, as so many vermin.

Hundreds of priests and religious had been deported to perish miserably in the fever-stricken territories of French Guiana. But Brittany and Poitou still hid their faithful pastors, who fed their little flocks in secret and in peril of their lives.

Perhaps one of the greatest agonies endured under the Revolution was the separation of families. No one knew for certain who had perished upon the scaffold, who still languished in prison, who had been done to death in sudden wholesale massacres, since all published lists were inaccurate and incomplete. Many who attempted to emigrate had been recognized and shot at the frontier; their bodies were tossed into the nearest ditch. In all the countries which had received refugees, above all in England, people were searching for their relatives, enduring all the anguish of hope deferred.

In the west of France, where civil war still smouldered, to search for a friend was like looking for a needle in a bundle of hay. No one dared use his own name—all were known by an alias or a sobriquet. St. Armand and Marillac who had returned to their country in disguise called themselves respectively "the Ghost" and "the Spectre"—a very obvious pun upon the French

word *revenant* (those who return).

Monsieur Calmet had crossed the sea with them, but had soon parted company in order to make his way back to Brittany, while the other two went on to join Charette in the Bocage, where they narrowly escaped being shot as spies by their own side.

But the vendetta warfare practised by Charette appealed to neither of them. It involved a perfectly useless loss of life, and made the condition of the peasantry even worse than it need be. Savage reprisals took place, and captured villages were looted and burned, the General was determined to make himself dreaded in the hopes, less of raising the country, than of provoking better terms for himself and his followers, should his adversaries be forced to retreat. The old regiments of peasants, with their pious badges, had disappeared, the Chouans were now for the most part desperate men, who had seen their homes shattered, their families murdered, and who had lost all hope of a peaceful life.

Yves sought among them vainly for any of the old chiefs. "Monsieur Henri?" He had been shot through the heart by a republican trooper to whom he had just offered quarter. Marigny? Dead. D'Elbée? Captured by the Blues when mortally wounded, and carried out in a chair to be shot. Bonchamp? This beloved Captain, young, handsome and adored by his men, had died of wounds. His last act had been to order the release of four thousand prisoners, fearing that they might not be well treated after his death. Louis de la Rochejaquelein was reported alive but in hiding to nurse a wound. Victorine and her mother were reputed dead, but this might be a false report purposely circulated as a safeguard, for it was known that the National Troops had searched for them closely. One day, when foraging for food, Yves and Jacques were pursued by a platoon of

"Blues." The chase soon became a regular man hunt, and each patch of woodland was searched systematically.

At last the two comrades succeeded in throwing their trackers off the scent and doubled back to a half-ruined barn which stood solitary in a field. To their joy it was full of hay, and they had just time to scramble to the back of the heap and burrow down some five or six feet, when a party of Republicans burst into the building.

"We'd best fire this hay," said one.

"Don't be a fool," retorted another. "There is little enough fodder in this pestilent country. Search for the brigands with the sword. If they are here, we'll soon prick them out."

"Good dog, rats! Seek 'em out!" shouted a third voice hilariously.

Seven or eight soldiers clambered up the hay, and began piercing it with their swords in all directions, but luckily not quite deep enough to injure the hidden men. It was horrible to be flattened there, in the hot darkness with the heavy troopers stamping about over their bodies and the indescribably sinister hiss of sharp swords darting through the dry grass-stalks. A corporal called them off at last, satisfied that the quarry was not there, and when, with due caution, Yves and Jacques crawled out, they were amazed to see a third fugitive emerge from a further corner.

Surprise quickly changed into joy as they recognized Alphonse de Kérouald, Jeanne's brother. He had not escaped as well as they had, however, for he had received several flesh wounds and was bleeding freely, though he had had the stoicism not to make a sound. While Jacques applied bandages made from a torn shirt, Yves reconnoitred through a crack in the shutter, and decided that it would not be safe for them to quit their refuge till nightfall.

The three friends burrowed into the hay once more and talked in cautious

whispers. Both revenants were eager for news of Anne, and Jacques had some to give which was decidedly reassuring. "Little Sister" had crossed the Loire and had met her cousin hiding in the neighborhood of his old home. He had accompanied her to Angers and had left her there under the care of the Sisters of Charity. These daughters of St. Vincent had been allowed to continue their works of charity on the condition of wearing a republican cockade. It was thought that they would not be further molested as their hospital was so badly needed by the town.

Little Sister was a novice! Yves felt that she had, long ago, dedicated her life to God. He still longed to devote his to her, and determined to make his way to Angers in order to be at hand should any danger threaten the convent. He would not even make himself known to her, but had no doubt that he would be able to find some useful if dangerous avocation such as acting as go-between for prisoners and their friends. When darkness fell, he bid his comrades good-bye, and slipping out of the barn, he vanished into the dusk like a ghost indeed.

He travelled by night, hiding in the daytime and eventually reached the bend in the great river where its tributary, the Sarthe falls into it. There is a bridge at this point, and, as it was guarded by sentries at night, Yves resolved to pass it by day.

He waited in hiding, watching for an opportunity of crossing with a band of other people. Soon after it was light the roads became crowded. There was evidently a fête of some kind in progress on the further bank, and Yves, having assumed a tricolor cockade had no difficulty in mingling unnoticed with the men and women similarly decorated. Many had already been drinking, and they seemed to be drawn from the dregs of the people. More folk streamed to meet them from the direction of

Angers, and the road became so packed that Yves was unable to go on. He left the highway, climbed up the slope above it, and sat down to wait in a little coppice. Presently above the raucous laughter, the savage songs, the rhythmic beat of marching feet came to his ears. The road from the town began to gleam with a double row of pikes, borne by mounted soldiers. There seemed to be a large force of them, and walking between the files came a long procession of prisoners. From his vantage point Yves recognized the costume of La Vendée, with a sinking of the heart. What were they going to do with these hapless people?

Behind the prisoners on foot came jolting farm carts, in which the sick and infirm had been flung pell-mell, they too were to die. Fifteen hundred, mostly women, were lined up on the banks of the river and fired on. Those who did not die in the first volley were ordered to stand up again and were fired upon afresh. When ammunition ran short, the wounded survivors were hacked with swords or pushed into the water with pikes amid general applause.

Yves did not wait to witness the horrible scene. He fled across the fields towards the town, heedless of causing remark, and in the general excitement was able to make his way into Angers unnoticed. It was easy to find the hospital of St. Jean, and he entered under pretence of inquiring for a patient. Once within its precincts he asked to see the Sister Superior, and was horror-stricken at the obvious terror provoked by his request. He could scarcely reassure the poor Sister Portress, and when he understood the case, he waived his request. The portress, once persuaded that he was no spy, gave him what information she could.

For the last three months every effort had been made to persuade, or force, the Sisters to take the forbidden oath, but all had steadily refused. They had

been visited day after day and horrible threats had been uttered against them, but nothing had been attempted until that very morning, when a commissioner and a posse of troops had arrived at the hospital and had carried off three of their number.

"All professed Sisters, then?" queried Yves with immense relief.

"No, two Sisters—Sister Thérèse and Sister Joseph, and a novice—Sister Anne-Marie."

"That would be her name in religion—it could not be Mademoiselle de Certaines?"

"Oh, hush, Sir—yes, it is she. The two Sisters are old, she went to attend upon them."

But Yves scarcely heard. He walked away rapidly. Anne in prison! Anne in the hands of those blood-thirsty monsters who had that very day murdered hundreds of innocent victims! Perhaps she might still be saved; he must search for her. He had a little money and knew several good Royalists in the town. There was no time to be lost and he set about finding them at once.

The prisons were full to overflowing. Churches and municipal buildings were crammed with captives, there was no room anywhere, and the women arrested that day had been marched out to a neighboring village and locked up in a disused silk factory. This place had accommodated the murdered Vendéens on the previous night, and the walls were covered with lists of names, and touching farewell messages scratched with a nail. The Sisters were pushed in here among a crowd of other women. The building was strongly guarded, and Yves found no means of obtaining access to it either by bribes or cajolery. He elicited one piece of information from a sympathetic milkseller.

"The poor good Sisters whom everyone loved are to be guillotined the day after to-morrow," she told him. "The poor old Sisters! Two of them can

scarcely walk and they are to be driven to death in a wagon with some other sick women."

There was little time to organize a rescue, but Yves was determined to make the attempt. A stout-hearted lace-maker, named Madame Grulles, volunteered to receive the sisters and hide them in her house where her uncle, an old Benedictine monk, was already concealed.

The daughters of St. Vincent were greatly loved in the town, and Yves soon collected as many helpers as he needed. The plan was to induce the guard and the driver of the vehicle to stop and drink at a tavern on the road. Meanwhile other members of the band of rescuers were to simulate an insulting crowd gathered about the coach. Yves himself undertook to ensure a break-down by pulling out a lynch-pin in case the guards should endeavor to return to the coach too soon. In the confusion the Nuns were to be helped out, freed of their bonds, and carried to a post-chaise which would be waiting in an adjacent lane. The rescuers found out that a closed coach was to be at the prison gates at two o'clock in the morning in order that the prisoners might be conveyed to the city before daybreak.

Yves lay down for a few hours' sleep. He was exhausted, but happy in the hope that the very boldness and simplicity of his plan would ensure its success.

Madame Grulles with the assistance of intrepid friends had fabricated a uniform which would pass well enough by torch-light. It had been easy to forge an order from a Commissioner, bidding the escort to travel slowly as the prisoners could not be received in Angers until a later hour than that originally specified. Yves undertook to impersonate the Republican soldier. The night was close and sultry. Soon after midnight it began to rain heavily. Nothing could have suited the rescue party better.

(Conclusion next week.)

St. Anthony and the Christ Child.

THE Monastery of Arcella was a mile distant from Padua; and it was inconvenient, and often impossible, for St. Anthony, with his multiplied labors, to get there for the night. It sometimes happened that when he preached or heard confessions in the evening, the city gates were closed before he had finished. It was necessary for him, therefore, to find a lodging in Padua, and there was no lack of candidates for the honor of receiving him. The successful man was a good citizen, who gave him a room where he could be quite private and uninterrupted. He is generally said to have been Tiso, or Tisone, belonging to the ancient family of the Counts of Camposampiero, famous in the records of their time; and he is called in the ancient chronicles "Il Borghese," most likely from the custom of giving that title to any powerful family which was the chief of a fortified town or "borgo."

Tiso loved and revered Anthony; and while the latter lived in his house he closely observed everything about one whom he believed to be a great saint. One night, as he was passing the saint's room, he saw brilliant rays of light streaming under the door; and on looking through the keyhole he saw a little Child of marvellous beauty standing upon a book which lay upon the table, and clinging with both arms round St. Anthony's neck. Who was He? But as he gazed, unable to take his eyes away, and saw the flood of heavenly light with which He was surrounded, and the ineffable tenderness with which He embraced St. Anthony, and in return was caressed by him; and as he felt his own soul filled with an ineffable sweetness and rapture in watching the mutual endearments of the saint and his wondrous Visitor, Tiso knew that it was indeed the Divine Babe of Bethle-

hem who was consoling His favored servant, and filling him with heavenly delights.

After a time Tiso saw the Child point toward the door and whisper into St. Anthony's ear. Then he knew that his secret was told; and that his Lord, in the act of so wonderfully favoring His beloved Anthony, was not unmindful of His poor servant outside the door, nor displeased with his loving boldness. So Tiso watched on with deepening joy and rapture, till the beautiful Child vanished, and Anthony came back to common life. Then he opened the door, and charged his friend, for the love of Him whom he had seen, to "tell the vision to no man" during his life. Tiso promised; and it was not till after St. Anthony's death that he revealed what he had seen. He could never speak of it without shedding tears.

This favor is, perhaps, the most generally known event in the saint's life; and, although it rests on the evidence of but one person, all the old chronicles say that Tiso's high position and character, his holy life, and the deep conviction and emotion with which he mentioned it, made him an unimpeachable witness. The whole story, indeed, has such a character of truthfulness, in its simplicity and minute details, that it commends itself to our belief on that ground also. We are far from saying that every beautiful imagination carries with it its own evidence. But we may surely believe that the very beauty of a story of this sort forces on those who question it the choice between admitting its truth on the evidence of the eye-witness, or giving him credit for a creative power for which the highest poets might well envy him.

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ONE secret act of self-denial, one sacrifice of inclination to duty is worth all the mere good thoughts, warm feelings, passionate prayers, in which idle people indulge themselves.—*Newman*.

The Wonder of Christmas.

BY P. J. C.

EVERY year comes the wonder of Christmas. It is not merely a night when we try to be at home, a day when we sit to food around the family table. There are many nights when we are home, many days when we enjoy the food that steams out of the family kitchen. There is only one Christmas Night, one Christmas Day.

Christmas is a spirit. Not to all people is it a spirit that warms with religious emotion; stirs the heart to gratitude, joy, gentleness, mercifulness, peace. To many it is a time of benevolence, goodwill by virtue of a tradition the validity of which they do not accept, the reality of which they obscure.

Christ, who established Christmas by deciding to effect our Redemption through the Incarnation, is not circumscribed by the boundaries of nations or races when He sheds His Christmas spirit. The Christmas sun shines for all—the just and the unjust. Everyone feels Christmas warmth.

It is everywhere for everyone a warmth which penetrates to the soul. Often it is manifest as human benevolence, an expanding of nature which is seen in acts of mercy to the poor, the sick, the downtrodden, the wasters who drift about the waste places of the world. The orphans are fed, the ragged are clothed; the empty pantry is filled, the vacant tree is made to bend with packed stockings.

The light of Christmas penetrates through chink and crevice. The well-to-do who often are walled about with hard selfishness show an opening somewhere. It may not be a large opening. A little light will enter anyhow to brighten and warm. Perhaps the light will express itself as a small gift to a Christmas charity, a ticket to the orphans' Christmas pantomime. Not so

much bestowed out of so many possessions! True. Yet it is proof the light has found the chink.

So many try to have Christmas without the Child and the Crib. They find substitutes. Santa Claus is the gift-bringer; the fir tree, the repository of benevolence. So be it. The smoking flax must not be stamped out. It is true, the bulky horn-blower is a usurper, the fir tree a vicarious symbol. For all that, the spirit of Christ is the warming breath of the fat, tassel-capped comedian. There is a gift-laden tree because the Crib has its Child.

It were a happy omen if all who do the things of Christ at Christmas did the things of Christ all year round. And a blessed fulfilment of prophecy if in doing the things of Christ, they accepted His will and bowed to His name!

We get impatient that the Christ of Christmas seems less and less, the substitutes more and more. If the Child Himself permit His effacement, that His spirit—unaccepted, unallowed though it be—may yet warm and quicken the mercy of good deeds in the souls of wavering or lost loyalties, it seems we should rest content too. Jesus is the way and the truth for many who will not admit this. All preachments against war, societies for peace, the brotherhood of man, human uplifts for the destitute, more generosity, less selfishness and greed—all are borrowed formulas from the divine Preacher whose first temple was a crib.

That the world is more human, kind, in spite of discouraging shortages, is due to the Christ of the Crib. Men and women, who will not accept Him, often do what He says, go where He points. The one-Fold, one-Shepherd promise seems far off at the moment. Yet are there many millions without the Fold who work His work. They do not know it. Many of them would repudiate the implication. For all that the Little Child is leading them.

Notes and Remarks.

THE AVE MARIA extends its cordial wishes for a happy Christmas to all its subscribers. After so many days of pain and worry from which, during the last two years, scarcely anyone has been immune, there seems to be settling the quiet of peace. Thousands of idle hands have gone eagerly back to work; some of the "frozen assets" have begun to thaw; and men and women who had been forced to lay away every spare penny against the day of destruction can now spend with some freedom in the confidence that their work will continue. The spiritual benefits, however, that have flowed from these troubled days are not few. We have turned trustingly to God for the sustaining strength to bear these trials with courage and resignation, and have learned much from the chastening experience of diminished plenty or actual want. There are many still, however, who have not felt the cheer of these new times—for whom there is still no room at the inn. To these, a spirit of gratitude should prompt us to reach a helping hand, to lessen a bit the burden of their trial, and to shed at least some reflected light from the joy that we feel this Christmas time.

That the Japanese Catholics are wide awake and aggressive in the spreading of their religion has been remarked upon in these columns before. Additional proof of that opinion came to us recently in a *Fides* report on the Catholic journalistic activities of that country. It seems that in 1931 the Ordinaries of Japan met for the purpose of coordinating the activities of the Catholic press which was in a very bad way. As a result of that meeting there has grown up in place of the many anæmic little sheets of the past a well-organized group of Catholic publications more than ordinarily fitted to

the needs of the people. There is first of all a Catholic weekly newspaper, now acknowledged by newspaper authorities as one of the very best in Japan. In a supplementary way there is also a general Catholic family magazine, a review of scientific nature for the educated classes, and a journal for the sick. In the very heart of the business district of Tokyo a piece of property has been acquired and is now occupied by two buildings, one devoted to administration and the other to a well-equipped printing establishment. Not a bad beginning for two hundred thousand Catholics, is it? But that is a sample of what disinterested organization will do.

Some weeks ago Captain Patrick H. Rice died in Augusta, Georgia. He was a Knight Commander of the Order of St. Gregory the Great and much else in titles and honors; which is not at all important. It is important that Captain Rice was the best type of Georgia citizen; vigorous without bluster, active without noise. He was a Catholic; was known as such; wanted to be known as such. He belongs in the company that founded the Catholic Layman's Association of Georgia, and served as its president for fourteen years. He is remembered for his active work in the St. Vincent de Paul Society, and for a varied civic and business leadership. Always when you think of Captain Rice you think of a Catholic American. Certain Catholic young men who have been married out of the Church for gain and social swagger, should recall him. And men who change their names, to obscure their origin and the Faith to which they give such meager testimony, should recall him. His splendid, courageous, proud Catholicity will seem heroic beside their surrendering, shifting, non-committalism. Augusta's mayor ordered flags at half mast and fire bells to toll in requiem as services were held at Sacred Heart

Church for Captain Rice, which shows the mayor of Augusta and Augusta's citizens recognized him for the man he was. Those men who changed their Faith with their names are not buried from a church called after the Sacred Heart. And for all the compromise to get money and connections there will likely be no flag at half staff or tolling fire bells. Patrick H. Rice should be in Catholic readers to illustrate for Catholic school children that essence which we name as a Catholic man.

The Republic of Chile does not follow our lead in recognizing Russia. A motion presented by a Communist deputy in the House of Deputies that Chile establish diplomatic and commercial relations with the Soviet government was voted down. It was not a close vote either—41 to 9. So it would seem, the action of our Government in recognizing that strange experiment in social and economic life which functions as the Soviet state, has not the "carrying" power which people visioned for it. Nations have not rushed for the honor of being the first in after the United States. Neither in this Continent nor in Europe has our action changed materially the point of view about that strange, unwieldy, vaguely known reality which is present-day Russia.

Governor Gifford Pinchot of Pennsylvania wants altar wine distributed through State stores, according to the *Catholic Standard and Times*. Ecclesiastical authorities and the clergy of the State object. They prefer the present system of distribution through private dealers who know what the Church requires in the very important matter of Mass wine. Why does Governor Pinchot bother himself about it? It would seem a large commonwealth like Pennsylvania has more urgent problems. Priests should be permitted to get Mass wine without having to fill out requisition

papers as involved as an income tax questionnaire. And what business have State stores handling Mass wine? The Governor of Pennsylvania may make himself appear meddlesome, fussing with the simple process of procuring enough valid wine to be used at Mass.

Every now and then we are told about some so-called Catholic man or woman who failed to have a parent or a relative anointed in his last sickness because some doctor was of the opinion that the calling in of a priest might worry the patient and thus retard his recovery. What kind of faith, we often wonder, does this kind of Catholic possess? When a person is in serious danger of death his body is weakened and emaciated, his intellect clouded and his will weakened, so that he can do very little for himself. Satan is making every possible effort to draw the dying person into sin, knowing that it is his last chance for conquest. Within reach is the Sacrament that Christ instituted for just this emergency; a sacrament that will infallibly overcome all the wiles of the devil if it is rightly received; and yet people listen to some stupid doctor who tells them not to send for a priest. If the coming of the priest is going to disturb the sick man, then he ought to be disturbed. In another hour it will be too late perhaps. Should they leave the patient with a false peace; with the idea that he will have plenty of time later on to prepare for death, when they know his days are numbered? Not at all. Would they let a friend of theirs go unarmed through a country where wild beasts or robbers abound? It is hardly probable. Ordinary cautious men would insist that their friend have a bodyguard, and that the weaker he was the stronger should his bodyguard be. Yet in the case where eternal salvation is concerned these stupid persons are willing to let the poor, sick individual fight the battle

alone. If you are the one who has to decide in the case of a member of your family don't listen to such counsel. Get the priest, and get him before the person becomes unconscious. The greatest comfort the sick person can possibly have at such a time is this sacrament which Christ, Himself, instituted for just such a contingency.

Mr. John R. Seaman, member of the Colorado tax commission, recently gave the daily papers his plan of tax reform. So many men are giving plans of tax reform these days, we may refer to the habit as a sport. Mr. Seaman would limit tax exemption to government, state, county and municipally-owned property. And so churches, private, non-profit schools, charitable institutions would, in the Seaman plan, come under the taxgatherer. Churches do not make money. Private, non-profit schools and charitable institutions do not make money. If they have any surplus—which is not often the case—the surplus is spent on upkeep and improvements. To tax a church, a parish school, a charitable institution is burdening what is already overburdened. We do not tax jails that minister to criminals. Why tax churches and such institutions as help to keep people from becoming criminals?

Most of us know little about the intricate workings of the present machinery of recovery. Certain men, big in business, economics and politics, are spreading jeremiads on the first page of the daily papers about the President's adventure to restore prosperity. Out of the radio come their wails; and diners who have finished eating applaud their doomsday prophecies. It is to be hoped the people of the country will stay with the President. They may be diverted by the critics; they should not be influenced. The President has been frank with the country. He is plainly trying

to do what others have failed to do. We are not worse now than when he assumed office. It seems to be the general belief we are much better. There is nothing he has done he may not undo. Men have been put to work at a wage who would have to be fed anyhow. He came into a muddle in government and business barely short of disastrous. His critics, so far as is remembered, indicated no way out. At this moment we have a leader. He may be partly wrong. It is not at all unlikely he is chiefly right.

Every few months some unheard of doctor, who is unable to procure patients, strives to draw attention to himself by stating in the public press that we must legalize sterilization if we wish to rid the country of mental defectives. Such men, if they could only realize it, are calling attention to their own ignorance, and letting intelligent people know that they lack ordinary medical knowledge. Dr. Charles McNeil, of Edinburgh University, who is a specialist on this subject, is quoted in the London *Catholic Times* as follows: "The late Dr. John Thomson established many years ago at the Royal Edinburgh Hospital, a special clinic for infants and young children suffering from mental defect, and before his death published an analysis of nearly one thousand cases. I have been in close contact with this special work since 1910, and since his death have been in charge of the clinic. It has now existed for twenty-eight years and has records of about fourteen hundred cases. With this clinical experience I would make some general statements:

"1. Mental defect is not one disease, but is a condition of mind produced by many different morbid processes acting before, during, and after birth.

"2. Among these causes of mental defect heredity plays a very small part.

"3. A large number of cases are due to morbid conditions operating before

birth; but these are congenital and not hereditary.

"4. Intelligence tests are of value for educational purposes, but throw no light whatever upon the causes of mental defect. There is much public propaganda on the subject based upon two assumptions—that mental defect is one disease, and that it is to a great extent a hereditary disease. They are false assumptions, and they give rise to another false assumption, that a degeneration of our national stock is taking place. Another cruel consequence of this propaganda is to fix, and quite unjustly in a great majority of cases, the shameful stigma of tainted blood upon the parents. I can testify to the distress of mind of the mothers of these afflicted children by the frequent lecturing and preaching of this false doctrine of heredity in mental defect."

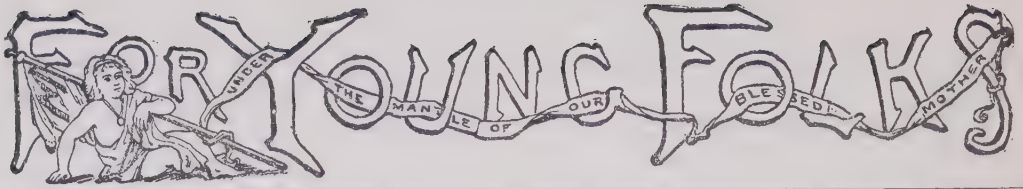
This statement, based on twenty-eight years of research, is another confirmation that the attitude of the Church is the scientific one, as well as the moral one.

One of the editors of *The New York Times* assures us that he has been told by General Johnson that the restrictions of the new codes do not apply to Santa Claus. This is all the more surprising because the traditional trade practices of St. Nicholas are not at all in accord with the spirit of the NRA. "The saint goes in exclusively for night work. He keeps children up to an unconscionable hour. He transacts his business surreptitiously by way of the chimney. He encourages millions of fathers to misbrand themselves by putting on false whiskers. He gives away his goods instead of demanding money for them as merchants are compelled under the codes to do. In other respects he would seem to be out of step with the modern theories of distribution." But the General did well to make an exception in this case, because Santa has

been on the job for a long time, he is accustomed to having his own way, and it's difficult to teach an old dog new tricks. Besides, Mr. Johnson knows he would have to reckon with the children of this country if he were to stop the old man with the reindeers.

Those who delight in the unusual must have received quite a thrill from a little news item which appeared in *The New York Times* within the past few days. The item in question tells us that while Helene Haskin Barclay is entering upon a motion picture career in Hollywood, her mother, Mrs. Helen C. S. Haskin, is preparing to enter the Handmaids of the Sacred Heart in Rome. According to the report, Mrs. Haskin, a convert of some years past, has been living at the convent during the past three years, and has made her decision as a result of what she learned about the religious life while there. The story takes added interest from the fact that one of the Superiors at the Convent in question is Mother Clare Marion Crawford, daughter of the late novelist, Marion Crawford, author of the "White Sister." Let us hope that in the working out of this interesting little situation the prayers and good example of the mother will keep the daughter from the many snares which are almost certain to surround her in Hollywood.

American Catholic missionaries in China find that Chinese returned from America are completely ignorant of the fact that there are Catholic churches here. This seems a pointed irony: sending missionaries to China to convert the Chinese, whereas the Chinese here do not know we exist. Let us hope the returned Chinese exaggerated. Surely worthwhile work must be done in cities of Chinese settlements. If not, then it seems some serious missionary effort should be directed to converting the "heathen Chinese" that is here.



The Christmas Tree.

BY SISTER M. PHILIP, C. S. C.

IF You should like
A Christmas tree,
Jesus, take
The heart of me,
With silver fancies
Baubles fair,
And tinselled dreams
Hung everywhere.
And here and there
A branch weighed down
With a Jumping Jack
Or a funny clown;
All in a laughing
Blaze of light!
And at the tip
A star. To-night
I put my
Woolly sheep
On the lowest branch
For You to keep.
So, if You want
A Christmas tree,
Jesus, take
The heart of me.

Paganini's Gift.

ALTHOUGH it has often been asserted that the great violinist, Paganini, was a very avaricious man, the following story related of him goes to prove that on one occasion at least he gave evidence of a most generous heart, and showed himself not wanting in the rather uncommon virtue of gratitude.

In the year 1832 he was living in a country-house near Paris. His health not being good, he had taken up his residence in the suburbs for a season of rest, and was waited upon daily by a

servant named Ninette. She was young, pretty and innocent; and made her service to the musician so kindly a one that he appreciated it very highly, and he became quite interested in her. Many a time did the naïve and artless girl, by her simple remarks and genuine kindness, as well as by her cheerful disposition and winning smile, drive away the melancholy thoughts that would often haunt the invalid musician. But one morning all this was changed, and Paganini was surprised to see Ninette enter with the coffee-tray, her bright face clouded and her eyes full of tears, which had evidently been falling for some time.

"What has gone wrong? Why are you so sad, my good Ninette?" inquired the musician, with sincere alarm.

"Alas!" replied the girl, in a tremulous voice, "my Adolph, whom I was to marry at Christmas, has been drafted for the army, and will have to serve three years."

"What will it cost to buy a substitute for him?" asked Paganini.

"Fifteen hundred francs," answered the girl, bursting into tears. "We have neither of us ever seen half that money together in our whole lives, and there is nothing to be done. Adolph must go; and now I shall have to support his grandmother, as well as my own mother, who, though not so old, is lame, and often sick, so that her needle brings her in but little. Ah, Monsieur, we had planned it all so nicely! Often have we passed the little cottage near Versailles where we were all to live. There he would have earned enough as a gardener to support us. My mother would have helped with knitting and sewing; and as for me, I can earn at least half as much as Adolph, at fine washing.

But now that is all over, since he must go."

"You are a good girl, Ninette," said Paganini; "and your cheerfulness has brightened many a weary moment for me. Perhaps something can be done to help you and Adolph out of this strait. After all, three years will not be long in passing."

"True, Monsieur," she replied; "but in three years what may not happen? There may be a war, and Adolph may be badly wounded or killed, and then what is to become of the poor old mother and grandmother?"

Touched by her unselfish devotion, the artist said:

"Keep a brave heart, Ninette; and bid Adolph also to take courage. When will he be obliged to go?"

"At the end of January, and it is now Christmas time. I thank you from my heart, kind sir, for your sympathy; but I fear there is no way out of this trouble."

Once more the musician assured her that perhaps he might be enabled, through the influence of friends, to assist her; and, with an effort to resume the pleasant smile so habitual to her, she left the room.

Christmas Day arrived. In Paris it is customary to place a wooden shoe on the hearth-stone on Christmas Eve, as the children in America hang up their stockings near the chimney for the reception of gifts from Santa Claus.

Paganini sat in his drawing-room, surrounded by an elegant assemblage of people, who had called to wish him the compliments of the season, many bearing with them tokens of regard. There was a knock at the door.

"Come in," said Paganini.

It was Ninette, carrying a package.

"Some one has sent you this, Monsieur," she said, laying the parcel on the table.

Paganini opened it, and found that it contained a large wooden shoe, filled

with choice bonbons, which he distributed among his guests. When the shoe was empty, he was about to replace it on the table; but a sudden thought seemed to strike him, and he began tapping it here and there with his fingers. After a moment he said simply, as he laid it down:

"This shoe seems made of a very light and sonorous wood, different from those we usually see on the Christmas hearth."

"But why look so serious about it?" laughingly inquired one of his guests. "It is only the contents with which we have to do, and we are really enjoying them."

"I do not know about that," replied the musician. "My friends, this shoe is possibly worth much more than you think, for which reason I shall remove it from all probable chance of injury."

So saying, he once more took it from the table and placed it on the highest shelf of the chimney-piece. A general laugh followed the remark, the company thinking it but a little joke of the artist; and in the lively conversation which ensued the incident was soon forgotten.

New Year's Eve. All the world of Paris was assembled at Paganini's concert, the first he had given for many months. There was scarcely standing room in the house. Amid an atmosphere laden with perfume and glowing with resplendent lights, the artist appeared upon the stage, and rendered to his admiring audience one of his most intricate and wonderful *morceaux*. Then followed a brief intermission, and he came forth again, carrying in his hand a small three-stringed violin, fashioned from a wooden shoe. Having made his bow to the astonished audience, eagerly waiting for the first note from this strange instrument, he began to play, and drew from the impromptu violin, the like of which had never before been seen, strains of the most ravishing

sweetness. He played on and on, amid breathless silence, which continued long after he had finished, so wonderfully beautiful had been the performance of the great musician. A moment and the spell was broken; and the artist retired from the stage amid thundering cheers of applause.

The next morning when Ninette came to his room with the coffee, he handed her the wooden shoe, which the master had made to send forth such wondrous melodies only a few hours before.

"Ninette," he said, "here are two thousand francs, which the old wooden shoe has earned for you. With fifteen hundred you can free your lover from the conscription, and the remainder will serve to set you up in housekeeping. And it may not be unlikely," continued the shrewd though kindly artist, "that if it were known that you had the wooden shoe in your possession, it might also bring you something. Therefore I give it to you, with the money it contains."

Full of thankfulness, Ninette lost no time in making the joyful news known not only to the household, but to the whole neighborhood. The story soon spread through Paris; and, as Paganini had conjectured, the wooden shoe was purchased from Ninette by a wealthy Englishman, one of his admirers, for six thousand francs.

Leila.

BY MRS. GEORGE NORMAN.

(Conclusion.)

BUT Leila did not come back. A year passed, three years. She had written a week after her so-called marriage, giving a banker's address for letters to be sent to — if her parents meant to write to her.

Mr. and Mrs. Fail had written letters of remonstrance imploring Leila to return, but the only reply was from Beal

Hamsun intimating that that kind of letter was useless as he would not allow Leila to answer anything written in that tone. After that, Nita still wrote at intervals and Leila answered with the merest chit-chat and certainly no sign of repentance, and then suddenly the letters ceased altogether.

Mr. Fail had had to go to South America on business and was to be away about three months. What little joy in life Nita had left now forsook her and her health suffered considerably, she fell a victim to a low fever that seemed as if it might undermine her entire constitution. Her sons were far away, and Angie Walshe was the only person Nita would admit to see her. "I do not know what I should do without her," she often told herself.

Mrs. Walshe did her best to keep up Nita's flagging heart. But, of a truth, Leila, her only daughter, had dealt her a terrible blow, and the anxiety she experienced since Leila had ceased to write was now wearing her out.

"For Leila was never unkind. Wrong and terribly, terribly foolish, yes, but unkind, no," Nita told her pastor when he visited her, too weak to rise from her bed. "Something must have happened to her."

Father Purser sighed. "In that case I think you would certainly have heard Mrs. Fail. No. You must just go on hoping and praying as you have done so bravely so far. And please remember that, even if Leila has done very wrong, she will never be Friendless."

It was a bright spring morning, sunny and gay with high white clouds in a radiant sky. Father Purser met Mrs. Walshe hurrying to the house as he left it. They stopped, for Mrs. Walshe had news to give him. Then she hastened indoors and upstairs to Nita's room.

"My dear, I have made up my mind." She seated herself by Mrs. Fail's bed.

"I am going to Beal Hamsun's hometown."

"Why, Angie!" Mrs. Fail turned startled eyes on her sister-in-law. "Have you heard anything?"

"From him? Not a word. But," Mrs. Walshe hurried on, "Leila told you they would only be in Europe a year or so—they pretty well must be home by now. Anyway, I am going off. Things cannot go on as they are, Nita. Call it the spring if you like!" Mrs. Walshe spoke a trifle evasively. "Anyway, you are not fit to travel, and I kind of feel like going myself."

Mrs. Fail's whole face had lit up. A thousand times she had longed to do this very thing only it had seemed too wild a chance to take. "Oh, Angie, will you really go? All that way? You are good!"

"I sure will!"

Nita had long ceased to be surprised at her sister-in-law's bluff or kindly services. "I think it is just the kindest thing." Words failed Nita.

"Nonsense! I would have gone whiles ago if I'd felt it any use. But now I feel Leila's back, and may be wanting some of her home folks, and Joe's away and you are laid up."

The fact was that Mrs. Walshe *knew* Leila needed her own people. An amazing letter had reached her that morning. It was from the Catholic Matron of a hospital in a big city. Leila was lying there very ill. Mrs. Hamsun, the Matron wrote, had entered herself as a Catholic, but had refused either to see the visiting priest or to have her people told of her condition. It was not till that morning that the patient had consented, when pressed, to give Mrs. Walshe's name and address. She had particularly asked that her aunt should not be told of her illness unless it should terminate fatally, but the Matron's duty was to disregard these wishes.

Mrs. Walshe had put a brave front on the matter to poor Nita, but it was

with a terribly sinking heart that she set out on her long journey. How did Leila come to find herself in hospital? What of Beal Hamsun? And, most dreadful of all, what of that refusal of Leila's to see the priest, if, that is, her state of health made it necessary?

It was necessary, Mrs. Walshe learned on going straight from the depot to Leila's bedside. Leila was slowly but very surely sinking, and alas! unconscious. Mrs. Walshe scarcely recognized in the pallid shadow upon the pillow her niece's determined and often beautiful face.

"But what about her—her husband, Beal Hamsun?" Mrs. Walshe turned to the Matron.

The latter shook her head. "No one has been to see Mrs. Hamsun." The Matron consulted the chart hanging above Leila's head. "She is entered here as divorced—was brought in suffering from an overdose of veronal."

Mrs. Walshe subsided onto the chair by Leila's bedside. It seemed to her she was in a waking nightmare. How was she to sit there by Leila's side while the girl's soul went out into eternity unshriven, unforgiven—and not go mad? How was she to go back to Nita—to Joe? She rose wildly—would a wire to Joe bring him? But he was in Buenos Aires. Leila would be gone long before he could arrive. Oh, surely, surely this prolonged agony of Joe and Nita's, culminating in this impossibly tragic end, could not be? Mrs. Walshe's mind, her very faith, seemed to vacillate.

She pulled herself together, covered her face with her hands. And then as the Matron, gravely impersonal, moved quietly away, Mrs. Walshe went down on her knees by the bed and prayed. Every day since Leila's departure she had prayed for the girl. More especially had she prayed that *this* might never happen, that in the Sacred Heart Leila

might find mercy before it was too late. On a sudden inspiration she took from her neck under her dress an old silver chain on which she wore the Miraculous Medal and passed it swiftly over Leila's head, and then with a sigh of profound relief she closed her eyes—that had never been known to fail, it would not fail her now.

An hour, two hours passed. Angie Walshe, sitting on the hard wooden chair, stiffened physically, held on hard to her faith.

"Did you want anything—did you speak? It is me—your Aunt Angie." For Leila had opened wide eyes, fixed them intently and lucidly on her aunt.

"I want—"

Mrs. Walshe bent to catch the words. "Beal did you say? You want your—er—husband?"

"No." Leila feebly shook her head, her eyes were wide with anxiety. "He divorced me months ago—I am dying—I want a priest."

"God grant he may be in time," Mrs. Walshe muttered as she sped down the ward to ask the nurse to telephone. The priest was in time, for Leila died the next morning.

Her death was an abiding sorrow to Joe and Nita Fail, but Mrs. Walshe was able to reassure them at least as to her end.

"And after all," she said to herself, "it was the most merciful thing for all concerned."

St. Nicholas: the Giver of Toys.

BY MARIAN NESBITT.

AS the season of Christmas approaches—that holy time which, in the Ages of Faith, was celebrated not only with material pleasures, when open house was kept by baron and knight, when our old feudal castles resounded to the sounds of dancing feet, of music and songs and laughter, and a lavish

hospitality was extended to all, but what was far better, when the spiritual commemoration of our Divine Lord's Nativity moved all men's hearts to greater religious fervor as well as to a more practical charity and a truer sense of Christian brotherhood—our thoughts naturally turn to the great Archbishop of Myra, the Patron of children, and a man famed for his extreme kindness to the poor. Few saints have enjoyed a more widespread celebrity; and in England alone, nearly four hundred churches are dedicated to him. Children, scholars, ecclesiastical students and young maidens have been placed under his special protection, from quite an early period in the Church's history. He was the original "Father Christmas" owing to his love for, and exceeding kindness to, children. Our representation of him is but a poor travesty and shadowy counterfeit of one whose name has gone forth into all lands, for St. Nicholas is beloved in all parts of Catholic Christendom.

Having embraced the religious life, he entered a monastery, where his piety and immense benevolence gave edification to all. A man of wealth, his liberality to the poor and suffering was famous, and because of his readiness to bestow alms, he is often depicted in old paintings and documents holding in his hand three purses. His feast, in Medieval times, was observed with the greatest devotion. In Sicily, the peasants barefooted and clad in every variety of costume, carrying staves bound with olive and palm, each bearing a water bottle formed out of a gourd, went on pilgrimage to his shrine. The picturesque dresses, the fervor and faith so obvious to all, must have filled even the most indifferent with admiration; and what a moving and impressive spectacle must the great Church of St. Nicholas have presented thronged with enthusiastic pilgrims, many of whom went round the building on their knees.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—Macmillan published last week "A Selection from the Letters of Lewis Carroll to His Child-Friends" which should carry something of the delightful flavor of "Alice in Wonderland."

—"St. Thérèse Returns," by Rev. Albert H. Dolan, O. Carm. (The Carmelite Press, Chicago), is a series of sermons explaining the principal doctrines of Catholic faith. They were delivered originally at the Eastern Shrine of the Little Flower, Englewood, New Jersey.

—"Star Trail to Bethlehem," by Lucille Papin Borden, is a delightful Christmas story about the enduring love of an Indian for his squaw. This brochure might well be used in place of the ordinary Christmas card. Publisher, Mission Almanac, 110 Shonnard Place, Yonkers, N. Y. Price, \$1 a dozen.

—Catherine Carswell has made the interesting observation that the best of our men writers have realized far more than the best of our women writers how essential to character a woman's clothes are. For example, Jane Austin, George Eliot, the Brontës and Virginia Woolf give no such sustained and detailed picture of a dress as we find in Dickens, Thackeray, Thomas Hardy and George Moore.

—The November number of the *C. I. L. Messenger*, the official organ of the Catholic Instruction League, is worthy of particular attention among publications because of its contents. The editors, naming this particular issue the "Organization Number," have endeavored to furnish prospective workers with all the information necessary for the organization of Religious Study Clubs. And they have done a good job of it. Anyone reading the *Messenger* will lay it down with an appreciation of the real need for Catechism centers and of the opportunities which exist all around us if those opportunities are only grasped. We recommend this particular issue to parents, teachers, priests, and particularly to our

young Catholic college graduates who wish to identify themselves in some worthy way with Catholic Action. Published at 1076 West Roosevelt Road, Chicago.

—A book by one Saint about another should always offer something interesting and instructive. This is what we have in "Virtue and Christian Refinement According to the Spirit of St. Vincent de Paul," by Blessed Don Bosco. Translated by a Sister of Charity with Introductions by H. E. Cardinal Bourne and Very Reverend Father Souvay, C.M. (B. Herder. \$1.25 net). Here we have the saintly Don Bosco studying the life and virtues of St. Vincent who was his ideal and giving out that spiritual doctrine, the practical living of which made them both distinguished men of God. There is a reading for every day of the month with a suggested practice.

—"New Psychology and Old Religion," by Reverend Edward F. Murphy, S. S. J. (Benziger Brothers. \$2.50 net), is a book brimful of common sense. Father Murphy takes the new psychology to a practical clinic, and shows that most of the Psychology is not new and that the Old Religion is not too old to have an answer for the newest problems of conduct. When Father Murphy takes the polysyllabic terms of the new psychology and peels off the verbiage, we find that the Old Religion has been handling these "States" from the beginning, and that Catholic practice has found nothing new, though something strange in behaviorism and psycho-analysis and the psychology that has lost its soul.

—A professor of theology at Mainz, Dr. August Reatz, has given us in a new volume, "Jesus Christ, His Life, His Teaching, His Work" (B. Herder. \$3.50), a profound and searching study of the personality of Our Lord, and the fundamental ideas of His teaching. It details the life of Christ only in so far as it is necessary to bring out the great ideas of Messiaship, the fulfilment of the Messianic prophecies, a proper understanding

of the "Kingdom of God" and the new Society of the Church with its laws and its fruitful means of salvation. His is indeed a study of Christian life, its sources and its ideals as these are to be found in the life and teachings of Our Lord. It is a book that will demand careful and attentive reading, but it will repay one with the light it throws upon the Gospel story, discovering depths and beauties that the ordinary reader and even the student are not conscious of. Miss Mary Sands has made the translation, and the Rev. G. Brinkworth, S. J., has edited it, omitting many references that would have no interest for English or American readers, and supplying others that will be helpful.

—One of the hazardous adventures of pastor or assistant is his attempt to organize and direct the parish dramatic society. Without previous training in the seminary, or during his college course, his hopes of success must largely lean upon the tolerance and good nature of the parish audience; and these have very definite limits. He feels the need of method, and the experience which the practical director draws upon in every emergency. A serious manual that will be of great value to directors and actors in parish dramatic clubs has been written by Mr. Fred Eastman and Mr. Louis Wilson. It is a serious treatment of the drama for religious purposes, but its understanding of the religious drama is different from what many may suspect. The religious drama, as these authors understand it, and we believe they are wholly right, does not mean a play that necessarily deals with religious characters, or Biblical stories, but one the total effect of which upon the audience, is elevating and religious. "Drama in the Church" has to do first of all with drama, and then in particular with religious drama. It tells how to organize the club; how to conduct practice; how to obtain lighting effects; the principles of make-up, etc.; in short, everything that the director and actor might be worried about is clearly and interestingly explained. This would make an excellent text-book for a class in dramatics or parish activities in our seminaries. Published by Samuel French. Price, \$1.50.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The silent influence of good books cannot be overestimated. By means of them we can invite into our own homes the great spiritual teachers of all times.

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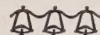
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
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